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Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "The Manacles of Youth."

"MESSER STRANGER," SHE SAID GENTLY, "WE CANNOT SPEAK HERE OF LOVE."



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RICHARD

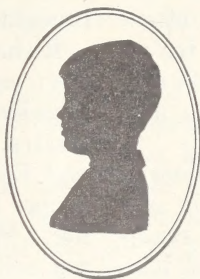
The Portrait of a Little Boy

BY ADA PEIRCE McCORMICK

"RICHARD, come down," cried a voice to a small boy perched on a rickety branch in an old apple tree. The voice belonged to the family nurse, standing at the foot of the tree and anxiously staring up. The branch had torn where it joined the tree and the wound had weathered and grown over. It looked anything but safe.

"Oh, Annie, if it's going to break it would be broken by now," he protested. She appealed to us. The branch was high and frightened me, but my husband backed the boy's reasoning. The nurse wandered on with the baby. Richard ate an apple and swung his bare legs while he looked down at us

companionably. From our little stone terrace we looked back at him, this tanned, brown-eyed boy in khaki. At once the day seemed a particularly pleasant one, and the earth a perfectly delightful place.



RICHARD

"O Iole," asked Ianthe, "how did you know that Hercules was a god?"

"Because the moment my eyes rested on him, I was content."

Judged by this test, we had stumbled on one of the gods.

The god's small sister now appeared, barefooted and suggesting an apple blossom in her brief, starched pink frock. The boy climbed higher, throwing down apples, and the little girl pattered about,

piling them into pyramids. Given a few more years, she too would like risking her neck; but her years were few—five, in fact—and she was content to stay on the ground.

These were the Derby children—Theodore Roosevelt's grandchildren. Doctor and Mrs. Derby (once Ethel Roosevelt) had just taken the house a stone's throw from one we had in the summer of 1922. Both houses stood on a hill in the middle of the Otsego golf links and, except for the tiny golf club, there was no other house within hail. During those happy summer weeks, whenever Doctor and Mrs. Derby had to go to Oyster Bay they asked me to keep an unofficial eye on the children. My husband, too, had to be away most of the time, so that Richard and Edith and I became playmates that summer. Annie, the perfect nurse, devoted herself to the baby and allowed the children to run in and out of our house all day long. Our place was a made-over barn, and the living-room, with its floor flush with the grass and its big barn doors wide open to the sky, cried out for children.

That first day they hovered on the outskirts like friendly birds, gradually hopping nearer and nearer, with little approaches and retreats. In the afternoon they brought some apples for us and then ran out at once. The next day they came as far as the kitchen and watched me wash dishes.

"Do you want me to sweep the floor?" asked Richard. I stared at him in surprise but he meant it: and he did sweep the floor, every corner of it, and burrowed under the kitchen table to sweep there, too.

"Haven't you a dustpan?" he asked. We had, and before my astonished eyes this tanned, barelegged boy swept everything into the dustpan and walked into the woods back of the house to empty

it. I see him now—his erect, eight-year-old body; his speaking, friendly face.

"Richard likes to sweep your floor but he doesn't like to sweep ours," volunteered Edith.

"I make my bed every day and I can sew on buttons quite well," retorted Richard. Nor did he stop at buttons.

Another day he climbed down from a tree and with equal naturalness picked up a sampler card which Edith was wrecking and sewed it for her. "T. R. would turn in his grave," commented a caller who saw him. She did not realize how blessed and unusual it is for a child to be unhampered by conventions. We have freed girls to play their brothers' games, but boys are not free to play any-

thing not labeled for boys. They are tied hand and foot by taboos. "Boys do not play the piano." "Boys do not care about beauty or art or nature."

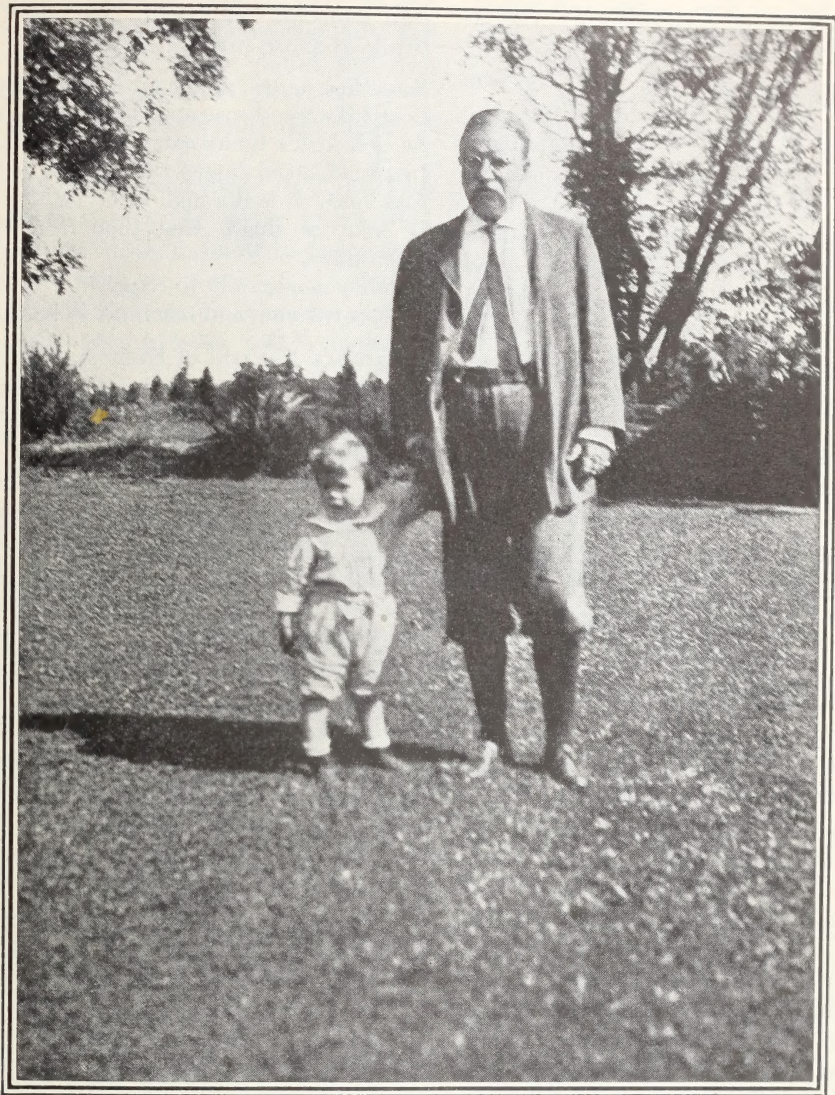
"Boys (unless they be soldiers or sailors) can not cook or make beds or sew." It is the bushman's primitive terror of touching anything once touched by woman. Richard had never been put in this strait-jacket of sex tradition.

Without self-consciousness, he did what came into his head. The deep-seated masculine quality one felt in him grew from within and not from without. Both in work and play the boy and girl were brought up in a blessed equality.

Richard was older: Richard was a boy: on neither count did he feel the grandeur commonly attached to those estates. When he went adventuring and Edith waited in safe harbor like a proper little housewife, he did not tease her. When she asked questions he did not call her silly. He answered her as one equal to another. "But what is unusual in that?" asked a gentle lady in surprise. Perhaps the genus Elder Brother has changed since I was young; but how many small boys with younger sisters has she watched? It is hard to know whether this unconscious attitude of Richard, this



EDITH



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS GRANDSON RICHARD DERBY AT OYSTER BAY

complete absence of teasing, came from his own sweetness or was a result of the everyday equality of their rearing.

"Edith, Richard, have you picked up your rooms?" I would hear Annie call after them as they scampered out of their house after breakfast. Each day they did their chores before they were allowed to play. Edith put her room in order and Richard made his bed, swept the porch, and did "numbering" for an hour. Either this training, or nature—or the combination—had given Richard the most helpful ways I ever saw. He

picked up toys left in the wake of the more reckless Edith, and every morning when he came over to our house he would take our guttered candles out of doors and clean them. No one ever suggested to him this orderly proceeding. I never noticed the candles myself. Richard would stand in the grass before our big open door and scrape each candle perfectly smooth while I sat inside writing and watching him with silent content. With the Derby children one could always go on with one's own work. I have done cash accounts, answering

their questions between columns. Cleaning the candles took fifteen minutes and it was always a volunteer task. So was dragging in pine branches from the woods to burn with an enchanting crackle in the fireplace. Sometimes we had financial transactions, to wit, killing flies at four for a cent; and it was characteristic of Richard that it never occurred to him to have his volunteer services, which were unexpected and many, moved over into the remunerative class.

Once I asked him if his mother would object if I gave him a quarter for sweeping the barn.

"That's too much," he said. "At home the man only gives me a cent an hour for helping him rake leaves. But I'll ask Annie." (His mother was at Oyster Bay.) He raced home and back again. It was authorized. He could take the quarter. How earnestly he swept! It was a huge place, this barn converted into a house. The living-room was twenty-two feet by forty, and he swept the kitchen and bedroom besides. There was a hot discussion about the bedroom, for Edith suddenly wanted to sweep that, and each pulled at the opposite end of the broom. Richard won. Out of breath, he swept on and on. Watching him, I grew worried. He was working too hard but he had never been initiated into the shabby possibility of giving up, and his belief that one had to finish a task was too fine to spoil. He swept until it was done. When he took his hard-earned quarter (and he must have worked nearly an hour, a dreary time for such a little boy) he said with a flush of pleasure:

"That's just the right amount. It will buy an ice-cream cone for me and Edith and Sarah Alden and Annie and Mary" (the cook), and off he raced as fast as his legs would carry him.

Richard had no idea that this was a generous thing to do, nor would one dream of telling him. He was only eight, but one felt an instinctive respect for his personality and a passionate hope that it would be guarded from comment; that no one should hurt his virtues by making

him conscious of them. He made one think of those lines of Emerson's:

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech
refrained,

Nobility more nobly to repay?

O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

Toward the end of their stay Richard and Edith came over every morning as soon as they were dressed and talked in low murmurs on the steps of our little porch until I woke up. Extraordinary for children of that age to be careful not to waken someone! Such blessed, solemn, funny talk! Minute after minute I would forbear to call them in, for the pleasure of listening. (What Santa Claus would bring them—this was in August—was the theme of one discussion.) When I sang out "Good morning" they would come in and sit, one on each side of the bed, and tell me the news. They both brought their purses one morning and counted their money over and over on the bedspread. Richard had sixty-four cents which he was augmenting by killing flies both for his mother and for me. He had started at a cent a fly, but was so energetic that it threatened to bankrupt us and he continued at four for a cent. He would earn five-cents' worth and then take a rest, insisting that you see and count the twenty demolished insects before paying him.

"I have almost ten dollars saved up for Christmas presents. It's in my bank at home," said Richard. "Everything I get I put there."

"What are you going to get for your mother?"

"I don't know. Do you know of anything she'd like?"

"There are some French books, with amusing colored pictures, written by Uncle Hansi that she might like to read to you both. But they cost four dollars. Wouldn't that be too much?"

Richard listened thoughtfully to the description. So few people of any age can really listen. One could feel him imagining the book, weighing it.

"Not if mother would like them, it isn't too much."

Another morning they brought over two little guinea-pig skins which Mrs. Derby had brought back to them from Sagamore Hill.

"Grandfather gave them to mother when she was a little girl," explained Richard.

"I'm going to put mine in my doll house." This from Edith. Richard walked over to the window and looked out.

"I'm going to save mine for my children when I'm grown up." Such a steady undercurrent always in that thin brown little boy to earn and to save for other people.

"When I'm grown up I'm going to be a doctor and earn lots of money to take care of mother when she's old," he announced suddenly at another time.

"I hate old women," contributed Edith absently.

"There's the steamboat whistle," and off he tore down the hill to watch the boat come in.

The first time I came to read to them at night Richard and Edith sat up in their beds and told their adventures with the energy of two little firecrackers going off together.

"I saw the Prince of Wales when he came to see grandmother," began Richard, his brown arms clasping his knees. "Teddy Roosevelt, my cousin, and I were allowed to be there. The Prince was very nice. Mother says he leads a terrible life. I heard her tell Father how sorry she was for him. He has to travel all the time."

"I was in bed for Richard's birthday party," interrupted Edith. "I couldn't go because I was spanked with a slipper and put to bed." She beamed proudly

at the recollection and rocked back and forth in an exultant rhythm, suggestive of chanting a saga.

"You're lucky to have a mother who loves you enough to punish you. Lazy mothers don't punish their children because they hate to hear them cry. Only good mothers do."

Richard broke in with unexpected enthusiasm, "I know it, and if you don't get punished you grow up so that everybody hates you."

Oh, wise little boy, they do indeed. Another time I asked, "Where's Edith?"

"She's in bed because she said something naughty to Annie. She said . . . (he checked himself loyally) but I won't say what she said." Discipline was an accepted part of their life, and its results

were pleasant to behold. The good feeling between Richard and Edith was marked. They played hour after hour without bickering. Once in a while you would hear the eternal childish argument, "You did." "I didn't." "You did." "I did not." They rolled on the ground like puppies but they were never "mean" to each

other and they both treated Sarah Alden, just staggering about on her chubby legs and beginning to talk, like a new and precious doll. Annie would ask:

"Do you want to see Sarah Alden asleep?" and they would tiptoe in and hang over her crib, pulling me in with them to admire her.

Richard had asthma, though he would doubtless have outgrown it as his grandfather had before him. One can hardly have asthma and not know it, but he knew it as he knew that his hair was brown. His parents turned him out to pasture like a young colt, trusting to the sun and the wind and the best climate they could find to cure him. They never suggested to him that he was delicate—consequently he was not delicate. Asthma might come and go just as one might stub a toe or break an arm, but it never lingered as a background. His



SARAH ALDEN

family guarded the health of his mind as carefully as that of his body. Except when asthma attacked him he forgot all about it. He raced through life ignoring the thorns of the flesh.

I remember one day Richard and Edith bathing off the end of the wharf. There had been a rough wind all day and the waves came pounding in. Neither of them could swim, although Richard learned that week, and they had their life preservers buttoned about them. Edith buffeted the waves for a minute with admirable self-control. She did not let out a whimper but when I pushed her blessed chubby body up the ladder she looked very much relieved and the rest of the time watched from the wharf. Richard, on the contrary, wanted to stay forever. He knew he was in deep water and some of it went over him, too. Each time the waves slapped into his face and eyes he would gasp and grin and swim on.

I never heard Richard whine, even when he was badly disappointed about a trip someone had half promised him.

"Don't you suppose she'll come?" he asked twice, scuffling about wistfully as he waited. He was dressed for the gala trip in his shoes and stockings and serge suit. Usually he went barefoot with a brown shirt and loose khaki trousers and no underclothes, or else he wore merely overalls (the kind with sleeves) over his brown skin. Being "dressed up" emphasized the suspense.

"I don't know, darling. I reminded her of it, but I'm awfully afraid she won't and we can't very well ask again."

He looked downcast, very downcast, but said not another word. The only time he cried during that six weeks was when Edith ran off with his bathing suit. He pursued her, dressed only in his raincoat. She tugged, he tugged. Suddenly Edith let go (not meaning to) and Richard went down with a thump. His coat flew open and he was a naked, weeping little boy, clinging to his nurse. I realized with a start what a *little* boy he was. Ordinarily I forgot his age.

Edith ran him a close second by crying only twice. She cried once because she could not go to church. She loved to go, clasping a tiny pink purse and withdrawing from the purse a green lozenge to suck during the sermon. And once she cried at our house. Annie allowed them to take their nap there that afternoon. I should have known better than to ask it, but ask it I did. Richard was put on the couch at one end of the room, Edith on another at the other end forty feet away. Some little boxes were arranged as prizes for the one who kept the stillest. Each time Edith spoke a little box was given to Richard. After she had spoken enough so that he had them all, he divided them with her instantly. Richard played at being in a tent, but in silence; Edith bobbed up and down and squealed with delight. They were not sleeping and my conscience reproached me.

"We don't have to sleep," Richard explained. "We just have to be quiet."

"Edith, dear, it's no use, you aren't being quiet. You'll have to go home and sleep there."

Edith wouldn't go and wouldn't go and wouldn't go. Thrust out of the door, she ran back and clambered up on her couch. This happened three times, Edith merry and very engaging. It was hard not to hug her and give up the battle.

"Edith, you must mind Mrs. McCormick; she's mother while Mother is away," said Richard. No one ever told him that. He must have evolved the idea from his law-abiding little mind. But Edith had no intention of minding. She kicked up her rebellious little heels and I caught them and gave her two small spanks. The lightest of little spanks but delivered solemnly. Her feelings were hurt and she began to cry with her arms tight around my neck. I almost cried myself. It seemed incredible that she could forgive me, but she saw nothing to forgive. She took the little spank as a just dispensation and kept right on being fond of me and want-

ing comfort. Spanker and spankee sat on the porch; Edith curled up in my lap until her last tear was dried. Then I carried her back to her couch and tucked her in, and she played silently and contentedly with her paper boxes for the rest of the nap hour. In fact she stayed there an hour longer, forgetful of time. Richard and Edith both had an untroubled trust in the fairness of grown-ups. They had evidently never been betrayed by whims on the part of their parents.

When Doctor and Mrs. Derby came back I told them (rather nervously) about this episode. Would our pleasant relationship come to a horrid and abrupt end? They had asked me to look after the children, but did that include discipline? Doctor Derby laughed and consoled me. Mrs. Derby listened intently to all the details and said seriously:

"When children are much with older people the elders have to treat them like their own. It's the only way." It was a great relief and I asked how they trained the children so that Edith took punishment as a phenomenon of nature without anger at the person who gave it.

"She doesn't always, but we try to teach them that their parents are merely the representatives of the law under which we all live," answered Mrs. Derby; "that big people as well as little ones have to be punished when they do wrong. And I try to ground everything on honor. That's the absolute funda-

mental." And later, "It's all in my father's *Letters to his Children*. It's just carrying on the things he taught us."

Richard read anything and everything that came his way. Writing was harder work. It took him an hour, tongue in cheek, to write a letter to the little girl of his aunt's chauffeur to ask her to come over and spend the day.

One night we were reading about idols and I asked Richard if anyone worshiped idols now.

"No," said Richard confidently.

"Well, we don't worship golden calves that you can see, but anything we love more than God is an idol. It's awfully hard not to have idols, really. Of course you're pretty young to care the most about God . . ."

"But we have to," interrupted Richard, shocked. "The Commandments say that we have to."

"Well, do you?" I asked, much surprised.

"I like God better than I do even my parents," he affirmed stoutly, evidently the strongest comparison he could make.

"So do I like God best," came piously from Edith standing up in her pajamas and flapping her arms, bound to keep up with Richard. Does all virtue start thus, I wondered.

He meditated a moment more on the subject of idols.

"I like money," he said finally, "but I like my parents better." He certainly did. "We miss mother very much. You see, she is always with us," he explained



RICHARD AND EDITH

wistfully when she had to go to Oyster Bay; and every day it was, "I hope father and mother can come to-day. Do you suppose they will?" For several days before they were expected back, Richard kept bursting out at intervals of thirty minutes, "Won't father be surprised to see how I can swim!" And when they did come, "Father *was* surprised to see how I could swim!" The exultation in his voice! He talked so much of his mother that it amused me to see it was always his father, not his mother, who must see him swim. One felt a fine and sturdy balance in the equal parts they played in his life. There was no nonsense in that family about the mother bringing up the children alone. Richard and Edith walked, swam, picnicked, and read with both father and mother. It was a close family group with the baby toddling along in the rear clutching the resigned white rabbit. Sarah Alden was too young to play much with Richard, but he was the chieftain of the little clan.

I remember Richard standing by my bed one morning while Edith sat on it and cut out paper dolls.

"Uncle Quentin liked me and my grandfather liked me. I don't see why they had to die," said Richard and looked at me for an answer. He knows that answer now. I wish I did.

Richard was only four when his uncle died, barely five when his grandfather died, but he spoke as if they had been dead only a month instead of three and four years. Another time when we were searching for Bible verses for him to learn for his mother, he called out:

"Annie, what was the Psalm that grandfather liked so much?" She came to the door, her arms full of fresh clothes for the morning, and recited it for him. To me it was an unfamiliar Psalm, but his nurse did not need to look it up. It made me feel anew how surrounded the children were by religious as well as family traditions.

The Derby traditions played as strong a part as the Roosevelt ones. Richard

bore his father's name (he was the eighth Richard Derby) and had from him the gift of carrying happiness in his pockets. Doctor Derby had to be at his duties in the Nassau County Hospital most of the time his family were at Springfield Center, but when he was with them I saw little of Richard. He was scampering after his father, swimming with his father, listening to his father. Every morning I would see them starting off together over the links.

One evening I went over at seven o'clock. Their mother in a green gingham dress was sitting on the living-room sofa, Richard cuddled against her on one side, Edith on the other. The children were in their pajamas, all ready for bed as soon as the Bible story was ended. Each night their mother read them a chapter out of a Bible history: an astonishingly grown-up book, I forget its name. When she was away and I read to them in her stead, I asked:

"Would you rather have fairy stories or Bible stories?"—expecting them to demand fairy stories.

"Bible stories," answered Richard.

Children live by habit and demand what they are accustomed to. Lucky Richard to be accustomed to Bible stories, to listen to them every night, curled up warm against his mother's side! It was hard to leave that little group on the sofa: chubby Edith serious for the moment, her pink toes quiet; and darling Richard—and between them a girlish mother with tousled hair, a mother who loved them and taught them and was near them.

Mrs. Derby is away and it is my turn to read to them. Theoretically they are in bed, but there is no tucking in to do because they never stay under their covers. Richard turns a somersault. Edith follows suit. Richard dives out of bed to show me his best Indian arrow-heads. Edith produces a tissue-paper accordion.

"Richard, Edith, get right into bed," Annie says with pretended fierceness,

bringing in two lamps and trying to shoo the children under their covers before she leaves us. I look at Annie gratefully as she goes out. What a real person she is, with her warm-hearted, respectful welcome, her simple dignity, her instant self-effacement. If I had looked after Richard and Edith since they were babies would I be as free of jealousy? Meanwhile Richard climbs on the arm of my chair to pull down the shade. Edith turns another somersault. When I begin reading they quiet down, Richard listening intently to the tribulations of Adonijah, Edith humming gently to herself. Part of the time they stay in bed, part of the time they take turns sitting on my lap.

"It's my turn now." Oh, Richard! to feel your little body resting against my shoulder, to see again your eager eyes.

"Do you want to say your prayers now?"

A pause; then Richard, cautiously, "Will you go home as soon as we've said them or will you stay some more?"

"I'll stay some more."

"Then we will."

Edith says hers first, her warm little body squeezed tight against my knees, her head bowed. "Our Father" and "God bless everybody and make Edith a good girl," and then in a rapid childish voice, "O Lord, support me all the day long of this troublous life. . . . What comes next, Richard?"

"Until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes." Richard sits on the edge of his bed waiting his turn.

"And the evening comes and the busy world is hushed" . . . a long pause and Richard prompts her again; "And the fever of life is over and our work is done." (Edith struggling along a word behind him.) "Then in Thy mercy grant me a safe lodging and a holy rest and peace at the last. Amen." Edith gets up from her knees with the virtuous air of one who has done her day's work.

"We say it for Uncle Quentin because it was his favorite prayer," explains Edith, "and, Richard, you haven't said it and you know mother says we must."

"No, she doesn't. I don't have to," declares Richard, swinging his legs.

I tell them about some children who finish their regular prayers with "Speak Lord, for thy servant listeneth," and then kneel in silence for a few minutes to listen to God. Would they like to try that?

"I remember that. It's what little Samuel said, but I thought it was 'heareth,'" says Richard puzzled.

"It is heareth! You're right. I get mixed up from having different versions of the Bible."

They take to this prayer instantly and use it that night. Then in no time the hour is up. Richard's strong arms give a good-night hug. I kiss them both good-night and tuck Edith into bed, and carry out the lamps. There is a little rush behind me.

"Edith! Edith! Come back or Annie spank," calls Annie over the banisters. Patter, patter, patter go Edith's bare feet in the wrong direction.



RICHARD READ EVERYTHING
THAT CAME HIS WAY

"Edith, go to bed," I urge hypocritically. Patter, patter, patter, go the feet.

"Annie spank," comes a second warning from above. At the foot of the stairs Edith gives me a last hug and I turn her about and push her in the proper direction. But at the front door strangely enough there is Edith again, in her long nightgown, looking very pleased with herself. She comes out and gives me a last blessed hug under the stars.

The next evening Edith remembered about the new prayer and asked, "What do I say now?" and bowed her little head again to say it. But Richard needed no prompting. His other prayers finished, he went on as if it were the constant voice within his heart. I can hear his serious, confident voice:

"Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth," and he listened, kneeling for what seemed to me a long, long time. Probably it was no more than three minutes; but in a second, in no time at all this little boy kneeling close against me, his elbows on my knees, his dear cropped head where I could touch it with my cheek, was out of reach. Edith had "said" her prayers, simply and rapidly as children do, but Richard was actually praying. He ran to God as to his father. For those few moments he was as deep in the hidden country as he is now.

One windy afternoon the three came over and we stayed indoors before the big fire. Edith played on the floor with her tiny washtubs. They stood always in the same corner and each day she solemnly washed out two handkerchiefs and hung them on the line and then folded them in the little basket. Some of her toys, limp dolls and strange little boxes, she kept in a painted chest by our fireplace. I remember a toothpowder can filled with water that she laid away optimistically with some paper dolls. Richard lay face down on the floor and built block towers. Sarah Alden alternately squeezed Toba (the rabbit) and staggered after him as he hopped about

theroom. There was no sound except the snapping of the fire. With every door and window closed, and Sarah Alden and Edith and Richard within before the roaring fire, playing in silence, the scene gave an illusion of permanence: as if this little nursery of Heaven belonged to me; as if they might linger in the big room playing for a day or a year or forever.

But they could not linger, not for a year nor a day. Sarah Alden is climbing trees by now and Richard is dead. Never again will he jump into water too deep for him, nor lean out of his bedroom window in his pajamas to shout, "Are you coming up to read to us?"

The last time I saw Richard he and his family were starting for the station in their Ford. Bags, trunks, pine trees with their roots tied up, children, and the crated white rabbit rose in a pyramid; while miraculously strapped to the top was Sarah Alden's crib. A month later Richard died very suddenly of an obscure infection.

Many people have stood by the lot where his grandfather lies buried on the slope of Oyster Bay cemetery. Richard lies in a woodland place beyond the very crest of the hill. Standing by his grave one sees no other lots, only trees and the sky. Edith and Sarah Alden in their woolly tam-o-shanters come up the hill with flowers from the garden and thrust them into the ivy already thick on Richard's grave. They do not hush their high happy voices when they speak of him. On Richard's birthday their mother asks all his friends and theirs for his birthday party. He is not really dead: whoever once felt the touch of his boyish hand, feels it still.

If greatness lies in what we accomplish that is seen of men, then Richard can claim no shadow of it. He died an obscure little boy, his death noticed in the newspapers merely because he was the grandson of Theodore Roosevelt. But if greatness be an inner quality measured by God, what then?

THE DISCIPLE

Awarded a Second Prize in the Second Harper Short-Story Contest

BY CONRAD AIKEN

FOUR o'clock struck in the church tower he was passing; the wide bronze rings of sound fell over him mingled with a fine powdery snow. He looked at his watch—how absurd!—and found that the church was quite right. This seemed the last straw in his boredom, and, as if instigated by it, he turned out of the quiet square, beginning to be patched with white under dim lamps, with here and there a black wheel-track showing, and moved listlessly toward the shopping district.

"Why didn't I go?" he thought, without more than waving the vaguest of hands toward the imaginary destination or destiny. Then, "Middle age is a slow crucifixion." And then again, knocking snow from his coat, "I can't stand this damned solitude much longer."

However, here were the shop windows, a long gaudily jeweled row of them, pouring their colored lights across the snowy pavement and illuminating brilliantly the hordes of feverishly gesticulating pedestrians, the prowling taxis,

the furtively creeping beetlelike limousines, the wet sides of horses. He went slowly, like a heavy moth, from window to window. He pulled his mustache, he stared, stamped his feet, devoured with dry eyes all that he saw: opal necklaces, gold cigarette-cases, umbrellas with carved ivory handles, embroideries of Chinese scarlet, opera glasses, microscopes. Good God! what a strange collection. He felt as if he were somehow incrusting his soul with these things—he seemed to himself to be like one of these singular boxes known to his childhood, covered all over, hard, rough, and coruscating, with small sea shells. Yes, exactly, and the box itself empty. Sea shells—seashells. He thought with great pleasure of sea shells, and then of the sea, the twilight valley floors of the sea, the strange soft trees that grow there,

and himself as somehow a denizen—what precisely? A tortoise incrusting with barnacles, indistinguishable from his bed of shells, immemorially old and white. Yes, something like that. . . .



FOUR O'CLOCK STRUCK IN THE CHURCH
TOWER HE WAS PASSING

"I should like," he said to the florid Jewish shopkeeper, "to look at some oddity in the way of a set of chessmen."

"An oddity? . . . Yes."

"A wedding gift, under peculiar circumstances. Something rather—" he waved a claw.

"Rare?"

"Old."

A Chinese set with dragons, a Hindu set with elephants, a Japanese set of carved cherrywood, daimyos, priests. . . . No, these weren't quite the thing. The Jew looked at him intently under wrinkled lids like a parrot's. Was his tongue, also, as hard and dry and old as a parrot's? . . . The Jew hunched his shoulders almost up to his ears.

"Ah, I think I know what you want. But it can't be had."

"You mean . . ."

"You were thinking, no doubt, of the set of the 'Twelve Disciples'?"

Astonishing! He had never heard of the set of the "Twelve Disciples," and yet there could be no question that it was what he was seeking.

"Exactly!"

"Ah! But it is lost. . . . And even if it were found, who could afford to buy it?"

"Oh! Afford! . . ."

"Ah—you are right—what does it matter?"

"And what is it like, this set of the Twelve Disciples?"

"Like? It is—but don't you know?"

The Jew, leaning on the glass case, peered at him, he thought, somewhat peculiarly.

"How should I? I've never even heard of it."

"But you said—!"

"Ah—forgive me—it is true that when you mentioned it . . . how shall I say? . . . it seemed to me in some remote way—familiar. That was all."

"Ah! I see—I see! You thought you remembered it. And if you think, if you concentrate upon it—if you turn, in your mind, a sudden light upon it . . ."

"I beg your pardon?"

"You don't see it any more clearly?"

"Why, no,—how should I?"

"Oh . . . But the set really is quite ordinary—as carving. Nothing remarkable."

"Then why is it so valuable?"

"Perhaps because it is generally considered mythical."

"Mythical? It doesn't, after all, exist?"

"So some would say. As for me—"

"You believe in it?"

"I believe in it. . . . I have even, in dreams, seen it."

He found himself staring at the Jew, on this, as if at the revelation of some sort of obscure miracle. Yes, it appeared, the set of chessmen, in dreams; it came, in dreams, to this Jew. For a moment it seemed, in the oddest of ways, more tangible; it gave out a gleam and came nearer. Thirty-two pieces of ivory, close-clustered, one of them fallen over, and a candle lighting them. Had he dreamed this himself? It was vivid, and vivid was the hand he put out among them to right the fallen piece. But the fallen piece was stubborn, resisted, became massive. . . . He lifted his hand from the glass show case and stepped back. He had a sense of having resisted, barely resisted, and with an effort that left him trembling, a temptation not the less vast for having been incomprehensible. It was with a feeling of yielding to some obscure small issue of this temptation that he now said, with a conscious jocoseness which did not conceal excitement:

"And the piece that has fallen over—which piece is that?"

The effect of this remark was extraordinary. The tempo of the adventure—for adventure it unquestionably and profoundly was—instantly quickened. It was as if the stream on which they were being swept had not only broadened and taken on a dizzying speed, but had as suddenly dived underground through a phantasmagoric darkness. Specifically, he found himself looking at a Jew

who had somehow changed; he was less the shopkeeper, less even the human being, and more—something else. What, exactly? More imposing? That certainly, and also, singularly, more luminous—he gave out in the general darkness a light, and his eyes, looking down, seemed in the kindest of manners to indicate that this light must be also a guidance. What it was that the Jew said he didn't catch. It was merely a short, vague exclamation, followed by a smile and a stare which were a little frightening in their suggestion of extraordinary intimacy. After that it was as if every step taken was taken the more elaborately to insure for the ensuing talk the right seclusion and secrecy. The iron shutters outside the window were rattled harshly down and locked, the door was locked, the lights in the show window were switched off, leaving the heap of jewels, oddities, silks, and carvings in darkness. From outside in the night, mingled with the subdued murmur of the street, came, even more subdued and tenuous, sounds of a bell slowly struck and as if blown down from a very great height. . . . When, having followed his host through a passage and up the stairs, an uplifted tall candle flinging cascades of banister shadows over the richly ornamented walls, he entered the room over the shop, it was with a vague sense of having come an incredible distance in space and time—the street seemed far away, remote seemed the snowy square where, surely only a quarter of an hour ago, the clock had struck four, remotest of all seemed his own poor lodgings, where the fire probably needed replenishing. Had he not even come a long way from himself—was his name still Dace?

"The piece that has fallen over!" said the Jew and gave a short laugh. He had set the candle on the chimneypiece, where its light, duplicated in the dusty mirror, was sufficient to show a faded room crowded with odds and ends. "That's shrewd—that's shrewd. That

goes, certainly, to the root of things. . . . So you knew, all the time!"

"Knew? . . ."

"You were merely drawing me out, leading me on! Well, well! That was clever."

Dace met the Jew's richly insinuating stare with bland and genial acquiescence.

"What makes you think I knew?"

"My dear chap! . . . Are you joking? . . . Why, of course, it was your allusion to Judas."

"Oh, I see—my allusion to Judas . . ."

"The piece that has fallen over, as you so nicely put it!"

"Oh—that! . . . So that is Judas? . . . But I didn't, to tell the truth, know it at all. I knew nothing whatever!"

The Jew smiled at him with an excess of politeness, but the smile slowly faded.

"But—how extraordinary! You really knew nothing?"

"As I say—nothing whatever."

"But how on earth then did you come to speak of the piece that has fallen over?"

They exchanged a long look over this question, as if (absurd! Dace found time to say to himself) it was, somehow, of tremendous import. But decidedly, it *was* of tremendous import. Whether the man were mad or not—and for the first moment Dace clearly formulated to himself that possibility—or whether he himself was on the verge of madness, did not seem particularly to matter. What was remarkable, or uncanny, was the way in which their sanity, or madness, brought them in every consciousness together. That singular vision of the chessmen—how explain it? His mental eye reverted to it, and he saw it now more sharply than ever. He saw the crisscrossing of shadows among the pieces, he saw deeply carved on the crown of the king nearest him the letters "I. N. R.—" (and no doubt the other "I" was turned away from him); and there was Judas lying at the left-hand corner of the board, apparently on the point of rolling off. He put out his

finger to it, tried to lift it—it was immovable, as if glued. But it *must* be moved! He felt the gathering within himself of a great wave of energy, all directed to a huge decuman crash against the importunate obstacle . . . Then he removed his hand from the edge of the small taboret (which he had hardly noticed) and leaned back in his chair once more with a sense of temptation undergone and partially resisted. But again it was a yielding to some small faint beckoning, some fugitive far signal, that put the next words on his tongue.

"Well," he said, and he laughed a little uneasily, "I'm sure I can't explain it. But no sooner had you spoken of seeing the chessmen in dreams than I had on the spot a kind of waking dream myself. I've just had it again. I didn't see *all* the pieces plainly—but plain enough was the piece which you say is Judas and plain enough was the inscription on the crown of one of the kings."

"You mean the letters?"

"I. N. R. I."

"Ah, yes. Exactly—*Rex Iudæorum*—How extraordinary!"

"To put it very mildly!"

"What? . . . Oh, I don't mean that."

"I beg your pardon, then—but what *do* you mean?"

The Jew regarded him searchingly; Dace felt himself being slowly fathomed and gave himself agreeably to the experience, with a sense that he must keep still, let the plummet go straight.

"I mean"—the Jew was deliberate—"that while you see so much without assistance—oh certainly, quite without assistance—you nevertheless don't see *all*."

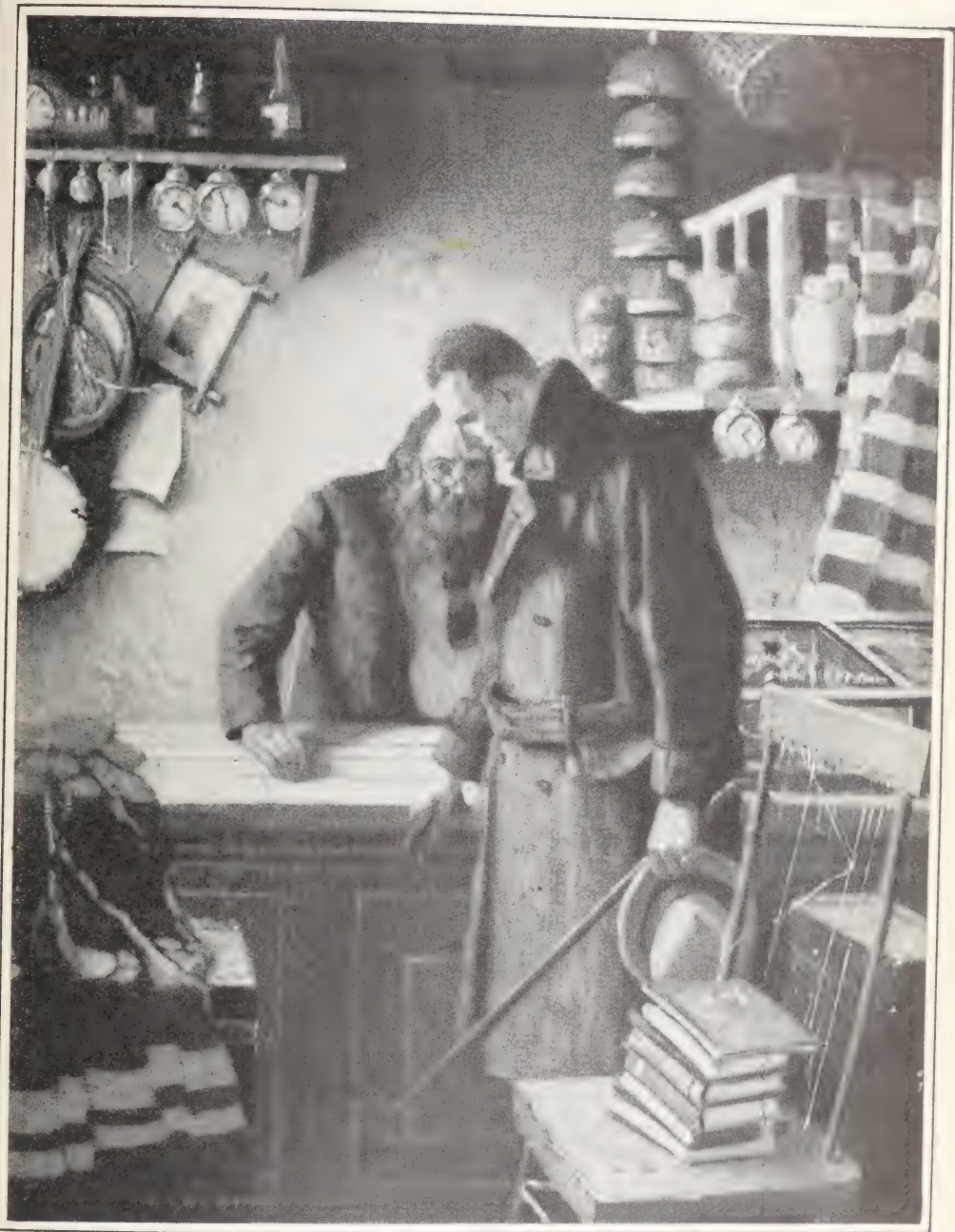
"All?"

"Yes, that's what I find extraordinary. When, downstairs in the shop, you suddenly asked me, 'And the piece that has fallen over—what piece is that?'—how could I but assume that your identification was complete? . . . I—as you saw—accepted you. And

now you say you didn't at all recognize the piece as Judas! Certainly, that is very peculiar. I must suppose, however, as all the circumstances urge, that you would, had you been given time, have named Judas yourself. Yes, undoubtedly that is the explanation."

The look which the Jew turned on Dace shone with the most perfect innocence and trust, and he replied to it with a grave nod. The logic was reasonable, was it not? Yet something in what the Jew said perplexed and escaped him; he went over it slowly, aware that somewhere in this small plausible structure of words was one word which was not so much a block as a window—it let through a light which was disquietingly suggestive of a space beyond space, of a depth which yawned beneath the solid, a world that was, as he was at last to phrase it, "other." He found this word quickly enough—it was "identification"—and looked hard through it. What on earth had he meant by it? . . . It was simply a depth, a gleam, and nothing more. Yet for some reason he decided not to challenge it—not, at any rate, immediately. Wouldn't it be more fruitful simply to wait before it, exactly as one would wait before a lighted window, to find out at last what it was precisely that moved there on the other side? Was it not also essential that he should, in everything, take his cue from the Jew?

It was, therefore, with a sense of the imperative necessity of delaying, of somehow gaining time, that he rose from his chair as if merely to look about him. The room to which he had been brought was extraordinary—a museum in microcosm. The candle, placed on the white marble mantel precariously between a tall much-figured clock and a Han horse, lighted the chamber only sufficiently to show its richness and its confusion. The only cleared space was that immediately before the fire where the two chairs faced each other obliquely on the worn Persian carpet: for the rest, narrow lanes led hither and thither



Drawn by J. W. Schlaikjer

"I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT. BUT IT CAN'T BE HAD."

among a chaos of furniture and oddments which, in the gloom, had amazingly the air of a jungle. Chairs stood on tables; ivories and pictures balanced on chairs; shields, swords, and suits of chain-mail hung on the walls with tapestries and Chinese paintings. Half a dozen clocks were ticking confusedly, only one of them visible. And dust was everywhere, thick gritty dust, deposit of decades—on the mantel, the clock, the floor, the tables, here and there finger-marked. Even the mirror was dusty. And Dace, feeling the eyes of the Jew upon his back, and looking into the glass above the candle flame to examine the shopkeeper at his leisure, was able to see of him in the veiled gloom only the dimmest of outlines. He turned and faced his interlocutor.

"You have some fine things here," he murmured. "That horse, for example."

The Jew was inert. It was as if he knew Dace to be evading him. He stared a moment, then dropped his eyes.

"Ah—that little Han horse."

He was not interested in the horse, that was clear, and did not intend talking of it. But as Dace again sank into his chair sighing, the Jew leaned sharply toward him and smiled. Dace was touched by something in this smile—it was singularly gentle and friendly, a little humble. Why was it, nevertheless, that it seemed so oddly belied by the eyes? For in the eyes, lidded like a parrot's, something disquieting flickered.

"You do not yet altogether trust me—do you!" said the Jew, still smiling.

Dace laughed outright but not entirely with conviction. He was still trying, as it were, to gain time.

"Trust you? But why on earth shouldn't I?—Is it any question?" . . .

"Oh, not of business, no! Certainly not. We are not concerned with business. . . . Isn't it really," he lowered his tone a little, "something very much more important?"

"Important?"

"Yes. Isn't it at bottom simply the question of our trusting—completely trusting—one another?"

Dace looked hard into the little eyes which seemed to blaze in intensity of meaning.

"Oh, that!" he exclaimed gently. He directed his unseeing stare at the fire in an effort to conceal his confusion. Where, where on earth, he cried to himself, am I going? He felt slightly dizzy but managed to affect a calm. Whether the shopkeeper was a madman or a prophet seemed for the present a wholly irrelevant question.

"That's of course taken for granted, isn't it?" he went on. And then he added, for all the world as if the words were not so much his own as somehow *given* him, "What I mean is—isn't it sufficient guarantee of our mutual trust—or sympathy at all events—that so far, for all the singularity of our intercourse, we so easily and with so little error *follow* one another?" He was pleased with himself at this, and showed it by smiling a little more lightly than before, and also by relaxing slightly in his chair.

And the shopkeeper, too, was pleased. He again, in that curious way which Dace had noticed downstairs in the shop, seemed before his very eyes in the act of changing; it was as if he became more significant, as if all his colors became brighter and richer, as if a secret low light within him had somehow been sharply turned up. The wrinkled lids lifted a little and the face became luminous with words of which Dace felt that he could almost, in advance, see the shape.

"Ah," came the pleased murmur. "Exactly. That's a good deal better, isn't it? We begin to know where we are. And isn't it important that you should agree with me (since you use the word 'follow') that *I follow you* quite as successfully as *you follow me*? I don't mean to urge or press you—no—no. But that, I think, if you will permit my saying so, is—er—a point—"

"Of cardinal importance? Yes—I believe it is. You mean—"

"I mean that, in all the experience we are sharing, or are about to share, you are contributing—oh, quite without any assistance from me—as much as I. Or, to put it in another way, that you have been as free to accept as complete *my* identification as I have been to accept or reject yours. The responsibility is divided."

"Responsibility?"

The Jew's face clouded.

"Perhaps that's not the best word," he explained a little painfully. "There's of course no serious question of responsibility. Responsibility for what?" He laughed. "No. We can put that aside . . . though it might be as well afterward to know that it had been said."

It was clear to Dace that the Jew meant, by responsibility, responsibility for their mutual delusion. And surely there could be no harm in appearing to admit a share in the creation of it?

"Well—I'm quite ready to grant it, if you are—why not?"

Dace's friendly, and perhaps slightly paternal grin, was met by one as friendly. They remained so for a moment, smiling, smiling as over the exchange of something secret and precious. Then, firmly, Dace continued:

"But we've got rather far away, haven't we, from the set of the Twelve Disciples? What about *that*?"

"Ah, my dear fellow! Are you so determined to make a joke of it?"

"A joke? Why no."

"But surely you realize that it's just that which we've *been* all this time talking about."

"Oh! Oh! I see."

"But my dear chap, *do* you see?"

The shopkeeper's voice had become rather surprisingly loud and agitated. "Do you see! . . . Or have I been after all so hideously mistaken?"

"But how could you have been?"

"Ah, yes—how could I have been? It's ridiculous. . . . Tell me—" he went on slowly, as if he was feeling his way

with the greatest of care. "When you think of this set, when you light it sharply for yourself, do you feel toward it, in any way, any sort of—impulse?"

Dace was startled. Impulse? Of course he did. But was it wise after all to admit it? What was this singular shopkeeper up to? . . . The rapidity of events had confused him. But it was necessary, after all—it was even imperative—that in this other-world darkness some sort of outline should be made out, some purpose or design should be guessed. Certainly it did not seem an extravagance to suppose that the Jew was mad; nor was it any more an extravagance to perceive, as he was almost sure he perceived, a slow, methodical, careful effort on the Jew's part to weave strongly the illusion and to weave into it as a vital part of it both himself and, what was more important, Dace. More obscure was the question whether the Jew was conscious of doing this. When he had so emphatically caviled over the point of their divided, their co-operative responsibility for the delusion—if it *was* a delusion—it had certainly appeared that he was, even if mad, aware of what he was doing. He had seemed quite consciously fearful lest Dace should suspect something. This odd something which he had so zealously guarded—was it at bottom nothing but a dim kind of hypnosis? But, if so, what was it for? . . . Dace looked hard into this tangle. It had no beginning and no end, and there was no point at which he might, with any clearness of view, start to unravel it. Most disquieting of all was his inability to distinguish in his own mind that part of this growing, glimmering, mutual delusion which might—quite genuinely—and quite, as the Jew had said, "without any assistance" be his *own* strange contribution. But was *any* of it his own? . . . To admit that was to admit either one of two possibilities, neither of them comforting. It was to admit either that he himself was on the border of a kind of madness; or else that he had suddenly, with a catastrophic

crash, gone through some queer crust of the world into a dimension which he had not hitherto known to exist, but which was none the less grotesquely real. But surely this was absurd! The man must be mad. Mad, but with a madness of which some intrinsic and secret element was an extraordinary power to exert an influence. Could it be also that he, Dace, by some psychological freak was in exactly the right state of mind to be easily influenced? *Was* he responsible? . . . His misgiving, however, was only momentary; and hearing again in that still strange room the ethereal far ringing of the half-hour bells from the church tower in the world he had left outside, and in a sense so far behind, his feeling of adventure was once more deepened and renewed. Strange, strange he said to himself, and found himself for no reason staring at his hands which he had lifted. Old hands, old and scarred. He stared at them hard, as if he desired to look into them, to discover there some curious and imbedded revelation. It embarrassed him presently to find that the Jew was watching this action intently, and had lifted his own hands into the same position. His answer was thus, in a manner, startled out of him. Was the Jew then in the very act of hypnotizing him? . . .

"Impulse?" he said. "I thought I had told you. Yes—I have an impulse, a curious and very strong one. I think it must have been because of that impulse that I've just found myself, as you seem to have observed—" he laughed—"staring so idiotically at my old hands. . . . Each time that I have clearly visualized this set of chessmen with its kings and its fallen Judas I have half-surrendered to the most unaccountable impulse to *right* the fallen piece. And each time on coming to my senses I've found myself pressing very hard against—well, the show case downstairs, the taboret, here. That, I suppose, is what you mean?"

The Jew nodded.

"Exactly. And now. . . . But first

let me repeat that you are—how shall I put it—mentally quite free in this matter—isn't that true?"

"But of course—how could it not be?" Dace, saying this, felt a little disingenuous.

"Well. The interesting question then is—do you see any *reason* for this impulse? . . . Don't let me hurry you—take your time. Try, if you like, lighting the board for yourself once more. Observe, if you can, when you feel this impulse, whether it is connected with any profound feeling of *identification*—or shall we say, rather, sympathy? . . . Perhaps I embarrass you. I'll turn my back."

The Jew walked to the mantel and, resting one foot on the brass fender, appeared to stare into the disintegrating coal fire. Identification! That word again. It was important—it meant that something, something very peculiar, was expected of him. Left thus to himself, Dace felt that at last a definite turning-point had come, and felt also quite clearly that it was in his power to "go on" or not, just as he chose; not merely a power to refuse or acquiesce, but something much more singular—a power, if he liked, to acquiesce *creatively*. If the man was mad—and certainly the worn and shiny back, the high-peaked shoulders and comically bald head combined to produce an effect of decided queer-ness—his madness might be harmless, and was also, for Dace—and this struck him as remarkable—perfectly, potentially *transparent*. What Dace felt was indeed that if now he were to make the smallest effort (of a sort which he recognized brilliantly, but could scarcely analyze) he would not only be able to see the mechanism of the Jew as clearly as one sees the mechanism of a glass-cased clock, but also exactly what that mechanism, so driven and so eccentric, would demand of *himself*. Even this was not all. For was it not also true that, once he accepted this course, something of himself would have to be surrendered? . . . Would it not definitely involve his

"descent" or "ascent" or whatever into that curious void, already glimpsed, of the "other" world? . . . Was he not quite clearly putting himself in the hands of this Jew? . . . Certainly the mere summoning up once more, before his mind's eye, of the chessboard, the peculiar set of chessmen, was absurdly easy—he could do it without any effort whatever. It was in fact already, to all intents, there—he had only to look at it. If there was something just the least disquieting in this fact—in the fact that he might almost say that his mind was in a manner *possessed*—he at once waved the suggestion away. He looked then once again at the visionary board. It was closer, more pressingly vivid and alive than ever. He could certainly, if he liked, put his hand out and touch it—he could certainly put his hand among the pieces, past the white king (whose crown showed the letters I. N. R.) and lift the fallen knight, which was Judas. This was what he desired to do—he put out his hand, and as he did so, realized for the first time how extraordinarily important this action was for him. The fallen piece, however, resisted him as before, resisted his thought, would not be otherwise conceived than as fallen. But it *must* be lifted! He strained at the shadow, concentrating against it a whole world of shadows. He bent his life against it. It could not be seized, it would not budge. It was as if he were—yes—trying to lift a part of himself—a symbol—

The revelation after all was sudden enough to shock him. He broke into a cold sweat, and barely mastered an impulse to spring to his feet. There was still time to "go back"—he seemed to see it, however, as a long way, and as involving also a sort of cowardice. It was to go back into—well, hadn't he in the snow-filled square called it the slow crucifixion of middle age—boredom? This could hardly be worse, though he now knew, with a sense rather spacious and vast than precise, that it involved danger. Still it was possible to go for-

ward, was it not, with caution? He would keep *some* part of his wits about him—still free and his own. He was a match, he felt, for—well, for that Jew. He needn't be influenced, need he, beyond a certain point? . . .

He opened his eyes which during his waking-dream he had shut, and rose. The Jew turned about. For a moment the two men regarded each other in silence, a silence broken only by the small feverish ticking of invisible clocks. The shopkeeper, when at last he spoke, spoke in a tone which had become, for no apparent reason, sardonic and slightly tyrannous. He leaned back, with his elbows behind him on the white-marble mantel.

"Well?" he said.

Dace was cool—he allowed himself a slightly ironic smile.

"You were quite right," he rang out. Then, measuring with the nicest accuracy the queer light in the other's eyes, he went on with a considered leisureliness which he perhaps intended to be provocative, "I do identify myself with one of the pieces on the board—as you so perspicaciously suggested. . . . I identify myself with Judas."

"I didn't suggest it," cried the Jew. "I didn't suggest it! As God is my witness . . . Don't think it!"

Dace was amazed by the violence of this outburst. He was amazed also by the change in the Jew's appearance. He stood rigid and tall, his fists clenched at his sides, his face white as the marble, his large mouth grotesquely opened in a fixed and tragic expression of suffering, like the mouth of the tragic mask. He was absurd—Dace had even a fleeting desire to "kick" him—but he was also portentous.

"I think you misunderstand me," Dace pursued, endeavoring to speak without agitation. "You merely suggested that I might, during this waking-dream, experience some feeling of sympathy—am I not right? Well, I now tell you that that is true. God knows how you guessed it!" He laughed

apologetically. "And I improve on your suggestion quite clearly when I tell you that in this dream *Judas and I are one and the same person . . .* Isn't it extraordinary!"

The Jew, at this, merely gasped. Then relaxing, and as if he had suddenly become faint, he sank into a chair where he dropped his face into his hands and began absurdly rolling his great dark curly head from side to side, as if in an ecstasy of pain. "Ah, my God," he breathed through his hands, without looking up. "Ah, my God, my God!"

Dace, if he was surprised by the spectacle, did not show it. He merely watched, with the absorbed amusement of a child, this uncontrolled and unexplained behavior, and smiled. The top of the Jew's head with its bald spot ringed with curls, thus rolling heavily and serpentinely with that sinuous unction peculiar to camels and Jews, simply struck him as funny.

He was also, however, somewhat disgusted. And it was with some severity that he asked, after a moment: "Are you feeling ill?"

The shopkeeper stopped rolling his head. His face remained hidden in his hands, nevertheless, and it was some time before he sat up, looking extraordinarily ravaged and pale, and with his large mouth still tragically relaxed. His voice, when at last he spoke, had changed, had become harsh, deep, tortured, uncertain—"biblical," Dace had time to say to himself.

"You persist in being flippant," the voice cried, "you have no seriousness. You permit yourself merely to be amused by all this. And you have the impertinence to ask me if I am ill when, as you might see, I am simply overcome by compassion. My God! Don't you see that it is serious, that it is tragic—that we sound together the whole horror of the world?"

He glared at Dace with unexpected ferocity. Then, before Dace had time for anything but a turmoil of bewilder-

ment, he sprang up, approached Dace's chair menacingly, leaned over him, pointed at him a white thick finger on which were three rings.

"You are Judas, and you admit it. Don't pretend any longer that you don't fully realize it. The time for such foolery is past. You are Judas. You knew it before you came in here—you came in to tell me. You knew the countersign—you asked for the set of Twelve Disciples. Ah! I know everything. You tried to fool me, but you couldn't—I saw through your pretences from the beginning—I knew you were coming today. And why shouldn't I? It's Easter Eve. You know as well as I do that we always meet on Easter Eve! . . ."

Dace sat as if hypnotized, his glassy eyes fixed on the thick withered eyelids of the Jew. He was frightened and found it difficult to control his voice.

"Why, what do you mean?" he stammered.

"What do I mean! You ask me what do I mean! Ah, my God! Do I have to drag it all out of you like this? You have no honesty, no seriousness, no repentance? You are Judas. You were born in the island of Kerioth. You murdered your father and married your mother. . . . Pilate! Pilate! Do you hear? . . . You kept books for Pilate. You cheated him. And then you went looking for Jesus, because you thought he could forgive you for incest. Ha! And you cheated him too; you stole from him. You kept back the moneys. Your passion came on you—you wanted gold and silver. You stole from the shepherds, in the market place—you stole from the other disciples. Finally, because your fingers itched, you sold Jesus. What's the good of denying it? I can see that you remember it—you knew it all the time. It's Easter Eve, and you've come back again. I knew you were coming—I know everything."

The Jew stepped back with a gesture of triumph, dropping his hand. He squared his high-peaked shoulders as if

in a paroxysm of righteousness. His coarse face was radiant—transfigured.

"Well," said Dace in a small voice but clearly, "suppose I *am* Judas—suppose I *do* admit it. Suppose I admit even that I knew it before I came here, and came here with the sole purpose of revealing myself to you? You know everything—so I suppose I'll have to grant you that I even knew that the set of the Twelve Disciples was the password which, I take it, we're in the habit of exchanging in this extraordinary fashion, every Easter Eve. Is this Easter Eve? I didn't know it. I suppose I'm allowed a respite from Hell on Easter Eve—is that it? . . . But, supposing that all this is true—what about it?"

"Ah," the Jew cried, "you're incorrigible. . . . Why do you always make it so—difficult for me! If only once, once you would admit it all—tell me everything from your heart—help me to sound the horror of the world instead of leaving me to sound it alone! Only once!" He sank into his chair, flung his head back and regarded Dace pityingly as from an immense moral distance.

"Listen!" said Dace. "I want you to believe me when I tell you that I'm not trying to deceive you or make it hard for you. I'm honestly trying to tell you everything I know. If there are some things I don't know which you think I ought to know—well, it's because there's some barrier which I don't understand, some barrier. Do you see? . . . For example, I suppose I ought to know—since I've met you so often—who you are. But I don't! . . . Who are you?"

"I am Ahasver—the eternal Jew."

"Oh! You are—I see. And we meet every Easter Eve?"

"Every Easter Eve."

"You are eternal—of course, I've heard of you. As for me, I suppose I'm just, for the moment, reincarnated?"

"Reincarnated."

"That, I suppose, is why you can remember me, but I can't remember you."

"You *must* remember!"

"I don't. I remember nothing."

"Try! Think of last year."

"I don't remember last year."

"Salt Lake City! It was in Salt Lake City. Do you remember?"

"No, I've never been to Salt Lake City."

"You have—you were there last year. My shop was in Myrtle Street. We met outside it, just as six o'clock struck. You were smoking a pipe. When I asked you who you were, you said your name was O'Grady."

"Oh! Did I?"

"Yes. You said at first that you wanted to pawn something—your watch. You looked very different. You had a beard. Then we were inside the shop and the door was shut—"

"Ah! I asked for a peculiar set of chessmen!"

"You remember! You remember! . . . And the year before it was at Buenos Ayres. . . . My shop was on the second floor, over a colonnade. I had a sign hanging outside—with my name on it, Juan Espera en Dios. . . . You were a little Portuguese Jew named Gomez—your skin was very yellow, you were suffering from the jaundice. Do you remember?"

"No, I've never been to Buenos Ayres. Never."

"Ah, you shameless liar! . . . Liar! . . . You lie merely to make me suffer. Don't. Don't. And the year before that—"

"My dear fellow, do you remember them all?"

"Every one. It was on the Ponte Vecchio—my name was over the door, Butta Deus. A very small shop with bracelets and filigree necklaces. Ah! you were very droll that time—and very shabby, poor. A poor tailor; you said your name was Fantini. You had no thumb on your left hand, and said it didn't interfere with your work—you showed me how flexible and cunning were your fingers. And ah, my God, how stubborn you were—how you de-

nied it! But you always deny it, you always torture me. . . . It is my punishment."

The Jew covered his eyes with one hand and sank into an absorbed silence. He looked as if he was praying. Dace examined him in astonishment, observed the tufts of grizzled hair in his ears, the gray sparse whorls of beard under the edges of the jaw, the greasy old-fashioned black stock under the lowered chin. Three heavy gold rings were on the fourth finger, one of them set with a coarse peach-agate. Behind him in the tumbled room somewhere, a clock struck seven in a small sweet voice, then another, nearer at hand, more briskly and loudly; then two others, simultaneously, their voices—one brazen and one treble — infelicitously mingling. Seven o'clock? But to Dace the world seemed timeless; and he felt extraordinarily, with a bright translucence that made him feel bodiless, that he was existing separately, at one and the same time, in Salt Lake City, Buenos Ayres, Florence—and where else? He seemed to know himself perfectly as O'Grady—he was tall and bearded, smoked a pipe, walked in the warm clear dusk into Myrtle Street where, sure enough, the Jew awaited him. But what was the Jew's name, then? He had forgotten to say. . . . Certainly, as Gomez he had had the jaundice, as Fantini had lost his left thumb. Absurd! And this ghostly multiple career extended back, troubled, passionate, full of sinister echoes, for eighteen hundred and thirty-five years. And the unchanging secret in him, through all this harlequinade, was Judas! These hands were the hands of Judas—the hands of the parricide, the thief, the betrayer. . . . And what, in all this amazing nightmare, so profoundly actual, did the Jew want of him? Sympathy? An exchange of understanding? . . . He tried to remember what it was that the Jew had done, what offence it was that his eternal wanderings were a punishment for. Perhaps if he closed his eyes it would come back

to him. For a moment he would submit a little, allow this extraordinary influence— Ah! it began to come back to him. It was something outrageous, something revolting—there was a crowd—Jesus was passing, carrying something—and the shopkeeper—Ahasver—what was it he did? He leaned forward out of the crowd and spat at Jesus and said something—that was it. Something hateful.

"What was it you said?" Dace asked.

"On the Ponte Vecchio?"

"No—on Golgotha."

"Ah, I won't repeat it—every time you ask me to repeat it! And you know as well as I do!"

"I know you said something—I don't know what you said."

The Jew leaped to his feet, his face flushed with fury. He made a gesture of curved hands towards Dace's throat, as if he would like to strangle him.

"Hypocrite! You sit there and pretend you know nothing—you, my only friend! Well, I'll tell you what I did—I spat in His face—that's what I did! Yes! I leaned out and spat right in His face, and said in a loud ugly voice 'Go on quicker!' And He stopped and looked at me—Ah, you can see him stopping—and answered—'I go: but thou shalt wait till my return' . . . That's what happened, Judas! . . . And you, where were you? On Olivet with an old bit of rope, the halter of an ass! What could have been more appropriate than the halter of an ass? But it did you no good. No. You were merely doing what you'd have to do over and over again. For you too were included in the words 'There be some of those that stand here which shall in no wise taste death till they see the Son of Man coming in His kingdom.'"

"We are friends, then," murmured Dace. "We are friends!"

"We are the oldest friends in the world. And yet you torture me!"

"I don't mean to torture you. I am trying to understand."

"I forgive you, my friend—I forgive

you." And suddenly the Jew leaned down and touched with his white soft hand the right hand of Dace, where it rested on the arm of the chair; a touch fawning and horrible. There were tears in his eyes. He patted Dace's hand twice with a grotesque and repulsive tenderness, and smiled; then, straightening:

"No one else forgives us — why shouldn't we forgive each other? God has forgotten us—he only remembers to forget us. Ah, my old friend, let us not forget each other! Let us remember each other all we can, and forgive each other with all our hearts. You see why it is that I want so horribly, so horribly, to have you remember me! To be an outcast, eternal, hated by God and man, unforgiven, loved by none—to be used by God for his own inscrutable Divine purpose, yet punished for it forever! Perhaps God means that we shall be a comfort to each other. Perhaps he means in that way to reward us—to grant us as recompense the greatest, deepest, oldest friendship ever known by men." (" "

"Yes," said Dace faintly, "why not? Why not? . . . Perhaps he does."

"I am sure of it, my friend—Judas, I am sure of it! We have a bond, the greatest of bonds. Each of us committed a sin in its way unparalleled. No others have sounded the depths that we have sounded. At the very bottom of the world, most miserable Gehenna of Gehennas, we meet and embrace. Surely that is something! Yes, I believe it is a proof of the essential goodness and wisdom and mercifulness of God. I wrong him by saying that he has forgotten us! He has not forgotten us. Isn't it perhaps truer to say that we are a part of God, the part of him that is evil and that suffers? What a vision! What pride we can legitimately take in being ourselves! In us is concentrated the most intense suffering, the deepest darkness, the most unmitigated horror of the world. . . . Let us share it, old friend—on this one day in the year

when we meet, for these few uncertain hours in an infinity of torment—let us share our grief and pride, and open our hearts."

Dace was extraordinarily moved by this speech, but he could scarcely have said whether he was more impressed, or horrified, or amused. So this was where they were—at the bottom of the world, at the bottom of the bottomless pit. What a vision, indeed! And himself and this repulsive shopkeeper—sinister dual embodiment of the world's evil—embracing passionately in the blown smoke of Gehenna. Treachery kissing obscenity! Laughter would have been a relief to him, but he felt with a peculiar anxiety that the moment was not propitious. Wasn't there still, somewhere in all this, a danger? Something there was which the Jew had said that had alarmed him; but he could not now recall it. Decidedly, he must keep his wits with him.

"Yes," he answered slowly, with averted eyes, "we are old friends; our sympathies ought to be of the profoundest. We are, as you say, in the same boat—if it is not flippant to put it in so homely a fashion. We know each other, don't we? And there we are."

"Ah," said the Jew, "but do you know me as I know you? That is the question that curses me, that always curses me! You are so hesitant, so uncertain! You distress me so with your questions, and with the blanks in your memory! If only we were *exactly* alike, and you remembered, each year, all that I remember!"

"It's a pity—it's a pity."

"A tragedy, rather! . . . For me a tragedy. . . . Yet I mustn't be selfish. That is the part assigned to me—to remember, to be the memory. I must remember your sorrows as well as my own. It is my privilege to remind you. Corfu, for example! Do you remember Corfu?" (" "

"Corfu? No."

"To-night in Corfu they are stoning you. Listen!" The Jew lifted a per-

empty finger, commanding silence. Dace listened intently, as if he really expected to hear something; but nothing disturbed the sequestered hush of the room save the ticking of clocks, their own breathing, and the sinking of coals in the grate. Why on earth Corfu? An island in the Adriatic, was it?

"I hear nothing," he said.

"In Corfu on every Easter Eve they stone you. Every window is opened and old crockery, stones, and sticks are flung violently into the streets. I can hear it. I can see the angry faces. I can hear the screams of hate and triumph. And ah, my God, I can feel the stones on my body, in my soul, wretched compassionate creature that I am! . . . Do you feel them? Do you hear them?"

"Nothing whatever—no."

The Jew seemed hurt, bewildered. He stared at the floor.

"No—you hear nothing, feel nothing. . . . I suppose God intended it so. . . . And yet it seems as if you ought to be prepared. A warning would be an act of mercy. To remember nothing, to experience the tragedy afresh each time! Horrible."

"A warning? What do you mean?"

The Jew fixed Dace's eyes intently. What strange light was it that tried there, through the smoke of confused emotions, to flash out? Compassion? Cunning? But the eyelids lowered, the Jew looked away. Then he said, tonelessly:

"I mean for your hanging."

Dace, at this, felt that his heart had stopped beating altogether. His consciousness flew off like a vapor, he experienced, for a timeless instant, a perfect and horrible annihilation. Then his ears began ringing, his temples were hammered like cymbals, his arms violently trembled. The room came back to him, but smaller, more real and shabby in the candlelight; and the Jew before him, musing in his chair, seemed also unaccountably shabbier and smaller. He felt slightly sick.

"Oh," with hardly a tremor, "I'm to hang myself?"

"Ah, my dear friend!" wailed the Jew. "My dear friend!" He wrung his hands.

"But here—in this room?"

"It is better so—is it not? That's as it always is."

"O, it's always so, I see. . . . And O'Grady, what about O'Grady?"

"O'Grady? What do you mean?"

"He hung himself for you in Salt Lake City?"

"Not for me—not for me! For God!"

"And Gomez—and the tailor, Fantini?"

"Yes—" the Jew whispered. "They too. All of them. Every year. . . . My poor friend! I was afraid, afraid that you didn't remember. I've done my best for you. I've tried to—"

"Break the news gently? Yes! So you have. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

The two men stared at each other. It was then Dace who went on:

"There's the trivial purely practical matter of the rope," he said. "I suppose you have the rope."

"Yes. I'll get it for you. It's the same one."

"The halter of the ass?"

"Yes."

The Jew rose, sighing, took the candle and went to a high cupboard in the front corner of the room by the shuttered window. The lifted candle, when the door had been flung back, lighted a tall crucifix within, the figure of Christ carved from a pallid greenish stone. Below it on the cupboard floor stood an earthen bowl. It occurred to Dace that the bowl might bear the stains of sacrifice. The Jew lifted from a hook a small coil of rope, closed the cupboard, and returned to Dace.

"There!" he said. "Take it."

Dace rose, but he did not take the rope. Instead he took up his hat from the taboret. At the Jew's look of astonished incredulity, he laughed.

"No," he then said. "I shan't take it—I must be going. It's late."

"Going?" stammered the Jew. Then



Drawn by J. W. Schlaikjer

THE CANDLE LIGHTED A CRUCIFIX WITHIN THE CUPBOARD

he cried out again, horribly, in his biblical prophetic voice—"going, without—"

"Certainly; going without hanging myself. Do you seriously expect me to hang myself for you?"

He laughed again. Then as the shopkeeper, angrily flushed, took a step forward, he took a similar step to meet him.

"Listen," he cried. "You're insane! insane! and you know it."

A look of desolation, of horror, relaxed the Jew's face—the jaw sagged, the large mouth opened. He sat down, still holding the rope.

"That's right—sit down. And don't you dare to move till I'm out of this house—do you hear? Sit still! Or I'll report you to the police."

He took the candle and walked slowly to the door through the aisle of dusty furniture. At the door a thought suddenly struck him. He set down the candle, took out a card, wrote on it, and put it on a table.

"Here's my name and address," he said. "Send me in the morning the set of the Twelve Disciples! . . . Good-by!"

The shopkeeper, whom he could only dimly make out in the now almost unlighted jungle of bric-a-brac, made no answer. Dace turned, went down the stairs, put the candle on the floor, and let himself out.

When three days had passed without his having had any signal from the Jew, Dace determined to go to see him. The adventure, he thought, must be an anticlimax; but there were one or two possibilities about which he was curious. Was it not conceivable, for example, that the wretched man, in some obscure sort of religious ecstasy, might have done himself a violence? . . . It was in bright sunlight that he passed this time through the square and turned into the shopping district; not yet noon. Missing for a fraction of a minute the shop, which was small, he had a renewal of his excitement—it seemed to him not too

incredible that the shop and its singular proprietor might never have existed at all. But here it was.

What startled him was that the Jew did not recognize him, not in the slightest. He had uttered no greeting on entering, had merely looked at the shopkeeper, expecting that the result would be an exclamation. But the Jew simply looked up from his glass case, which was opened at the back, and where he seemed to be arranging a small plush tray of jades and corals—looked up with a mild polite interest. And as Dace, surprised, stared at him, it was the Jew who was the first to speak.

"Good morning!" he said. His tone was friendly—not intimate, not obsequious. "Is there something I can show you?"

Dace looked very hard at those green eyes under their sleepy lids.

"I am looking, as a matter of fact, for something odd in the way of a set of chessmen."

The shopkeeper was suavely interested.

"Chessmen? Certainly. Had you anything particular in mind?"

Dace's heart gave a leap. The Jew was putting away his jades, unconcerned.

"Well—what I should really like to get hold of is a set I've heard called the set of the Twelve Disciples. Do you happen to know anything about it?"

The shopkeeper tapped his fingers idly on the glass.

"No, I can't say I do. Twelve Disciples! No. Very curious. . . . Do you know where it was made?"

Dace leaned forward against the case.

"I don't; no . . ." He stared at the shopkeeper, who was very close to him. "Tell me—haven't we met before?"

The Jew returned his stare perplexedly.

"I don't think so—have we? I have a good memory for faces—bad for names. Still, I may be at fault!"

"I think you are—I think you are!"

Dace said, and laughed. "You're wearing glasses to-day—you weren't before."

"Oh?" The Jew's smile was friendly but vague.

"Yes . . . Don't you remember taking me to your room upstairs? You showed me a crucifix in a cupboard."

"Did I?" The shopkeeper smiled,

wagged his ugly head, shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, then I *am* at fault. I take so many people up there, you see, to look at things—you must forgive me!"

"Oh, I forgive you!"

They chuckled together amicably. Then Dace bought a Chinese set of carved ivory and bade the Jew good-morning.

EPITAPHS

BY COUNTÉE P. CULLEN

FOR A POET

I HAVE wrapped my dreams in a silken cloth
And laid them away in a box of gold;
Where long will cling the lips of the moth
I have wrapped my dreams in a silken cloth;
I hide no hate; I am not even wroth
Who found earth's breath so keen and cold;
I have wrapped my dreams in a silken cloth
And laid them away in a box of gold.

FOR A CYNIC

BIRTH is a crime
All men commit;
Life gives us time
To atone for it;
Death ends the rhyme
As the price for it.

FOR A SINGER

DEATH clogged this flute
At its highest note;
Song sleeps here mute
In this breathless throat.

FOR A LOVELY LADY

A CREATURE slender as a reed,
And sad-eyed as a doe
Lies here (but take my word for it,
And do not pry below).

FOR MYSELF

WHAT'S in this grave is worth your tear;
There's more than the eye can see;
Folly and Pride and Love lie here,
Buried alive with me.



Thoughts Proper for Christmas

By Edward S. Martin

THE CHAIRMAN of the Trustees of Hamilton College addresses the undergraduates every year at the opening of college in September. The present Chairman, Mr. Elihu Root, who this year is a graduate of sixty years' standing, spoke out of a full and illustrious experience of life. The newspaper report of what he said was very brief, but he seems to have talked to the boys about success and how to win it. The important thing he told them was that true success proceeded from the development of the inner faculties. Success, he said, "comes of what you have made of your inner nature. Cultivate your taste to receive joy from a thing of beauty; cultivate your powers for the joy you may obtain from their employment; cultivate friendship and those other simple virtues which are so commonly admired. No man is truly happy who must depend on outside things for his happiness."

He might very well have told them—possibly he did—that the powers and qualities and understandings which he urged them to cultivate are those we take with us when we migrate out of this life and its surroundings to whatever awaits us. The acquirements he praised are all of that nature. They are spiritual: the sense of beauty, the capacity for friendship. "Power, wealth and fame," he said, "each have been objectives, but each in itself is nothing. Money enough to be independent is a fine thing, yet a truly successful man is the one who has acquired the capacity for the enjoyment of life."

If Mr. Root's talk had been three months later and he had been setting forth the expediency of cultivating the Christmas spirit, all these inculcations about the supreme value of the capacity to enjoy life would have come in perfectly. What does the Westminster catechism define as the chief end of man? "To glorify God and enjoy him for ever." That is the same story. To enjoy God and to enjoy life are only two ways of expressing the same thing. To enjoy beauty is another way, and as for the capacity for friendship, what is that but a variant of good will to men? The really valuable things to be gained in this world are the everlasting things. If we have sense enough to go after them, such things as Mr. Root suggested and many more, we may be sure we are acquiring for ourselves betimes the means of joy and satisfaction in the life to come. There is no distinction that any one knows of between what is good for us here and what is good for us there.

What else holds over besides the capacity for joy and for friendship and the appreciation of beauty? Probably knowledge and the development that comes with it. Probably mental power and power of will if it is acquired in the pursuit of generous ends, and especially in the service of mankind. "Cultivate your powers," said Mr. Root, "for the joy you may obtain from their employment." That is the way. Who can doubt that energy of mind goes over? What truth we know we take with us. What love there is in us we take with us. Pursuit of all real knowledge is a pursuit of truth.



This life does not stand by itself. It is related to something else which follows it. All kinds of Scriptures tell us this. We do not leave here what we add to our mental or spiritual equipment. The spiritists who explore the life in prospect with so much confidence, and report their findings so positively, tell of painters, musicians, and doctors of medicine, all of whom, by the showing of these reporters, occasionally still exercise their skill on this plane. The stories about it are interesting to those who like them. The alleged results in painting are sometimes exhibited and seem to be edifying to some observers, and at least these stories, whether we trust them or not, are credible in so far as they imply that the time and effort we spend here developing our minds, our talents, and our characters bring us the sort of riches we carry with us when we move on. We may surmise that according to the proportion of the active people in the world who really take that in, and act upon it, civilization goes ahead or falls behind. If that is too much to assert, at least we can say that the people who do best for the world are those who seem to work as though they were laying up treasures in heaven.

The greatest gift that Christmas can bring to the world is understanding of what makes for joy in living. When the world learns that we shall be far on the way towards the millennium. When the nations really learn it there will be Peace on Earth, and when the people of the nations learn it there will be Good Will to Men. The troubles from which our world suffers spring mainly from an overestimate of the importance of relatively unimportant things—money, power, territory, oil, steel, coal—things whereof the sole value lies in the use to which we put them. All these things the nations may have and still not be happy or able to avoid wars. All of them they may lack, or have in diminished quantity, and still go on fairly blithely. Coal, gasoline, steel are handy while we stay here and try to maintain all our acquired habits; but we take none of them with us when we quit. The important things are those we do take with us.

We see the nations of Europe owing vast sums of money to one another (and some of them to us) and greatly concerned to collect the debts due them. It seems to them vastly important, but in the end their happiness does not depend on it so much as they suppose. If all the debts were wiped out the problem of living would be about the same, and it seems not unlikely that in the end it will be simplified by a wholesale readjustment in which what debts remain will be scaled down in the interest of the general good.

We see the Ku Klux Klan concerned for fear the Catholics will gain too much power and the Jews too much money. But the real concern of the Ku Klux is to demonstrate the superior merit of their convictions by living better and happier lives than the Catholics, and by beating the Jews in intelligence. Some races are abler than others: some forms of religion are doubtless better than others, but no race and no sect is good enough to be the ruling pattern for all the world. We who believe that the Master of Christmas taught the truth as to all things he discussed and especially about human relations, would still not venture to claim that his teachings and his spirit are perfectly expressed in the lives and doctrines of any group whose members profess to follow him. Surely the sense of a common imperfection should make us brotherly towards one another, and self-improvement, sincerely practiced, breed in us patience with our fellows and moderate our urgency to make them like ourselves.

CAMEO

A Story

BY EDGAR VALENTINE SMITH

SENTIMENT, one would have judged from his manner of cold reserve, was the thing most lacking in Colonel Stapleton. Even those who knew of his enmity against the Tollivars—ancient foes of his house—had never seen him exhibit any emotion in connection with it. Rightly, perhaps, his feeling in the matter could not have been classed as an emotion. It never flamed to the white heat of passion, since it was as innately a part of him as his breeding, his pride of family, or his devotion to the shrine at which he worshiped in secret.

Really, it was generations old when he was born. While he was still a young man his father, dying at Graylands, had called him to his bedside. Through the open window in the near distance could be seen the walls of Thorncrest.

"My son," the old man said, pointing with a trembling hand, "you have been taught all your life that in that house dwell those who hate us and whom we hate. To keep this alive is your inheritance, as it was mine. Never forget it."

Colonel Stapleton never forgot.

He knew from his father's lips that the first clash came during the days when Whig and Democrat settled the more personal of their political differences according to the code. A Stapleton had fallen first, then a Tollivar. Thus it went on for years. But when the Civil War came, with the score standing one in favor of the Tollivars, a truce was called as each family sent the menfolk of its house to fight under Lee. Once during this period, while on a particularly dangerous mission within enemy

lines, a Tollivar gave his life to save that of a Stapleton. Later, smarting under the debt and striving solely to efface it, a Stapleton died that a Tollivar might live. One might have thought that this would have served to wipe out the ancient enmity; the contrary was the case, for each family felt that it had sacrificed needlessly one of its own. But with the end of the war personal clashes ceased, being succeeded by a silent but never-lessening mutual hatred.

The two plantation mansions, separated by a scant quarter of a mile, stood in plain view of each other. Even Colonel Stapleton was forced to admit—though he had never set foot on a single acre of his enemies' lands—that the outlook upon the winding yellow river from Thorncrest was, perhaps, a trifle more picturesque than that afforded from Graylands; that the oaks in the grove about the Tollivar home were slightly more sturdy of trunk and more broad of spread than those which surrounded his own house; that of the two mansions Thorncrest was the merest shade more Grecian in conception and execution than Graylands. And he knew that the Tollivars felt this, too. On their part, too, was that peculiar scorn which only an aristocrat can feel for another of his kind whom he despises, when that other is a shade less patrician in birth than himself; when the family is a scant generation younger than his own. And this scorn, as Colonel Stapleton knew, had deepened into contempt when he left Graylands to embark upon what the Tollivars referred to—on those rare oc-

casions when his name was mentioned in their presence—as a “money-mad career.” But he alone knew that this had to do with the gratification of his supreme passion, which was as long-lived within him as his inherited enmity, and was perhaps more ardent.

It first made its appearance when he was a child scarcely old enough to speak. One day his nurse took him into the old-fashioned flower garden and sat him down beside a bed of pansies. Strangely, for one so young, he made no attempt to pluck any of them, seeming content to sit there, his childish soul silently drinking in their beauty. For months afterward when he was brought into the garden he would stretch both arms toward the flower bed. “Go! Go!” he would insist until his demand was granted.

Then one day when guests were expected the nurse sat him down beside her and began plucking some of the pansies for decorations. He rose upon uncertain legs, shrieking:

“No! No!”

Still plucking the flowers, she tried to pacify him, but he beat upon her with his fists. “No! No!” he screamed.

His mother, attracted by his cries, came out to them.

“What in the world is the matter with the child, ‘Lindy?’” she asked.

“Don’t know’m,” the black woman answered, “less’n he don’t want me to pick ‘ese here pansies.” And finally, in order to quiet him, she had to stop.

Had he been of a reasoning age he might have explained the protest which seethed in his young mind by saying that the flowers belonged in their native soil where they grew and that to remove them were heretical—sacrilegious. As he grew older the idea that certain things were rooted to certain places, that they belonged in a certain setting, came to be his distinguishing trait—his hallmark.

Once as a boy he and a companion were roaming the woods. They discovered an abandoned bird’s nest among the limbs of a low bush. The other boy

wanted to take it but the youthful heir of Graylands protested.

“No; let it stay where it is.”

“Why?” his companion asked. “It’s an old one; the birds will never use it again.”

“But they built it there,” was the stubborn rejoinder, “and raised the young birds in it. That’s where it belongs.”

“I don’t care. I want it and I’m going to take it.”

“You’re not!”

In the end they fought over it, but the bird’s nest remained where it was.

As he grew older the boy’s peculiarity came to be the butt of many a jest, even from members of his own family. This gradually bred within him a certain diffidence, which, through the protective instinct, merged into a coldness of manner toward others. Later it became an aloofness that was almost repellent in its formality. Not that he would not have enjoyed friendships. He would have welcomed them—at first—but people laughed at the things he held sacred.

At college his queer characteristics persisted, despite the jeers of his fellows. Once his roommate found him engrossed in an old etching of the Colosseum.

“Lord, Stapleton!” he laughed. “Are you going to pore over the picture of that old wreck all day? Go out and look at the new stadium! There’s something modern for you. What can you see in that old ruin?”

“A great deal, probably,” was the quiet answer, “which others may have missed. And I’m going to visit it, too—some day.”

And he did, shortly following his graduation. For days the historic ruin held him in its grip. His mind’s eye saw those ancient tiers of crumbling stone supporting the weight of the clamoring Roman populace. Stately senators in flowing robes passed before him. And just over there were the vestal virgins, watching with glowing eyes the swift, bloody conflicts between savage men and still more savage beasts.

But he never forgot his ancient hostility for the enemies of his house, nor the memory of that Stapleton who was still unavenged.

His passion for old things, which grew with the years, was peculiar in this respect: he would not have turned about on his heel to see all the glory of ancient Thebes transplanted to an alien setting. But to have stood for five minutes alone with his thoughts in the silence of an old Egyptian tomb before irreverent hands had defiled it, visualizing a long-dead Pharaoh as he appeared in the pomp of real life, he would have given all that he ever hoped to possess. Probably his passion was intensified by the fact that there was no one with whom he could share it. At any rate, his love for the things of antiquity—in their proper setting—came presently to have the spiritual intensity of a religion.

Owing to this he suffered one severe disappointment. When he was a child there had been at Graylands an old spinet at which a European artist, a guest of the house, had sat and sung. His grandfather had bequeathed this to Colonel Stapleton's aunt. In later years he tried to secure it from her.

"Why should *you* want it?" he insisted.

"Because of its association with our family," his aunt answered.

"But its association properly is with Graylands," he retorted. "It was in the drawing-room, there, that she sat and played. That's where it belongs. You've uprooted it!"

But no argument he could use, or any amount of money that he was later able to offer was effective; though for the spinet, because of its personal, intimate association with Graylands, he would gladly have paid a prince's ransom.

It was partly to gratify his passion that he began what the Tollivars termed his "money-mad career"; for only with unlimited means could he answer the call of those ancient shrines which insistently beckoned to him. He developed an almost uncanny aptness in

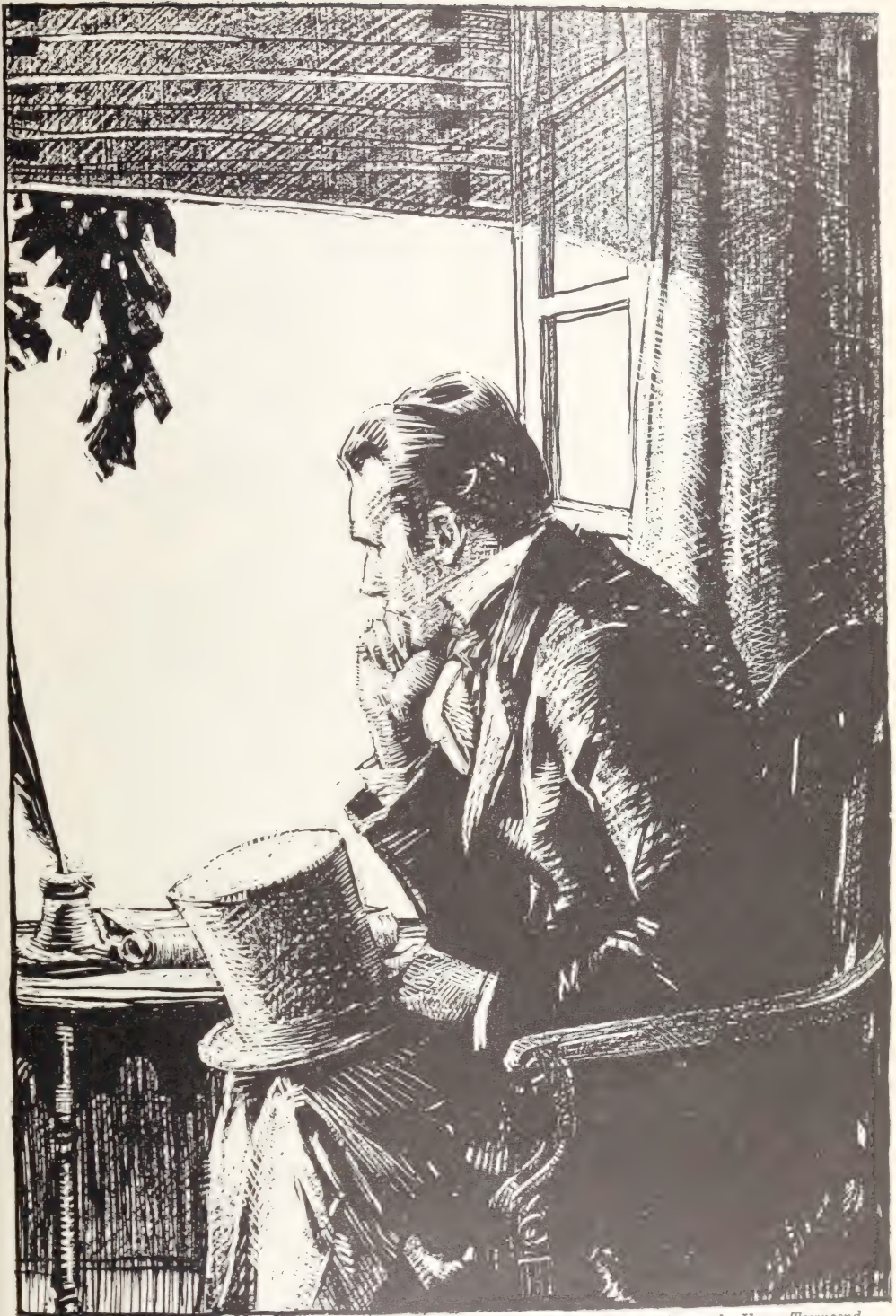
finance. Later he went to New York where he soon attracted attention. Within three years he was secretary to a noted financier. Five years later bankers in the metropolis began seeking his advice. By the time he had reached middle age he was a power in the country. At sixty the financiers of three continents watched his every move. And then suddenly, since money for its own sake held no attraction for him, he retired from business.

Long before this, though, he had begun making yearly pilgrimages to places of antiquity. Cities of the Ægean Sea came to know the slender, elderly, silent man, who walked softly about among their ancient ruins, meditating, speaking to no one, wrapped always in a mantle of impenetrable aloofness. He visited the crumbling temples of Greece; China and India were among his favorite haunts; he trod the sands of Arabia. Mexico knew him, as did Siam.

His wealth—the acquiring of which had caused the Tollivars to heap anew their scorn upon him—was also to serve for their undoing. For years, since duels had ceased to be the mode, he had planned his vengeance. He would humble their stiff-necked pride. With all of his fine, clean passion for the things of olden times, he was the son of his father: his enmity was an inheritance.

Ever since he had begun to amass a competence he had been spending the winter months at Graylands. There, with the aid of a man who acted as his agent in the near-by town, he made his power as a financier felt throughout the countryside. One by one, he secured control of the banks. It was a tedious proceeding—or would have been for one who did not have a generations-old debt to pay—since, for the time being, he chose that his part in the transactions should not be known.

With the lean years that came to plantation owners there came, too, his opportunity. The Tollivars, ever improvident and finding the sources whence they had formerly secured loans sud-



Drawn by Harry Townsend

THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW HE COULD SEE THE WALLS OF THORNCREST

denly and inexplicably closed, were compelled to sell, bit by bit, portions of their land holdings. These were bought secretly, through his agent, by Colonel Stapleton. Sooner or later—invariably—they would all be his. The ancient enemies of his house would face actual want. And then. . . .

He lived now for two purposes: to feast his soul in association with relics of antiquity and to settle, finally, the age-long feud, since there were no persons living with whom he could claim the intimacy of friendship.

Once though, earlier in life, he had met a man who gave fair promise of understanding companionship. There was a secret conference of financiers, gathered ostensibly for the trout fishing, at a farmhouse in the hills of northern Vermont. The owner of the place, who was one of the group, noticed that Colonel Stapleton was interestedly examining a small walnut desk.

"Like it?" he asked.

"I'm rather interested in antiques," was the answer. "Has this, by any chance, a history?"

"Has it?" His host smiled. "Ethan Allen sat there once when he was an officer in Washington's army and wrote a letter."

"Here?" No one who knew Colonel Stapleton would have recognized him in the flood of almost boyish eagerness which suddenly transformed him. "You don't mean here—in this house?"

"Right on that spot. The place has been in the family for generations. We always come up for a couple of months in summer. I've thought of moving the desk into the living room but my wife . . ."

"Don't move it! Can't you see—man!—that it belongs there? It's rooted, by tradition—"

Colonel Stapleton suddenly ceased speaking, flushing at his own vehemence, but the other man smiled sympathetically.

"I understand. We'll have to get to

know each other better. It seems we've something in common. Antiques are my hobby."

Hobby! With Colonel Stapleton—in their proper setting—they amounted to a religion. He passed a hand lingeringly over the walnut surface of the desk. Suddenly he was no longer one of a group of men who had just settled the destiny of a nation. He stood apart, detached from the things about him, a spectator—silent, breathless, reverent—of a commonplace incident which had occurred more than a hundred years earlier. A man, clad in the buff and blue of the Continental army, sat at the antique walnut desk. The queue of his white curled wig fell over the stiff high collar of his coat. One hand held a quill pen, and he was writing, in a stilted, formal script. . . .

Colonel Stapleton would have liked to know his host better but he was just leaving for one of his pilgrimages. Explorers for a scientific society had discovered, covered by the growth of a Central-American jungle, evidence of a city of the forgotten Mayas. Colonel Stapleton's influence had secured him membership in a party which was forming to visit the ruins.

He arrived on the spot before modern hands had succeeded in defiling what remained to tell the tale of a long-dead race. These people had left no legends, no traditions, save the evidence—all about—of a civilization which rivaled that of old Egypt. But this mattered little to Colonel Stapleton; really he preferred it so, for he built for himself, when he saw those ancient temples with their strange sacrificial stones, his own folklore of that vanished race. Treading softly through the musty ruins amid huge monoliths with carvings almost as delicate as the tracery of Irish lace, he visualized the artists who had produced such masterpieces. Reverently, he studied the stoical faces of images which had gazed for ages upon the encroachment of the jungle, tracing their likeness to that of old Chinese Buddhas he had

seen. He formed his own hypothesis of whatever pestilence it might have been that brought destruction to this city. He wondered what vanished secret of engineering these people had possessed that had enabled them to lift stones, each of them weighing several hundred tons, to the tops of those great pyramids. For weeks the place held him with a spiritual intensity, for no one had preceded him hither; no vandals had been there to take away precious relics of antiquity; there had been no ghouls to despoil this sacred place.

When he left he went first to Graylands, where he learned from his agent that another bit of the Tollivar lands—almost the last—had been purchased. Very soon now his vengeance would be achieved.

Back in the city, he sought out at once his former host of the Vermont farmhouse, and, casting aside for once his air of chill formality, he spoke glowingly of his trip. He was again almost childishly eager in speaking with this man, who listened in apparent absorption.

"I'm sure," he said, when Colonel Stapleton had finished, "that we'll get along famously together. I'm only sorry that we did not meet sooner. And by the way, if you've no appointment for this afternoon, I've something I'd like you to see."

They motored out from the city along a winding country road. Colonel Stapleton found with a pleasurable thrill that his liking for the man was growing. Perhaps here was offered that companionship for which he had often yearned. Here, maybe, he told himself, was one who would understand; one before whom he would not be ashamed to uncover the shrine at which his soul worshiped. Perhaps this man was God-sent.

He found himself anticipating what they were going to see. "I'll not tell you what it is," his host had said. "I want you to get the full effect with the first view." This had aroused Colonel Stapleton's interest. Probably it was some old family pewter or bits of Wedg-

wood. The man had spoken fondly of both. Or he might own other pieces of antique furniture—like the old desk—heirlooms, each with its historic, intimate association.

Presently at a turn in the road the man brought the car to a stop. "Look!" he said, pointing. "What do you think of it?" He waited, sure of enthusiastic admiration.

What Colonel Stapleton saw was an English cottage, apparently true to tradition in the minutest detail, set in the Long Island countryside. Suddenly, his soul revolted. The man beside him was, after all, merely an imitator, one who would be satisfied with a reproduction. But his breeding asserted itself.

"A faithful copy," he offered courteously, but his tone was cold.

"Copy, indeed! We'll drive closer." The man slid the gears in mesh and the car stopped before the cottage. "Look at it, man! That's the real thing—transplanted. Bought it last summer, while you were away. Had it dismantled, stick by stick and stone by stone. All the old hand-hewn timbers are intact. Brought over English workmen, too, to rebuild it."

Colonel Stapleton had turned away, sickened. It was sacrilege! In that brief moment his growing likeness for the other had died. The man who might have been an understanding friend was a vandal—like the others. An Elizabethan cottage, torn from the soil of a farm in Devon where it had been rooted for three hundred years! Snatched away by blasphemous hands and transplanted to an alien land! Brawny English workmen had hewn those timbers in the old days; they had carted the stone and mortar and placed the masonry in its setting—its native setting—in Devonshire. And now Colonel Stapleton could imagine them turning in their graves in helpless protest. The work of their hands, built to adorn their own countryside, to shelter succeeding generations of their sons, rudely torn down and carted away!

"And the stone flagging in that path there!" His host was still speaking. "Laid just as it was—in the identical pattern. Why, even the door latches are the originals!"

It was blasphemy! There was for this man who sat beside him, Colonel Stapleton realized, no intimacy of personal or family association; there were no memories of days, passed either by himself or his ancestors, within those thick guardian walls which could have made of this cottage a thing to be revered.

And the stone flagging—laid just as it had been over there! Not a single footstep that had ever resounded upon it meant anything to this man. No hand of his ancestors had ever lifted one of those clumsy, wrought-iron door latches to welcome an incoming or speed a departing guest. For the man the cottage was simply something to look at, with a peculiar, inexplicable sense of proud proprietorship. There was no kinship with it; no intimacy, no association.

His host, surprised at his silence, had faced about. Suddenly Colonel Stapleton heard himself saying:

"I believe I'm ill." He scarcely recognized his own voice. "I—I think we'd better go back. Some other time . . . perhaps . . ."

Before they had reached the city his manner of repellent aloofness had enshrouded him once more. Never again did he seek out this man who might have been a friend. Nor did he, thenceforth, strive for further friendships. None of those who boasted their love for antiquities, he felt, would stand the final test. They would turn out to be ghouls, despoilers of sacred memories—as this man had been. But in his secret heart he cherished his passion more than ever, and close beside it, planning always his vengeance, he nursed his inherited enmity for the Tollivars.

The months he could spare from his pilgrimages were now spent at Graylands amid its antiquities, which, from personal or family association, held a

peculiar charm for him. There was a rare cabinet of carved teakwood, brought to the place by some roistering, adventuring ancestor in the days before the Orient had formally opened its doors to Western visitors. Mahogany, black with age, fairly cluttered the place. An unwieldy high-backed chair had been a favorite with John C. Calhoun, who had once been a frequent caller at the place. Even now Colonel Stapleton, in fancy, could see the strong-visaged old statesman sitting stiffly upright, cross-legged, smoking a long-stemmed pipe. There was an old four-poster, in which every male Stapleton for four generations had been born; there were priceless bits of china. And for each separate piece, the master of Graylands felt a reverence which bordered on fanaticism.

It was during a winter at Graylands that the opportunity came for a final settling of the old score. The head of the house of Tollivar had died, but there still remained two members of the family—elderly maiden sisters, the Misses Elizabeth and Mary. With Colonel Stapleton chivalry was not an issue, as he knew it would not have been with his enemies had their conditions been reversed. For this was a feud. What he had been taught to hate was a name, a family, an institution; and as long as a single member of it remained in position to mock him, the ancient enmity must carry on. There must be no let-up on his part until the accursed Tollivar pride had been humbled, until the members of that family had been cast down from the high place whence they had heaped their scorn upon him and his. There were, still fresh in his mind, instances of this which had occurred within his lifetime. He had kept up the fences about Graylands while those of Thorncrest had gone to ruin; he rode about the countryside in a powerful roadster instead of an out-of-date carriage. His actions in this had been referred to by the Tollivars—and word of it came to his ears—as "a vulgar display of sordid wealth."

Successive years in which the river had overflowed the bottom lands brought ruin to many planters. The Tollivars, still unable to borrow against their scanty holdings, were again forced to resort to land selling. There came the time when all that remained to them was Thorncrest with its grove of oaks—and gaunt poverty.

Previous purchases of his enemies' lands had been left to his agent, but now Colonel Stapleton assumed charge. The acquisition of the mansion itself must come solely through his own hands. The memory of that last Stapleton who had fallen must be avenged by a Stapleton in person. The *coup de grace* must be administered by Colonel Stapleton's own hand.

He wrote a chillingly formal but courteous note. There was a matter of the gravest import which he wished to discuss, should the Misses Tollivar grant him the honor of an interview. Grimly he remembered the last missive a Stapleton had penned to a Tollivar, sallying forth in the full glory of his manhood before the next break of day. An hour later they brought his body home. It was the memory of this one in particular—his own grandfather—which now called to him, had he needed a reminder, that the feud was not yet ended. It was Fate's way of fashioning things that the desk at which he now sat was the one at which that other Stapleton had sat and written.

An answer, a fitting counterpart to his own in cold courtesy, came promptly. The Misses Tollivar would receive Colonel Stapleton on the following afternoon.

Had he ever entertained doubts of his enemies' hostility toward him, they would have been dispelled even before he set foot in Thorncrest. As he approached the place the oaks, stripped by winter of their foliage, appeared like squat, forbidding sentinels on guard. The house itself—though he had never seen it except at a distance—seemed more coldly formal than usual in the

bleakness of December. But as he came up the long, winding walk, he paused involuntarily through sheer admiration. Thorncrest did appear cold in the severity of its classical Greek outlines; cold but beautiful with the beauty of a perfect diamond. Colonel Stapleton's glance swept the surrounding grove of oaks and returned to the mansion. It was magnificent! The crowning jewel of all that countryside in a superb setting!

Had he needed positive evidence that the Tollivars, too, still felt the old enmity, he would have found it in the mien and manner of the aged negro servant who had admitted him. The old man had come forward, smiling politely, at the clang of the heavy old brass knocker on the front door. But as he threw it open and saw who the caller was, he stiffened suddenly; his face seemed to freeze into rigidity. He almost forgot to bow as he relieved this unwelcome visitor of hat, coat, cane, and gloves.

And then the master of Graylands entered Thorncrest, the first of three generations of Stapletons to put a foot across the threshold of a Tollivar.

He followed the ancient servant down the hall, past a magnificent old highboy of dark carved mahogany. It must antedate, he thought instinctively, the one at Graylands by at least a score of years. He was shown into the library, with its old-fashioned, dark-paneled walls and high ceiling, and asked to wait.

For the moment he almost forgot, in the setting in which he found himself, the mission which had brought him there. Portraits of dead-and-gone Tollivars that lined the walls, many of them dim with age, served to remind him. But he could not have been insensible to the things about him. There was the rug beneath his feet, thick and velvety, with its colors softened only enough by age to blend harmoniously. There was mahogany, too—older and more rare than any at Graylands. A huge oak chair, which he recognized as Jacobean, held his gaze. It was a gem! As dark

as the mahogany, it was thronelike in its massiveness and the beauty of its carvings. Well might it serve to seat some royal personage!

One end of the room was lined with books. He crossed over to them softly. Those volumes—most of them, he knew, were ancient. Their very bulkiness proved that even had it not been evidenced by their worn and mildewed bindings. There was an early edition of Shakespeare and one of Spenser. For books he had always felt a supreme affection. He loved all things of antiquity; yet many of them were, in themselves, inanimate and senseless. But old books were personal, intimate. They held converse with one; they told the story of their own antiquity. He imagined now that even through the glass doors he could catch the faint mustiness of age. He stood before them in reverence, as might one who stands before the holy of holies.

He noticed that the room was not furnished with regard to any particular period. But each bit in it was an antique. It was a wonderful setting—superb! But . . . something seemed lacking. And then he realized what it was: such a setting should contain jewels. Women of the early sixties with hair parted primly in the middle and drawn down over their ears? . . . Men in long frock coats, with low-cut waistcoats, and wearing stocks about their necks? . . . And there would be an old negro bustling officiously about—in everybody's way, but indispensable. . .

Suddenly—it seemed almost a part of his reverie—he heard the sound of light footsteps crossing the hall and the swishing of women's skirts.

"Colonel Stapleton?"

He had turned, bowing low with a slender grace that a man of half his years might have envied. "Miss Tollivar?"

"And Miss Mary Tollivar." Miss Elizabeth's well-bred voice, while not cordial, was far from uncivil. She spoke as might a gentlewoman who has ad-

mitted a tradesman to audience for a discussion of some ordinary matter of business. Nor did her manner give any intimation that she had inherited the hatred of three generations for the very name of Stapleton. One could easily have imagined even that she was totally ignorant of the errand which had brought this ancient enemy of her house within its walls. "Will you be seated?"

Colonel Stapleton's courtly bow included both women before he accepted the invitation. He catalogued the sisters instantly. The elder—that imperious Elizabeth!—was plainly the head of the house of Tollivar. He marked particularly her tall, youthfully slender figure, her high-bred features surmounted by the white aureole of her hair—and paid instant, unspoken tribute.

"Queenly," was his admission as she swept across the room to the carved, thronelike Jacobean chair. "The name fits her."

Left to herself, he mused, in her stubborn pride she would probably have starved in the house of her fathers rather than give it up. But the other—Mary. Plainly, though just as proud she lacked the strength of purpose of her sister. Younger, more fragile, utterly dependent. . . .

He caught himself up suddenly: he must remember.

The interview began, coldly formal, unemotional. No one ignorant of the facts would have imagined that these were representatives of two families, once neighbors, but who had long since been transformed, through a blood feud, into mortal enemies. One omission alone might have been noticed: there were no preliminaries, no polite but unnecessary and meaningless small talk. Colonel Stapleton had learned, so he informed them with fine courtliness, that they considered disposing of Thorncrest. If the rumor were correct, he would like to purchase it. He had always been interested in old places. . . .

Miss Elizabeth's voice when she answered matched his own for calm im-



Drawn by Harry Townsend

THESE TWO—ANCIENT ENEMIES OF HIS HOUSE—WERE OF ANOTHER AGE

personality. She might have been discussing something utterly foreign to herself, rather than the sale of that which enshrined a lifetime of memories. If she nursed a heartache at the thought of leaving the home of her ancestors, her superb pride allowed no intimation of it to escape her. Colonel Stapleton, watching her, realized that though he might be the victor, she was still unvanquished—she was still a Tollivar!

She was regal! As she sat in that great carved chair she might have been a queen, dispensing the royal favor. The impression which he had received of the sisters when they first entered the room began to deepen. Both were different, in some indefinable shadowy way, from all other women he had ever met. And suddenly it came to him wherein this difference lay. These two—ancient enemies of his house—were of another age! They typified those women of his father's youth whom he had so often heard glorified. Save for their attire—and this lacked much of being in the mode—they might have stepped forth, living, from a volume of antebellum prints. But it was something in their manner—something intangibly delicate, of feminine reserve, (a rarity nowadays, he reflected)—that completed the impression. They belonged to a race which had lived two generations before his.

Miss Elizabeth, speaking, roused him from his abstraction. Yes . . . she and her sister had definitely decided to dispose of Thorncrest. They were alone except for the servants. She did not tell Colonel Stapleton, though, that the only servant about the place was the aged negro who had admitted him, and that she and her sister had even been doing the cooking. And the care of the place. . . . It was a large house and there was a great deal of responsibility connected with its upkeep. If Colonel Stapleton was interested, doubtless they could arrive at an understanding. Besides, the health of Miss Mary . . .

Instinctively, Colonel Stapleton glanced toward this younger sister. She

was seated in a low Louis Quinze chair, finished in gilt. With her delicate features in relief against the dark damask background, she reminded him of an old painting in a gilded frame he had once admired in Amsterdam. "Portrait of a Lady" it was called . . . A Van Dyck.

Again he remembered and drew rein on his thoughts.

He had never planned physical harm to these women. He felt no blood lust against them. As long as Tollivars remained in this mansion, though, they would be as thorns in his own flesh. But when one plucked out a thorn he did not throw it to earth and crush it. He merely cast it away. And with these, the last of the Tollivars, living, but dispossessed of their home, facing daily the realization that their enemy had won to final triumph—he would have wiped out utterly the ancient debt. That this might be brought to pass he offered for Thorncrest more than its real value: a sum which would enable its present owners to live in absolute physical comfort, if not luxury—somewhere—for the remainder of their days.

Still maintaining her air of calm indifference, Miss Elizabeth accepted his offer.

"And as to the details," Colonel Stapleton added, "I shall need the assistance of my agent, Mr. Mitchell, in town. We can drive out here—"

"You needn't trouble, Colonel Stapleton." Miss Elizabeth's level voice cut in on him. "We will see you and Mr. Mitchell at his office to-morrow."

Their visitor had risen. The two women followed his example as Miss Elizabeth struck an old gong summoning the negro servant.

In the doorway Colonel Stapleton turned to bow a formal adieu. "Good afternoon, ladies."

As he straightened it seemed to him suddenly that he was gazing upon a print from an old book. Paneled walls . . . volumes musty with age . . . bits of antique furniture. And two proud women—relics of an earlier day—rare

jewels in their setting. Did he read, in that brief instant, a page from the chronicles of yesterday?

He bowed again and withdrew.

Outside the gate he entered his waiting motor car. He cast one flashing glance at the cold beauty of Thorncrest in its setting of leafless oaks, and drove away.

But he did not attend the conference on the following day. Mr. Mitchell, a subservient, soulless-looking little man, explained to the Misses Tollivar that Colonel Stapleton's presence was not really necessary, since he had left his check for the purchase price of Thorncrest. Both women signed the deed of conveyance without even reading it.

"We shall be wanting a cottage—a modest one—in town somewhere," Miss Elizabeth explained casually, when their business was concluded. "Have you such a one?"

"Eh? Cottage?" Mr. Mitchell seemed surprised. "It's none of my business, of course, ladies, but you are not thinking of leaving Thorncrest, are you?"

"Leaving Thorncrest?" It was Miss Elizabeth's turn to exhibit surprise. "Naturally—since we've sold the place. Now, as to the cottage—"

"But—but—" in his amazement, Mr. Mitchell stammered. His astonishment was evident—and just as evidently genuine. "You didn't understand?"

"Understand?" Miss Elizabeth spoke coldly. "I know very little of business, sir. But we've disposed of Thorncrest. What more is there to understand?"

"Why . . . that you ladies are to remain there as long—"

"Remain at Thorncrest?" A crimson tide flooded Miss Elizabeth's patrician face; a faint, protesting flush even mantled Miss Mary's delicate cheeks. "Please understand, Mr. Mitchell, that a Tollivar accepts charity from no one, least of all from a Stapleton!"

"But—but, it *isn't* charity! Not in any sense of the word. It's ordinary business. Colonel Stapleton was so very positive—so explicit—in his instructions to me, I thought, naturally, he had ex-

plained the terms of purchase to you. He even called me over the telephone this morning and had me read the deed to him to assure himself that it was made out correctly. He has bought Thorncrest, true enough—but—the purchase is made, *subject* to the life tenure of you ladies!"

And then—maybe his withered soul received God-given inspiration—Mr. Mitchell said the one thing that could save the pride of these two women:

"It's really customary. I've handled numbers — countless ones — of similar cases. An old estate like Thorncrest is nearly always sold subject to the life tenure of its occupants, if it has any. I'm sure Colonel Stapleton thought that you knew this, or he'd have explained it to you."

As the old-fashioned carriage with the aged negro driver sitting high on the front seat wound its way up the driveway to Thorncrest, little Miss Mary turned wondering eyes to her stately elder sister.

"But, Elizabeth," she ventured softly, "I don't—I simply *can't*—understand it!"

Probably she could not have understood even had she seen Colonel Stapleton at that moment. Seated in the library at Graylands, he held in his hand several heirlooms. They were old cameos—patrician faces carved against a background of jet, bound about with curiously twisted oval bands of pale-yellow gold. Something caused him to look through the window. In the distance he saw the old carriage climbing the driveway to Thorncrest. For a full minute he gazed at it. Then his glance returned to the heirlooms in his hand. Cameos! He turned them about reverently, as would one who felt the sacredness of hallowed things. For these were rare, ancient jewels in an antique setting. And to have understood, Miss Mary would have had to know that Colonel Stapleton was reading, again, from the book of yesterdays.

THE CREATIVE SPIRIT AND THE CHURCH

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

IF men should ever come to appreciate how much of their peace and self-respect is dependent upon their freedom to engage in creative enterprise, to travel over new ways that enrich their daily experience, they would at once begin to inquire what attitude toward this spirit of pioneering is to be maintained by such a powerful organization as the church.

It should be said at the outset that the current tendency to heap special criticism upon every organization concerned with religion has no justification in fact. The church, one cannot help believing, has momentarily lost its way. But so have political institutions, so has industry, so have the non-religious reformers. The church has experienced no greater uncertainty than have other institutions. And throughout its uncertainty it has maintained a benevolent activity quite beyond the comprehension of the breast-beating sinners who stand afar off and bewail its impotence.

Nevertheless, the church stands in need of appraisal. Quite in keeping with the tendency of institutions generally, it has been so zealous in perpetuating its own life that it has drawn away from the ideal which gave it origin. True, church communicants have increased steadily; church property has mounted into hundreds of millions of dollars; new encyclopedias of religion, new dictionaries of the Bible, and new histories of the church have filled scores of shelves in university libraries. Yet the evils which the church professes to ameliorate—hatred and murders and dishonesties and infidelities—mount in the percentage columns to unheard-of figures, and men give their best brains daily to the contrivance of more and more ghastly weapons with

which to destroy one another and lay waste the face of the earth. Historically, the church has preserved the ideals of Jesus of Nazareth; but no one, not even the most ardent, most reverent supporter of the church can say that it has been successful in establishing those ideals in present-day life.

It is not too much to say that the church has entered into competition with Christianity. The church has drawn so far away from its origin, it has been so zealous in fortifying its own traditions, in providing itself with the trappings of temporal warfare, that it would not be a welcome place for Jesus were he to arrive unannounced. Few congregations would permit him to occupy the pulpit. We must not lose sight of the kind of person he was: a man first of all about whose birth the gossips wagged their tongues; a man of whom many said, "Why, he isn't so much, this carpenter's son; we know about him"; a man who permitted women to waste precious ointment upon him; a man without official standing who did not even have a place of residence; a man who in his indignation called certain of his contemporaries a generation of vipers; a young man—just turned thirty—who preached unorthodox economic doctrines to the populace. Is there anyone who believes that such a man would find much encouragement to preach his doctrines in the church to-day if he were to come to us divested of the prestige which has accumulated round him in the course of two thousand years?

And he would scarcely fare better in the institutions of learning nurtured by the church. Does anyone know of an accredited college where this preacher of

doctrines designed to convert the world into a kingdom of heaven could secure a position as a teacher of morals without academic degrees, professional "standing," and other similar sanctions? In some colleges he would be permitted to address such as might assemble on the campus to hear him; in many he would not. College officials would look askance at this man who had "drifted in" from nowhere in particular, and who came without proofs of his right to instruct the young. If he were not arbitrarily ruled out for being a disturbing element—which he always was to the static—it is not unlikely that the trustees of the college would find "with deep regret" that the conditions of the gift of the college chapel made it impossible for him to use it as a forum in which to discuss topics of the day. The students would hear him gladly; for his clear vision, his idealism would be authentic to their unspoiled spirits. And occasionally, in unexpected places, he would receive a welcome officially. But men with families to support would scarcely care to take his chances of "fitting in" in denominational education.

Just how individuals are influenced by the drawing away of the church from the spiritual simplicity of its origin may be seen, I believe, in the life of most reflective persons who live where churches are numerous. When these instances are examined they will probably not be wholly unlike my own. I grew up in the church, I am a member of one of the most enterprising denominations, and I attend some church with reasonable regularity. If it is permissible to make the avowal I believe I may say, moreover, that I enjoy something akin to a religious experience. At any rate, I find an abiding satisfaction in reflecting upon the youthful simplicity, the sorrow, the beauty, the courage, and the power to be oneself which Jesus revealed. On very rare occasions I am disposed to say something—not much, certainly—to other men about my reflections. Yet with the exception of a Catholic parish priest, a

Methodist bishop, a canon in the Anglican church, and one or two ministers with whom I have become intimate in extra-official ways, I cannot think of myself as going to a clergyman to exchange confidences about the beauty and the mystery of life, or to receive a spiritual quickening that would send me away heartened for the rigors of new adventure. I tried it once when I was a student, and so unspiritual was the attitude of the clergyman, so full of the suggestion that he was rendering expert professional service, that I did not need to make any conscious resolve never to try again.

This feeling toward the ministry, and consequently toward the church, may not be universal; but it represents honestly the feeling of my church-going friends. We are sympathetic toward the traditions of the church because these have been held in reverence before us since our infancy; we know that, despite everything said about the social coldness of the church, we find there a certain respectable good-fellowship; and we recognize the efficiency of the church as a means of distributing charity, sending to the uttermost parts of the earth the traditions of the church, and consummating campaigns for denominational education, for social decency, and—when men are sufficiently intoxicated with the desire to kill—for the promotion of warfare. But we do not think of the church as carrying to the hearts of individual men the assurance of Jesus that every life is immeasurably precious because in every life the kingdom of heaven—the glory of high fulfillment—may come if one only seeks with enough earnestness.

When we are able to see without bias how the church has become so great a thing in itself that it has neglected or subordinated this "salvation" of the individual, which was preached unceasingly by its founder, we can know just how the church stands in relation to the creative spirit. For Christ's "personal salvation," his "kingdom of heaven,"

was a high spiritual experience to be enjoyed only when a man should risk all in new explorations. No one has preached more persistently the absolute need of the creative quest. In all his associations with fishermen and brokers and politicians and high churchmen and lawyers and courtesans, and even with the spirit of evil itself on the mountain, he was never tempted away from this central doctrine that the abundance and the quality of life depend upon one's willingness to break away from the hollow shells of tradition and go on journeyings which nourish one. He wanted to set men free for such journeyings. He wanted them to see how they had obscured the kingdom of heaven with endless flummery. He begged them to observe how blessed were the inquiring little children whose lives have not yet been blunted and made expedient by the devices of men. He wanted them to know that unless they became eager and adventurous in their own behalf, unless they were unafraid and ready to take a chance, even as the birds of the air, they would certainly miss the very peace which they professed to cherish. If they hesitated, if they tried to save themselves, they were sure to be lost.

Such a doctrine, some one always rises up to proclaim, worked very well in the simple days of the Galilean, but it does not admit of application to-day "in our complex life" when economic and social practices are "so different." And if one counters with the observation that economic and social practices have not been changed so much as might be supposed—admittedly a reflection on the efficacy of the church—one is sure to be met with the lament that everybody seems to have become destructively critical without proposing anything constructive. Waiving the fact that this is the stock retort of lazy minds, and the further unassailable fact that sometimes the surest progress must be made by the destruction of debris, one may say that there are constructive proposals to make to the church if it will only give ear.

These may be summed up in a question: How do men act as a result of their connection with the church? In its professed aim the church is the most potential organization in the world for giving impetus to the material and spiritual pioneering which is a part of the creative life. In isolated cases where religious fervor is genuine, the church does to-day send men into the joy and the rigors of adventure with irresistible curiosity. But how could it become such a power that the pursuit of the ideal, the spirit of exploration, would become a normal part of the lives of more men—all men who turned to the church earnestly?

The first of these proposals is very simple, but very dangerous to the calm of the existing church. It is this: The church should begin to preach everywhere the doctrine that men will find whatever is sufficient to their needs only when they seek; and that nothing they find in their quest for truth will ever do any essential harm to a church that is honestly established on the life of Jesus. His words have been mouthed over so thoughtlessly that they have lost most of their rich overtones of truth. But when we pause to look at them receptively, his inescapable belief in fearless, constant inquiry becomes very pertinent to the life of the church at this hour.

For the church, perfunctorily professing a religion of faith, has become the most doubting, the most skeptical of all organizations. It must be secure; everything must be made safe. It wishes to know just what the result of any given exploring is going to be. And anything which threatens to encroach upon what it has regarded as its unique domain, or that newly interprets knowledge which has for ages been again and again newly interpreted, is likely to be attacked as some new kind of menace. The persistence of evil or the laggard character of truth seems not to trouble the church half so much as some threat to its influence as a temporal organization.

Even the attitude which the church

takes toward its position in a given community reveals its fear. It is jumpy about its standing. It must prove locally that it is an accredited concern. Does not the Honorable So-and-So belong? And did not the church records prove that General So-and-So was baptized in the church as a child—although he never attended as an adult? There may be doubt about his membership, but his star will go on the Service Flag, since it looks well, and he would not be ungracious enough to ask anybody to take it off. And did not Mr. So-and-so, who plays golf with the pastor, consent to have his name put on the church records provided there would be no required public confession of faith?

But the church reveals its greatest fear when new progress in knowledge is reported or when new experimentation is proposed. It proclaims itself to be the champion of truth: yet when revolutionary research is being made it seems always to fear that its position is about to be proved false. If anybody dares to suggest that either the life or the preaching of Jesus might bear witness to the healing of the body through the healing of the mind, or justify the penetrations of science into the character of biological life, he is in danger of being officially condemned as an unbeliever; and in the uproar, men cease to be men and become either "fundamentalists" or "renegades." It seems impossible for the church to remember that the truth, which it professes to nurture, is being revealed in all sorts of unofficial places—even in semi-respectable places such as Nazareth, for instance—through those who have been moved by some strange and high spirit to inquire.

The ministers who strive to keep men's minds pleasantly closed are not restricted to the remote provinces. For many months I have attended frequently the Sunday-evening service in a well-known church in a large city. The minister is famous; he possesses the personal magic of the real orator; he can do what he will with most of the two-or-

three-thousand people who hear him. Yet every time I have attended his church he has abused his high privilege by getting a firmer and firmer anti-liberating grip on his listeners. Always he has made some appeal to the denominational prejudice of his parishioners, or has launched some attack against the group in his own denomination with whom he disagrees on "fundamentalism," or has made facetious remarks about the futility of intellectual inquiry. He has never failed to close men's minds against other doctrines—or against his own. The salvation which such men preach is not salvation through seeking and finding, but salvation through believing there is nothing new to find.

Here then is one definite step that the church could take: it could avail itself of its unique opportunity to proclaim the salvation through inquiry and growth which its founder proclaimed. It has been relatively negligent through many centuries, but its opportunity to give high impetus to life is still incomparably greater than that of any other institution.

The greatness of this opportunity seems rarely to be considered. It is the lot of almost every thoughtful man and woman to be agitated and perplexed at times about what Schopenhauer called the problem of existence. We can scarcely gather a hundred people together at random anywhere at any time without having in the group at least one or two for whom this problem is acute and disheartening. "Men are like that." They want to see how they may be kept from disillusion. If the church were to lift up its voice and tell them that the way is not through finding new illusions but through a new discovery of the chief reality within themselves—the capacity to go on endlessly exploring and endlessly finding new spiritual satisfactions—they would be drawn irresistibly by the life-giving power.

In the solitude of the fields, in the dark, man-made caverns of the earth, in the monotony of the shop, in the dinginess of tenement houses, in the tawdry

glamour of furnished-to-order "homes," men suffer and wait for a spiritual freedom toward which they have not found for themselves a right approach. When the church tells them—and tells them truthfully—that it is unafraid to help them individually to find their own approach, it will possess some of that miraculous influence which a broken and contrite genius, whiling away his days in prison, found in the life of him who gave the church its name: "I see no difficulty at all in believing that such was the charm of his personality that his mere presence could bring peace to souls in anguish, and that those who touched his garments or his hands forgot their pain; or that as he passed by on the highway of life, people who had seen nothing of life's mystery saw it clearly, and others who had been deaf to every voice but that of pleasure heard for the first time the voice of love and found it as 'musical as Apollo's lute'; or that evil passions fled at his approach, and men whose dull unimaginative lives had been but a mode of death, rose as it were from the grave when he called them."

The second proposal to the church is that it get into a natural position to promote social justice; for such a position not only inspires righteousness among men but assures them that their impulses toward honest pioneering will have a fair chance of fruitage. To-day the church is not in that position. It has allowed itself to be thought of as subordinate to other interests, to be colored by something not of its own nature; it has been induced to undertake the task of an interested arbiter in an economic war which is being fought out upon artificial issues. The church, therefore, must be tactful. But often the tactfulness is no more than an uncourageous kind of protective coloration. In truth, one may visit the churches in any good-sized city and find that they are not preaching any identical doctrine at all. They are preaching—each according to its economic rating—a vague social ex-

pediency, which seems perfectly harmless when more or less obscured by the buzzing activities of the various societies within the church and the excitement over Sunday-school basket-ball contests. Sometimes I have performed the experiment of going from church to church in a strange city at the hours of the morning service and trying to prognosticate the quality of the expediency to be preached within by the wheel-base of the automobiles at the church entrance. If the pastors have discussed social justice at all I have usually found the ratio as follows: very long automobiles—voluptuous optimism and the reading of much inspirational poetry (not too definite in its application); medium-sized automobiles—a judicial outlook which accepts the existence of problems in the world but which reveals a sure faith that all of them can be solved handily if each side concedes a little "in that spirit of compromise which is the basis of progress"; modest automobiles, or no automobiles at all—a full exposition of evils that beset us and an adequate denunciation of the god of gold!

More frequently, however, the entire question of social justice is shrewdly passed over. Such an attitude seems especially ignoble when one reflects upon the vigor which the church has enjoyed whenever it has dared to defy those who would control it or wreck it for base reasons. And if we allow ourselves to go back to the source of Christianity, how inescapable is the command to enter into the life of the hour! What a jest do those church members utter who demand that their ministers refrain from dealing with economic subjects and devote themselves to "the preaching of the gospel of Jesus"! What a subject for the ironic pen of Anatole France! When coal that is mined at the risk of life in Ohio for eighty-seven cents a ton is sold in Minnesota for nineteen dollars a ton, a price which caused acute and prolonged suffering to persons in the helplessness of old age, is there anyone who believes that this young Galilean who drove his

ellow-countrymen from the temple because they made it a den of thieves would not participate in the economic discussion of the hour? Or when the fruit of the earth has been brought forth in such abundance that everyone might possess some of it, is it conceivable that this young Galilean would remain silent and "well-bred" when he saw it rotting in hundreds of orchards because dealers could make as much money by handling smaller quantities on a wide margin as they could by handling all of it with the margin narrowed? Or when men try to win a strike by putting emery-stone on the axles of locomotives which haul people to their daily work; or when they refuse to let a man work at a price which to him seems fair and thus cause his children to suffer from undernourishment, is there anyone who can imagine that this carpenter's son would sit idly observing?

Yet the church is not in a position to consider such problems strictly on the basis of justice. Instead—and on this point I speak with specific knowledge—we have ministers quietly "passed on" because they do not preach the particular grade of social expediency which the most influential of the congregation wish to hear; we have the spectacle of daily newspapers in a large city announcing that a certain bishop in a well-known denomination would not be invited to speak in the churches of that city because it was feared that he might touch upon economic problems then in the municipal mind; and we have a great interchurch movement thrown into paroxysms—and seemingly into the discard—because its representatives dared to inquire into the social justice or injustice of an industrial strike.

From such pusillanimity there is an escape, but the church has not yet accepted the conditions necessary to prevent that escape from being turned into a rout. The too frequent attitude is that we may discuss economic questions in a detached, vaguely expedient manner, but "we don't want to stir up

anything." There must be little penetration of specific instances, and in all things there must be a nice balance. If the president of the local miners' union is invited to speak on "The Church and the Laboring Man," there must be no long delay before the president of the Chamber of Commerce is invited to speak on "The Church and Business." The church accepts as inevitable a clear division between groups of men when the business of the church, according to its own profession of faith, is to make all such artificial lines of warfare disappear.

Here again it would be profitable for the church to turn to the life of its founder. For he not only showed how essential it is that his followers participate in the life of the times, but revealed clearly the basis on which the participation should be made. He was not trying to establish or disestablish a social order; he was not a constructive critic—the modern kind who comes forth with an outline of every subordinate office to be filled and a blue-print of every building to be occupied. It is true that capitalists and socialists and communists and anarchists have tried, all of them, to prove that Jesus belonged to them; that such and such a verse in the gospels undoubtedly shows how he had them favorably in mind. There is nothing surprising in this attitude, since the custom of breaking up the life of Jesus into its constituent aphorisms will enable one to find almost any justification which one seeks. But that is not a fair way of viewing the record—it is not a fair way of viewing any record. The total effect of a man's precept and practice, not isolated instances removed from their setting, must be the basis on which a man's intent is judged. And when we look at the life of Jesus in any such reasonable way we must see that he was not championing any order. He was a prophet, and like every other prophet he was concerned with ultimate good toward which men might look.

It ought not to be difficult, therefore, to see how this herald of the kingdom of

heaven within us would probably enter economic life and how his entry would affect the creative spirit in men. He would apply one test chiefly: Does this economic life help a man—not some vague sociological entity—to experience the growth, the flowering out, the satisfaction of contributing in interesting ways to the destiny of mankind, which every man in some degree craves? And if the church were to cease trying to act as a go-between for the contending parties and were to demand the consideration of this higher question—the question of every man's right to a wholesome atmosphere of growth—it would not only break up the solidarity of the opposing ranks by drawing off individual men, but, by holding aloft the brightness of a justice much more important than the contention of either party to the controversy, it would quicken men with the assurance and the passionate spirit of exploration which they always possess when the vision they follow is high.

To these proposals that the church proclaim a creative gospel and that it lift itself to a natural position of power in the affairs of the day—proposals calling for a vigorous evangelical activity—a third must be added. The church should make a persistent and wholehearted effort to exalt beauty.

In one respect this third proposal overlaps the second, for this question of beauty is also a question of economic life. If the aggressive trade spirit of the hour is not to convert our entire existence into an endless thoroughfare of gasoline filling-stations and glaring advertisements of the stations not yet above the horizon—or some other equally hideous panorama—the question of the beautiful will have to become a part of every discussion of commerce, agriculture, education, religion, and public domain. In so many ways is it cheaper, at least for the time being, to make the world ugly rather than sightly, that all of the forces of decency will be required even to maintain the ground we possess.

But the essential reason why the church should nurture beauty lies deeper than any acute problem of trade. It is unnecessary to raise the age-old question of how much of religion is beauty and how much of beauty is religion; yet we must remember that in some manner our conceptions of beauty and of Christian exaltation are so interwoven that we are in danger of losing an important part of the one if we lose the other. Now the church has sometimes talked so rhetorically about the beauty of holiness that it has drowned out the modest voice that would speak for the holiness of beauty. In its efforts to keep everybody lined up for the church it has employed the cheapest devices of current life, and has allowed such an institution as the moving-picture theater, for example, to steal much of the vital part of the church. If the Orpheum round the corner has vaulted ceilings, soft lights, a great organ, and a length which contributes easily to concentrated attention—that fact, for the public, is just one more reason for going to the Orpheum on Sunday evening.

As for the specific ways in which the church might contribute to an exaltation of beauty, they are obvious. It could, for instance, contribute beyond all estimation by calling upon the creative workers in the field of the fine arts to make the church itself more beautiful. Those who are fortunate enough to live in the larger centers where there are always at least a few churches of positive beauty are in danger of forgetting how positively ugly are the churches in which most Americans worship. Yet all that is lacking is within the power of the creators whose genius the church could enlist if it would. They could produce the dignified, beautiful exterior; they could harmonize the interior so that it might induce a spirit of prayer; they could co-ordinate the parts of the service so that it would help one to breathe for an hour the breath of a life which is disinterested and hopeful and courageous.

But the church will probably be able always to contribute most to the encouragement of the artistic creators by fulfilling in a very high degree its function of looking at the world as the idealist sees it. A kinship not sufficiently dwelt upon always exists between the social idealist and the artist. In truth, the idealist is only an artist working with a different medium. He sees the world as it is, yet clairvoyantly, just as the artist does; and like the artist he possesses the power to select, to subordinate, to relate in new ways until at last he projects for us a world that is different from the one we know, and yet essentially of it. If, then, the church is constantly quickening men through its own idealism, some of them by all the impartial laws of chance will be drawn toward the ideal of beauty. Nor will the church try to lead these men with a halter or force them to prophesy in their art according to the church's own wish, but will content itself with being their spiritual origin and support, and with enabling them to see—and all others who are discerning—that the most exalted idealism is always very, very near to the most exalted beauty.

It is possible, of course, to object that the church cannot live if it depend on such a program of giving high impetus to

individual men and women; that in these days nothing short of mass action can be efficacious. But to this objection it is possible to make answer by offering a complete denial. It is possible to go further and say that there is no other way open to the church if it really wishes to promote the high kind of spiritual life to which it is dedicated. Nothing in wholesale salvation or crowd psychology is vital enough or permanent enough to make the world a fit place to live in. Man spends most of his life—and the most influential part of it—in relative solitude, where the question of mass action is not relevant. Occasionally, to be sure, in some hour of public disturbance the church may show its organized power to good effect—provided, of course, it does not lose its potency between disturbances. But if it wishes to make its power unlimited and unending, it must bring its creative justification to each man in the solitude of his own soul. In doing that, in being content to serve as an humble instrument in enriching men's wisdom, clarifying their highest conscience, and deepening their attachment to the beautiful, it may lose a little of its position as an organized influence; but by losing a little of its body it would come into a fuller possession of its essential spirit.

FROM A PIER

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

FROM a pier one puts away
To ports he never knew;
To a pier one comes again
With dreams made true.

But I go not and come not back;
I only stand and wait
To see what ship will bring to me
One who is late.

HOW CHARLES DICKENS WROTE HIS BOOKS

Leaves From a Hitherto Unpublished Notebook

BY HARRY B. SMITH

HOWEVER genius may be defined—and “an infinite capacity for taking pains” is perhaps the worst of definitions—it must be conceded that Dickens possessed it. Love him or detest him; read him or bury him in the inner darkness of shelves masked by an iridescent row of best sellers—you cannot ignore him. You may maintain, as has been said, that “there is more intellect in one of Meredith’s novels than in all of Dickens’ combined,” or you may hold with Mr. J. C. Squire (whose verdicts so invariably agree with my own that I consider him practically infallible) that Dickens “could be less easily spared than all subsequent novelists put together.” However lofty your brow and disdainful your attitude, you will find yourself comparing somebody to one of his characters or quoting one of his phrases “familiar in our mouths as household words.” If you do not, others will, and you will have him thrust upon you though you scorn him even as a Baconian scorns the sly rogue of Stratford who pretended to write plays.

Whether you regard Dickens as a carver of gargoyles or as a close second to nature in the creation of varied character, his types confront you, hundreds of them alive and memorable; gibbering ghosts you may think them, but they will not down. You may scoff at sentimentality and sneer at exaggeration; but there they are, these men and women—or gnomes and elves and marionettes—and there they have been, many of them, for nearly a century.

Dickens, however, had one quality which suggests doubt of his right to be called a genius. In all that he did he was orderly and methodical. He had

the camera eye and the notebook habit; and as a bookkeeper has his day book, cashbook, and ledger, the novelist had his volumes, too large for pockets, in which he entered his notes as an accountant does, “posting up” his ideas and classifying them. The memoranda and pocket notebooks were probably thrown into the bonfire on the lawn at Gad’s Hill when Dickens destroyed all the letters written to him during many years of friendship with his famous contemporaries, a holocaust of which an autograph collector thinks with groans of anguish. One of the ledgers of classified ideas has survived—probably because it was presented by Dickens’ daughter, Mrs. Perugini, to her friends Mr. and Mrs. Comyns Carr—and it is now in the library of an American collector. The book is an octavo of about two hundred pages, bound in cloth. It was in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Comyns Carr for a score of years and from their ownership passed into that of the late Dr. R. T. Jupp, whose famous collection of Dickensiana (including the original raven, Grip, in *Barnaby Rudge*) was sold five years ago. The notebook was bought by Mr. Gabriel Wells, who sold it to Mr. Jerome Kern, the present possessor.

To everyone but the fanatical bibliomaniac who cherishes no volume unless it is as rare and worthless as the proverbial hen’s teeth; to all whose craze for books is leavened with some slight incidental interest in their contents, this relic of Dickens is more than a souvenir of a favorite author: it has a definite literary value, for it was in constant use as a record of his ideas during the last twenty years of his life. The memoranda of

no self-respecting modern novelist would enter into an agreement to write under such conditions.

The handicap was comparatively light in writing *Pickwick*, which is a series of more or less connected *Sketches by Boz*, yet in the early monthly parts of the work it is clear that the writer was floundering; that he had no plan; that he did not know, when he had completed one number, what he was going to write about in the next. The only things certain to him were that there were to be twenty parts, so many pages to a part, and that he was to receive fourteen pounds a month.

With *Pickwick* Dickens originated the writing of novels to be published in parts, a method afterward adopted by other Victorian novelists, and his exuberance and enthusiasm overcame the difficulties. In the midst of *Pickwick* he worked at *Oliver Twist*, which appeared as a serial in *Bentley's Miscellany*, and before the story was finished he contracted for *Nicholas Nickleby* to be published in twenty monthly numbers. At the same time he was engaged in writing stage pieces and certain minor works and in editing and rewriting the *Memoirs of Grimaldi*. It is obvious that this quantity and variety of production required for its accomplishment not only phenomenal facility but a systematic economy of time, particularly as Dickens never deprived himself of the usual recreations of young men of his age. His correspondence of this period shows that he played nearly as hard as he worked.

Captain Cuttle's plan—"when found, make a note of"—was Dickens' own: and he adopted it when "the key of the street" was first given to him. The observations which took form as the *Sketches* probably began when the child of nine trudged to and from his work in the blacking factory. A fragment of autobiography records the fact that young David really met the genial waiter and ordered a glass of his "very best ale with a good head on it"; and I

have no doubt that Jo in *Bleak House* was a chance companion of the label paster in Warren's cellar. That the boy drudge had some early literary inclination is shown by his confession that he beguiled the monotony of pasting labels by attempting to write advertising verses, one of which effusions he quoted years afterward to John Payne Collier:

I pitied the dove, for my bosom was tender;
I pitied the sigh that she gave to the wind;
But I ne'er shall forget the superlative
splendour
Of Warren's Jet Blacking, the pride of
mankind.

When Dickens became a reporter it is likely that all his memoranda were made in shorthand. "There never was such a shorthand writer," said one of his associates in the reporters' gallery; and the novelist has told of his writing by the light of a dark lantern, "using the back of his hand for a desk," in a stagecoach making a night journey and exceeding the early Victorian speed limit by going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. In the present volume the original notes were transcribed, classified, and checked off as used, a formal and plodding process from which detractors might argue that the novelist was no genius but merely a clever observer determined to put his talent to the best practical use.

Among the charges of exaggeration which have been brought against Dickens it has been alleged that even the names of his characters are absurd and impossible, but as Nature outdoes Art in the invention of the fantastic, fact exceeds imagination in the creation of peculiar nomenclature. Fielding christened his hero Tom Jones and let it go at that; but Dickens, with his hundreds of characters, could not find enough Browns, Smiths, and Joneses to go round, and assuredly the names chosen help to make the characters memorable. Knowing Seth Pecksniff, Silas Wegg, and Uriah Heep, who would change them to Johnson, Thompson, and Robinson?

How as to a story in two periods - with a lapse of time between, like a French Drama ?

Titles for such a notion - Time!

The leaves of the forest

Scattered Leaves

The great wheel

Round and Round.

Sold Leaves.

Old and New Leaves.

Leaves of Year

Leaves

Long ago

Far apart

in the far distance

Five and Twenty Year

Years and Years.

Rolling Year.

Day after Day.

Memory Carton

Rolling Stones.

Dried Leaves.

Fallen Leaves.

Two Generations.

Many Years' Leaves.

Filled Tree.

THE IDEA WHICH BECAME A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Among the tentative titles of such a story is to be noted "Memory Carton."

One can see on London signboards to-day names that, if used in Dickens' novels, would be considered far-fetched even for him. In this notebook may be found some that are more eccentric than the most grotesque in the novels; and these were not invented but transcribed by the author from a board-school list, and were actually given to unfortunate boys and girls when they were too young to protest.

A family might bear the name of Furry through no fault of its own; but that parents should prefix it with Zephaniah and inflict the combination upon a defenseless babe seems like the wanton

addition of insult to injury. Knotwell Browndress, William Why, Robin Scrubbam, and Joey Stick are mentioned in the board-school list, and all would have been justified in lifelong grievances against their parents. The catalogue of boys includes such un-Christian names as Zerubabel, Doctor, and Boetius, and there were girls in that board school whose spiritual-pastors and masters perforce addressed them as Rebial, Seba, Persia, Aramanda, Balzina, and Gentilla. "Pleasant" is underlined and was conferred upon Miss Riderhood in *Our Mutual Friend*. On the same list appear such pleasing combinations as Matilda

Rainbird, Sophia Doomsday, Sally Gimblet, Verity Hawkyard, Sarah Goldsocks, Catherine Two, and Rosetta Dust.

The book also contains many columns of names which have been brought together and classified, obviously from casual notes previously made. There is no indication whether these were found or invented, but few of them are as bizarre as those copied from the board-school list. Compared to Zephaniah Furry and Sophia Doomsday, such names as Chilby, Queedy, Tarbox, and Powderhill are almost commonplace. Many of them are checked, indicating that they have been used, and among these one recognizes such familiar acquaintances as Headstone—noted as Amos, but changed to Bradley—Sapsea, Rokesmith, Dorrit—also noted as Dorret—Magwitch, Marigold, Merdle, Casby, Podsnap, Pumblechook, Wilfer, Gargery, and Riderhood. Boffin is here, and Silas Wegg—"with a wooden leg"—whose reading of the "Decline and Fall Off the Rooshan Empire" was such an important factor in the education of the Golden Dustman. The name of Mag appears and recalls the fact that David Copperfield narrowly escaped being called Thomas Mag while the novel itself originally was to be *Mag's Diversions*.

Dickens and Balzac had in common the habit of noting odd names seen on signboards. The French novelist has told of his delight in finding over the door of a shop just the name he wanted—Z. Marcas; and Dickens found ready-made the odd name of Pickwick, one Moses of that ilk being the keeper of a livery stable at Bath. In recent years Mr. George Moore and other authors of fiction have been called upon to defend lawsuits by plaintiffs claiming the exclusive right to names; but there is no record of any Turveydrop or Peerybingle turning up and demanding compensation for a damaged reputation. That many of Dickens' names were invented is shown by the elaborate evolution of some of them. Copperfield passed

through the preliminary forms of Trotfield, Trotbury, Copperby, and Copperstone. Chuzzlewit, starting as Sweezle-wag, worked its way through Chuzzletoe, Chuzzleboy, and Chubblewig. Happily, young Martin escapes all these, and as we have become inured to Chuzzlewit it is not so bad.

Another department in this ledger of ideas is devoted to titles for stories. Among those checked as used are *Somebody's Luggage*, *To Be Left Till Called For*, and *No Thoroughfare*. *Rokesmith's Forge*, *Dust*, and *The Cinder Heap* are also checked, probably as rejected in favor of *Our Mutual Friend*. Some of the unused titles are *The Lumber Room*, *Something Wanted*, *Two Generations*, *Broken Crockery*, *The Neighbor*, *Children of the Fathers*, and *Nobody's Fault*—all more or less Dickensian in suggestion. These are followed by various ideas for characters and scenes: "A Vestryman, a Briber, a Station Waiting Room, a Physician's Waiting Room, the Royal Academy, the Dentist's Model, the Hair-dresser's Model, the Family Legs, Refreshments at Mugby"—the last the germ of the Christmas Story, "Mugby Junction." One may trace in many of these notes the inception and evolution of the novels. The first thought for *A Tale of Two Cities* appears in this form; "How as to a story in two periods—with a lapse of time between, like a French drama?" This is followed by:

Titles for such a notion—Time!

The Leaves of the Forest
Scattered Leaves
The Great Wheel
Round and Round
Old Leaves
Long Ago
Far Apart
Five and Twenty Years
Years and Years
Rolling Years
Day after Day
Felled Trees
Memory Carton
Rolling Stones

Dried Leaves
Fallen Leaves
Two Generations

It is curious to find among all these "leaves" and "years" the one name for a character—Memory Carton, thus connecting a progenitor of the self-sacrificing Sydney with the first thought for the novel. On an adjoining page is a note for the same story, referring to the relations of Stryver and Sydney Carton: "The drunken dissipated? What? Lion—and his Jackal and Primer stealing down to him in unwonted hours." Another paragraph may have had reference to the hero, who, at the end of the novel, does "a far, far better thing" than he has ever done by allowing himself to be guillotined:

"There is some virtue in him too."

"Virtue! Yes; so there is in any grain of seed in a seedsman's shop—but you must

put it in the ground before you can get any good out of it."

"Do you mean that *he* must be put in the ground before any good comes of *him*?"

"Indeed I do. You may call it burying him, or you may call it sowing him, as you like. You must set him in the earth before you get any good of him."

The change of the original idea from "a story in two periods" to *A Tale of Two Cities* is indicated by the note: "Representing London or Paris, or any other great city, in the new light of being actually unknown to all the people in the story, and only taking the color of their fears and fancies."

Both the main plot and the comedy sub-plot of *Our Mutual Friend* are readily traced in the memoranda in the notebook. The first thought for the story is recognizable in the note. "Found drowned. The descriptive bill by the waterside." This is checked and marked

15

The two men ble guarded against, as to their
revenge. One, whom I open hold in some
serious animosity, and whom I am at the pains
to wound and deft, and estimate as worth
wounding and deft; the other, whom I
treat as a sort of insect, and contempting
and pleasantly flick aside with my glove.
But, ~~he~~ it turns out to be the
latter who is the real dangerous man;
and, when I expect the blow from the
other, it comes from him.

A NOTE ON A FAVORITE DICKENS THEME

An apparently insignificant and harmless character turns out to be one of sinister importance. Jonas Chuzzlewit denounced by Noddy is an example.

"Done in Our Mutual." Later occurs a note which was developed into Hexam and his daughter: "A long-shore man—woman—child, or family. Qy. connect the Found Drowned Bill with this." Eugene Wrayburn's character and his relation to Lizzie Hexam are thus foreshadowed:

As to the question whether I, Eugene, lying ill and sick even unto death, may be consoled by the representations that, coming through illness, I shall begin a new life and have energy and purpose and all I have yet wanted, I hope I should but I know I shouldn't. Let me die, my dear.

Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, who was interested in many things—including the mathematics of the game of draw poker—wrote a book about "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," in which he asserted that every novelist has a favorite theme, that of Dickens being *Watched by the Dead*—the title of Proctor's book. This was the central idea of *Our Mutual Friend*, and the genesis of John Harmon disguised as Rokesmith is found in a paragraph:

Leading Incident for a story: A man—young and eccentric?—feigns to be dead, and is dead to all intents and purposes external to himself, and for years retains that singular view of life and character.

Many of the memoranda refer to the comedy elements of the same story, and in them the reader of Dickens will recognize several old acquaintances:

The old servant expecting the family to come back, left in the deserted house and staying there.

The houseful of toadies and humbugs. They all know and despise one another; but partly to keep their hands in, and partly to make out their own individual cases, pretend not to detect one another.

A poor impostor of a man marries a woman for her money. She marries him for his money. After marriage both find out their mistake, and enter into a league and covenant against folks in general.

The Veneerings are identified in "The perfectly new people. Everything new about them. If they presented a father and mother, it seems as if they must be new, like the furniture and the carriages, shining with varnish and just home from the manufacturers." The text of a famous scene is found in the note: "Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. The two characters. One reporting to the other as he reads. Both getting confused as to whether it is not all going on now."

For *Little Dorrit* there are a number of suggestions, most of which were more or less altered when they came to be embodied in the novel:

Bed-ridden (or room-ridden) twenty-five and twenty years; any length of time. As to most things kept at a standstill, all the while thinking of actual streets as the old streets—changed things as unchanged things; the youth, or girl, I quarreled with all those years ago as the same youth or girl now. Brought out of doors by an unexpected exercise of latent strength, and how strange! (Done in Mrs. Clennam)

Arthur Clennam, falling into difficulties and himself imprisoned in the Marshalsea. Then Little Dorrit, out of all her wealth and changed station, comes back in her old dress, and devotes herself in the old way.

First sign of Little Dorrit's father failing and breaking down. Cancels long interval. Begins to talk about the turnkey who first called him "the father of the Marshalsea," as if he were still living. "Tell Bob I want to speak to him. See if he is on the lock, my dear."

The ferryman on a peaceful river, who has been there from youth, who lives, who grows old, who does well, who does ill, who changes, who dies. The river runs six hours up and six hours down. The current sets off at that point. The same allowance must be made for the drifting of the boat. The same tune is always played by the rippling water against the prow.

I affect to believe that I would do anything myself for a ten pound note, and that anybody else would. I affect to be always book-keeping in every man's case and post-

— a misplaced and misnamed man. always
as it were, playing hide and seek with the world
and never finding what Fortune seems to have hidden
when he was born.

— She sacrificed to children, and sufficiently rewarded
from a child herself, always "the children" (of somebody
else) to engross her, and so it comes to pass that
she never has a child herself - is never married - is
always devoted to "the children" (of somebody else), and
they love her - and she has always youth dependent
on her 'till her death - and this quite happy.

— The ferryman on a peaceful river, who lives

DICKENS' TRIBUTE TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW

A story germ based on the devotion of Georgina Hogarth, who cared for the Dickens children
after the separation of their parents.

ing up a little account of good and evil with everyone. Thus the greatest rascal becomes "the dearest old fellow" and there is much less difference than you would be inclined to suppose between an honest man and a scoundrel. While I affect to be finding good in most men, I am in reality decrying it where it really is, and setting it up where it is not.

The last two of these, not readily connected in the reader's memory with any striking incidents in the novel, are checked and marked "Done in *Dorrit*."

In the fraternity of Dickensians there is an inner circle whose members may be called Doodians; for to them the great dominant problem of life is not sociological, metaphysical, or how to make a living; but how did Dickens intend

to solve the mystery that gave the title to his last novel. Unhappily for those who are obsessed by this enigma, the notebook affords no clue to the identity of the white-wigged Datchery, no explanation of the Opium Woman's hatred of Jasper, no evidence as to whether Edwin escaped or was efficiently murdered by his affectionate uncle. There are, however, several notes which refer to this novel of many mysteries. One of these memoranda may have suggested the principal dramatic situation of the unfinished story, the scene in which Jasper falls in a fit on learning that he has—or supposes he has—wasted a perfectly good murder and gained nothing by it. A similar situation is found in this paragraph in the notebook:

There is a case in the State Trials, where a certain officer made love to a (supposed) miser's daughter, and ultimately induced her to give her father slow poison while nursing him in sickness. Her father discovered it, told her so, forgave her and said: "Be patient, my dear. I shall not live long, even if I recover, and then you shall have all my wealth." Though penitent then, she afterward poisoned him again (under the same influence), and successfully. Whereupon it appeared that the old man had no money at all, and had lived on a small annuity which died with him, though always feigning to be rich. He had loved this daughter with great affection.

There is another note which suggests a theme that, with variations, was used by Dickens in several books; the idea of an apparently harmless and insignificant character suddenly disclosed as an avenger who has patiently awaited his opportunity. Jonas Chuzzlewit denounced by Nadgett is an example, and somebody (*who* is the question) in like manner was to bring John Jasper to justice. Those who think that the surly clerk Buzzard is the impersonator of Dick Datchery will find corroboration of their theory in this suggestion:

The two men to be guarded against as to their revenge. One whom I openly hold in some serious animosity, and whom I am at the pains to wound and defy, and estimate as worth wounding and defying. The other, whom I treat as a sort of insect, and contemptuously and pleasantly flick aside with my glove. But it turns out to be the latter who is the really dangerous man, and when I expect the blow from the other, it comes from *him*.

Thus far Dickens has not been chosen as the subject of a book by any of the ingenious commentators who have discovered that a volume assailing an established reputation is likely to have a satisfactory sale. His turn will come; for he is a target too conspicuous to be overlooked by writers whose specialty is proving to their own satisfaction that the great are very little. The professional ironist will find congenial material in the fact that the novelist separated from

his wife and then quarreled with his publishers because they declined to print an account of the domestic transaction in *Punch*! His state of mind is expressed briefly in the notebook: "*We* fettered together!" The actual cause of the removal of the fetters remains cryptic, although there have been hints and rumors more or less to the discredit of both parties concerned. Whatever it may have been, the children remained with Dickens (excepting the eldest son who, at his father's request, went to live with the mother), and there was no interruption of the friendly relations between the novelist and his wife's family. Georgina Hogarth continued as a member of Dickens's household and devoted her life to the care of her sister's children. A memorandum in the book refers to this:

She sacrificed to children, and sufficiently rewarded. From a child herself, always "the children" (of somebody else) to engross her. And so it comes to pass that she never has a child herself, is never married, is always devoted "to the children" (of somebody else), and they love her, and she has always youth dependent on her till her death—and this quite happily.

Many authors have found in their first love affairs inspiration for sonnets and romantic fiction; but Dickens derived two widely different comedy characters from the lady who first made an impression upon his susceptible heart. Converting the ethereal being into material hurt nobody's feelings, for the portraits were disguised and the identity of their original was only revealed many years after her death. In his early days as a reporter Dickens fell in love with Miss Maria Beadnell, and in his letters written at the time to his chum, Henry Kolle, he laments his sorrow like a young Werther; for Miss Beadnell preferred Mr. Henry Winter who, apparently, had better prospects. Her debut in a novel was made in the character of Dora, and a paragraph in the notebook suggests that somewhat irritating child-wife:

The little babylike married woman—so strange in her new dignity, and talking, with tears in her eyes, of her sisters and “all of them at home.” Never from home before and never going back again.

Twenty years after the temporary blighting of Dickens' life by the unappreciative Miss Beadnell, she wrote to the then famous author asking his assistance in obtaining employment for her husband. She invited her old admirer to call, and he called, but no longer admired. The cruel years had transformed Dora to Flora Finching, who, it will be remembered, tries ineffectively to revive her youthful wiles for the fascination of Arthur Clennam. The following note may refer to Flora and her prototype:

The lady, *un peu passée*, who is determined to be interesting. No matter how much I love that person—nay, the more so for that very reason—I *must* flutter and bother and be weak and apprehensive and nervous and what not. If I were well and strong, agreeable and self-denying, my friend might forget me.

Every novelist must be more or less “a chiel amang ye takin' notes,” and with Dickens, taking notes (mental or otherwise) was the great business of life, the foundation of his work. Family and friends were not exempt. The fact that he was the best of sons did not prevent his immortalizing in Micawber some of his father's eccentricities, while certain harmless idiosyncracies of his mother were embodied in Mrs. Nickleby. The peculiarities selected were blended with imagined characteristics, so there were points of difference as well as of resemblance.

From *Sketches by Boz* to *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, Dickens was always on watch for anything unusual in human character. He takes a trip to Chatham with John Leech and makes a memorandum of “The uneducated father (or uncle) in fustian, and the educated boy in spectacles whom Leech and I saw at Chatham.” Pip in *Great Expecta-*

tions did not wear spectacles but he and Joe Gargery may have been suggested by this note. The novelist meets an unidentified “Miss C. B.” and she is promptly recorded as “The enthusiastically complimentary person who forgets you in her own flowery prosiness as—‘I have no need to say to a person of your genius and feeling, and wide range of experience,’ and then, being short-sighted, puts up her glass, to remember who you are.”

He has workmen in at Devonshire Terrace, and into the notebook goes the report made to the master by some Marchioness or Tattycoram: “The gas-fitter says, sir, that he can't alter the fitting of the gas in your bedroom without taking up almost the whole of your bedroom floor and pulling your room to pieces. He says of course, you can have it done if you wish, and he'll do it for you and make a good job of it; but he would have to *destroy* your room and go entirely under the jistes.”

He sees a shabby man with one conspicuously new article of clothing and it suggests something that may be useful: “Buying poor shabby father a new hat. So incongruous that it makes him like an African King who is usually in full dress in a cocked hat, or a waistcoat, and nothing else.”

An advertisement cut from a newspaper and pasted in the book shows that schools of the Dotheboys sort survived the crusade against them in *Nicholas Nickleby*. It resembles Mr. Wackford Squeers's own prospectus in the novel, with the same insistence on the important details of “no extras or vacations.” Once the “dear children” entered here they left hope behind, and the only vacation they could look forward to would be eternal. Such institutions existed in England only in order that unwelcome children might be murdered in a manner strictly within the law.

Education for Little Children. Terms 14 to 18 guineas per annum; no extras or vacations. The system of education embraces the wide range of each useful and orna-

mental study suited to the tender age of the dear children. Maternal care and kindness may be relied on. X. Heald's Library. Fulham-road.

Most of the ideas for plots, incidents, and characters that have been referred to can be traced to the books in which they appeared; but the greater number of the entries in the notebook were never used; or perhaps it would be safer to say that they are not identified by one who does not pretend to be an omniscient Dickensian. Such suggestions as the following are not extraordinary inspirations and are undeniably sentimental; but they are the kind of material that suited Dickens, and one feels that he would have made something worth while of them:

Two girls *mis-marrying* two men. The man who has evil in him dragging the superior woman down. The man who has good in him raising the inferior woman up.

Two people in the Incurable Hospital. The poor incurable girl lying on a water-bed, and the incurable man who has a strange flirtation with her; comes and makes confidences to her; snips and arranges her plants; and rehearses to her the comic songs, by writing which he materially helps out his living.

The idea of my being brought up by my mother, me the narrator, my father being dead, and growing up in this belief until I find that my father is the gentleman I have seen, and oftener heard of, who has the handsome young wife and the dog I once took notice of when I was a little child, and who lives in the great house and drives about.

The last has a familiar ring. Is it somewhere in Dickens Land, or has it been used by somebody else? Perhaps, as Sheridan's playwright Puff remarks, two people hit upon the same idea and one of them happened to use it first.

Some of the suggestions for plots and themes indicate that if Dickens had lived longer he might have deviated from the Victorian respectability with which he has been reproached. He might even have selected subjects that

would have mildly interested a censor; might have taken up topics of the kind that a plutocratic motion-picture magnate recently described to the writer as "sectional."

There is one quality in the work of Dickens which is the most creditable that an author can possess, the quality of originality. He has been accused of many high crimes and misdemeanors against literary art, but he has never been accused of plagiarism. Dilettante criticism may consider his work a poor thing, but it is his own in material, form, and treatment. Few writers of fiction have owed such a trifling debt to their predecessors; and he derived little from history and biography. The England of his time was his library. As Mr. Chesterton says, he was "the last cry of merry England."

The charges most frequently brought against Dickens are those of exaggeration and sentimentality. In the latter quality he was, as Swinburne suggests, not for all time but for an age. In regard to exaggeration, it must be remembered that, even thirty years ago, one might go about London with a sketch book and fill it with portraits of Dickens types taken from life. Any novelist could have found them "if he had the mind." Novelists can still find them, and sometimes do. Who could exaggerate the types seen on Derby Day? In the "Pickwick" period one may fancy that England was entirely populated by Dickens characters. The London of that time is preserved in the thousands of etchings by George Cruikshank. He, like Dickens, saw through the spectacles of the humorist; but there was little need to caricature where so much was grotesque. No one who in comparatively recent times has enjoyed the edifying conversation of a London bus driver will ever say that Tony Weller is overdrawn. To perpetrate one of those paradoxes which almost seem to mean something, it was not Dickens who exaggerated England, but England that exaggerated Dickens.

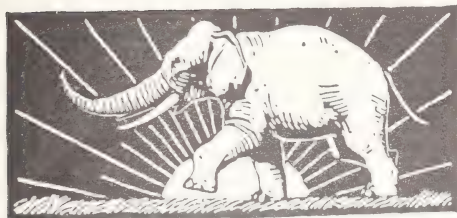


Half-Told Tales

by

Henry van Dyke

Decorations by
Wm. Fletcher White





I

TALE OF THE HITCHING POST

Things new and old. Matthew 13 : 52

IN front of the Old Inn stood the Hitching Post, quite content with himself and proud of his official position and duties.

Travelers were loth to pass the Old Inn in those brave times without halting to partake of the good cheer which it offered. When they halted there was the Hitching Post, ready to hold their horses and to magnify his own office in conversation with the transients.

One day there came a wagoner with a load of well-pruned young birch trees which he was transporting to a new plantation. While he went indoors for refreshment the Hitching Post fell into talk with the Young Trees.

"Look at me, children," he said, "and listen to me. You see me in the highest honor that a tree can attain. I represent the Static Force, the power that holds things where they are and prevents them from moving. I am the emblem of Normalecy and Permanence. Study and emulate my conduct and some day you may come to a similar honor."

The Young Trees listened politely and with their rustling branches whispered something that sounded like this:

"But it seems to us, O venerable one, that you are rather dead. Now, *we* are alive. We want to grow. We are going to make a new plantation."

"Perhaps you will, you foolish youths," said the Post, "but probably you will not. At all events, you can never reach a higher position than mine is now. Why this desire of movement, this passion of growth? To stand still is safer and better. Most of what people call progress is merely a change from better to worse. Permanence is the —"

At this point in the conversation the wagoner, agreeably refreshed, came out of the Old Inn, unhitched his horses, and drove on his way with the Young Trees. The Post was left to repeat his oration to following travelers.

Many years after, the birch trees, grown tall in their new plantation and beautiful with bronze boughs, green leaves, and silver bark, used to whisper together about the talk the Hitching Post had given them, and wonder whether there was anything in it and what the old fellow was doing now.

But meantime the horse-drawn wagons had disappeared from the road. The motor cars were parked by the side door of the Old Inn. The Hitching Post still stood in his old position, proud as ever, but a small boy had taken his chain and hasp. The loss was not noticed.



II

TALE OF THE ONLY INFALLIBLE SOAP

*Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
and who shall stand in his holy place? Psalms 24 : 3*

"**C**LEAN hands," said the Emperor Manchu-Kiang, Ruler of the Celestial Dominion, "are required of all who seek my presence and desire to dwell in my abode. Let the decree be proclaimed. None shall enter or inhabit my city without clean hands and a pure heart."

This edict caused commotion throughout the empire, and there arose great interest in methods of cleansing and purification. Men of learning engaged eagerly in the study of these matters. Where brains are busy money quickly follows. Companies were formed to promote different kinds of soap, for each of which it was claimed that it was the only kind that would infallibly secure immaculate hands and the right of admission to the celestial city.

Hence came much rivalry and dispute between the companies. The simple nature of the real test of worthiness to enter the city was forgotten, and the controversy between the soap-makers grew more complicated and bitter.

"Ours is the only infallible cleanser," cried the one side.

"Nothing can possibly purify you except our method," cried the other side.

So it followed that rival guards were set up in the region before the city gate, and from both sides arose the same challenge:

"Have you used *our* soap? Otherwise you cannot enter."

One day there came thither a poor, simple traveler who earnestly desired to behold the face of the King of Kings and to dwell in his abode. But this traveler, being a lowly man, was ignorant of the merits of the dispute between the rival guards and unable to give a clear answer to them.

Then as he stood confused and trembling in that place the gate of the celestial city opened and the Great Ruler appeared shining within the arch.

"Do you desire to come to me?" he asked.

The man fell on his knees and stretched out his hands entreating favor.

So the Great Ruler saw that the man's hands were white and clean . . . and discerned that his heart was pure.

"Come in, then," said the King, "for I have promised this." So he led the man into the city.

But when the rival guards saw this they were greatly astonished, and presently they fell more bitterly than ever into their controversy concerning the only infallible soap, and which kind the man had used, else he could never have entered.



III

TALE OF THE SHAKY BRIDGE

Go forward. Exodus 14 : 15

THE Wild Ass of the Wilderness and the Elephant were traveling together, eager to escape from a land stricken of famine. Presently they came to a wide river and over it a wooden bridge.

"Behold," cried the Wild Ass. "Providence favors us. Peace and plenty are on the other shore. We have only to cross this bridge. Come on!"

"It looks to me very shaky," said the Elephant; and he began testing the bridge with his trunk and then with his right forefoot.

Meantime the Wild Ass, waving his tail, galloped over the tremulous bridge and fell to feeding on the rich verdure of the opposite bank. But the Elephant continued his scientific observations, during which the river, knowing nothing about the matter, sent down a big wave that swept the bridge away.

"You see," shouted the Elephant, "I was right about that bridge. It was very unsafe. You were a fool to trust it."

"Na-a-ay!" brayed the Wild Ass. "I got over. You were an ass not to come with me while the coming was good."

So the dispute continued with some acerbity from bank to bank through two days. Then the river subsided and a safe ford appeared just below the broken bridge. The Elephant waded carefully over and fed beside his progressive companion.

"Here we are," said the Elephant. "You see the advantages of prudence. You hurried. I waited. But here we are together and it is good feeding."

"Yea-a-ay!" replied the Wild Ass, "but I beat you to it by eight-and-forty hours."

"Certainly," the Elephant grumbled, "life is easier for the light-waisted."



IV

TALE OF THE PRISONER

The blood-thirsty hate the upright. Proverbs 29 : 10

FLEEING from an Enemy of incredible strength and malice, the Man stumbled on the edge of a precipice, slithered over, crashed through the branches of a olding tree, and landed, much shaken but substantially unharmed, in a lovely teen valley.

Looking about him the Man perceived that he was in a fair oasis, several miles diameter, abundantly supplied with various kinds of fruit-bearing trees, well provided with game, and traversed by a little piscatorial river which entered by a high waterfall and left by an underground channel. But this Eden was completely circled by an impassable wall of cliffs. On top of this wall the Enemy, now in the form of a huge and ferocious Bear, paced to and fro watching the Man with mall, malignant, relentless eyes, like an implacable jailor.

So the Man laughed and set to work to make himself comfortable. He built a elter, and trapped, and fished, and gathered fruits, and was reasonably happy, hile the hungry and hateful Bear shambled around the top of the cliffs, watching is prey.

After some time came a rescue party seeking for the lost Man. They climbed o through the caverns by which the river flowed out of the oasis. They clapped m on the back and embraced him.

"At last," they cried, "we come to set the prisoner free!"

"What do you mean—prisoner?" asked the Man. "I'll go with you, though th to leave this pleasant camp. But the real prisoner is still up yonder. See m pacing the wall. He can't escape from his hungry hatred."



V

TALE OF THE PHILOSOPHIC HUSBAND

Jealousy is the rage of a man. Proverbs 6 : 34

"I ADMIRE your wife extremely," said the Senior Statesman, who had a young heart between old shoulders.

"It is a proof of your good judgment," said the Philosophic Husband. "She is an admirable creature; she blooms like a rose."

"I have observed that," replied the other, "and I have also found her conversation most refreshing. I should like to see more of her if you do not object."

"My dear sir," protested the Philosophic Husband, "in this enlightened age how could I object to anything that expands her horizon? We shall both be honored and delighted, I assure you."

"And may I express my admiration?" pursued the other.

"By all means," said the Philosophic Husband. "She will be greatly pleased. You will find her in the long walk under the pine trees at the far end of the orchard. She walks there daily about this hour. What perfect weather! All nature seems inviting. A pleasant afternoon to you!"

So the Senior Statesman, forgetting his gout for a moment and swinging his gold-headed cane, passed through the garden with a jaunty step in the direction of the orchard. Five minutes later he limped back to the library where the Philosophic Husband was composing a chapter of his book on *The Taboos of Time*.

"You return soon," he exclaimed. "I hope you found her?"

"I did," answered the other. "But I did not wish to interrupt her conversation."

"What do you mean, conversation?" cried the Philosophic Husband, springing out of his chair in excitement. "A young fellow—handsome—blond mustache—reciting poetry?"

"Pardon me," said the Senior Statesman, "but these are confidential communications, and in this enlightened age ——"

"Oh, the devil," shouted the Philosophic Husband, "the villain, the scoundrel! Let me get at him!"

And picking up his heaviest stick, he ran toward the orchard.

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN

A Novel—Part II

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

SYNOPSIS OF PART I—The "George" and the "Crown" are two inns which face each other in the little Sussex village of Bullockdean. The landlord of the "George" has married a girl of French blood from one of the Channel Islands. One of their three sons, Daniel Sheather, is of an age with Ernley Munk, the son of the well-to-do proprietor of the more pretentious "Crown." Daniel has acted as a go-between for Ernley in his courtship of a country girl, Belle Shackford. But when, after a series of quarrels, the engagement of Ernley and the voluptuous but tempestuous Belle is broken off, Daniel ventures to inform Ernley of his desire to court Belle, to which Ernley offers no objection. Belle, still secretly in love with Ernley, is friendly with Daniel. When taking leave of her one night, Daniel impulsively kisses her, and goes away feeling that he has committed himself to her and that she has accepted him by permitting his embrace.

V

AT Batchelors Hall, Belle Shackford lay on her bed. She was tired. All the morning she had worked in the house and in the yard, cooking and dusting, feeding and milking. Her body ached with moving, bending, stretching, and turning, and her mind was sick of pails and mops and brooms, of straw and milk and snouts and beaks. She was done. As she lay stretched full length on the bed, a woman's magazine crumpled under her body, her face hid in the pillow, Belle knew why she was tired. She was tired as a woman starved must always be tired. For more than a month now she had gone hungry—and it seemed a year.

She could not believe that it was only a month since she had seen Ernley. His going was like a death, a loss which time makes heavier rather than easier, for with the days the emptiness grows. It is true that for the last six months their friendship had been disruptive: he had been moody, remorseful, doubtful; she had been jealous, frantic, and wearying. It had not been the kind of affair she wanted, though it was with the man

she wanted. Perhaps that was the very reason why. It had been easy enough to have these adventures with men whom she did not want. But Ernley had brought her something more—he had brought her himself, and her quarrel with him had been because he had not given her himself, but only those moments, which now, without himself, were not enough.

When she had first met him and known that he would never be like the others, she had felt sure that he would give her what he promised. His circumstances seemed to point to settlement and quiet possession. But she was soon to discover that his circumstances were treacherous and that he was their slave. His father would not hear of the marriage—he planned better things than Belle Shackford for the Crown—and without his father Ernley was penniless and tradeless, adrift in the great overcrowded market of post-war England, with the poison he had breathed in Flanders still infecting his body and his mind. They must wait—for something, anything, nothing—and at first Belle had been content, not knowing how much of Ernley would remain ungiven.

But the content could not last—they both wanted too much of each other: she reproached him for weakness; he accused her of distrust—she was jealous of him so much away from her; he resented her jealousy. There were quarrels, reconciliations—the stocky figure of Daniel Sheather was seen tramping over the down between Bullockdean and Batchelors Hall . . . then more Daniel, less Ernley . . . more and more Daniel, less and less Ernley . . . and now all Daniel and no Ernley. . . .

She began to cry as she thought of Dan—pity melted the ice of her grief. Poor Dan who was so sure of her, when he ought to be sure of nothing but his own disappointment. Did he really think she was so easily and so quickly to be comforted? She was conscious of a faint thrill of anger against him in the midst of her pity—anger for his stupidity, for his groundless assurance (as maddening in its way as Ernley's groundless doubts), for his imagining that she would ever deign to become part of the household furniture of the George . . . though, after all, why not? People who were not good enough for the Crown usually went to the George, so Dan was only acting upon precedent. The Crown had turned poor, penniless, lovely, careless Belle Shackford out of doors, and it would not perhaps be so stupid of her to cross the road to where the meaner inn stood open and lighted to welcome her.

Dan might have been wise in rushing his courtship into her first month of desolation. A few months later he might have found her hardened, indifferent to shelter—and, if he had known it, it was in his promise of comfort and shelter that his only hope lay. He was so different from Ernley that nothing about him would ever remind her of the lost days . . . to be loved by him would be like seeking forgetfulness in a new country—and that was what she wanted more than everything—forgetfulness. He would be a good lover, and would give her besides a tenderness, a protecting care that Ernley had never given.

But she wrenched her mind from the thought, not so much out of her surviving love for Ernley as out of her almost maternal compassion for Dan. Poor little soul! Poor little presumptuous ass! She must not hurt him by giving him love as hard cash in exchange for protection and oblivion. She must not seek comfort at his expense. She had no right to have given him that kiss—she would have given it to any man who had been kind to her, to any man who was young, comely, and tender-hearted—but he would never know that. He was probably thrilling with it now. Poor baby!

Belle sat up on her bed and thrust back the hair from her face. One piece of practical action lay before her, with the promise of such relief as practical action brings. She must get rid of Daniel . . . she must send him marching—in common fairness. Though susceptible, easy, careless of her own dignity, Belle was no devourer of men. The men she had known hitherto had wanted the same sort of things as herself, and she had felt no special responsibility towards them. But here was a man who wanted something different—or rather, who wanted from her what she could give only to another man. She could not bear to hurt him. She liked him. Belle liked all men.

In spite of many sad experiences she still liked them—though the manner of her liking had changed. When she had known men only from books and hearsay she had pictured them as strong, aloof, rather majestic beings on a plane above the frailties and reactions of her femininity. The woman's paper which her inert body had crushed for the last hour was full of print and pictures of strong silent men in heather-mixture tweeds, with jutting chins and bulldog pipes hanging from their clenched teeth—pictures of masculine magnanimity, honor, truthfulness, and protection. And such till the end of her 'teens she had imagined them, and had lived through some bitter years while her idol was in process of being shattered by experience. Yet out of the smash



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

BELLE WANTED TO KILL ERNLEY—SHE COULD NOT BEAR IT

there had risen a fresh reconstruction of the masculine image—as of a being frail, erratic, sensitive, perverse, unreliable, helpless, and as such calling for more of the maternal quality of her love than any of those broken idols of tweed and iron. It was out of this infinite pity, bought of experience in exchange for respect, that she resolved to send Daniel away.

Primed with this resolution she went downstairs. Her father and brother were back—tired, hungry, and unsuccessful.

"Guess who we saw in Lewes to-day," said Timothy in his sedate, old-man's voice.

"Edgar," guessed Lucy, with a glance at her pearl-set engagement ring.

"No, he wasn't yours," said Tim, "he was one of Belle's."

"How 'one of mine'?" cried Belle.

"Well, he was your last but one—Ernley Munk."

"Oh! . . ."

"What was he doing?" asked Lucy.

"He was taking out his new girl," said Tim, owlishly.

"His new girl—you don't mean to say he's got a new girl so quick?"

"Well, Belle's got a new boy—why shouldn't Ernie Munk have a new girl?"

"I haven't got a new boy," cried Belle, fiercely.

"Oh, no, of course not—my mistake—Daniel Sheather comes to see me and Nell."

"I can't help Dan Sheather coming to see me—I don't encourage him. Did you see Ernley, Father? Who had he got?"

"I don't know who she was, but she was a stepper—silk stockings and fur coat and everything. They were having lunch at the White Hart."

"And he called her 'Kid,'" said Timothy—"I heard him. He was holding her foot between his under the table—I saw him," piped Tim.

"You seem to have seen and heard a lot," snapped Belle.

"I always do," the child retorted.

"Did you speak to him, Dad? Did he tell you who she was?"

"Yes—we had a word about the weather; and he introduced me to Miss Pearl Jenner. He said he was taking her down to Bullockdean in his side-car to spend the evening."

"Sounds as if they were going to get married," said Lucy.

"I don't say they'll get married—he never was the chap for settling down. But you could see he was gone on the girl. And my! she was a corker."

Belle rose from the table. She felt sick—physically sick with physical jealousy and physical humiliation. The thought of Ernley entertaining that girl at the White Hart . . . it was at the White Hart that she and Ernley had met and found paradise before they found it in the dark reedy places of the Cuckmere . . . they used to have lunch, with wine . . . she felt the fierce sweet taste of the wine upon her lips, mixed with the taste of cigarettes and Ernie's kisses . . . and now perhaps this girl, this stepper, this smasher in her fur coat. . . .

Belle was in the passage, tearing one of the overcoats off the pegs. She wanted air—breath—or she would be ill. She walked quickly across the yard, splashing recklessly into the pools that lay between the cobblestones.

She wanted to kill Ernley—she wanted to kill that dim, mocking figure of the girl her mind had dressed up. He was taking her home—to where he had never taken Belle—to his own home, his fire-side. He would marry her—she would have him forever—him, the real Ernie, whom passion alone could not give . . . she could not bear it. . . .

Halfway down the farm-drive an old cowhouse stood open and empty. Belle went blindly in and sank down on the floor. Bowing herself into a hoop, she sobbed and sobbed—first tearlessly and then with tears that poured like rain—tears that scalded her face and blinded her eyes, and finally exhausted her into motionless silence.

About an hour later, her mind freed of all thought and her heart bled of all feeling, she walked feebly back into the

yard, huddling the overcoat round her and shivering. She had only physical sensations left.

A lighted patch gleamed in the house and suddenly her sister Nellie filled it, calling from the doorway—"Come on, Belle—come on. Where have you been? Your young man says he can't wait any longer."

Her young man! Daniel Sheather.

Lucy stood in the passage.

"Here she is," she called through the drawing-room door. Then to Belle—"Do take off that awful old coat."

Belle slid the coat from her shoulders and hung it up. Then she went into the drawing-room. For a moment she stood in the door, swaying a little on her muddy feet.

Daniel, who was sitting at the far end of the room, sprang up and came to her.

"Oh, Belle, I was so afraid you wouldn't come in before I had to go. I promised I'd be back early to-night—but I had to come over to—to—"

The words poured out of him, then dried up as he came close to her—"Belle, dear, what's the matter?—Has anything happened? Are you ill?"

"No, Dan, only—only . . . I've been out walking and slipped in the dark."

She tried to finish the sentence in everyday words with an everyday voice; but though she managed the words, the voice failed her.

"My poor little Belle."

His arms spread out maternally and before she could grow up again they were round her. He rocked her to him, and in the sudden comfort of him her stiffness melted—her body relaxed and her heart began to feel again. It was at first a feeling of sheer dependence, of the huddling love of a child against the parent's breast; she thrust her head into the warm hollow of his shoulder and shivered like a child.

"Oh, Danny, save me—such dreadful thoughts . . . of Ernley . . . help me to forget him. I never hated him before. . . . I'm frightened. Oh, I can't bear it alone."

"You shan't bear it alone," he murmured, "I'll take care of you, lovely one. I will, I will. You'll be all mine and I'll take care of you—you'll be all mine—won't you, Belle?"

She had forgotten the promise she had made to herself and to him as she lay on her bed upstairs. That ghastly hour of hatred and physical jealousy, turning for the first time her tragedy into horror, seemed to have mown down her life like a scythe. She was starting afresh in a bare field. All she knew was that she must have comfort, tenderness, and protection; and that, surprisingly, little Dan Sheather could give them to her. She knew that she must have honor and truth to restore her self-respect and the respect of her family, who had guessed her humiliation. She knew that she must have some armor against Ernley's wounding or after a few more blows he would wound her to death.

"Daniel," she cried—"Danny, save me."

He promised that he would, though he did not yet know from what or from whom.

VI

It had all happened as in her heart she had expected. Her surrender had broken her life in two, and the fiery city of her love for Ernley and the bleak wilderness of its frustration lay beyond a gulf. She neither loved him nor hated him, nor was she any longer jealous of the girl who now had his kisses. She could face the prospect of meeting him—perhaps meeting them both—in the inevitable future. Neither had she, curiously enough, any feelings of triumph or self-vindication towards him or towards her family. She was not proud of her engagement to Daniel Sheather any more than one is proud of the bed on which one finds rest at the end of a weary day.

At first she was conscious of little except relief and peace. Those experiences which might have disquieted her had now no power to shake the lethargy

of her being. The day after her promise Dan brought her over to Bullockdean to show his parents. She saw the contempt flickering in the younger brother's eyes, she felt the occasional sting of the mother's tongue, but neither could rouse her from her quiet leaning against Daniel. She liked his father, too, who had Daniel's face with sea-blue eyes.

Of course, if she would consent to live at the George and help with its management they could be married almost at once—there was a room, probably a couple of rooms to spare, and she would be useful in the house and in the bar, and so earn her keep. On the other hand, if she refused their marriage was as indefinite as hers and Ernley's had ever seemed—Daniel would have to hunt the blue lion of the ex-service man—a job, and having found it would have to contrive, perhaps for some years, to make a living out of it himself before he attempted to support her on it too.

He scarcely seemed to doubt that she would be willing to live at the George, but she refused to make any promises. If the past were cut off from her by a gulf, the future was wrapped from her in a mist. It was essential to her new-found calm that she should not try to search it.

"It's too soon to think of marrying now. I want to get used to—to this first, Daniel."

He looked at her with his slow, spreading smile, which became mixed with a little reproach when it reached his eyes.

"Oh, Belle! . . . oh, dearie!"

"We haven't been engaged a week, and before we settled to get married we'd have to think of ever so many things. And I don't want to think of anything just yet, Daniel."

Her voice trembled a little and his compassion was immediate.

"Very well, darling—then you shan't. You shan't ever—I'll do all the thinking for you."

She knew that this courtship was moving on lines exactly opposite to the old one. Then she had been the one

anxious to marry, and Ernley the one contented to drift. But probably the reasons had been the same—she had wanted to marry Ernley for the same reason that Daniel wanted to marry her—because she was not sure. She knew that in spite of her promises Daniel was not sure of her, and sometimes a dreadful compassion smote her. He was so sweet, so kind, so innocent—she must never make him the victim of her needs, she must never let him suffer because of her. Whatever she felt, whatever her awakening, he must not be hurt. She had sacrificed him once to her own urgencies and it was her task to see that she did not sacrifice him again—though she realized vaguely that he was the kind of man whom women will always sacrifice.

Belle found Dan's lovemaking a sweeter experience than she had expected—she had expected to find him common and unpracticed, challenging contrast with Ernley every hour; she had expected to find herself a cold slag-heap of burnt-out emotions. She was surprised to find that the spark in her was not dead and that the word and touch of love had power to fan it once more into flame. Hence she was, in a manner of speaking, happier than in the days of her love for Ernley. Dan was a much more restful lover—though he showed occasionally an ardor that surprised her, there was really as much of affection as of passion in his wooing. It delighted him to cherish her, to button her coat and tie her scarf, to rub her hands when they were cold. . . . And she, in the new joy of being looked after, could forgive him much that sometimes jarred—ways that were not the ways of Ernley, the ways of the Crown, but the common ways of the George.

Of course Ted Shackford was only a tenant farmer and his daughters worked hard in house and barn—but they wore silk, and when their young men took them out they expected the best seats at the Pictures and to be fed at hotels and cafes. Ernley had been an especial

dept at this taking out. In the side-ar of his motorcycle Belle had ridden ke a queen—to hotels and theaters and icture palaces. She had driven home ith great beribboned chocolate boxes n her knees. Her sisters and friends ad envied her.

Daniel never took her anywhere ex-
ept upon the broad back of the down,
o the hollows by White Lion pond, or
o the five haystacks standing against
he sky beyond Barndean. Here they
ould sit on his spread coat, huddling
ogether for warmth; he kissing and
ondling her, smoking innumerable wood-
ines, and talking plain country talk of
birds and animals and paths and people.
Nearly all their lovemaking took place
ut of doors. If it had not been so cold
Belle would have asked nothing better.

Beyond his family she had so far met
none of his friends in Bullockdean. She
hrank from meeting people whom she
new thought no good of her. The
Iarmans, the Pilbeams, the Ponts—
everybody thought of poor Belle Shack-
ord as trash. If socially she was stoop-
ing to Daniel, in every other way he was
stooping to her. She was a girl of no
character, the clack of two parishes—
chiefly, but not only, in connection with
young Munk. She knew that some
people said she was a bad lot, and most
hat she was no better than she should
be. She didn't try to justify herself
against these criticisms but she some-
times wondered if the women who
udged her could ever have felt as she
felt, or surely they would have under-
stood. Were there women who went
through life cold, calm, and sedate—un-
moved, untempted, unshaken? She
wondered.

Almost directly she had given her
promise to Dan, Ernley had gone off to
visit an uncle in Streatham. Belle had
at first wondered if this were mere cir-
cumstancée, but Daniel had assured her
that old Ernie had been planning this
visit for weeks and had expected him to
make it just about now.

"You wouldn't mind meeting old
Ernie again—would you, Belle?"

"No, of course not."

She spoke the truth. Her calm still
remained unbroken; indeed it was
growing, thickening in the comfortable
atmosphere of Dan's affection.

When Ernley came back to the Crown,
Daniel put him the same question.

"You won't mind meeting Belle
again, will you, Ernie?"

"Of course not, you silly fool. Why
the devil should I now?"

"Oh, no, of course not. I was only
asking. I was thinking of having Belle
over to spend a night or two next week.
Maybe you could come to supper."

"I'd be pleased. Why should you
think I'd mind meeting her?"

Dan felt infinitely relieved. Having
seen so much of Belle and Ernie in the
last destructive days of their love, he had
found it difficult to believe that they
could ever meet like ordinary human
beings—though each had found, as they
say, consolation elsewhere.

"How are you getting on with Pearl?"
he asked.

"Oh, fine. Couldn't be better. We
had a day together in town while I was
at Streatham."

"Are you going to marry her?"

Ernie flushed.

"How can I tell? It depends on what
Dad thinks of it. He's seen her once—
I brought her over here—and he likes
her. But I dunno. I don't think I'm
the sort of chap to get married. Not but
that I'm sure to do it some day. I'll
make a damn bad husband to some poor
girl."

"That's what you say. I don't think
so."

"Because you don't half know what
a moody, broody sort of devil I am. I
hate domestic life, too—cookery books
and babies and all that. You love that
sort of thing, so you're wise to get mar-
ried. When is it to be?"

"I dunno. We haven't settled yet.
It all depends whether Belle ull live at
the George."

"But you couldn't have her at the George. She'd never cotton to that kind of life—all mixed up with your family."

"Well, she's lived all mixed up with her own, and they're not so good as mine. And if you'd married her she'd have lived all mixed up with yours."

"I've only got Dad—and Lord! it's very different here. . . . But I'd better not be offensive. Belle knows how to look after herself—damn well she does!"

VII

In spite of the professed readiness of the parties to meet each other, it was not till a fortnight later that the meeting took place. First it had been obstructed by Ernley's wish to bring his new girl, who was not available during the first week, and then by an unexpected reluctance on the part of Belle.

"But, sweetheart Belle, you said you didn't mind meeting him."

"And no more I do. Only I don't want to just yet."

"But you'll have to do it some day—may as well do it now."

She held out her arms to him suddenly.

"Oh, Daniel, I'm so happy—don't let me go."

"Let you go, lovey? That I won't!"

He took her in his arms and she felt his warm gentle embrace drawing her close till the throbbing of his heart was under hers.

"Daniel—I want to stay where I am—not go further, I mean. I'm so happy here."

Her words were nothing to him but the echo of his own happiness in their embrace.

"Sweetheart . . . I'd like to hold you always. Belle, my arms are round you always, even though you don't see 'em."

She gave way about meeting Ernley. After all, she must do so some time, and to feel herself in spite of all unready, made her afraid—made her deny her own unwillingness by acceptance.

When the evening came and Daniel

fetched her over from Batchelors Hall, he was disappointed to find that she was not looking her best. He too was inclined to resent the inclusion of Ernley's girl, and his aim was to show her the woman she had supplanted as in every way a finer woman than herself. But for the last two or three days Belle had looked tired and off-color; her brightness seemed to have faded, her bigness seemed to have sagged; and Daniel, who admired brightness and bigness, was sorry not for his own sake but for hers.

"Your body's undone at the back," were Kitty Sheather's first words of greeting to her future daughter-in-law.

Belle grabbed at her back, pulling her bodice which straightway burst on the shoulder. Kitty giggled and it seemed to Dan as if his darling's blue eyes swam a little. His mother didn't offer to help her and, moved by tenderness, he was no longer shy.

"Let me help you fasten up."

He was just going to embark for the first time on the pathetic masculine struggle with hook and eye when Kitty indignantly pushed him aside.

"How dare you! I always think you a modest boy. I won't have such things in my house—No!"

She had Belle tidy only just as the others arrived. They came in, looking, perhaps by contrast, the picture of orderliness and ease. Ernie wore a blue lounge suit that made Daniel, also in a blue lounge suit, lose faith in the Gent's Outfitters who had provided it. Ernley's girl, Miss Jenner, was hall-marked Eastbourne, and evidently made Belle feel the same as Ernley had made Dan—though he didn't think much of her plain black frock and little black hat in comparison with Belle's yellow finery.

Supper was laid in the parlor at the back of the bar. It was a very superior supper, almost dinner in fact, with a couple of fowls and a treacle sponge. The drinks had been surreptitiously bought at the Crown, Tom having decided at the last moment that his bondmaster's ale was not good enough

for his guests. Dan, who had made the purchase under a vow of secrecy from Maudie Harman, suspected that Ernley guessed what had happened. . . . Not that he minded old Ernie knowing, any more than he minded him having a blue lounge suit that really fitted him—but he did not want Miss Jenner to think that Belle had fallen socially . . . though of course she had . . . marrying the George after being engaged to the Crown. . . .

Dear lovely thing! As he watched her he thrilled with pride and tenderness. She was beautiful—her dress was beautiful—even though the bunch of silk flowers at her waist was a little crushed and she was always pulling them up and flouncing them out a bit. She had more scent than Miss Jenner, too—it came to him in generous waves right across the table, whereas Miss Jenner's only rose faintly from beside him. He didn't really like scent much; still, if girls used it he'd like Belle's to be stronger than anyone else's . . . and she'd made her nails shine too, like the others—they were even brighter—though her hands were very different, being large and work-worn instead of small and white. Miss Jenner did not have to work at all—nor did her father, she told them—he was Private, having retired some years ago from the building trade.

The conversation on the whole lacked spirit. No one knew whether Ernley and his girl were engaged, therefore how far it was permissible to go in raillery, and neither said anything by way of enlightenment. Miss Jenner was very polite to Belle, admired her dress, told her about a very good shop for hats in Eastbourne, and asked her if she ever went to dance at the Grand Hotel. Belle, except in answer to such questions, scarcely spoke, nor did she eat much. She sat heavy and lovely and silent, the lamp drenching her in gold.

After supper they had a table for whist—that is to say, Kitty and Ernley played Christopher and Miss Jenner, while Tom Sheather served in the bar. Dan and

Belle sat and watched the whist players, side by side on the sofa, he with his arm round her waist as he was privileged to sit in public now they were engaged.

"That's a fine girl Munk has got," said Chris when the guests had departed and Belle had gone to help Kitty wash up in the scullery.

"Not so bad," said Tom Sheather.

Dan swelled in silence.

"A lot of style," commented Chris.

"Oh, yes—a lot of style. But I don't think she comes up to our Belle."

Chris said nothing—insultingly.

"You've got the best girl, Daniel," continued his father, "and I bet young Munk sees it."

He smote his son between the shoulders and Dan felt loving and grateful towards him, though he still wished the family differently grouped in its alliances.

Kitty also had something to say on the subject of Munk's girl.

"She's quite the lady—you can see that. Never done any work."

"Ladies work," said Dan sullenly; "look at Mrs. Penny. I've seen her washing her own curtains."

Kitty sniffed.

"I dare say. I know Mrs. Penny's sort of lady. A real lady never put her hand to anything. Dr. le Hellé's wife in Guernsey she sit in her drawing-room all day, and ring the bell if she drop her handkerchief. Give me that sort of lady."

"Well, don't give her to me, that's all."

"Oh, indeed, Mister Impertinence! That is the way you speak to your mother when she is going to sit in the kitchen so that you and your young woman can sit in the parlor."

"I'm sorry, Mum. But I can't bear to hear everybody except Dad getting at Belle."

"Who's been getting at her? Not I. I have nothing to say against Belle if she will be a good girl. When I spoke of a lady I did not speak of her for you. No lady would marry a common boy."

Holding his tongue with difficulty on the subject of common boys, Dan

walked out of the kitchen and into the parlor where he found Belle sitting under the lamp.

"Are you tired, sweetheart?"

"A little—only a little."

"You shouldn't ought to have washed up. Why didn't you tell mother you were tired?"

Belle said nothing. She rose slowly and came towards Daniel as he sat on the sofa. She put her arms about him and hid her face in his shoulder.

"My lovey, my dear"—he strained her to his heart.

She did not want him to speak—she wanted just to lie heavy against him, at rest in the homely comfort of his arms; but his tongue, oiled by more generous liquor than he was accustomed to, ran on:

"Oh, darling, it's so uncommon lovely to think that I've got you here with me at home to-night—that you're not going away. It's almost like the time when I'll have you here always. Oh, say, that time ull come soon."

She did not speak, but he did not seem to want her assurance in words but in kisses. He stooped his head to hers as it lay on his breast, the bright rough gold all teased over his shoulder. She found herself giving her usual response, or rather her response coming from her ungiven—feeling apart from will.

"If you can only put up with this place for a bit," he ran on, "I reckon it won't be long before we get one of our own. It's not much I'm offering you, Belle, but I do feel as I could make you happy if you let me try."

"I know you could, Danny—but—"

"Oh, say you'll let me try. If you won't come here, reckon we can't get married for months and years. And, oh, lovely Belle, I want you so. I want you terrible—here, as I have you now. I want you and me alone together. Oh, Belle, say you'll let me try."

"And suppose you fail."

"Fail!" he seemed startled by the new thought, "I shan't fail. I can't fail. I love you too much. And Belle, you

do love me—you've said you love me—oh, you still love me? Say it again."

"I do love you, Danny dear; you know it, but—"

"Then why won't you let me try? Why won't you marry me at Easter and come and live here? We'll have a couple of rooms of our own—and I'll see as you don't do anything but what a lady ud be willing to put her hand to in her house. We'll keep quite private to ourselves a lot of the time. Oh, Mother ull be good to you, I swear she will—her tongue's sharp like that to everyone—and Dad he thinks no end of you and ull treat you kinder than your own. I'll stand between you and everything that's rough—I'll take care of you as if you was my child. Belle, you shall be my child and my queen if only you'll be my wife."

The Crown's ale had given him a new and surprising eloquence. Belle was moved by it. She had never before had him so fluent, so shaken. As she looked into his pleading face it was almost as if its Saxon bluntness of feature was lost in the brilliance of his brown French eyes. This was a Daniel of another, more fiery race, stirred into life by the emotion of this hour.

After all, he had only said what was true when he had argued that she would, other considerations apart, be happier at the George than at Batchelors Hall. Her mother-in-law's tongue was not much sharper than her sister Lucy's—she liked kind Tom Sheather—she need not see much of Ernley. . . . And she would have Dan always with her—dear Dan, who was so strong and sturdy and comfortable, and so surprisingly, amazingly sweet. . . . The future had come upon her. She must meet it—surrender to it. She could not turn and flee—she could not disappoint him who had already saved her from so much.

"Belle—let me try."

She turned her face once more to his shoulder, and gave her consent in silence, while his incoherent words of gratitude stormed at her ears.

For the first half of the night Belle slept heavily, according to her nature. But towards morning she began to dream—queer confused dreams of the supper-table and Ernley's face . . . she heard Ernley saying again and again, "Let me try"—and awoke to remember it was Daniel who had said it. She awoke in this way several times, and at last could not fall asleep again. She lay on her back staring at the ceiling.

She must think now—she could not help it. She must think of Daniel and Ernley—Daniel to whom she had promised herself and Ernley to whom she belonged. It was dreadful, it was humbling to realize that in spite of all that had happened, all she had done to break her chains, she still belonged to Ernley. She saw too that her complete surrender to Daniel, her promise to marry him at Easter was almost entirely due to her growing realization that her heart was still Ernley's. Twice she had known the full vitality of her surviving love for Ernley—when she had heard he loved another woman, and this last night; and each time the knowledge had driven her a definite step towards Daniel. But for the first, she would never have become engaged to him; but for the second, she would not have promised to marry him next month.

Was this fair to him? Of course it wasn't; but she really could not help it. The more she realized what she had lost in Ernley the more imperative it became that she must take what she could get in Daniel. The more she realized the superiority of the Crown, the more her only chance of happiness seemed to lie in her finding a home at the George. If she had not got Daniel she would be down and out. She was not the sort of woman who can say "the best or nothing"—she was not so fortunate as that. She must have something, somebody to fill a little of the emptiness which had come into her life when she lost her only chance of the best.

Of course it wasn't fair to Daniel. She was quite sure of his devotion, and

tragically he was quite sure of hers. He had taken her surprisingly for granted. Well then, he had only himself to thank if he was made the victim of her desperate need. After all, it was rather cool of him to imagine that she would look at him after Ernley—so soon after Ernley. He had changed his part of vicarious wooer to that of actual wooer without apparently one qualm of diffidence. It served him right to be taken at his word instead of being sent packing, as would have happened with most women. He had offered her comfort and oblivion—she would take them and let him face the consequences of his own offering.

Probably the consequences would not be so very serious. He was thick enough not to guess much that would be passing in her mind; she could no doubt make him happy enough—anyhow far happier than he would be without her. . . . If only she could get rid of this queer sense of kinship she had with Ernley—a kinship quite apart from breeding, education, and manners—which would still have existed if Ernley had been the son of the George and Daniel the son of the Crown. It was part of a feeling that Ernley's life, opinions, happiness, surroundings, mattered to her intensely—whereas Dan's did not. All that mattered to her about Dan was his love, his kisses, his protection—all, in fact, of herself that was in him.

VIII

The next morning it was Dan's turn to be Bullockdean at the village altar, and having in vain to force an extra day's representation on Freddie Pont and Tommy Pilbeam, he resolved not to disappoint Mr. Marchbanks but to sacrifice five minutes of Belle's society. It was not likely to be more, as he expected her to take advantage of her absence from home by having a good rest in bed. But by seven o'clock Belle was tired of her thoughts and of the hard places of the George's best bed, so she rose,

dressed, and came downstairs into a silent and chilly darkness.

The blinds were all down, for the Sheathers at their best were not early risers and this morning they were tired after their dissipations. Belle opened the door, which Daniel had left on the latch, and walked out. The street was full of the pale March sunshine and the tossing March wind. The signs of the George and the Crown swung creakingly to and fro. Belle stared up at the blind face of the Crown. The street was empty, the village seemed asleep.

Belle knew where Daniel had gone and she walked up the church lane in hopes of meeting him. She had come to the churchyard gate and would not go any farther. The lane had by now reached a level above the rest of the village, and from where she stood she looked down on the Crown garden. It was a fine big place, plentifully studded with arbors which in summer would give shade to tea-drinking couples.

A man had come out of a shed in the Crown garden and was walking towards the house. She knew immediately by his figure and his walk that it was Ernley. Her breath thickened and suddenly she felt almost faint, and clung to a stake in the hedgerow for support. Good Lord! what was happening to her if she could not bear even the distant sight of Ernley? Every effort she made at her own reassurance seemed only to land her further in doubt. What would become of her?

"Belle—darling!—this is a fine surprise."

Daniel had come through the gate while she stood lost in her new weakness. He put his cold cheek to hers and she found her usual comfort.

"Oh, Danny, I'm so glad to see you."

"And I to see you, sweetheart. I never thought you'd be out so early."

"I woke up early."

"Didn't you sleep well, dearie? Weren't you comfortable? I know most of our beds are full of lumps."

"Oh, I was right enough. But I felt

wide-awake—and I'm not used to lying long."

"Belle, must you go home to-day? Can't you stay till to-morrow?—I seem to have had so little of you."

"I must go, I reckon. We're short-handed as it is. But you'll be coming over soon."

"I'll walk over with you to-day—but I'd sooner have you here."

He stopped and drew her to him in the last shelter of the lane.

As he released her he seemed to notice something.

"Darling, are you well? You're looking terrible pale."

"Oh, I'm right enough."

"But you shouldn't ought to have come out like this before breakfast, on an empty stomach."

"And what about yours?"

"Oh, I'm used to it. I'm tough. But you—you just about want someone to take care of you."

He kissed her fiercely—without shelter.

"Oh, Danny—don't. Not out here in the street."

She had a sudden fear that Ernley would see.

"There ain't nobody about."

"But someone might be looking out of a window."

He saw her eyes slant upwards to the windows of the Crown.

"Don't you worry about old Ernie. It ud do him good to see us."

She was seized with a strange fury at his insensitiveness. Her heart beat wildly and for the first time she nearly gave him bitter words. But she managed to force herself to silence and together they went into the George. Breakfast was laid in the kitchen—a substantial meal, richly various for a man who could not pay his brewer.

"Good morning, Mum—good morning, Dad. Here we are—here's Belle. Reckon she's dying for her breakfast, same as I am."

Dan's cheerful voice seemed to fill the room, or rather to fill all of it that was not filled by the voices of Kitty and Tom



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

SHE FELT FAINT AND CLUNG TO A STAKE FOR SUPPORT

and Chris. Perversely, Belle herself felt unable to speak a word. Having shut her mouth on bitterness, she seemed unable to open it again for friendliness or greeting. She sat down beside Dan at the table—sausages appeared before her, bread and butter and a great cup of tea.

"My, Belle! but you're looking ordinary!"

Tom Sheather's voice came down the table, bellowing . . . she saw Dan cutting more bread . . . she felt just as she had felt when she was watching Ernley in the Crown garden . . . almost faint . . . quite faint . . . sick . . . dead sick. . . . She went suddenly in a huddle to the floor.

The next thing that she became conscious of was a pair of eyes looking down at her. They were dark eyes like Daniel's, yet not Daniel's, and they seemed to be boring down into hers: reading the inmost secrets of her heart—secrets of which even she herself was unaware. Then slowly a face surrounded them and she realized that she was lying with her head on Kitty Sheather's knee, looking up into her face.

She stirred uneasily, and moaned.

"Belle . . . Belle . . ."

The agonized voice came from beside her, and with a slight roll of her head she looked into Daniel's face, convulsed and pitying.

"Oh, my darling—my poor darling . . . don't be frightened, sweet—you're better now. Here's Dad with some brandy."

Tom Sheather held a flask to her lips. She drank it, gulped, and sat up. For a moment the room seemed to go round, then steadied itself again. She gripped Daniel's arm and laughed weakly.

"I fainted."

"You're tired, my precious—you've been working too hard, and you shouldn't ought to have got up so early. Now you shall go back to bed and stay there till you're mended."

"No—I must go home."

The words were out of her almost before she realized her own urgency.

"But you can't possibly—it ud be wicked for you to go when you're tired and ill like this."

"I must go—I'm quite well now."

She had scrambled to her feet and stood swaying and clutching him by the shoulder.

"Don't be silly, my dear," said Tom Sheather, "we'd have it on our conscience if you went home to-day."

"But I must—I must. I tell you I can't stay—" her need seemed to grow in desperation every minute—"Danny can drive me—you've got a trap. Please, please, Danny, take me home."

The clear voice of Kitty Sheather broke into the discussion.

"Let her go if she want to—there's nothing the matter with her."

"Oh, Mum! How can you speak so? Look how white she is. Is it natural for a girl to faint at her breakfast?"

"Yes," said Kitty coolly, "sometimes quite natural."

Belle walked towards the door, waving back Daniel when he tried to follow.

"You go and get out the trap. Please don't come—please don't keep me."

She managed to hold back her tears till she was out of the room. She was aware of some sort of argument going on behind the closed door, but Daniel did not come out to her as she had feared. No doubt his mother's notions of propriety forbade his helping her with her packing. To her great relief, Kitty did not come either. She was left alone. She felt quite well again now, but she could not stop crying. Her tears fell on her clothes as she folded them and put them in her bag. When she had finished packing she had to wait a few minutes till they had ceased.

At last she was ready and had come downstairs in her coat of purple frieze, her sky-blue tam-o-shanter crammed down over her hair which she had not troubled to brush out of its recent confusion. Dan was waiting for her with the trap—miserable, but resigned. Her farewells were said—defensively to Chris, gratefully to Tom, nervously to Kitty—

and she was up in the trap beside Daniel, driving down Bullockdean street under the staring windows of the Crown.

"How are you feeling, dear?" he asked her every moment, and when they were out of the village he wanted to put his arm round her. Almost without knowing what she did, she pushed him away.

"Don't, Danny, you mustn't do that—you can't drive with only one arm. Please get me home quickly—quickly."

When they came to Batchelors Hall she would not let him stay. She gave him on the doorstep an almost sacrificial kiss, and stood watching him drive through the gate before she went in.

Daniel was bewildered—not only by the last hour but by all the events of the morning. He was bewildered by Belle's illness, still more by his mother's indifference in the face of such a calamity, and most of all by Belle's new strange aloofness—refusing his comfort when most she seemed to need it. He was distressed.

These sad thoughts occupied him all the way home. But when he reached the George they were immediately dispelled, not by any comfort but by a fresh piece of catastrophe.

"What you think's happened?" cried Kitty from the open door as he drove up.

"I dunno—anything good?"

"Good! I shouldn't call it good, but I never know what you think."

She was evidently more moved than by poor Belle's afflictions.

"Well, then, what is it, Mum?"

"James Munk—old Munk—he's dead."

Daniel gaped.

"He was knocked down and killed in Lewes this morning," put in Tom Sheather over his wife's shoulder. "A car got him as he stepped off the pavement. This very morning it was—he's just been brought home."

"And now Ernley have the Crown and get married at once," said Kitty.

Dan still found himself speechless.

James Munk had continually maddened him and scared him with his bitter gifts of tongue—but to be dead . . . to be swept suddenly out of life in the familiar High Street of Lewes, among all the traps and cars and people and driven beasts. . . . He felt the back of his throat thicken with the beginnings of a sob, and hastily whipping up Spot, he drove round to the back yard where he could be unmanly if he wished.

All that day nothing else was talked of in Bullockdean. Maudie Harman answered a continual stream of inquiries in the bar, and by common consent almost nothing but sherry was ordered—sherry being for some obscure reason considered locally as the only suitable drink in the presence of death.

"Poor chap!" said Tom, "I saw him drive away soon after you did, Daniel—wearing his gray suit . . . it seems terrible, don't it? I'd just come up from the cellar with some of the stout and I heard wheels and I thought 'that can't be Dan come back—no, it's from the Crown'—and that very moment James Munk drove past the winder."

"Was Ernley with him?"

"No—he was alone, but he'd got a crate or something at the back of the trap. If I'd known what was going to happen, I'd have looked more particular."

Tom sighed regretfully. The next minute he changed the subject.

"But here we are in such a terrification about poor Munk who's dead that we've forgotten our Belle who's living. I hope you left her feeling better, Daniel."

"Yes, I think she was better, Dad. She said she was—but she wouldn't let me come in."

"Well, I hope she won't go working herself to death at that place. That's what's the matter with her, you mark my words. Shackford can't afford a proper lot of men, so he works his girls to death. Poor soul! It made my heart bleed to see her looking so ordinary."

"It was nothing," said Kitty—"only a little morning sickness."

Something in her voice and in her look, as well as something vaguely suggestive and familiar about her words, made Daniel start and turn suddenly hot.

"What d'you mean, Mum?"

"Only that I think you'll soon have another of Ernley's cast-offs to take over."

She was standing near the door, and went out as she spoke. Dan remained, gaping at his father.

"Come, lad, don't take on," pleaded Tom—"Reckon Mum didn't mean what she said."

But Daniel was no longer there.

The news of James Munk's death came to Batchelors Hall almost as quickly as it had come to Bullockdean. Fred Shackford brought it back from Lewes, and had it all ready to retail to his girls at dinner.

"He'd left his trap at the Queen Anne, and was just going to cross the road to Mr. Vine's shop when, as he stepped off the pavement, a car got him. A private car it was, driven by a gentleman from Guildford. Lord! they were upset—the lady in the back seat fainted right away. No one was to blame, they say—car going quite slow and on its proper side—only old Munk stepped off without looking around. I didn't see it happen—but I saw some of the blood."

"Was he alone?" asked Lucy. "Wasn't Ernley with him?"

"No. He was quite alone, but of course everyone knew who he was. I heard it was Munk before I got anywhere near."

"Ernley ull be able to get married now."

"So he will—and he'll be a bit of a catch, too. I hear the Crown's worth something these days."

"Mr. Munk wanted him to marry a lady. He thought he could, with the education he'd given him, and he being an officer in the War. I wonder if the girl he's got now is a lady."

"She looked one. But by this time it don't matter. He can marry whom he

chooses. Poor old Munk can't stop him."

Belle said nothing till dinner was over, then she went up to her room. She did not cry or make any sound, but in her heart was a twisting, strangling despair.

Ernley was free. He could marry anybody he chose. He could marry Pearl Jenner in her refined black frock, with her Eastbourne accent and her Private father. He could have married Belle if only James Munk had died a little earlier, or if only she had been patient a little longer. He had always meant to marry her some day, either when he had found a job or his father had relented. And now, after the last quarrel, she had refused reconciliation and instead had pledged herself to a man who was ready to marry her without maintenance or independence. Whereas if she had waited only a few more weeks she could have had Ernley and both.

That was the sort of trick you had played on you when you were bad. Maybe if she had been good all this would never have happened. Good people would say she had got what she deserved. Perhaps they were right. After all, she ought to have understood. . . . Men don't love women the way women love men. Ernley had not wanted of her all that she wanted of him, so he had been happy and satisfied without marriage. He had been happy because he did not want so much. She had made too many demands on him . . . she had been like the daughter of the horseleech saying "give-give." She had said, "It isn't enough that you've given me your friendship and so much joy: I want everything you've got—your home, your family, your daily life, your leisure—Give—Give!"

She had asked for so much that she had got nothing. She saw that she hadn't got even Daniel now. She could not marry Daniel now that she knew she carried Ernley's child. To her spirit's long recoil had now been added the recoil of the flesh—and the thing was impossible.

She felt neither joy nor sorrow, only a deadly fear. It seemed a long time now that she had felt this fear, but it had been only faint, half-realized, a vague sickness. Now it had shape and name. Kitty Sheather's boring eyes had given it both. She knew now what for long she had suspected, and she knew too that her suspicions had been more vigorous than she would acknowledge at the time. She had thrust them from her with hasty reassurances born of ignorance out of desperation. But they more than any bodily condition had been responsible for her ill health; and now that they were no longer thrust out, but an admitted part of her stress, she felt curiously well. It was her bodily health alone that enabled her to face the future. Her mind was sick. She saw herself friendless, kicked out by her family, and bound, by all the strange contrariety of nature, to refuse the only help that could come to her—from Daniel. She saw herself exposed and forsaken . . . she saw her love for Ernley made immortal, looking up at her with undying eyes of torment.

She was in the midst of these thoughts, sitting on her bed, when Lucy stuck her head in at the door, saying, "Daniel's come."

Well, that did not really make it any worse; on the contrary, the sooner she was through with it all, the better. She rose, and without troubling about her appearance went downstairs. He was in the drawing-room with her father, comparing details of the Munk tragedy. She was anxious to get him away but Shackford was full of the garrulity of an almost-an-eye-witness, and it was some time before he had done with the mutual positions of the Red Lion and the car and the body and Mr. Vine's shop. Daniel too seemed anxious to be off—she saw him try to break away more than once—but it was nearly ten minutes before the farmer remembered the afternoon's milking and reluctantly went out.

Belle did not feel secure in the drawing-room and asked him to come out of doors.

He protested for her sake, as a light drizzle was falling and it ended in their going together into the big barn. They had its vastness to themselves and there seemed something vaguely terrible about its size to-day, for the light of the drizzling afternoon was only feebly spread among its shadows.

She spoke first, and her words were like a knife cutting right down into the wound of his fear. She had no pity for him—her one thought was to do his business quickly so that she could turn to her own.

"Daniel, it's no good. I can't go on with it."

"With what, Belle?"

"Our engagement—our marriage."

He began to stammer.

"B-but, darling—that's—that's what I came over about. I—I wanted to tell you it makes no difference . . . even if it's true . . . I—I don't mind—I love you just the same."

"That isn't what I mean. I mean that it's I who—I can't go on with it. I'm sorry, Daniel—I know I should ought to have done this long ago—or better still, I shouldn't ever have let you love me. It's my fault. But I can't help it. I can't marry you now that I know . . . do you guess what I know?"

"Yes—Mum guessed . . . but, Belle, it makes no difference. . . ."

She aside brushed his protest.

"I'm going to have Ernley's child. I can't marry you when I know that."

"But, lovey, I don't mind—I swear I don't. And it only makes it the more necessary I should marry you—quick. Then folk can't talk so—or anyway their talk won't hurt you."

"I can't help their talk. I'd rather they talked . . . I can't help it. I can't marry you now I know this."

He began to look scared. Here was something altogether terrifying and incomprehensible.

"Belle, sweetheart—you mustn't talk so. You just about must marry me now, you—you'll be done for—ruined. Oh, darling, don't think I'll ever miscall you

for this, or fail you—and I'll be kind to the kiddy, I swear I will—I'll love it as if it was mine—because it's yours."

His generosity almost reached her pity, but pity came too late now.

"Poor Daniel—I'm unaccountable sorry. I know I'm treating you badly but I can't help it. Oh, I know I done wicked things before, and you'll think I'm silly to mind now. But this is different somehow—if I married you I'd feel I was doing worse than any other thing I done. Oh, Daniel, do try and understand."

Perhaps he was hardly to be blamed if he couldn't.

"But, Belle, didn't you love me all those times when you said you did?"

"I know. I loved to be in your arms and feel you taking care of me—but things are different now—I couldn't bear you to kiss me. . . ."

His face suddenly went dark.

"Then you can't really have loved me or you wouldn't change—even now . . . when things are different. Belle, I believe that you loved Ernley all the time."

"Maybe I did—I must have—though I didn't know it."

"Then you've played the harlot to me. You've taken me in. You've given me your kisses for what you could get . . ."

He stopped suddenly, for he could just see her face in the faint light and her eyes were pools of fear and pain. He could not believe that Ernley, probably engaged to another girl, would turn to her again. Without Ernley, without Daniel, she would have to face shame, friendlessness, poverty, and pain. Something very strong, very terrible must be driving her, even though he couldn't understand it.

"Forgive me, dear. I shouldn't ought to speak so. I'll believe that you were honest with me, though I can't understand you now."

"Oh, Dan, I was honest, as far as I knew my heart."

"But what do you mean to do about

it if you don't marry me? I reckon Ernley's engaged to Miss Jenner, and you can't do . . . have . . . go through this without being married."

"I can—I must—" setting her teeth—"I will."

He relented absolutely.

"Since you won't have me, let me tell Ernley what's happened. He'd never let you face it without him . . . reckon he'll chuck that girl . . . anyways he should ought to provide for you."

"Daniel, promise me—swear to me—you won't breathe a word to Ernley. I won't be beholden to his pity. If you tell him I—I'll kill myself."

He was more bewildered than ever.

"Promise me, Daniel," she repeated hoarsely, and he promised—shaken in heart and head.

The conversation seemed to have withered. They stood in the darkness staring at each other dumbly. Voices sounded in the yard, and suddenly both were taken with the same fear—that they should be found here together and be given the teasing due to lovers in the dark.

"Get out, Daniel," cried Belle—"out by the cartshed door."

"But you'll let me see you again? Belle—I can't bear this."

"No—don't come again—not just now. Oh, don't you see it's no good? I'll never change my mind—I'm finished."

"But you can't. . . ."

"Yes, I can—get out, damn you! If you don't go now I'll never see you again as long as I live."

"If I go now, will you see me?"

He was like a child pleading.

"Yes—yes. Some day—next week. But get out, anyway. I'm off."

With a sudden swooping gesture she blundered like a white owl through the darkness to the main door of the barn. He heard her calling her father's, her sister's name—making truce with the invader in order to escape more easily from him, her sweetheart and servant.

(To be continued)

THE MANACLES OF YOUTH

A Story

BY DONALD CORLEY

IT was no part of the Donna Isabella's plan for that particular morning in the year 15—to do more than go to confession in the Cathedral (though in truth, she had little to confess), and perhaps to linger for a moment at the shop of a draper in the Piazza, in crossing, and to fulfill an errand of minor but fragrant import at Miriano the cosmeticer's in the Via di Città.

Certainly she may have thought to buy a flower at the Fontana Gaia. *Ecco!* The Spring possessed the City of Siena as a lover, and one always walked with a *narciso* in the hand to grasp some of the magic of *Primavera*—the first life, the time of the Carnival of Nature!

But beyond these simple things she had no inkling of what the day might afford, although many fancies flickered in the chapel of her mind like so many candles burned for wishes in a wind-swept church.

She saw herself in her fantasy as a wise and modest and seemly wife, and the grave and elderly Conte dei Surresti absent at his vineyards on Monte Oliveto—that blue mirage that one could see there in the sky to the west. And since a man upon such an errand could not well return until the morrow, it behooved a woman who saw herself his devoted and faithful wife to go to confession, that he might find her absolved and ready again for those small and charming sins that a wife may well countenance for herself without conscience in the presence of a wise and worshiping husband. And her fancy ran upon those other, less worn-on-the-

sleeve delinquencies common to all frail womankind, for which there is no foreseeing but certain punishment, since the most careful may catch a toe in the net of circumstance, even in drowsy Siena.

So thought the Donna Isabella, idly, as she entered the dish-shaped Piazza. She always (being indubitably beautiful) walked the streets with her eyes downcast, for there were sharp eyes in Siena and sharper tongues; and although it is well known that dogs bite the ragged, it is equally well known that dust settles upon the rare flower that is not shielded. And Donna Isabella had had occasion to learn how certain things happen for which there is little explanation and no remedy.

Now in the University that adorns one of the three hills of Siena—to which cauldron of learning came young men of birth and temper from all corners of Europe, to ease their souls of curiosity (and also to feast their leisure upon the far-famed beauty of the Sienese women, thus mingling bland education with sharper things)—there was a certain Gascon. And this Chevalier Denys Raoul de la Tour du Fec, so the town gossip ran, was always in hot water; now coming to blades outside the Porta Camollia at daybreak with some German cadet over the respective virtues of the wines of Gascony and of Rhineland, or with some equally quarrelsome Spaniard respecting the women of their several provinces. To say nothing of his begging in the Piazza disguised as a mendicant friar, humble in demeanor but

addressing glittering and sinful words to such women as let fall a scudo into his palm.

But what would you? A Gascon must pay his dice debts . . . and others . . . and learning is at times a dull pursuit, and many a young gentleman of spirit had sought distraction from it before. Moreover, the authorities of the University were apt to consider that everyone has been young at one time or another, *per Bacco*, and the Chevalier student of metaphysics and philosophy was a youth of great persuasion and extreme agility in words, and so suffered little punishment. For Siena is a bland city, where spirit and wit command ready respect. Where do they not?

Now on this particular morning the young blade was pensive in his lodging. The sorcery of Spring was afoot like a jester; the stirrings of youth were as restless in him. He had only two days previous dismissed his sweetheart, a light-love whom he had fancied somewhat. Time lay heavily upon the Chevalier's shoulders . . . but then her shoes, by reason of her vanity, had hurt her feet and she had complained of them overmuch!

But his open windows let in not only the acrid redolence of steeping hides from the Tanner's Quarter (smelling in truth like books, *pardieu!*) but the languorous breath of the *campagna* as well. Two disturbing and irreconcilable things. Beyond the yellow walls of the town the hills were powdered with *madreselva* and *asfodilli*, and the Chevalier bethought himself of far-distant Gascony, and his heart hit him a thump upon his throat. That wailing Caterina was not yet out of his mind, and yesterday's books yawned openly upon his table amid the empty *fiaschi* and the overturned wine glasses and the unopened letters from his father in Gascony—and one of Caterina's red shoes that she had thrown at him.

No student of metaphysics can entertain Madonna Melancholia overlong

(if, of course, he is young and of an impatient temper), and the Chevalier had buckled on his sword and clattered down the stone stair in his yellow cloak to the courtyard where his horse, as restless as himself, was tied to a wall-ring—before the saturnine visitor had quite entered the door.

He galloped out into the street like one possessed, and up the Via di Città, jostling people into doorways, as was his custom, and quite usurping the street. It may have been the specter of the Arch-magistero of the University which he spied descending one of the *costarelle*—or it may have been the caprice of his horse, Torimund, that led him to dodge out of the narrow street and up the steep flight of steps that led to the Cathedral. At any rate, the Chevalier reached the corner of the Piazza of the Cathedral just as Donna Isabella paused on the broad steps of the church, soberly musing upon how much . . . how little . . . to confess. Indeed, she was in difficulty. Her sins had been all too few, she reflected, considering the magnitude of her temptations . . . she would have to eke them out somewhat to make a creditable *peccavi!* It is not to be expected that a beautiful woman shall be too blameless in this world. . . .

The young man's eyes caught fire as he contemplated her.

"There walks a woman! *per Bacco!*" said he to himself. And remembering his race, he added, "*Pardieu!*" to the antique oath—which Torimund his horse was accustomed to hear as a command for urgency, and so, as Donna Isabella turned—perhaps aroused from her thoughts by the clatter of iron on stone—their eyes met and held parley at ten paces. Which, as everyone knows, is a dangerous distance!

And after an instant (in philosopher's measure) the young man swept his hat off.

Now it may be that Donna Isabella had stopped at the cosmeticer's shop, and there inhaled strange perfumes in little iridescent bottles. That were no

sin for a virtuous woman. It may be that these perfumes quickened for her the already riotous *primavera* that was in the streets. Or it may be that at the draper's she had fingered Luccan silks, and velvets with the glamour of ripe plums, and precious tissues from Cathay, smelling of sandal—who can say? And so her thoughts may not have been too deeply of her confession.

But the truth may be judged by the imaginative, though perhaps not by the wise (who are prone to consider too many things in a simple matter).

At any rate, there is to be comprehended in a look much more matter than may well be recorded by either poet or historian. The Donna Isabella did not, however, drop the flower that she was carrying. She had great poise. (Besides, this very church stood upon the site of an ancient Temple of Minerva.) And no woman could fail to regard the Chevalier Denys Raoul de la Tour du Fec for an appreciable instant, having seen him—and, worse, having been seen by him. There was in his ardent gaze enough even to hold the most virtuous woman's attention beyond those limits of decorum and wise conduct by which the Donna Isabella's life was governed, in her own fancy.

She passed slowly into the church, let fall the thick door-curtain, paused irresolute, then moved along the empty nave towards the droning sound of a mass that was being sung in one of the chapels for a dead troubadour—a worthy man, no doubt! She had had some gossip of him from the flower girl in the Piazza . . . how very sad!

But what was this? The curtain behind her was violently thrust aside, flinging a long path of sunlight across the black-and-white pavement and the sibyls of Greece depicted there. Hoofs clattered—and there stood the Chevalier, student of metaphysics, Gascon, daredevil. He had ridden into the Cathedral upon his horse, leaped from the saddle, hat in hand, and stood within arm's length of her!

It was no great sacrilege, to be sure, for a horse to enter the Cathedral of Siena. Once a year the horses of the seventeen *contrade* were ridden through the church doors in their wards and up to the altars to be blessed for the *Palio*, the horse race that was run each July in the Piazza del Campo. The Donna Isabella had often seen them.

She turned. She gazed at him. But she did not speak. Indeed she was hardly surprised. The mettle of the young man who stood there so calmly, holding his horse's bridle, had been all too easily read in the open, empty Piazza just now.

She looked at him, not asking a question, not resenting his pursuit. No, I cannot tell you what was in her thoughts, the beautiful Donna Isabella! Perhaps you *know* if you are a woman?

The Chevalier did not hesitate. He came of a race that made quick decision. "Madonna," he said without preamble, "my life is yours—I love you—command me!"

Now the Donna Isabella did not say, "I do not know you, Messer Stranger!" Nothing of the sort. She was a calm woman, if you will. Certainly it was not strange that a young man of such precipitance should love her (having looked at her) and declare it, and at once. No, it was to be expected. It often happened, and the Donna Isabella had had some education in receiving hot-headed words and in dealing wisely with such matters—in her own fancy.

"Messer Stranger," she said gently, after a little while, "we cannot speak here . . . of love," and she indicated the blaze of candles where the troubadour's mass was being said. True, no one had noticed the Chevalier's invasion upon his horse but, in the confessional near by, perhaps there dozed a priest awaiting her—it was not seemly that she should come with so fresh a sin, if it *was* a sin (not of her own seeking, *certes!*) committed here on the threshold of the church.

"Come . . . Messer *Forestiere*, Messer Stranger," she urged, and laid her fingers on his sleeve. The Chevalier trembled violently. It does not take long for a Gascon, being kindled, to burn like a beacon, and this de la Tour du Fec had never before felt his heart and his head seized at the same instant by such a vertigo.

When she held aside the curtain he followed out into the Piazza, leading his horse.

Donna Isabella paused there. "Are you mad?" she asked, clearly, "to follow me into the church of God?"

"Madonna, I would have followed you into St. Peter's," said the Chevalier, unabashed, "and if to love you is to be mad, then I *am* mad, and gratefully! My life is yours—what do you wish to do with it?" And he drew his sword that had first seen the light of day in Damascus and had been wielded by Gaston de la Tour du Fec, his ancestor, at the Siege of Constantinople—and held it before him as a cross to take his oath.

"I swear, Madonna—" he began.

"Take no oaths, Messer Stranger," said Donna Isabella, hastily, "you are young . . . and, I perceive, impetuous." But seeing that the young man's eyes drank in her beauty as a flower drinks in the sun, she drew her hood and spoke to him once more, as to a child, for she well knew, being a woman, that for such as he to take an oath was to carry it out, and she was of no mind to become embroiled in a matter of such precipitance as this—or *was* she?

At any rate, this headstrong young man was in need of wise counsel and sage reasoning. And a certain pity for him stirred in Donna Isabella's heart. She could hardly blame him for the flaming passion that burned in his eyes. It was the proof of her beauty. Was she not innocent? Had she not been on her way to confession, filled with humility, with nothing further from her thoughts than such an accident of a Spring morning? But no one had witnessed, neither

within the church nor without, so she raised her hood again and said to the Chevalier, "Messer Stranger, will you escort me to my house, across the Piazza? . . . where we may . . . perhaps . . .?"

She left it unsaid.

And they crossed the smiling town in the broad light of day, speaking lightly of aimless things, that anyone might see that the Donna Isabella conversed with an old friend of her family, and no gossip-meat in the matter. And so gained the Via Bondini, where the *portinaio* deferentially held open the thick door of her house.

"Take Messer's horse," said Donna Isabella, and preceded the Gascon up the stone stairway past the frowning lions carved there, to the *piano nobile*, and into a long, high room where a double-arched window looked upon a garden that sloped down to the yellow wall of Siena—a window which had the fair country of God stretched across it like a tapestry.

She seated herself in a high carved chair on a dais.

"Well . . . Messer *Scolare*," she said composedly (having guessed that he belonged to the University).

The Chevalier looked deep into her unwavering eyes—as blue, *pardieu*, as a child's memory of a summer sea! He was after all a gentleman, this de la Tour du Fec; he reflected that this gracious lady was doubtless married, and doing great honor to his avowal to listen to him. But the lover in him had the upper hand.

"Madonna," he said, "what I told you is true . . . my life is yours!"

"I fear you put me in a niche," she replied gently.

"If the sky be a niche—then I do," was his simple answer.

And his simplicity made no simple difficulty to Donna Isabella. Here was no boy to be reasoned with in his folly, to be given a kind word—perhaps a flower—and be sent away. Besides, the Donna Isabella did not do such things.

She was an honorable woman. And she saw that what he said was indeed the truth—that his life *was* hers to dispose of. But how? Was not *her* life already disposed of, in her own fancy? Her heart, and her respect also, in the keeping of the grave and kindly (albeit mythical) Conte dei Surresti . . . absent, as she saw him in her mind's eye, at his vineyards on Monte Oliveto? And still . . . ?

"Messer *Forestiere*—Messer Stranger," she said with great dignity and tenderness, "your words command all my respect—I do not ask you to unsay them—but I cannot listen to them!"

"Madonna—" began the Chevalier, drinking in (to her sharp knowledge) the sound of her words, but not their import—(it was as if her voice had simply rendered him still more enamored of the fair woman who sat enthroned before him, like a secret city upon a hill)—"Madonna, I am indeed a *forestiere* in your city and in your house. Formerly Denys Raoul de la Tour du Fec, of Gascoigne, student of metaphysics and philosophy in the University of Siena; but now, since the vision of your beauty has transformed me—a humble man, wishing to do you honor! Command me to your service, Madonna—I do not ask more . . . unless . . . ?"

A lark rose singing from the garden beneath the window as the Donna Isabella poured a crystal glass of wine from a Venetian bottle on a table near by. And as she held it out to him their fingers touched and they both trembled. . . . And the Donna Isabella wished that that grave and kindly Conte was here to advise her!

Since he was not, she gazed out of the window in order not to look at the Chevalier, who gazed too. And his thoughts followed her thoughts, making the same turnings and joining them as a bird in the air joins its mate. And they went forth upon a similar bent, and the country beyond the yellow wall led them upon a long journey, as if in truth they perused the legend embroidered there

upon the glowing tapestry of Spring. . . and so did not hear the crash of the crystal glass as it fell between them on the floor.

For a great silence had encompassed them. . . .

"For look you!"—(says the old chronicler)—"being in the very burgeon of youth, they were manacled by it, and set about an argosy to return to where they were already, providing obstacles to their desire, for Youth never knows the treasure that it has until it be gone, must needs wait for wind-fallen fruit rather than climb the wall, must save rather than squander, and squander rather than save, and so is fettered by the self-same thing that would set it free, being loath to seize that which is offered, thinking always that it must be made difficult, and if not, that there will always be other Springs, other occasions, and so listen not to the golden bird and the singing tree, and taste not the yellow water when it is sweetest!" And if you are young you know if this be true; and if you are not, you know as well, and put what faith you may in chroniclers. *Ecco!*

And the Donna Isabella having seen on that tapestry of the Province of Siena a road, sent the Chevalier upon it, first bestowing upon him a flower (which was that same *narciso*) in order that tradition might be kept fresh and garnished.

"Chevalier," said she, as if in a dream, "if it be as you say, that you love me—and I do not doubt it—do you see that road?" And he looked, and he saw what she saw—a road patterning the countryside like a chased arabesque upon a green-and-silver shield.

"That road leads to Perugia, the ancient enemy of Siena," she continued, "and upon the wall of the cathedral of Perugia hang the chains of the gates of Siena. Go, Chevalier, out of your love for me, and bring those chains to me!"

Perhaps the Donna Isabella hoped he would refuse—this was no light matter that she asked of him. But no, he did not hesitate. He was already gone, and the fragments of his wineglass upon the floor showed her that romance dwelt in his soul, and no fear. And the purple wine from the glass was scattered like so many petals of a violet torn asunder. And then she would have stopped him—too late! She had sent him to his death in that hornet's nest of Perugia, the poor young man!

And then the beautiful Donna Isabella wished that she had not lingered at the shop of Miriano the cosmeticer—or had lingered longer.

Truly, that perfume of Cyprus had had too much hyacinth in it!

And she turned to the window in distress, only to see a cloud of dust upon that road and the flash of the Chevalier's yellow cloak in the sun. He was gone to do her bidding, not questioning. Had she only argued with him she might have . . . but no, there had been something in his eyes that no woman could put lightly away, the burning torch of a true passion, with no thought of dishonor in it.

And what would she do when he came back, bringing without doubt those wretched chains of Siena's dishonor? But how proud a thing to bestow them upon the city again! And then what would she find for him to do? For in her heart she did not doubt that he would bring them.

She was startled by the sound of horses in the courtyard below. Ah! The Conte . . . he had returned from his estates, she said to herself as in a dream.

Here he was, the tall and simple man whom she loved so well—though somewhat as a father. He stood there smiling in the doorway, a little shadowy (since she had gazed too long at the sun)—a proud man who thought no evil.

He did not speak; he was a taciturn man; he came towards her and she looked at him with open eyes. What a

different figure from the dashing young Chevalier! . . . and yet . . . how she loved him, the Conte dei Surresti, the only man she had ever known except her father . . . and she was glad, for now she could tell him, as a child, what she had done and be forgiven and advised. . . .

For the adventure of the morning lay a little heavy at the door of her heart, the beautiful Donna Isabella!

And so she told him, omitting nothing. And the Conte listened, with kind and comprehending eyes, until she spoke of where the Chevalier had gone, and his errand there, at which the grave man's face had a troubled look.

"What have I done, my Lord?" asked Donna Isabella.

"It would, Body of Christ! be a fine thing to deliver to the city those lost chains, these two hundred years rusting there on the wall in Perugia," he said slowly; "but we can scarcely risk a new war with that hornet's nest, and the Baglioni on account of them!"

"I did not think he would go," said Donna Isabella, piteously. "He is very young!"

The Conte stroked his beard thoughtfully. "You did well to send him away," he considered, "but when he returns we must find another and longer errand for him, and also we must contrive to return the chains secretly."

For the Conte loved his wife and saw in her troubled glances out of the window that she had been more touched by the youth than she knew . . . it were well to keep them apart some little time . . . else? . . . assuming that the Chevalier would return safely from Perugia. The Conte was a just man and thought no evil.

And the Donna Isabella, having confided the peradventure to her lord and friend, musing aloud the gist of her perplexity, did not on that day think further concerning the confession she had not made at the Cathedral, though she thought much concerning the Chevalier de la Tour du Fec, student of metaphysics and philosophy.

And late of the same afternoon the Conte left her to journey to another of his estates, towards Florence, in perfect faith of his wife but leaving her much wise counsel as to the matter of the second errand.

"But if he should perform that also?" she asked.

But the Conte shook his head in doubt. "Rome will not let him return," he said, smiling at her innocence.

"You mean that he will die there?"

"No . . ." he replied, "he will not die."

And this he left to the devices of her ready mystification.

Whereupon the Conte became very shadowy to her indeed, being gone out of the house.

Early on the following morning there was a pounding and clanking at the door of the Donna Isabella's house, and there was the Chevalier, in a tattered yellow cloak, and the rags of it bound about his left arm by means of those monstrous iron chains, the lost chains of Siena's gates, very heavy. And he asked an audience of the Donna Isabella. Who, when she saw him, was smitten with remorse; for his raiment was dusty and torn in twenty places, his face lined with fatigue, his cloak blood-stained, but his eyes bright with achievement. He unwound the chains and dropped them at her feet, and stood waiting.

"You are hurt!" she faltered, seeing that he pressed his cloak about his left forearm to stay the blood that oozed from the many dagger wounds there, and from another in his side.

"Madonna commands?" he inquired superbly.

And she dropped her eyes to the heap of chains on the floor, which any man of Siena would give his eyes to have filched from the Perugians—and this *forestiere* had done it single-handed, since yesterday, and stood awaiting her further wishes, calmly, wearing her faded *narciso* caught in one of the slashed places of his sleeve! The Donna Isabella was touched. Still, she temporized.

"But . . . Messer Stranger . . . are you not hungry?—thirsty?" (She hastened to pour some wine for him.) "Have your wounds been dressed?"

"I drink of your beauty, Madonna, it is enough for me," said Denys, and let fall his arm, considering it a weakness to stay those wounds in her presence.

Donna Isabella gazed out of the window for a long time.

When she turned back to the Chevalier, standing there motionless like a statue, her eyes were very bright with renunciation. "Messer Gascon," said she, "I must believe what you say by what you do. Can you not then go back to your metaphysics and be content that I know that you love me—the Conte . . . my husband—" (she groped for convincing arguments) "—knows of this. He bears you no malice. He feels the honor that you have shown to Siena through me by restoring these—" (she indicated the chains with her toe)—"and reverences the high spirit of your feelings. . . . And yet, Chevalier, what would you have me do? I do not say that were my . . . heart . . . not otherwise disposed, I would not listen to you as to any honorable gentleman seeking to do me worship. . . . As it is, Messer Denys . . ." (at the sound of his name the Chevalier quivered) ". . . the Conte . . . my husband . . . has gone on a journey, leaving my honor in my own keeping . . . and yours . . . should you have returned from Perugia, where yesterday I sent you . . . so foolishly!"

The Gascon waved his hand as if that had been the veriest of trifles.

"Madonna . . ." he said, advancing a step, "these things are as they are, but . . . my life is yours—I love you—command me!"

And seeing that there was no help in the difficulty, the Donna Isabella continued her folly, half in a whisper. "If you love me as you say—and I do not doubt it—then go to Rome and secure the release of my . . . my brother, a lad of seventeen, falsely imprisoned in the Castel of San Angelo these many years

. . . and wasting of prison fever! (Her voice broke a little.) Cypriano is his name, Chevalier, and he is lodged in the darkest room in the highest part of the Castel, with all of Rome about him, and never a ray of sunlight, and terribly fettered with such chains as *these*, and with never a flower or . . . the smile of a woman to alleviate his misery!"

"Were your commands as many as those set for Hercules, Madonna," said the Chevalier, "they would be fulfilled!"

And he departed on that instant, not pausing except to visit his lodging and fling his books (and that red shoe that Caterina had thrown at him) from the table, and to find a new cloak—this one of purple—and to stanch the terrible wounds in his side and forearm with wine and old linen.

And before noon he rode out of the Porta Romana with only his sword, his horse Torimund, and the adoration that filled his heart; no longer a student of metaphysics and philosophy, but a valiant feather caught up in the whirlwind of love, to be carried wherever it blew, as is the case with all Gascons, and all madmen, and all young men of temper. *Sic transeunt omnes!* Leaving the Donna Isabella with the chains of Siena's gates to reflect upon.

They caused reflection likewise to the Conte her husband upon his return. He looked upon them with glittering eyes. And yet he seemed very shadowy to the Donna Isabella!

And since it was not possible to return the chains amicably, in order to avert a new imbroglio with Perugia he chose a trusty old servant, disguised as a Pisan peddler, who carried them secreted in the bottom of his pack and who left them by night at the door of the Cathedral of Perugia.

But the Conte, out of pride, first had these chains gilded!

And the Merchants of the Cambio of Perugia (who had been, needless to say, in a fine pother regarding the chains) had given out that they had been taken down to be cleansed of rust. And they

were very glad to find them again, all gilded. And only the five sons of the House of Baglioni—cutthroats all, who had set upon the Chevalier on the night he stood upon the back of his horse and lifted down the chains from the wall—knew the truth and knew who murdered the Pisan peddler, whose dagger-pierced body was flung over the walls for crows.

And within the week the Chevalier returned from Rome, having killed twenty horses with hard riding—but saving Torimund to ride into Siena upon—bringing with him the prison-wasted brother of the Donna Isabella. And he carried the lad up the stairs and laid him on some cushions before the Donna Isabella, who was that day . . . somewhat absently . . . embroidering a *narciso* upon a tapestry.

And when she saw the two of them she was stricken dumb with gladness and perplexity, for her brother looked very strange to her. And she sent for the Conte her husband to take the youth to a strong castle in the hills, for safety, leaving her to deal with the intrepid and impetuous Chevalier who, not having rested from his journey, his climbing of walls, and the arduous task of breaking down doors, bribing jailers, filing chains, and what not of brave deeds—*per Bacco!*—incredible hardships which he scorned to relate!—stood before her again, clamoring at the door of her heart, beseeching her to find yet a harder task for him to do!

And with much misgiving she dispatched him that very afternoon upon the third errand advised by the wise Conte her husband. And this was: To find the fabulous Elixir of Youth, and bring it back to her.

Nor did the lady stint to indicate to him that if he found it . . . well, what would you? What less could she, having recovered her beloved brother from prison at this brave man's hands?

It was no idle search that she sent him upon, she reflected . . . he deserved every reward . . . this was no mere silver key lying in the depths of the sea

. . . no gleaming needle lost in a dense forest . . . many wise men had sought in far places for the Elixir and found only ripe age and much sadness. And still . . . she did not doubt that *he* would find it!

And the Chevalier rode at sunset out of the gate towards Florence, leaving behind his studies and his ambitions at the caprice of a woman.

Pardieu! Who has not?

And the Conte dei Surresti, with that fever-wasted Cypriano in a litter, journeying up the last hill to his castle at that hour, paused to look back at the lights of Siena and reflected, wisely or unwisely, that it would take the Chevalier some little time to find the Elixir of Youth—having himself traveled far and seen many empty roads and closed doors in his life—but that by the day of the Gascon's return he himself would be no longer a sufferer of age upon the earth, seeing that he had an ancient wound received from a Saracen arrow at a siege, long ago, and concerning which his chirurgion and he had held grave converse only the day before. . . .

Certes, he would die! And the beautiful Donna Isabella would, after a suitable expiry of grief, marry . . . and why not this brave and willing Gascon?

And if he found no Elixir to prolong the catchpenny drunkenness of youth, he would within a few years either return empty-handed—but seasoned with youth itself, and . . . or his impetuosity would embroil his heart elsewhere, and so. . . ? And perhaps after all that Saracen arrow-wound might not kill him for a long time, the Conte mused.

And his musing cost him dear, for he and the litter containing Cypriano were suddenly surrounded, within sight of his own castle, by forty men and a captain of the guard sent by the Castellan of San Angelo to recover the prisoner; and after considerable fighting (for the Conte was a brave man) they were both killed and their bodies left by the roadside, after which such of the guard as were left went to the castle and drank much wine

of the Province of Siena from the Conte's cellars, to refresh themselves.

And here was the Donna Isabella, bereft by her folly of all three, and in a single day, and with much misery to reflect upon.

For some time she stayed behind closed shutters and embroidered no flowers upon her tapestry, and she thought of becoming a Carmelite nun and taking the veil of silence forever. But still hope flickered in her anguished heart from time to time, and presently she forgave herself for the murder of that trusted servant, and that worthy husband, and that comely brother—all slain by her own precipitance. "For look you," she said to her mirror, "Jacopo was glad to die, being an old servant of my family and devoted beyond the paltry affair of life!" And the Conte (she could not doubt) would have died for her sake had she asked it, and even her darling brother Cypriano could not but have languished in the Castel San Angelo, where he had been for so many years . . . it was better that he had perished in the blossom of his youth, with the sweet night air of his native country in his nostrils, rather than of prison-damp. . . . Ah yes, but it was very sad, truly! *Misericordia et Lachrimæ!* But these things could not be helped. Was it her fault that she was beautiful? Had she not been very careful to conceal it as best she could? Was it to be anticipated that this Gascon should ride into the Piazza at the moment when she deemed it empty enough to raise her hood? And that he should follow her on horseback into the Cathedral that stood upon the ground sacred to Minerva? Had she not acted as wisely as her youth and inexperience permitted her? She had not dropped her flower, nor in any way behaved in an unseemly fashion.

But Ah! *That perfume of Cyprus had had a little too much hyacinth in it!*

If she had only waited a little while before dispatching the Messer Stranger in search of the Elixir! Were he still in

Siena . . . after a suitable expiry of grief, and a certain interval of years, it might have been possible . . . to think less casually of that gallant young man who had twice braved death, been mortally wounded, climbed ropes, killed twenty horses—(on dark nights)—to do her bidding—rescue that dear brother, filch those chains . . . ah, those wretched chains! The Manacles of her Youth. . . Siena had not wanted them back. . .

If only she had not gazed out of the window towards Perugia that day . . . all this would not have happened . . . surely she should have sent the Chevalier about his business . . . he would have recovered from his malady after many years of suffering, and no one the wiser. These Frenchmen were always falling in love and determining to sacrifice their lives . . . and it would have been pleasant to think of him on the other side of the town, buried deep in books of learning and vowed to celibacy for her sake! And she, an honorable woman and a virtuous wife, would have been more careful of her beauty thereafter and would have said an extra *Ave* for the Messer Stranger each day . . . and once a year would have sent a flower to him secretly, to console his despair . . . a *narciso*. . .

Far away on some dark road (she would conjecture, pitifully) the young man rode, in pouring rain, and often cold and penniless, eagerly asking of everyone he passed where the Elixir of Youth might be found. . . . And here and there in the world . . . women . . . some of them beautiful . . . queens . . . world-weary princesses . . . idle wenches . . . would rest their eyes upon the Chevalier and ask certain questions of him . . . whither he went and what he sought (after the manner of such women) . . . and endeavor to beguile him to their own undoing . . . seeing written upon his face his sworn purpose. . . . And he would have none of them, and would turn them away gravely. And some of them would no doubt eat powdered glass and die of grief (she

hoped they would). And some of them would hang themselves with their long fair hair to the tall crucifixes in their chapels . . . certainly a proper death for the queens . . . and some would content themselves with entering nunneries and live a life of eternal torment, clad in haircloth with chestnut burrs sewn into it. . . .

And she herself—if he did not return before her beauty had ceased to haunt all men—would journey far, to escape the madness of the Sieneſe Spring, to some cold and inaccessible mountains, and there become a nun and undergo every rigor of the flesh until she became the abbess of that convent on a snow-covered peak, and she would keep a light burning for travelers . . . until one night when a violent storm rang all the convent bells in their arches, and seven nuns knelt praying ceaselessly for all wayfarers lost on the road, there would be a knocking at the gate . . . and there he would be, frozen and tattered and hungry, returning from his quest and asking only a crust of bread in order to journey on . . . towards Siena.

And he would have the Elixir of Youth in a crystal vial. But he would not know her in her abbess robes.

And when he had gone out into the storm she would follow him, throwing away her coif to feel the snow sting her shaven head—but *must* it be shaven? Surely an abbess . . . having expiated her sins . . . might let her hair grow again . . . ?

And she would find him on the road at morning—dying, and still; not touching to his lips the crystal vial. . . . And they would drink it together, and no one would remember that she had been the austere abbess of an austere convent, and he a great scholar and a Chevalier.

And so the Donna Isabella spent her time, never doubting that he would return, and spurning graciously the offers—the implorings—of many a gallant gentleman (including the Duke of Palma and the King of Naples) and in

going to lay a *narciso* upon the graves of such as found life too unendurable without her . . . with great pity, as was her nature. . . .

And many a learned man of Siena came to visit her, to speak of many things of sober import, marveling that so beautiful a woman should have so deep a craving as she for erudition. Nor did they spare her the brunt of cold logic or the sad conclusions of their researches.

And she could see that these grave men of the University could not but be troubled by her beauty . . . but contained ably their impassioned feelings, out of respect for her . . . seeing that she brooded upon a cherished and secret sorrow. . . .

And a certain Messer Peruzzi, an architect, who was later to hold the great church of St. Peter in his hands for embellishment (but at this time unknown, a saturnine and lonely man) came to her house daily to speak to her of many things other than love . . . by which she knew he loved her . . . and he too marveled at her thirst for the dried figs of antiquity . . . and spoke to her always of his great art, and took a lonely pleasure in the companionship of this rare woman who could so readily understand his dreams of unbuilt cities and exquisite gardens. . . .

Time passed with a certain sad pleasure in it for the Donna Isabella!

And the Chevalier Denys Raoul de la Tour du Fec, riding forth from Siena, entered upon a restless and brooding life in many lands: first apprenticing himself to one of the Ruggieri in Florence to learn the art of distillation; subsequently going to Rome and there becoming the *confrère* of the renowned Dudleius Granessi, the perfume maker, who enjoyed the patronage of great ladies and knew many secrets. A learned and simple man, whose creed was rooted in the truth of that fallacy that the fabulous Elixir of Youth was to be found within the diaphanous confines of the art of Perfume, or that any essence of wine

(no matter how refined) could contribute any but a tincture to it.

"Seek further," advised Granessi, "and should you find the Elixir, bring back a drop to me in payment for my skepticism—which I have used as a scourge to your endeavors, friend!"

And during this time the Chevalier met and discoursed with many late toilers whose houses were shuttered by night and who slept by day, believing with Naceronius the mystic that Night reveals all things to the devoutly curious.

And from them he learned metallurgy, and the principles of alchemy, and a considerable surfeit of astrology and necromancy.

And in Venice he studied with the great Accusi, and in Nuremberg wrested some of the lesser secrets from the stars by the aid of the Doctissimus Gregorius Michaelis, *Præpositus Regius*, and in bleak Paris held the ladle for a time for Chrysostomo the Magus, a fanatical alchemist; knew Gaffarello the setter of gems, and d'Arcosse the Euclidian; and his zeal took him to Mount Athos, where in a monastery he was the pupil of Chimici the Vespian, and over many long years the Chevalier delved into magic both white and black, and in the deep dark learning of many men who dwelt in secret places—sages who had assumed the dread names of archangels in order to further their quests and lose identity—and from them he learned many dangerous things, and carried his life in his hands, even as far as the court of Genghis Khan, where he pursued his search, learning Chinese in order to converse with the geomancers of Cathay.

But always he came to the wall of basalt that hedged each of them into this sorry life from which they would escape.

Nevertheless, despite all discouragement the Chevalier returned one day to Siena, riding no other than his horse Torimund, the faithful companion of all his wanderings (except for those occasional times when he had had to leave him in surety for a sum of money, and Torimund ate patiently the mildewed

oats of usurers)—and forty years had passed, and *Primavera* again possessed the City of Siena as a lover. . . .

And a little of the dust of Luxor, as well as some of the fine cobwebs of Pergamon, clung to the Chevalier's raiment and his beard was very long and his face lined as a shriveled apple.

But in his eyes burned the unquenchable fire of love, and in his breast was a crystal bottle with a stopper of sardonyx—given him by Lothor the Egyptian scholar—and it contained a few drops of the fabulous Elixir of Youth. . . .

But who could say where he found it? There are things that legends do not hand down to us, *Misericordia et Lachrimæ!* And perhaps wisely.

And he rode straight from the Porta Camolla to the house of Donna Isabella, and an aged *portinaio* took Torimund his horse and then conducted the Chevalier past the frowning lions on the stairway to that same lofty room whose windows looked out upon the country of God as upon a new tapestry.

And to him came an old and faded woman with blue eyes like a child's memory of a summer sea, and he regarded her with amazement.

"But . . . *you* are not the Donna Isabella!" said he. And the dust of Luxor choked him somewhat.

And she held up to him a tarnished silver mirror, and said to him, sadly: "*Regard thyself, friend!*"

And looking into a mirror for the first time in forty years—having been too preoccupied for any self-regard—the Chevalier saw there the face of an old man with a beard to his belt. And in his slumbering vanity he was stricken sorely at the sight and endeavored to brush away the fine cobwebs of Pergamon from his eyes. But to no avail.

And for some time they did not speak, these two, but endeavored to recollect each other out of memory, and not as they were. (As people past the noonday will.)

And presently the Chevalier remembered that crystal vial with the stopper

of sardonyx, and drew it forth eagerly and with a trembling hand.

"Madonna! I love you! You commanded me . . . *here it is* . . . the Elixir that you sent me to find—was it not yesterday?"

And he would have placed the vial in her hands.

But the Donna Isabella would not have it. Perhaps she had waited overlong for it. Many a woman cannot wait for a thing—(says the old chronicler)—and when it is brought to her finally . . . she does not want it any longer.

"No . . . Messer Stranger," she said gently, "I do not wish Youth again . . . I have had it, and . . . I *still* have it!"

And as she spoke the sun danced upon the summer sea of her eyes.

"It was for *you* that I wanted it . . . the Elixir of Youth! *You* should have perpetual youth . . . not I. . . ." So spake both of them.

And in their eagerness, each to give the other the crystal vial, they contrived to let it fall, and it was broken upon the stone floor. . . .

And the precious purple liquid that was in that bottle was scattered there like so many petals of a violet torn to pieces.

But a perfume as of hyacinth brought from Cyprus filled the room. And a lark rose singing from the garden into the still noon air, and a very great silence encompassed them as they gazed at the glittering fragments of crystal between them on the floor.

"*You have dropped your wineglass, Chevalier!* . . . let me pour another for you," said the Donna Isabella. And it seemed to the Gascon, student of metaphysics and philosophy, that it was the lark who spoke to him.

And he looked at her in amazement, for she was, in truth, the same Donna Isabella whom he had that morning first seen in the Piazza of the Cathedral.

"But . . . *you are* . . . !" he exclaimed, and the dust of Luxor no longer choked him. And she held up the silver

mirror to him again—no longer tarnished, for she brushed it across her velvet sleeve as she did so—and she said to him, with some tender malice, “Regard *thyself*, friend!”

And the Chevalier saw no man with a long beard and a face like a shriveled apple, but no other than himself—a young man with the fearless eyes of youth.

And his wonderment grew like the tree of the conjuror, for he had had a terrible fear now that the vial lay broken upon the floor.

“Messer *Forestiere*—Messer Stranger—” said the Donna Isabella softly, “let us cast off the manacles of our youth and be wise . . . as wise, that is, as is necessary . . . for a morning in the Spring! *Imprimis* . . . it is incredible to me that you, a student of metaphysics, do not comprehend that a lifetime may pass in the twinkling of an eye! You do not value the teachings of the Doctissimi at the University, I fear!”

And she laughed, until the crystal glasses upon the table caught up her gaiety and echoed her mirth.

And still those cobwebs of Pergamon lingered across the Chevalier’s eyes, and he questioned, “But . . . Madonna . . . your husband . . . so kind and so wise . . . ?” he stammered in perplexity.

“He was a man whom I fancied marrying—in my fancy—somewhat—*yesterday!*” she answered, smiling. “He lives only in a book of legends that I read!”

“And your young brother, Madonna?”

“Ah . . . Chevalier . . . it is only too easy for a young woman, caught in the gossamer trap of a Spring morning, and providing herself with an elderly and orbearing husband—to provide in her fancy also a young brother in the Castel of San Angelo to be rescued!”

“But—the chains . . . ?” persisted the Chevalier, emerging from mystification but loath to yield up to disbelief those brave adventures of his.

“The chains of Siena hang rusting, no doubt, upon a wall in Perugia, my simple friend . . . *they* were the manacles of our youth . . . think you I would have sent you to that nest of cutthroats to bring home some foolish chains of iron? Is there one scar upon your left forearm, Chevalier, from the daggers of the Baglioni?”

And he must needs acknowledge that his forearm was as unscarred as a girl’s—except for a long scratch left him by Caterina, that complaining hussy, whose shoes had hurt her feet and who had, being in a rage, behaved somewhat as a cat, it is to be regretted!

(But of this the Chevalier did not speak to the Donna Isabella, though she regarded that scratch with some curiosity, you may be sure.)

The Gascon looked at the floor. The dream had crumbled like a bubble of glass at a harsh word. He was indeed confounded. These forty years of toil and hardship all gone for naught? Those honorable scars vanished? That young and wasted brother whom he had rescued—only a figment of fancy? The Conte dei Surresti—that grave and kind gentleman!—not to be considered? Those chains . . . ? *Pardieu!*

His mind seized upon the fragments of crystal that lay upon the floor, and the dark purple spots there.

“But . . . Madonna? The Elixir of Youth, that we had just now in a bottle?” he asked humbly, hoping to save even a crumb of the argosy.

“Chevalier . . .” spoke the lady, “regard *myself!*”

And seeing that in her eyes which no man could look upon without consternation of a pleasant quality, he was very glad indeed to know that all these things had yet to happen . . . if at all . . . and recovered with rapidity that readiness of speech and that impulsiveness to perceive the value of an occasion proper to a Gascon, a Chevalier, and a student of the science of metaphysics.

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON

In Tradition and in Fact

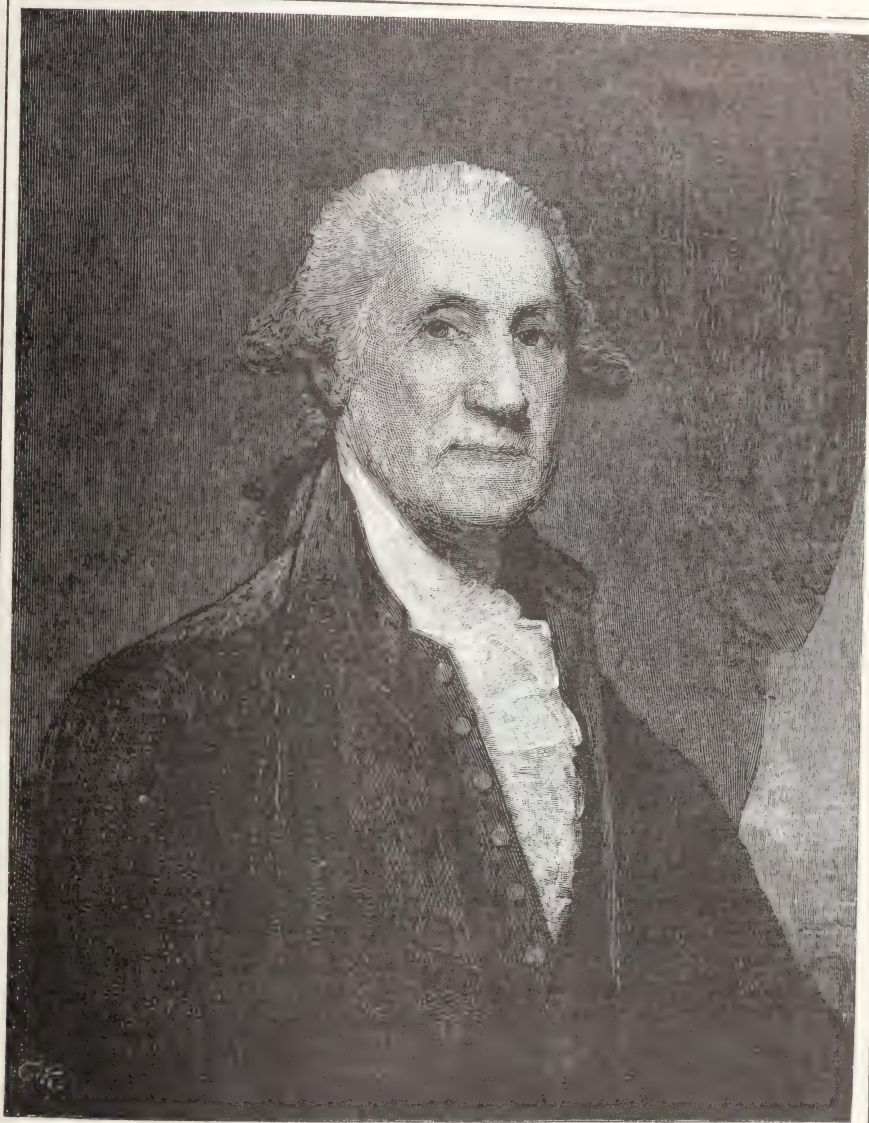
BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

IT is, as they say, a wise country that knows its own father. The floor of history is littered with the broken toys of factious nations; but their parents survive these dire upheavals. Torn flags, discolored laurels, violated constitutions lie about in heaps; and sad-eyed historians wade knee-deep in the wreckage, tidying up the nursery like anxious governesses after a party. Discarded heroes welter in their sawdust; patriotic reputations are damaged beyond repair; and there is a dismal profusion of maimed heraldic monsters. Leopards and unicorns and salamanders limp sadly into limbo; eagles of every shape—white eagles, eagles in crowns, two-headed eagles, eagles with thunderbolts, the little Roman eagle, and the brass eagles of the Empire—flap heavily after them; and the tiny owls of Athens go hooting, disconsolate, down the wind. There is even a faint, receding buzz from a disbanded swarm of Napoleonic bees. The simpler emblems—Bourbon lilies, bright Phrygian caps, sunbursts with gleaming rays, Braganza globes, and Tudor roses—are all faded and broken as the nations outgrow their bright-colored playthings. But their parents are, happily, of a more durable quality.

There is (it has been observed in family life) a permanence about parents. They are not easily outgrown. They do not fluctuate with tastes in toys. They can go out of fashion without going, like humbler objects, out of existence. Enduring with a fine persistence, they provide a constant background and an immutable tradition. Happy, therefore,

the nation that knows its parents. The knowledge gives to it a poise, a standing, which are denied to less fortunate races. Its achievement starts from a fixed point, and its splendid growth can be measured by an established standard. It can refer, at need, to the parental tradition; and its lineage may provide by turns a stimulus, a warning, and a boast. No clear analysis has yet been made of the effects of such parentage upon national history. It may emerge that nature sets an indelible stamp of superiority upon the brow of those happy races which know who their father was.

Possibly the world is a harder place for foundling nations. Perhaps the Roman owed his victories to a pervading consciousness of Romulus. Conceivably Englishmen, insufficiently aware of Caractacus and Boadicea, with breasts that rarely thrill to the name of Hengist (or even Horsa), owe the frequent embarrassments of British policy to their distressing lack of a common ancestor. How much simpler, in moments of uncertainty, was the Spartan's direct appeal to the tradition of Lycurgus, the Frenchman's (before Sedan) to Napoleon, or that clear memory of Bolívar which is the somewhat unsteady lodestone of a whole sub-continent. A country with a father seems to steer a more settled course. Its monuments are all the same. Its public speeches all end in the same way, its streets in the same square. Its policy is drawn after a fixed star. For they shine—the fathers of their country—with a cold,



"HE SITS A LITTLE STIFFLY IN THAT ALARMING COMPANY OF THE FOUNDERS"

From Stuart's first portrait of Washington, painted in 1795.

perpetual light; and none, in that chilly constellation, with a more unwinking beam than George Washington.

His status is, as it must remain, unchallenged. Father, beyond question, of his country, he sits a little stiffly in that alarming company of the founders of states, with Romulus and the others. Perhaps there are rather too many for-

eigners about for him to be altogether at ease. Perhaps the big, tilted head was always a little stiff on public occasions—and public occasions are all that remain for him now. No more a romp "with one of the largest girls"; or the exquisite anguish of writing verses (among the frontier surveys in his journal) to his "Lowland Beauty"; or "that

chaste and troublesome passion" for Miss Carey; or the pleasant thrill as Mrs. Washington rolled into camp before Boston behind her black postilions in the white and red. Nothing remains now but an eternity in his niche, where the Father of his Country, so admirably adapted to the exigencies of sculpture, stands frozen in his perpetual attitude. His dignity had always a slightly Chinese immobility. It inspired, perhaps, on the winter day in 1800—when the white ensigns hung at half-mast in the Channel and the First Consul listened with commendable patience to the obituary eloquence of M. de Fontanes—the melancholy tribute of the Celestial Empire. "In devising plans"—there is a grave, unwinking dignity about the Imperial style—"Washington was more decided than Ching Sing or Woo Kwang; in winning a country he was braver than Tsau Tsau or Ling Pi. Wielding his four-footed falchion, he extended the frontiers and refused to accept the Royal Dignity. The sentiments of the Three Dynasties have reappeared in him." At first sight the exquisite grotesques of that stiff embroidery, with which a pedantic patriot has enlivened the more sober homespun of his narrative, are little more than an engaging curio. But as one studies the official Washington there is the faint, disconcerting dawn of a resemblance. The Washington of parade—the stiff figure once eyed by respectful crowds, driving down to Congress behind the President's white liveries—has something of that immobility as it revisits annually the grateful memory of his countrymen. One seems to see the hand with the big knuckles pointing perpetually at an illegible scroll, or resting eternally upon a sword-hilt. The broad face, with the bleak gray eyes and the heavy jaw and the ill-fitting teeth which startled Mr. Ackerson of Alexandria, Va., is half forgotten. Anxious historians, familiar with General Washington and President Washington, conduct a desperate search for the missing George Washington. The

big angular man who once danced with the Boston ladies at Governor Shirley's has almost faded into a gesture of traditional statesmanship; and an awed posterity stares nervously at the tall figure in black velvet which stands *in loco parentis* to one-twentieth of the human race.

But there are certain drawbacks about parentage. The best parents are, oddly enough, the quickest to be forgotten; since a good father is so apt to be replaced in memory by the more shadowy figure of a still better father. Irreverent children frequently retain a precise image of their parents. But a more blameless offspring is rarely equal to this kindly service; since piety, which blurs the vision and impedes the memory, is singularly weak in portraiture. It seems to prefer the smooth, incredible finish of memorial sculpture to reality; it shrinks from fact into the calmer air of epitaphs. And in the outcome, favored reputations which might have engaged the reverence of the world are frequently overwhelmed by their own monumental masonry.

Washington has suffered almost equally from his own qualities and from the piety of his descendants. The father of his country has been deprived of his identity by his grateful children. A worse father might, perhaps, have been more accurately remembered. But the very faultlessness of that singular career seemed to invite the worst that pious ingenuity could do for him. He was incrustated with moral tales which equally repel belief and admiration; his noble figure was draped in the heavy folds of those Teutonic virtues which the Anglo-Saxon imagination erroneously attributes to the Romans; and he became a dismal embodiment, derived in equal parts from the copy book and the political platform, of those public qualities which every nation claims as its private birthright. Never, one feels, has a life of public service been worse rewarded by posterity. He saved, in a military sense he made, the Revolution: and its happy heirs have repaid him with a

withered nosegay of schoolgirl virtues. Misconceived panegyric has made him almost ridiculous; and chivalry dictates his rescue from the dull swarms of commonplace with which he has been belittled.

This sad defacement is not the work of envious foreign hands. While he lived, Washington enjoyed a singular freedom from hostile calumny, and after his death his enemies were generous: perhaps it is permissible to remark that his enemies were English. No other race idealizes in the same degree those against whom it has fought. One cannot recollect any graceful French tribute to Mr. Pitt or Count von Moltke; Germany still regards Napoleon through the strained eyes of 1813; Italian estimates of Count Radetzky are lamentably deficient in perspective; and even in Spain, so prone to acquiescence, a just appreciation of Bolívar is long overdue. But successful insurrection or victorious warfare against British armies is an unfailing passport to esteem in England. No calendar of her favorite saints is complete without St. Joan; no catalogue of patriots would evoke a single British cheer if it omitted a noble American, a blameless Boer, and an Irish name or so. Allies are scrutinized with a more dubious eye; but enemies receive, almost without distinction, a national tribute. Perhaps it is an inverted form of vanity; perhaps the national greatness requires the attribution (sometimes on slender grounds) of a corresponding greatness to enemies.

But the result in the case of Washington has been singularly happy. One cannot imagine that the nation's life, drawn from Persian sources, of Miltiades would exhibit in the same degree his better nature, especially if he had united with his own the more exasperating qualities of Aristides. Yet for Washington, British tradition has adopted almost without question the richest embroideries of American myth; and the responsibility for his strange disguise rests solely upon his countrymen. His

motives, his simple-minded statesmanship, even his military record have been accepted in England at their face value. The worst enemies of his just appreciation have been his political heirs, the beneficiaries of that lavish testament of freedom; and the problem, if one enters upon the arduous pursuit of truth, is to disengage the figure of Washington from the impenetrable shadow of the cherry tree.

The first essential of sound portraiture is background. The park, the looped velvet curtain, the invariably decisive sea fight behind him may tell so much about a sitter that is concealed by his impenetrable stare. Yet history, disdainful of significant detail, is lamentably apt to divorce her favorite characters from their surroundings; to present them in a statuesque isolation that is all pedestal and no perspective; to leave them, insulated and gasping for air, in a sort of historical vacuum. Perhaps that was why, in her stately pages, they so rarely contrive to live. Each in his niche, they eke out a dismal and motionless existence. They meet no one except historical characters of equal eminence; and, denied all society except the forced and frequently distasteful associates imposed upon them by historical parallels, they live like solitaries in a sort of historical Thebaid. This harsh treatment which has become our invariable tribute to true greatness is singularly misleading in its results, since, in separating a great figure from its background, we rob it of all perspective, deprive its attitude of meaning, and substitute a majestic effigy for the human figure which once moved in a living scene. Background, the full and accurate rendering of *milieu* is the first element of historical portraiture; and it is more than usually needed in the case of Washington if that impassive figure is to be rescued from the dull chisel of the monumental mason and persuaded to live outside the chilly walls of a national Valhalla.

Of all his contemporaries he is perhaps the easiest to place. Some men

prefer to live uneasily in advance of or comfortably behind the times. But others are unmistakably of their period—the “collector’s pieces” of history. Chatham might be an alarming *revenant* from the age of Elizabeth; and perhaps the Methodists oddly anticipate the spiritual quality of the Victorians. But Washington, in outline and in detail, was purely Eighteenth Century. That age, in a higher degree than almost any other, has stamped its products with the mark of their origin. Its prose, its painting, its chair-backs, its poets, its spoons, and its divines were almost uniformly true to period. There is a timelessness about Chartres or the great tower of Marrakesh, a generalized quality about Shakespeare or Velasquez which might assign them to any age of high achievement. But who could ascribe Mr. Burke to the wrong century? What critic could misdate Sir Joshua, what connoisseur misplace the work of Mr. Chippendale? It is not simple to analyze the common denominator which unites the various achievement of the century. Perhaps it was a pervasion of good manners. Art, strategy, politics, even theology seemed to become exercises in deportment. Polite philosophers aired their courtesy, and accomplished poets displayed their good breeding. Or perhaps the singular uniformity of the age derives only from a certain finish of surface, from an exquisite veneer which coated all its diverse products and lent to each of them a precisely identical gleam. The scene was lighted with a discreet and universal glow against which a deft troupe of traditional figures—the parson and the squire, the man of leisure and the man of taste, the libertine and the Methodist—performed their grave gyrations. The age, it seemed, was a delightful play with parts for everyone, since all talents could be accommodated with sonorous tragedy, elegant comedy by candlelight, or the broader scenes of life below stairs. Sometimes, perhaps, a person of spirit refused his role and survived, untrue

to his age, a living anachronism. But Washington accepted, and played to perfection, the part of squire.

His rendering of this character, so patient and so complete, appears to distress the more pedantic of his political heirs. They are, somehow, disappointed to find at the head of the triumphant insurrection against King George a figure so exquisitely Georgian. Indeed, for the patriotic *amateur* of heroic contrasts there must be something singularly exasperating in the performance. If only, one feels, he had realized the rich American future—what a gesture he might have made! But the *beau rôle* was irretrievably neglected. Washington obstinately refused to be a picturesque forerunner and clung to his grave decorum. A national hero who declines, however courteously, to oblige with a demonstration of the national characteristics must expect stern treatment. And as the tall, the rather terrifying squire of Mount Vernon moved stiffly through his strange career, he scandalized the more exacting patriotism of unborn observers. For there was something unforgivably, almost defiantly (dare one say?) British in his demeanor which left a loyal posterity with no decent alternative to a drastic repainting of his portrait. It was idle for him to urge in mitigation that civil wars, unhappily, engage upon both sides the same national qualities. Cromwell, he might plead, had been as English as King Charles; and Lee was no less American than Lincoln. But neither of these leaders of revolt founded a nation; and, by an unkind inversion, the father of his country is expected to take after his children. If Washington was at fault in this respect, posterity noted the dereliction and with a silent rebuke removed the traces of it.

Yet as one uncovers mechanically before the traditional effigy one parts with a faint regret from the real figure at Mount Vernon, from the solitary old gentleman riding round his farms in the sunshine, with “plain drab clothes, a



"ONE PARTS WITH A FAINT REGRET FROM THE REAL FIGURE AT MOUNT VERNON"
From the Howard Pyle drawing of Washington in his Mount Vernon garden.

broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to his saddle-bow." He seems, if one studies him rather among the voices and the color of his background than in the silent vacuum of history, a living person, who had been so true to class and to period. This unwitting father of a new world rode to hounds with a peer and a peer's brother. A fox-hunting squire in buckskin breeches and a blue coat, he jolted indomitably behind a pack, whose names—Singer and True-love, Music and Sweetlips—have more of "John Peel" than of the Rights of Man. He led the field on a big gray, while the ladies went round by the road and Mrs. Washington in her scarlet caught a glimpse of his jockey cap between the trees. The big man once thrashed a poacher with a gusto which would have evoked the sympathy of any Warwickshire bench; and when he rode in to sit with the Burgesses at Williamsburg, this master of hounds might well have been any Justice of the Peace that ever dismounted at a country courthouse to administer a well-bred approximation to the Common Law. On great occasions he rose to rare heights of equestrian elegance, with a family crest displayed at convenient points of his saddlery and a generous profusion of his white-and-scarlet livery in the cavalcade.

And he was no less true to race. Unmoved by the wanderlust which urges his unresting heirs upon their never-ending travels, he passed his long life in one continent, with the solitary distraction of a single excursion to the West Indies. Lacking their fine cosmopolitanism, he was rarely, one feels, at ease in the company of foreigners. So voluble as to be sometimes a little trying to a rather silent gentleman, they were lamentably prone to an excess of flourish in the field. They struck attitudes; they clanked; they looked, as no gentleman ever should, the part. With the exception of a purely technical respect for a competent German or so and a single

friendship (and that with a Marquis) they jarred upon a singularly unassuming soldier who had unlearned all *panache* since the brave Colonial days when Mr. Walpole had described him to Sir Horace Mann as "an excellent fanfaron"; and their more martial demeanor accorded ill with his grave, his perilously British distaste for uniform. In the same mood of unostentation he warned young Custis not to spend a ten-dollar bill on a gown at Princeton, since the classes might "be distinguished by a different insignia . . . otherwise you may be distinguished more by folly, than by the dress." It was a wary piece of counsel which might have been addressed from any manor house in Leicestershire to any college at Oxford. Foreigners, one recalls, were always making themselves conspicuous; and nothing could be more distasteful. So it is not surprising that a proposal to endow American education with a complete faculty from Geneva elicited grave Presidential fears of a "seminary of foreigners." Wholesale immigration is deplored (the terms would not be unbecoming to a Norfolk magistrate during an influx of Flemings) if the immigrants are to "retain the language, habits and principles, good or bad, which they bring with them. Whereas by an intermixture with our people, they or their descendants get assimilated to our customs, measures and laws; in a word, soon become one people." The long search for a true Americanism seems to start from sentiments which delightfully resemble British insularity expanded to embrace a continent.

He had, like any gentleman of the age, his moments of modish cosmopolitanism, when "I trust you think me so much a citizen of the world as to believe I am not easily warped or led away by attachments merely local and American; yet"—true to race again—"I confess I am not entirely without them, nor does it appear to me that they are unwarrantable, if confined within proper limits." The Anglo-Saxon is rarely equal to an

exalted sense of international duty; and when the brotherhood of man appeared in an awkward gleam of French bayonets behind the beating drums of 1793, the President, no less than Mr. Pitt, remembered that brotherhood begins at home. The slow growth of his distaste for the French Revolution is one of the most instructive operations of that ingenuous mind. It cannot, one feels, have alarmed him because it was a revolution, since in his time he had made a revolution himself. But may the fatal cause have been that it was French? Even at the outset, when the thundering fall of the Bastille was still in the air and London was ringing with the shrill jubilation of Mr. Fox, he was guarded in his predictions. As the note deepened in the Place de la Révolution and the French proceeded in their dreadful way to the logical conclusion of their opinions, he drew the hem of the young Republic's garment tightly round her in the ample gesture of neutrality, and passed by. And when the egregious Genet landed with his antics and his eloquence and his deplorable style, he was confronted by a bland, a courtly, but an indubitable fragment of the *ancien régime*. Washington was never more completely the Whig gentleman than in his attitude to the French Revolution. He had always worn the blue and buff of a Virginia colonel. Three thousand miles away it was the Whig uniform; and there is so much in his temper that leads one to expect him, when the cloth is removed, to lift a port glass to "Buff and blue, and Mrs. Crewe." Yet he would not, one feels, have followed Mr. Fox. He must surely have applauded the grave, comminatory eloquence of Mr. Burke. He would have denounced regicide with a stern forefinger in the House of Commons; and when the Duke of Portland brought the Whigs over, Mr. Washington would have stood firmly with Mr. Pitt. He might, he must have sat with him in Cabinet. There is nothing incongruous in the combination. One can almost see the big jaw and the black

suit on the Treasury Bench, watch the large knuckles on the despatch box, read the measured speech in *Hansard*. There was nothing in Washington to prevent it. But, born beyond the sea, he became by an alternative destiny the first American (and, perhaps also, the last Englishman) to govern the Thirteen Colonies.

One is far from asserting that George Washington was an Englishman astray in Colonial politics; since it would be rash as well as tactless to lodge a British claim to someone else's national hero. His whole achievement was impeccably American. He stood, he fought, he planned for the United States. He was, more truly than most men of whom it is said, the father of his country. But countries have grandparents as well; and as one watches the long shadow of Washington on the wall of history, one is aware of a growing certainty that he took strongly after his mother—after the suave, reserved, well-mannered England of the Eighteenth Century, when unhurried gentlemen, avoiding all parade, sedately undertook their public duties and bowed to one another a little stiffly. He seemed, as it were, to play an American part with the faintest suspicion of an English accent. He saw with a surprising clarity the broad vision of a continent controlled by a single people. Such visions are apt, in other races, to breed visionaries. But perhaps there was a colder, more northern light in the level eyes which saw their vision in terms of sound finance and waterways. Even in his military achievement one sometimes catches a queer echo of his enemies. It is the depressing destiny of British commanders to conduct military operations on behalf of legislative bodies. With an acute sense of their imperfections and a lively resentment of their control, they victoriously extend their boundaries in a mood which must always recall the somewhat uncertain relations of General Washington to Congress. Mr. Walpole might allude with graceful erudition to Fabius

and Camillus and the institution of dictatorship. But it was the misfortune of the American dictator, which must engage the sympathy of all British soldiers, that his Senate remained in constant session. Like one of Washington's fox-hunting brigadiers, he gave the view-halloo when he saw the redcoats through the raw mist of a winter morning at Princeton and called the affair "an old-fashioned Virginia fox-hunt, gentlemen." His major problem in the war had a still more British flavor. The scanty armies of Great Britain are frequently reduced to a defensive. Indeed, since necessity often compels a British commander to preserve a force which is his country's sole resource, one may almost term it the national mode of war. Cohesion in retreat and steadiness in prolonged defense are rare virtues in military history; and in Europe they recur, more frequently than elsewhere, in British battle-honors. The trailing march of Moore's exhausted men across the black hills, under the pale skies of a Spanish winter, until they heard the waves in Corunna Bay and turned to fight; the long road from the piled and tumbled rocks of Beira, by way of Busaco, to the great ridge of hills where the guns grinned northward in the Lines and Wellington outfaced the French; the blinding sunlight of a later summer, by which the left of an Allied line stumbled, unbeaten, southward toward Paris until it halted and held along the Marne—these things are in the direct tradition of British warfare. They seem to follow in an unvarying succession, by which retreat is an inevitable prelude of victory. That it is not so with all fighting nations is clear from one singular contrast: Mons is an honored name for Englishmen, but to French ears there is a sinister ring in Moscow. That, surely, is the military tradition in which Washington lived. He was, before all else, a master of deft withdrawals and stubborn defense. In other modes he had, at times, considerable successes. But they seem somehow less significant of

himself than his central achievement: Trenton may be, in one view, little more than a neat Colonial raid, and Yorktown was a hammer-blow which owed at least as much to the anvil of French sea power as to the steady hammer of the Continental troops. But he did, one feels, a far greater thing in the long defensive which maintained an American army in existence from 1777 to 1780. That was the core of Washington's work as a soldier. Its name, if it needs a name, was Valley Forge. So perhaps there is truth as well as courtesy in General Cornwallis' words when he proposed a toast at dinner in a mixed company by the York River in 1781, and addressing his host, observed that "when the illustrious part that your Excellency has borne in this long and arduous contest becomes matter of history, fame will gather your brightest laurels rather from the banks of the Delaware than from those of the Chesapeake." Those operations had been an admirable exercise in the British tradition, with American variants. There was more than a touch, at times, of the fringed shirt; but the red coat seemed always visible beneath it. Mr. Walpole made little learned jokes about *Caius Manlius Washingtonius Americanus*. But the General was not a Roman. Perhaps no man was ever Roman except on his monument. Yet the bad Latin seems to fling a gleam of light on the tall figure which stands so still in the shadows. For he was surely of the stiff company—*Vicecomes . . . Armiger . . . Comes de . . .*—whose images smile disdainfully at their dog Latin in country churches. He lived in that grave tradition of good manners; and in it, with an unwavering finger on his pulse, he gravely died. At his burial there were three volleys and a salvo of guns. But, with an informality that must seem curious in such a case, he never lay in state. The omission has been abundantly repaired; and it is his tragedy that his reputation has been lying in state ever since.

THE CONQUEST OF SCARLET FEVER

BY ERNEST GRUENING

WHAT are the truly important events of the current year? What will future chronologists decide? Circumnavigation of the globe? Emergence of a new American political party? The European financial settlement? Japanese exclusion from the United States?

An "Epitome of History" which we used in college not so many years ago thus summed up the year 1798: "Passage of Alien and Sedition Laws in the United States. The French occupy Rome and proclaim the Roman Republic. Annexation of Geneva and other portions of Switzerland to France. Archduke Charles takes command of the Austrian armies under the Coalition. Ferdinand IV of Naples urged by Queen Caroline takes up arms against the French." . . . And much more of the same. But not a word about the discovery of an English physician which rid the world of the plague of smallpox. Where are the Alien and Sedition Laws, the Roman Republic, French Geneva, and the descendants of the Archduke Charles to-day? Yet vaccination marches triumphantly and beneficently on.

So, one guess being as good as another, and some—to borrow the Irishman's epigram about America—a whole lot better, one may venture that coming chroniclers will not overlook one happening of 1924 which was consummated in the quiet of a Chicago laboratory. History will not always be a succession of political movements and battles—at least not of man against man. "Peace hath," etc. The event in question, though unheralded and little known, is such a victory—after more than ten years' effort. It is the conquest of scarlet fever.

The victory belongs to two young

Chicago scientists, Doctor George Frederick Dick and Doctor Gladys Henry Dick. More than a decade ago they met in the research laboratories of the Rush Medical College in Chicago. A native of Fort Wayne, a graduate of its schools, and later a student at the University of Indiana, George Frederick Dick had in his adolescent days determined on medicine as a career. He was graduated from Rush Medical in 1905 and soon thereafter was instructing its students.

To Chicago, to the laboratories where Doctor Dick was teaching and studying, there came from Baltimore a young woman, Doctor Gladys R. Henry. After her four years' course at Johns Hopkins (one of our few great medical schools, let it be recorded again to its credit, which admit women) she was awarded a year's internship at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and the responsible post of assistant resident physician. Rewards in the scientific world take the form of opportunities for further service. She too from childhood had nourished the ambition to be a doctor. She relates that at the early age of five her mother had taken her to see a neighbor's sick child. While she was there the child had a fit. The spectacle fascinated her. Her future calling was then and there determined. In due course of time her state university sent her forth equipped as a Bachelor of Science.

So these young people met in the laboratory. They were of the same age. They had a common bond of interest in their work. Both were consumed with the desire for research—to delve into the mysteries of nature which the laboratory, the fever-infested jungle, and the

perilous frontiers of knowledge everywhere will disclose to those who are willing to work perseveringly and without thought of self. Often they pondered and discussed which of the many fields of medical investigation seemed most promising.

"We concluded," they told me, "that the study of acute contagious diseases offered the most hopeful field, not merely because of the immediate devastation which they cause, but because of their after-effects in bringing about many of the illnesses of late and middle life. Finally we decided that scarlet fever afforded the most important opportunity. Diphtheria antitoxin had been in use for years, and the prevention of diphtheria was close at hand. The incidence of typhoid had been greatly reduced through the newly elaborated vaccine. Here was scarlet fever, on which a lot of work had been done, just as baffling as ever with its trail not only of child mortality but its far more widespread sequels of deafness, blindness, crippling rheumatism, and heart and kidney disease."

Now a few years before this the McCormick Institute for Contagious Diseases had been founded by Mr. and Mrs. Harold McCormick, of the well-known and philanthropic Chicago family. It was erected as a memorial to their seven-year-old son who had died of scarlet fever. The donors hoped that in its laboratories might be found a solution to banish the tragedy which had befallen them and so many other parents.

There Doctor George Dick went to work. Doctor Henry, meanwhile, was in charge of the laboratory of the Children's Memorial Hospital, where she had ample opportunity to study scarlet-fever cases and made the most of it. Indeed she was constantly exposed to contagion and finally herself contracted the disease. Upon her recovery, both decided that they could work more effectively together. So Doctor Henry followed Doctor Dick to the McCormick Institute. They had become engaged. In January, 1914, they were married

Theirs was to be a life-partnership in the fullest sense of the word.

Their attack on scarlet fever followed a strategy already made familiar by experimental work on other contagious diseases. They sought first of all to discover the microbe which caused scarlet fever—if a microbe it should prove to be. To find the cause is an almost essential preliminary to any effort to prevent or cure a contagious disease.

Now the field which the Dicks were invading was not unexplored. But previous explorers had come back almost emptyhanded. For nearly a generation, scientists had been ferreting into its secrets, which, while often seemingly near disclosure, remained unrevealed. Time after time the laboratory seemed to point to a certain variety of the large and destructive streptococcus family as the germ responsible for scarlet fever. Back in 1902, Moser, a Viennese scientist, had actually made a serum from this particular germ, the *streptococcus hemolyticus*—that is, that variety of the family which disintegrates blood—and obtained some promising results. But he was unable to confirm these satisfactorily and to establish conclusive findings. Time and again other bacteriologists presumed the guilt of the hemolytic streptococcus after discovering it in great numbers in the throats and other organs of scarlet-fever patients. It remained for the Dicks to establish it definitely and thus make possible further progress.

For many years their headway was negligible. Numberless cultures of bacteria were made from the throats, blood, organs, and secretions of scarlet-fever patients. Countless injections of these cultures, with endless variations in technique, were made into guinea pigs in the hope of producing scarlet fever experimentally. When these efforts failed new variations of cultivating the bacteria were essayed. When these results were still negative other laboratory animals were tried—mice, pigeons, rabbits, dogs, and even small pigs—in vain. Many of



DOCTORS GEORGE AND GLADYS DICK

"There is a fine detachment and serenity about them both."

the animals became ill from the bacterial injections but none developed the typical rash and peeling of the skin that permitted a diagnosis of scarlet fever. Finally the Dicks came to the conclusion that animals were not susceptible to the disease, and that if they wanted to pursue their researches further along the same line they would have to use human subjects.

What follows is a stimulating chapter in the long history of self-sacrifice for the advancement of knowledge. It was a crucial moment in the conquest of scarlet fever. The work of the Dicks was

known to their friends and acquaintances. A number of them volunteered. Experimenting on them was begun.

But even yet there was no plain sailing. For a time the Dicks experimented with the utmost care and ingenuity, but without conclusive findings. Finally the trail appeared to grow warm. They seemed to be on the verge of the long-sought discovery—identification of the scarlet-fever microbe. With a culture of these germs they had apparently produced the disease. But there was some question as to the purity of the culture. Possibly some infinitesimally minute

germ, defying detection, had been mixed with it. Scientists deal only with facts. And facts are not facts until checked and rechecked beyond the possibility of error. Their hopes are not announced to the public. A series of control experiments were planned. Then the shadow of the Great War fell athwart the laboratory bench. For the time the research to save civilian life on one sector of man's age-long struggle with nature yielded to the imperative call to tend the casualties inflicted by other men. Æsculapius enlisted under the banner of Mars. Doctor George Dick headed a medical unit overseas. Doctor Gladys Dick "carried on" alone. Just as she was about to inaugurate the tests which were to demonstrate conclusively the identity and characteristics of the isolated germ as the causative agent of scarlet fever, she was stricken in the influenza epidemic that swept the country. Her co-worker was in France. When she was able some weeks later to return to the laboratory, the culture medium—the jelly or brothlike substance in which germs are grown and on which they depend for sustenance—had dried up. The "colonies" of bacteria in the tube had all died. The story of scientific progress is strewn with such wrecks of high hopes. The premature death of Archimedes at the hands of a Roman soldier, and the lighted candle upset among his papers by Sir Isaac Newton's dog are exceptional only in that they have come down to us well advertised.

No sooner had demobilization taken place than the Dicks resumed their work. The threads of Doctor George Dick's private practice, broken and scattered by his absence in the service, had to be picked up. For it was on this income that the two workers depended. Before the War the Institute had made them a nominal allowance. Thereafter they received no remuneration whatever for their work. The laboratory furnished the equipment and paid the customary fees to some of the volunteers—nothing more.

Fortunately there was no dearth of this human laboratory material. (Possibly, some day, grateful nations will erect a monument to the "unknown subject.") Among them were some who had lost close relatives, brothers or sisters, from scarlet fever. One young mother who had thus lost a child came and insisted that she be allowed to offer her body for these experiments. Such sacrifices were not devoid of suffering or of risk. The volunteers were variously injected or their throats were swabbed with the secretions of scarlet-fever patients, with the deliberate purpose of producing the disease itself by one of these various methods and with one of a variety of germ cultures. Needless to say, the Dicks, adhering to the custom of all true scientists, never hesitated to inoculate themselves with any of the toxic substances used on the volunteers. But in their continued exposure they had themselves long since contracted scarlet fever and were therefore useful in only a fraction of the experiments, when definitely immune subjects were required. Yet there were other risks. "In all these experiments," they stated, "we first inoculated ourselves with whatever variety of material was to be used in inoculating the volunteers. Both of us had had scarlet fever and the preliminary inoculations of ourselves were done to determine whether or not the material to be used had any pathogenic action other than the production of scarlet fever."

The volunteers were as a rule healthy men and women between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. Every variety of inoculation was tried upon them. Their throats were swabbed with serums, throat secretions, and blood from scarlet-fever patients; the material was injected into their systems hypodermically. The same processes were repeated with variously grown cultures of the hemolytic streptococcus originating from some scarlet-fever case. But these experiments proved unsuccessful. Either the Dicks were wholly on the wrong

tack or there was a missing link, an unknown factor, or error somewhere in their highly complex bacteriological technic. As late as 1921 the Dicks published their conclusion that "the throat inoculation experiments constitute a series sufficiently large to discourage further experiments of the same kind with hemolytic streptococci." Yet they were not discouraged. Had they gone no farther they would have added one more creditable failure to the long list—a failure sufficiently impressive perhaps to turn future investigators into other channels. But they did not stop. Certainly the oldest American tradition—for Columbus began it—is of the fellow who doesn't know when to turn back.

Two years later, in the midst of continued experimentation, a new variant was made possible. A nurse taking care of a scarlet-fever patient acquired the disease. Two days before the symptoms were noted in her, she had a sore finger. On the second day of the disease a culture made from that sore revealed chiefly the hemolytic streptococcus. This was isolated until an apparently pure culture was obtained. Five volunteers were selected and their throats swabbed with the then four-day-old cultures. Three of the volunteers experienced no effect whatever. A fourth had fever and sore throat for several days. The fifth, a woman of twenty-five, developed a typical scarlet fever.

It was still necessary to exclude one more possibility—namely, that some virus associated with the germ, and perhaps not detectable by known methods, had produced the disease. This possibility was eliminated by filtering out the germs themselves and inoculating another series of volunteers with the germless material which had passed through the filter. When these inoculations proved ineffectual, this same series of volunteers was again inoculated with the unfiltered material. The result was another typical case of scarlet fever. Scarlet fever had been produced

experimentally, its causative germ had been identified, and the basis for proceeding to the conquest of the disease was established. These results were made known in October, 1923.

The next steps followed in rapid succession. Long experimentation in this and other contagious diseases has shown that the germs which cause a given illness generate a poison, or toxin, in the body of the patient. It is this poison which circulates in the blood and causes the general symptoms, such as fever, chills, rash, nausea, or whatever else they may be. It has also been shown that after a time this toxin stimulates the manufacture in the body of an antitoxin which counteracts the poison. This is nature's own method of overcoming the disease. If the antitoxin is formed in sufficient amount and strength to neutralize the poison, the patient recovers—otherwise he dies. So far-reaching have been the discoveries concerning the body's own mechanism for combating disease, and their implications and presumptions of rendering outside aid to this process, that medicine has developed from them the ever-increasingly important sub-science of immunology.

Applying known principles, clearly established in the defeat which immunology has inflicted on diphtheria—namely, the possibility of supplying external aid to the body in the erection of its internal defenses against the invading microbe armies—the Dicks immediately sought to manufacture in the laboratory and to put to use the toxin which the germs make in the body they have invaded. The technic varies in this procedure. Suffice it to say that when the germ is grown in a suitable medium and at a certain temperature which closely approximate the soil and climate within the human body, a liquid is formed and is available in the test tube. This contains the toxin, and from it, of course, the germs which have produced it can be filtered out.

The Dicks followed this procedure

with the hemolytic streptococcus. By injecting a highly diluted amount of it between the layers of the skin, they found that persons who had had the disease showed no reaction, while a large proportion of those who had never had it showed, within twenty-four hours, a small area of reddening around the site of the injection. A long series of experiments demonstrated that this test—now known as the “Dick test,” and analogous to the “Schick test” for diphtheria—is a conclusive method of testing the individual’s susceptibility or immunity to scarlet fever. The test has already shown that a certain proportion of persons who have never had scarlet fever are immune. Babies of immune mothers have a definite immunity in the early months of life. The immunity then generally fades toward the end of the first year, and childhood is the most susceptible age. Scarlet fever has hitherto ranked as the fifth most fatal ailment in the second quinquennium of life and three-quarters of all its fatalities occur in the first decade. It should not be forgotten also that few diseases are more prone to maim when they do not kill. The immunity increases with advancing years and is greater in city dwellers than in country folk. The former have doubtless acquired a certain immunity through contact with attenuated strains of the scarlet-fever germ.

The “Dick test” was the first positive advance in the conquest of the scarlatinal foe. But the grand charge upon him followed at once. Larger amounts of this same toxin injected into persons with a positive skin test—that is, who were susceptible to scarlet fever—caused the skin test, when applied a few weeks later, to become negative. In other words, they had been made immune. The toxin injected into their bodies, minus the devastating germs and in dilutions and at intervals sufficiently great to cause no hardship, had stimulated the formation of the protecting anti-toxin. Although differing in process and in detail, the same underlying principle

that has enabled science to control smallpox, and that is enabling it to move steadily toward the elimination of typhoid fever and diphtheria, had been applied to the prevention of scarlet fever.

An interesting index of the importance of correlating the discoveries of the laboratory and their practical use for the community was at once furnished. The Dicks, following scientific practice, made their discovery known to the scientific world and prepared to supply toxin to whatever competent health authorities desired it until such time as others had acquired the technic of making it. Their output was limited only by the length of the day and the time required for the process itself. It was sent to New York, to Harvard University, and to the University of Iowa. In New York, where the Board of Health Laboratories have for thirty years been directed by that eminent bacteriologist, Doctor William H. Park, the vital importance of the discovery was not merely appreciated—immediate advantage was taken of it. By the personal ministration of Doctor Abraham Zingher, one of its assistant directors, thousands of children in the city’s private and public schools were—with their parents’ consent, of course—given the “Dick test” and, when found susceptible to scarlet fever, were immunized. The process is a harmless one. A tiny puncture is made on the forearm, the toxin is injected, and this process is repeated at five-day intervals. In the majority of cases the children feel no ill effect whatever. In a few there is a brief indisposition; a very occasional case reports a slight rash.

The significance of this discovery is that scarlet fever need no longer exist. Its presence in any civilized community hereafter will be as much of a social crime as a case of smallpox. For a considerable period, of course, cases will occur—while the news of the Dicks’ discovery travels and until other health authorities show themselves as up-and-comers as those of New York.

And what is to be done for such cases?

It is a *preventive* of which we have hitherto been speaking, not a cure. Injections of toxin are not applicable to patients who have already contracted the disease, within whose tissues the warfare between germs and anti-bodies has already begun. Small consolation it would be to a mother whose child is stricken to-morrow with scarlet fever, to be told, "If you'd only had your child immunized!" Well, for even such patients there is hope far beyond what existed six months ago. In August the newspapers reported that one of the daughters of the King of Italy had scarlet fever. For her, had her parents known it, there was a royal road to recovery—in democratic America.

No sooner had the Dicks made the prevention of scarlet fever a fact than they tackled the one remaining phase of the problem—the cure of the disease when it has already begun. They had produced a toxin which confers immunity. They now set about to produce an antitoxin which, when injected into the body of a scarlet-fever patient, will by that amount add to the body's own production of antitoxin. In a sense the Dicks were not now sailing on uncharted seas. In the fight against diphtheria it was the antitoxin—to be given to persons actually stricken—which was first made available; the "Schick test" and immunization with toxin came later. In their work on scarlet fever the Dicks reversed the order. Also, for some time the injection of convalescent serum—that is, serum taken from the blood of persons recovering from scarlet fever, and therefore high in antitoxin content—has been known to be beneficial in the treatment of new scarlet-fever cases.

Briefly, the Dicks produced the scarlet-fever antitoxin by injecting increasing amounts of the scarlet-fever toxin into a horse. Before this process of immunization on the horse was begun, the horse's serum was tested for any possible antitoxic virtue it might possess by mixing it in various combinations with toxin, and testing the combinations on

human beings. These tests showed that extremely weak solutions of the toxin were not neutralized by the serum. After immunization of the horse it was found that its serum contained antitoxin in great quantities which could be approximately estimated by the above method of mixing serum and varying dilutions of the laboratory-made toxin, and testing the product on susceptible human beings. This antitoxin has already been tried in scarlet-fever cases with highly beneficial effects. Every presumption is in its favor that as in the case of the diphtheria antitoxin it will check and shorten the course of any case of scarlet fever if given early enough. But in announcing the discovery of the antitoxin, Doctor George Dick stated characteristically that "its therapeutic value can be determined only by the results obtained from its employment in a large series of cases that have been carefully controlled."

Here we have accuracy, of course—the word is almost synonymous with science. But what are the synonyms for scientist? Under that modern method of instruction known as the "case system" the Dicks would furnish a complete answer. On a recent visit to Chicago I found them modest, reticent about their part in the epoch-making discovery which justly bears their name; shy at the very thought of publicity, of discussion of their work in any but the approved and orthodox scientific journals. At one of the sessions of the seventy-fifth Congress of the American Medical Association, Doctor Abraham Zingher, who has had more practical experience in the application of the Dick discoveries than any other practitioner, read a paper in which the representatives of the American medical profession were told for the first time of the results that had been and would be achieved in the elimination of scarlet fever—and the assembled doctors rose to their feet in spontaneous applause and called loudly for "Dick." But neither of the Doctors Dick responded.

Taking advantage of the fact that the room had been darkened for a display of lantern slides, they had slipped quietly away at the first sign of a personal tribute. As a measure of worth, this ovation from a group of men to whom science is a common denominator and the scientist *per se* a relatively unimportant unit—an instrument in the tireless search for truth—was more significant than column-miles of newspaper fame. For seldom in the triumphant history of science has the story of purpose, of effort, and of accomplishment achieved such unity. Scientific knowledge is of course a steadily growing edifice, each generation laying its offerings on what the preceding one built. But rarely in this vast structure, with its multitude of devoted craftsmen, does it fall to one or two wholly to create and execute a single minaret of achievement. Jenner accidentally stumbled upon vaccination—the credit is none the less his; others were blind to the same opportunity. A half-dozen great names in as many parts of the world are linked with the accretive victory over diphtheria. The work of the Dicks was deliberately undertaken by them in a laboratory dedicated to that purpose, and in the face of reverses, interruptions, sacrifices

of body and purse, was carried through to a successful conclusion.

Seeing this couple, still young, their spirit shining with the selflessness of the scientist, I could not but feel a sense of humility and reverence for the concept of values which their lives embody. How completely they looked the part! He is tall, gentle in his movements, his blond hair thinned, slightly graying; in his large pale-blue eyes an abstract, a wholly unworldly contemplation. Intellect, perseverance, a level confronting of realities are written on her broad brow, her cleanly chiseled nose and firm chin, in her deep-set brown eyes. There is a fine detachment and serenity about them both. They will suffer—and I hope, forgive me—for this personal touch. From the moment I saw them there flashed into my mind the analogy of two other scientists who in another land too had met in the laboratory, had resolved to join their lives and serve there together, and had highly achieved—not only in the finding of truth but in a life-saving contribution to their own and future generations. I could not help thinking of the Dicks then, as I do now, as the American Curies. Theirs is, supremely, the romance of American science.

CALL IT STREAM OR BIRD

BY ALICE CORBIN

CALL it stream or bird,
 Call it flower or sun,
 Whatever started love in me,
 The mystery's begun!

Whatever name it wears,
 The mood is still the same,
 And whether the spring be false or true,
 It fills the breast with flame—

And I am not the first
 Who, following the stream,
 Came on a reed he thought a girl,
 And loved and clasped a dream!

MADONNA AND CHILD

SCHOOL OF MASSYS

[*Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine*]

TO have traveled through Europe some time in the decade 1520-30 with the speed that to-day makes Antwerp little more than forty-eight hours away from Florence would have brought an overwhelming impression of the fertility of the Renaissance. To have been able to recognize the importance of Michelangelo's mighty sculptures on the Medici tombs while they were still new; to have seen Holbein painting at the English court; heard tales at first hand of Leonardo's innovations, Memling's delicacy, Van der Weyden and Van der Goes; to have found a "modern" art in Antwerp where Patinir was busy painting craggy landscapes—not only as Leonardo had done but with a new fondness for his own winding countryside and a hundred intimate views of Flemish life—this would be overwhelming proof of the energy of this great epoch.

In the picture reproduced on the cover one traces a faint outline of the period. Painted by a follower of the Antwerp "modernists," it has been variously considered as the work of Quentin Massys, of his school, and of an unnamed painter—the Master of the Mansi Magdalene. The face of the Virgin tells of Memling's influence, distant by two generations. The crags behind her head tell of Leonardo's influence by way of Patinir. The painter himself seems to have been curious about sentiment, and although he was here painting a religious picture, his hand was putting down with gentle touch his personal feelings for a quiet scene—time, late afternoon; the baby lifts his serious face to be kissed; the mother, traditional in pose, is made to appear absorbed in her child. It is all tender, even to the painting of the castle on the hill and the high bridge to the right of the figures.

Massys' work and a landscape in Patinir's style may also be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, surrounded by other pictures of the early sixteenth century. The artistic personalities of these men are better known than the facts of their lives. The very name of Massys is variously spelled Metsys or Messys. Many worked in his manner, or in Patinir's. Several collections in this country contain panels which suggest the character of this whole artistic family.

The painter of the Madonna on the cover might have been a friend or pupil of the Antwerp masters. Anonymous as he is, he yet stands for the excellence attained by those lesser Northern painters who learned early in the expansive air of the Renaissance to adapt Italian manners to the delight in realism which was inherited from Gothic times. Later, Italianism smothered what was forceful in Flemish art. But in 1525 this had not taken place. The Madonna is still a loving Flemish mother, and the child returns her affection with a realistic reserve—a fitting picture for that holiday which is itself maternal in spirit—Christmas.

ALAN BURROUGHS.

THE LION'S MOUTH



PORTRAIT OF A CONNOISSEUR

BY IRWIN EDMAN

WETHERBY'S rooms are part of him,
 His ambient ether; in the dim
 Shadows of purple lamps he walks
 On soundless carpets while he talks
 In velvet tones, or softly plays
 Strains of Stravinsky, strokes a vase
 Of tall svelte china, or delights
 His eyes in thin-lined black-and-whites.
 His books all rich in red-and-gold,
 Lush in their vellum bindings, hold
 The silken spirits by whose word
 His own is to vibration stirred.
 "Life is an art," he says, "a bit
 Of music to the exquisite;
 Clear trills tuned subtly to the ear
 Fastidiously tuned to hear;
 Vials of color that secrete
 Their poignance to the pure aesthete."
 And so he nurses—he can do,
 This richling, what he pleases to—
 By light and leisurely degrees
 His fine-strung sensibilities;
 Buys himself beauty, threads the host
 Of storied stones old cities boast,
 Critically sips liqueurs, peruses
 Pellucid and Parnassian Muses.
 Nothing else matters, though the world
 Go mad, he sits securely curled
 Amid his cushions and his choice
 Comrades and etchings; his hushed voice
 Revealing neither grief nor haste,
 Nor any such loud lack of taste.

He passes thus from rare to rare
 Sensation with half-languid care,
 Rising to such high heavens few
 Can sight his stars, or say they do.

Henceforth he'll sweeten all his own
 Cool esoteric joys alone,
 Until he dies, and, unimpressed,
 Treads the bright precincts of the blest,
 Where trust to his well-practiced eyes
 To find the flaws in Paradise,
 And teach the angels to behold
 Rifts in the ivory and gold.



OUTLINE OF WHISKERS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

TO-DAY the Outline's the thing.
 Since Wells (the other Wells)
 started the ball rolling with his blue
 print of this Footstool nearly everything
 has been outlined, or will be. So, why
 neglect whiskers? One of the greatest
 forces, psychologically speaking, the race
 has gloried in or suffered from.

Prehistoric man (to begin as all Out-
 lines should begin) was whiskered. In
 fact, he was pretty much all whisker.
 And this explains a lot.

You see, the *Pithecanthropus Erectus*
 stood up to shave!

You can have a haircut but you can't
 have your whiskers trimmed on all-fours.
 So he had to get up. And he's been
 uppish ever since.

Once started, they kept at it. The
Neanderthalers shaved to have their
 fossils taken. Then came the *Piltdown*
 men, so-called because of incipient
 beards and small downy mustaches,

much like the plastic youth of to-day. The Cavemen, like the other fur-bearing animals of their time, had oodles of whiskers. This gave them their ferocious appearance and helped to intimidate their wives. But women didn't frighten easily, even then, and so the men had to resort to clubs—but not the kind they resort to now.

As time crawled along—you know how slowly it went in those days—the fancy whisker came into vogue. The Assyrians, as they came down like wolves on folds, affected a most remarkable bearding. It was like rows and rows of anchovies—the curled-around kind that comes in glass. The Babylonians, who hung out in gardens, wore this sort too, and society became so rakish and gay and festive that it fell. Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty whisker before a fall.

The Egyptians took their whiskers very seriously. Rameses II wore his *en bloc*. That is, like a block of wood shaped like a brick. How he achieved this remarkable effect is not known, it being one of the lost arts.

Moses, without doubt, takes the palm for ground and lofty whiskers. One glance at his hirsute outfit as depicted by Michelangelo settles this question forever. In weight and acreage both it entitles him to the honor of being called a Sutherland brother. Small wonder these people swore by the beard of the prophet.

The Egyptians revered whiskers on anything. This is why they worshiped Sacred Cats and built mausoleums for feline mummies. The Greeks and Romans went in for fancy whiskers. Permanent waving was invented and the curlilocks of all their deities, from Alibazan to Zeus, are evident in any illustrated edition of the classics. Philosophers and emperors frizzed their beards beautifully, and to the tonsorial art we doubtless owe much of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.

In medieval times whiskers lagged a

little. This was due to the prevalence of armor. To be sure if one is going to enmesh one's chin in a visor or hauberk or whatever the detail is, why gather moss on it as well? And the medieval people who were not fighting seem to have been mostly saints, and so were more absorbed in achieving becoming halos than in emphasizing their chins.

But as English aggressiveness and aggrandizement began to take place, whiskers again came back into their own. Warriors, pirates, and conquerors were bearded like a pard. And at the great feasts and celebrations it was merry in hall when beards wagged all.

Time passed, monarchs came and went, but the beards hung on. If a king obtained, his capillary taste set the fashion. Charles I favored a fancy cut, since called the Van Dyck beard. But as a fancy cut took off Charles' beard, chin and all, he was probably buried as beardless as an acolyte. A variant of the Van Dyck beard is seen in the French imperial and also in the modern Harlem goat and our own Uncle Sam.

Soon after this jowl moldings became more formally architectural. Sideburns were trimmed with a T-square. Mutton-chop whiskers were modeled from life. The walrus mustache was studied in the aquariums and, by a natural process of evolution, to this was added side assistance until the beautiful lambrequin effect was gained. Lord Dundreary made this popular and, though now in the discard, it was one of the most graceful types of face-drapery.

Then these landscape gardenings gave way to a wave of simple, untouched natural scenery. These Niagara Falls beards are not for everybody. Though doubtless some mute inglorious Miltons could raise them if they didn't shave, yet they are Nature's gift to the elect only. The Russians seem to come by them easily, but those people as a race are more gaudy than neat, and their patriarchal beavers are often suggestive of yesterday's picnic ground.

A type of whisker is that relegated to

the outlying districts, leaving the face free and clear for other uses.

Lincoln started this with his under-chin growth, but Farther South was boasted by Peter Cooper, leaving the very Nadir to be attained by Horace Greeley. The Greeley Growth is a fringelike arrangement found just below the thyroid cartilage, right (and left) resting on the clavicle. It is effective though a bit bizarre and it readily gave way later to the Depew Dabs.

In song and story we find the whisker. From Bluebeard and Santa Claus down to "The Captain with his whiskers," the theme is a favorite one.

Lear's best limerick is, perhaps:

There once was a man with a beard,
Who said, It is just as I feared;
Three owls and a hen,
Two larks and a wren
Have all built their nests in my beard.

Who but a bewhiskered philosopher could so calmly accept the justification of his fears and the fulfillment of his forebodings?

Whiskers are not much in vogue at the present moment. But this is only a phase. It was brought about by the man who was asked suddenly by a child, "What do you do at night, Grandpa? Do you sleep with your whiskers outside the bedclothes, or inside?" The next day he appeared clean-shaven, explaining it thus, "I went to bed, and I put 'em inside. It felt queer—so I put 'em outside. That didn't seem right either, so after switchin' 'em back and forth a lot of times, I was so mad I got up and cut the blamed things off!"

So, just now, the blamed things are cut off, except in the case of Election Bettors and men who hope to pose for Sargent.

Yet whiskers must return. For the craze for bobbing is so universal that soon our smart young men will wake up to the fact that a bobbed beard would be just the cutest thing on earth, and then a new style of Boyshbob will be seen on the plastic chins of youth.



YEARNERS

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

A crowd, a press, a mob in very sooth,
A female swarm decked out for barbecue;
All but a few fat, old, and well-to-do,
With here and there a vacant mask of youth.
These are the yearners after art and truth;
Flesh put in motion by occult desire
That goads them, waddling, toward celestial
fire
As found in esoteric cult and booth.

To-day a tarnished Bengalese explains
That rhythmic self-expression is life's goal;
Sterile obesity forgets its pains,
And heaves into a thick attentiveness,
While empty features strain inventiveness
To simulate the wrappings of a soul.



SALESMANSHIP AS A MENACE

BY FRED C. KELLY

FOR some time I have been planning to organize a correspondence school devoted to teaching the Art of Resisting Salesmanship. I feel that such a school is to-day not only a neglected opportunity for uplift, but a vital necessity. To-day there are an ample number in which an ambitious student may learn how to be a successful salesman. Nor need the student stop there. By continuing his home studies he may acquire a compelling, magnetic personality, have the figure of an Adonis, and become well-nigh irresistible. Even a place as a Prominent Citizen, sought after to sit on speakers' platforms or to serve as honorary pallbearer, is not beyond his

hopes. But thumb the magazine pages as assiduously as you will, not one school offers to tell you how to behave when the salesman comes to sell you something you do not want.

I submit that it is hardly fair to drill a large bloc of the population in the art of selling without giving potential victims an opportunity to prepare *defensive* tactics. Surely one reason why our poorhouses are so crowded is that for long too large a percentage of the populace has been entirely without knowledge of how to say "No" *scientifically*. A famous bankruptcy lawyer recently told me that most bankruptcies are due to overbuying. A merchant fails for lack of ready cash because his shelves are filled with goods which he didn't need but nevertheless bought—since he was incapable of resisting the blandishments and syllogisms of a smart salesman. What makes the situation all the worse is that in large business institutions a salesman is known simply as a salesman, but a professional buyer has a high-sounding title—Purchasing Agent—which tends to give him a false sense of vanity and security, making him all the more easily victimized by callers with unnecessary articles to sell. How could a merchant without a moment's notice be expected to combat a line of argument in favor of his buying—advanced by a man who for months has been preparing his verbal attack, anticipating every possible avenue of escape—indeed with even every little knot hole of escape carefully guarded or plugged? Imagine a college debate in which one side has had three months' preparation while the other side must depend entirely on such arguments as it can think of *after* the debate starts! No matter what excellent reason the victim advances why he should *not* buy, the glib salesman has a lozen answer to prove that the objection is foolish—the random notion of a dull mind slow to perceive opportunity. After a few such overpowering answers to his feeble extemporaneous protests, the poor victim, rather than make

further show of his stupidity, nods a reluctant "Yes."

I know this is what happens because I myself was once a salesman. For nearly three weeks, until my better nature asserted itself, I was a book agent. I sold a beautiful volume fairly crammed with useless information. For many days before I set out to ring front doorbells and harass householders I was painstakingly taught plausible answers to every reason ever heard of by scores of book agents during several previous seasons. If a man suggested that he couldn't afford the book, I pointed out that it would take two months after signing the order for delivery, requiring a daily saving of less than seven cents. He wasn't so hard up that he couldn't afford only seven cents, was he? A slack-jawed victim had no more chance of escape than if he were suddenly aroused from a sound sleep by a group of burglars. Bewildered, he must do their bidding, for they are prepared while he is taken unawares. But if he had expected their visit, had installed alarm signals, and taken a course in *How to Throw a Burglar Off His Guard*—then the story might have a happier ending.

Early in my brief selling career I stumbled upon a shocking discovery. At first I went only to beautiful homes having well-kept lawns, tidily manicured hedges, and haughty servants. But scarcely a book did I ever succeed in selling at such establishments. On the other hand when I saw a home in need of paint, the yard full of weeds, children ill clad, and other indications of comparative poverty, I knew I had there a good chance to dispose of my wares. People in such homes often bought every book or aluminum kitchen device anybody offered. That was why they were so closely pursued by poverty—because they couldn't resist making unnecessary expenditures. They were destined to round out their lives in poorhouses because they couldn't say "No!"

The habit of *selling* permeates nearly

every phase of our everyday lives. I seldom sit down to a meal in my own home that I don't have to go to the front door to meet either a life-insurance agent or a young man taking orders for brushes. But the real difficulty is that salesmanship is practiced upon us when we least suspect it. One may refuse to answer a doorbell, or have one's secretary announce that we are in conference and can't be disturbed. But the trouble is that salesmanship is as subtle and insidious as malaria. It may even seep into your bedroom after you are tucked in under the quilts. This has happened to me lately more than once. My little boy had rigged up a small radio outfit by means of an oatmeal box and some wire from an old broom. I thought it would be luxurious to be lulled to sleep by beautiful dance music while dreamily feeling sorry for those, less fortunate than I, who were obliged to drag themselves and their partners over a ball-room floor, laboring to keep in step and jostled by other perspiring dancers whom the music had aroused to futile activity. But the joy of listening languidly to the music was destroyed by the irritating propaganda of the radio salesman. For every musical selection I was penalized by something like this:

"You have just listened to part of a dance program broadcasted direct from Mortgage Manor Hotel, by the Mortgage Manor Hotel orchestra. The program is under the personal direction of Mr. Herman Kettledrum, leader of the orchestra at Mortgage Manor Hotel. The next number to be played by the Mortgage Manor Hotel orchestra will be 'My Pink Pajama Snookums,' directed by Mr. Herman Kettledrum, leader of the Mortgage Manor orchestra at Mortgage Manor Hotel. He will be assisted by Miss Tillie Guff, pianist for Mortgage Manor orchestra, Mortgage Manor Hotel. The program is being broadcasted direct from Mortgage Manor Hotel. Please stand by for further announcements."

Then in a moment: "In connection

with the dance program being broadcasted direct from the Mortgage Manor Hotel, the management of Mortgage Manor Hotel requests me to announce that a prize of five dollars will be given to the first person sending in a correct guess of the most popular selection played to-night by the Mortgage Manor Hotel orchestra at Mortgage Manor Hotel. The question of which is the most popular selection will be determined by the manager of Mortgage Manor Hotel and the leader of the Mortgage Manor Hotel orchestra, based on the number of requests to have certain selections repeated in later programs broadcasted from Mortgage Manor Hotel. Mail all such requests and guesses to Silly Contest Department, care of Mortgage Manor Hotel. Write name and address plainly."

The announcer, I half suspect, wants people to know that there *is* such a place as Mortgage Manor Hotel. He is trying to sell us food and shelter there as a means of paying the hotel for broadcasting free music. Not content with that, however, he desires to obtain names for a mailing list for advertising radio parts and other articles, and hence the come-on scheme to have us send in our names. People contribute their names and addresses and then wonder why their mail is so cluttered with circulars.

But salesmanship doesn't stop with radio. A young man drops in for a casual chat with a beautiful young woman and a form of salesmanship intrudes itself into the conversation. One or the other attempts to sell the idea of marriage. And here is sure to be more unconscionable trickery than in any other form of selling. If the man is the salesman he seeks to give the impression that marriage will include the same kind of attentive service that he offers as a special inducement during his selling campaign. He will have his victim believe he will all his life send her bonbons two or three times a week, take her to theaters in taxicabs, coax her to accom-

pany him to expensive restaurants, and by every other means try to satisfy her every wish. All the while he is carrying on this campaign he knows full well that after one has signed the contract, whether for marriage or a new Ford, the joy riding must necessarily slacken up. If the salesman, instead of being a man, is a talented young woman, there is a similar tricky effort to put the best berries at the top of the basket. Who hasn't observed the subtle machinations of the girl who sits on a hassock and demurely darns socks in the presence of an admirer, to show what useful wifely traits are hers, though she is well aware that if he weren't there the socks would be left for the ministrations of her mother?

I often think of the story in the reader about Hugh Idle and Mr. Toil. No matter where he went, trying to avoid his tormentor, the poor little chap was certain to behold the features of Mr. Toil. To-day it is equally difficult to avoid those villains who would make us buy. You buy a nice new suit of clothes and think "Well, I won't need to dig up for any more clothes for a while," but you don't need to read far in the advertising pages to find that, no matter how many suits of clothes you have, more are needed if you would be correctly garbed. Unless one is of such depraved instincts that he can ignore the simple decencies, he recognizes that he must have different clothes for walking, golf, polo, weddings, dinner, motoring, tennis, lounging, mah jong, and parchesi. His wife, if she is to maintain a fleck of self-respect, must have enough gowns to attend a house party for a month without wearing the same outfit twice—and there must be hats, shoes, and parasols to match every gown. Long before these garments have had much use they must be discarded

and replaced by others meeting the requirements of a more recent style. For salesmen assure us that unless we're in fashion we're nobody. Ordinary good breeding even demands that one's eye-glasses be built to fit the niceties of every occasion. Who but a depraved shepherd would flaunt at an afternoon tea the same glasses he had worn on the links?

Professional men are no less given to selling than those who frankly call themselves salesmen. The lawyer constantly drums it into us that unless we let him sell us properly drawn contracts we may lose everything, including the clothes off our backs. Yet if a contract is advantageous to both parties concerned, no one will try to break it, and if it isn't mutually advantageous it is a dishonest contract and shouldn't be drawn in the first place. In either event no lawyer is needed.

Doctors shake their heads so gravely that they frighten us into letting them sell us all manner of needless and dangerous operations. Thousands of school children have suffered torture for the unnecessary removal of tonsils, and nobody knows how many innocent people have died under operations for the removal of healthy vermiform appendices—all because as a people we have never been taught how to *resist salesmanship*.

Even to become a good salesman oneself is of no avail, because when one centers his ability on selling rather than on *not buying*, what chance has he to overcome a still more gifted salesman who comes in turn to prey on him? That is to say, what doth it avail a cat to catch a mouse if the cat itself is pursued by a dog?

Only one solution can save most of us from the poorhouse: A clever advertiser must devise and sell us a course in *anti-salesmanship*.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR



ISSUES THAT DID NOT SHOW

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHEN this installment of the Easy Chair comes to the reader the facts of the election will have become matters of record and we shall know all about them. At this writing, however, that knowledge is still to come, and the question is not only how the voters will express themselves, but whether the election will settle anything.

It seemed hard in the campaign to get the voters interested in the issues offered them. Some of them were good enough, the tariff especially. Eight months ago it seemed impossible that the Republican party could get sufficiently clear from the scandals of Teapot Dome and the exploits of the Attorney-General's office to carry an election in November. The reader will know how true a forecast that was, but in the campaign it seemed hard to keep the minds of the voters on that subject. A good many of those who felt most keenly about it went off to La Follette, but a lot of others seemed to feel that Teapot Dome was a dead dog anyhow, that there was no prospect of continuance of such depredations, and that there was more profit for the country in looking ahead than in looking behind.

Then there was the issue of Foreign Affairs—a good issue; Mr. Coolidge committed to the proposition that the League was not for us, while everything pointed in the direction of our joining it eventually. That issue was confused by the acceptance of the Dawes plan, which was gladly appropriated by the administra-

tion as an exploit of its own as soon as it began to look creditable.

The high tariff was a good issue. No doubt it had its weight, but there seemed not much excitement about it. It was just an item in the division between the East and the West; between the manufacturers and the farmers. Probably it made votes for Mr. Davis and Mr. La Follette, but it was not a controlling consideration in the election. All through the campaign as one read the speeches one had the sense that though this point was good and that point was good and the other point was important, a very large proportion of the voters were thinking of something else. The Ku Kluxers certainly were. They seemed to be thinking more about the Roman Catholic Church and its politics than about the tariff, the League, or anything else. The more impassioned spirits among the Wets and the Drys were more concerned about Volsteadism than about anything they could vote on. Those brethren who felt that the reconstruction of Europe and the prevention of war were by far the greatest matters that appealed for attention were certainly encouraged by Mr. Davis to take that view, but remained uncertain, many of them, how much they could contribute to world peace by voting the Democratic ticket. We may conclude, if it appears that the votes scattered much more than usual, that the reason lay in the existence of a great number of voters to whom none

if the parties offered more than a reaction of what they wanted. Besides and beyond that, it lay in the multiplication of voters who knew they wanted something but did not know what it was. That is part of the unrest which comes from great social and political changes in the world that are proceeding more or less underground, disclosing themselves at voting time but not always distinctly, and still in a condition of process which makes their ultimate end dim and uncertain.

Of course the powerful medicine of the Great War is still working in the world and will be for years to come, and the changes that must result from it are laboring more or less blindly towards fulfillment. Take our own country; take it especially in the light of the election returns which the readers of these lines will have seen; they will belie expectation if they do not show remarkable differences of sentiment and interest in large sections of the country.

The United States is still a country in the making. The people who live in it are called, partly by courtesy, the American people. In course of time they will be better entitled to that name for they will develop distinct racial characteristics. That development is much more than begun but it is far from being complete. Our people is composed of diverse stocks, living side by side and blending only slowly. The great extent of our country, the differences of climate, of soil, of density of population, of nearness to the seaboard and to great markets—all produce diversities of interest, economic and therefore political. The states that border on the Pacific are deeply concerned about some things which are of minor importance to the Atlantic states, and vice versa. The Northwest has its vital concerns; the South another lot; the Eastern states another, and "the Coast" another still. The result of an election is the balance struck between all these more or less conflicting interests.

Besides these governmental differences there are the racial distinctions: the old stock, largely Anglo-Saxon; the Irish, strong in the Eastern states; the Germans, especially important in the Middle West but pretty well distributed; the Scandinavians in the Northwest; the Italians, still gathered mainly in the greater centers of population; the French Canadians, mostly in New England; the Jews, especially the newer comers from Russia, three millions and a half of them, and nearly all in the larger cities. Smaller groups, some of them of very high quality, represent all the other nations of the world, and besides all these others we have ten or eleven million negroes. Out of all that racial variety the coming American race must develop. Blood mixture there will be of course, but that is a slow process, more slow than people realize. Much more rapid is the community of ideas, of feelings, of standards.

Besides the racial differences there are religious differences; the important one nowadays, since the Mormons have ceased to be scandalous, being that between the Protestants and the Catholics. Europe is not more diversified than the United States but this country has the advantage of that continent in having a long-standing habit of comparatively harmonious political life, whereas Europe has the habit of quarrels and war. Large groups of people here, the Germans especially, of the stock that came here seventy years ago, have the idea firmly in their minds that they do not wish this country to be like Europe. The Ku Kluxers have that idea to the extent that they wish maintained the political ideals with which the country started, and to that end they practice to keep in charge of it people of the same racial derivation as the original founders. The earliest converts to Christianity had a similar notion that the race from which the Apostles were chosen was the most important to convert and should be the managers of

the new religion. The Founder apparently had a larger idea, and it has worked out.

The notion that the American attitude of mind is different from the European attitude of mind is not one to be discouraged, for it is true. Americans pretty generally believe that the best hope for the world is working out in this country; therefore those brethren who, like the Ku Klux, do not wish its development to be interfered with by foreign influences, have a case in which there is some merit. One read in the newspapers the other day of an assembly in Washington at which there were gathered four Cardinals and sixty-one Bishops or Archbishops to discuss church affairs and activities. All these dignitaries and prelates were appointed by the high powers in Rome. Doctor Mecklin of Dartmouth College relates in his book about the Ku Klux Klan how the Catholic University, where the prelates' sessions were held, was started in part as an expression of ideas held by many Catholics—headed by Archbishop Keane, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Spalding, and others—of what the Catholic Church should come to be in the United States. Those ideas developed prosperously for a time. Archbishop Keane was the first rector of the University. Gradually an uneasiness developed at Rome about the tendencies of thought that the University stood for. There was fear that "the spirit of independence innate in the soul of every American" would clash with the authority of the Holy See, and presently (in 1896) Pope Leo removed Doctor Keane from the rectorship and apparently admonished Bishops Ireland and Spalding. They all submitted and made public profession of their willing and complete obedience to the head of the Church. What the Cardinals and the Bishops discussed in Washington the other day in the halls of this reclaimed university was, no doubt, in a large measure the problems of education.

That is one picture. Another picture

is the passage of a law in Oregon to the effect that, beginning with 1926, every child between eight and sixteen years of age shall be sent to the public schools. That law is going through the Federal courts. The District Court in Oregon has declared it unconstitutional and the State has appealed to the Supreme Court. Here are two related situations—a widespread system of education in the United States controlled in its final direction by residents of Italy, and a threat from the State of Oregon to take the education of children away from their parents and commit it to the state. Nothing could be better contrived than that threat to drive Protestants to the support of the Catholics in maintaining Catholic schools for their Church. To close all private schools in any state for the sake of closing the parochial schools would be just to bite off one's nose to spite one's face, and that is not likely to be successfully accomplished on any large scale in this country.

What is the objection to the Catholic Church? Why should it scare people? Is it a religious objection? Not exactly. Rather it seems to be cousin to the widespread current objection to Big Business; to very strong corporations with great power to accomplish their will. The Roman Catholic Church is a very powerful corporation, the most powerful in the world, and is different from other great corporations in this country in the fact that its head and its managing directors are preponderantly European. All great organizations recognize self-preservation as the first law of nature. The Roman Catholic Church does that. It is undoubtedly attentive to religion, which is its business; but naturally it is very attentive also to its organization, which is its life. It may be that the soundest objection to it is its tendency to standardize its adherents. All organizations make more or less for standardization and promote it according to their power. The rebels in the world are the individualists that start heresies and schisms. They want to

think for themselves and they are very apt to think wrong; nevertheless they open doors to new forms of truth and make for progress. The way to avoid schisms in any great organization is to have a governing central authority which shall determine in important particulars what shall be thought. That is what the Roman Catholic Church has, and schisms and innovations do not prosper in it. Neither do heresies. They arise but usually they are successfully dealt with from the point of view of the organization. The Protestant denominations attempt to do the same sort of thing as the Roman Catholic organization does. They try to hold their rebels to definite sets of religious conclusions and to impose authority on them if they falter in their allegiance. They do not have much luck, and if the membership of the Roman Catholic Church was racially what the membership of the Protestant Churches is, the Roman Catholic Church might not have much luck either.

The Roman Catholic *Kultur* and the Protestant *Kultur* are different and are bound to conflict more or less. This country started Protestant and it is still preponderantly Protestant. The Ku Kluxers are worried because they think the Catholic Church is getting too strong in these States. True enough, its numbers have increased both by immigration and because Catholic families have been larger than Protestant families, and its wealth because its members have got rich; but it is not drawing on the old Protestant stocks. Indeed it has trouble enough to hold in this country the people whom it considers belong to it—the Irish, some of the Germans, and the Latins. The real problem is how the two *Kulturs* can be helped to get along together so that the country may have the benefit of what is good in both of them. The notion that we must all be standardized as one-hundred-per-cent Americans in order to

avoid being standardized by the Roman Catholic Church does not look good. The Ku Kluxers have something to worry about, but as enemies to liberty they bid fair to far outclass the Pope. If one is governed in spiritual matters from Rome he is at least governed with intelligence; but if one is to be governed in such matters by state legislatures, the prospect for him is that of very serious trials.

There is one large and important body of people in this world to which all races belong. It is called the Human Race. As a whole it is not highly organized as yet but makes progress in that respect, and hopeful people think it is in the way of getting organization enough to enable all its members to work together to abate some great and venerable evils. All the members of this human race are more or less religious. They have their different ideas about religion, different observances and beliefs; nevertheless it is better understood than it used to be even a generation ago, that all the important religions have much in common and are parts of the great religion of humanity. These various religions work together better than they used to, and as for the Christian groups—so many, so varied, some new, some as old as Christianity, and new sects and diversities in the making all the time—even they in these days, after quarrels ever so bitter and bloody and in spite of all current jealousies, are apt to think more of the tie that binds them all than of the differences that separate them. We hope in these times that the races of the world are really getting together to abolish war. If we are optimists to that extent we are surely entitled to look forward to peace even between religions, and toleration and understanding even among the clergy. No less than that is involved in that prediction of peace and good will which nineteen centuries ago astonished an incredulous world.

1850



1925

1925: A Forecast

by the Editors of

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

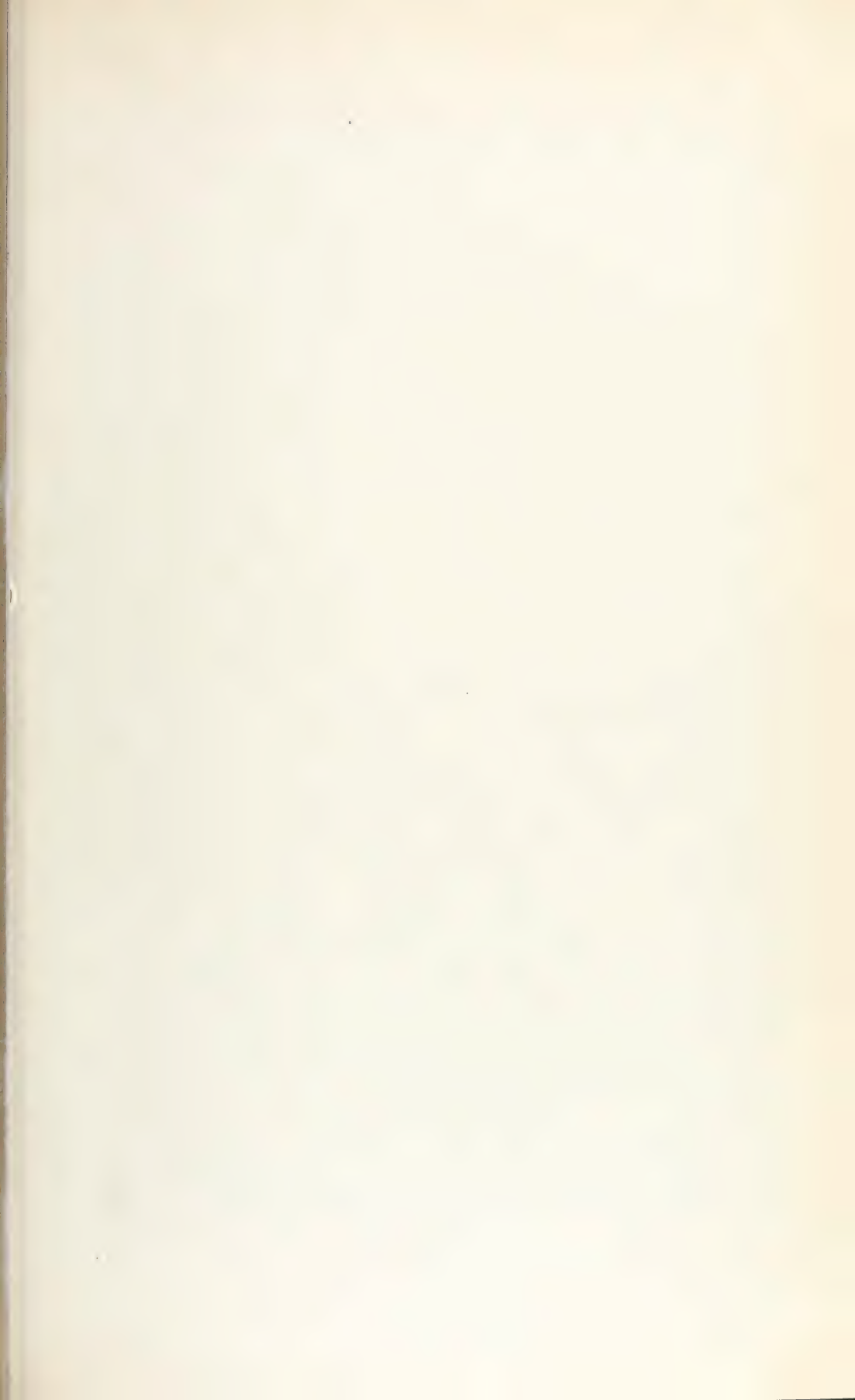
*A
Serial
by a
Great
Novelist*

*Uncon-
ventional
Biography*

IT is with especial pleasure that we announce to our friends the program of *Harper's Magazine* for 1925, for we are confident that during the coming year—the seventy-fifth of its distinguished history—the Magazine will be more brilliant, more modern, and more richly varied in interest than ever before.

To begin with, we are fortunate to have secured the right to publish as a serial SHEILA KAYE-SMITH'S new novel, "The George and the Crown," which began last month. Miss Kaye-Smith has been ranked by critics on both sides of the water as the ablest woman novelist in England; and those who have read her masterpiece, "Joanna Godden," realize that she is unquestionably one of the very few living novelists, in England or America, whose work is likely to endure. "The George and the Crown" is the first novel from her pen which any American magazine has been permitted to publish serially. It is a pleasure to be able to present a story by a novelist of such acknowledged greatness.

To ride a runaway pony with Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant in hot pursuit—would you believe that any living man could have had such a fantastic experience? Yet this is only one of scores of actual happenings vividly described in the boyhood recollections of JESSE GRANT, the great General's son, which will appear in *Harper's* during the coming year. How as a little boy he once huddled for twenty minutes in a bomb-proof shelter with President Lincoln, how General Grant narrowly escaped death on the awful day of the assassination, what life in the White House was like in the 'seventies, and what General Grant thought of Sumner and other associates—all these Mr. Grant tells as no one else could. His articles are not only vastly entertaining; they are a contribution to American history.





Drawn by W. J. Aythward

Illustration for "Baedeker Fibbed"

FISHING BOATS IN THE HARBOR OF CHERBOURG



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A BOY IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Recollections of My Father, General Grant—Part I

BY JESSE R. GRANT

In collaboration with Henry Francis Granger

IT is certain that nothing was further from my father's mind than thought of pomp and power at the time when I was born in the log cabin for which he had cut the logs and of which he was the architect and builder.

In 1839 a seventeen-year-old boy, Hiram Ulysses Grant, was appointed to the United States Military Academy at West Point. He was commonly called by his middle name, Ulysses, and through an error he was enrolled as Ulysses S. Grant. It was easier to adopt the new name than to change the enrollment, and so, in 1843, Ulysses S. Grant was graduated from West Point and commissioned a second lieutenant.

In 1845 Lieutenant Grant, with his regiment, joined the forces of General Taylor in Mexico. He took part in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey; and, after transfer to General Scott's army in 1847, fought at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, and the storming of Chapultepec. He was brevetted first

lieutenant for gallantry at Molino del Rey, and captain for gallantry at Chapultepec.

After the Mexican War Captain Ulysses S. Grant and Julia Boggs Dent were married in 1848. Thereafter Captain Grant was stationed at various military posts, mainly in California and Oregon, until in 1854 (four years before I was born) he resigned his commission and left the army.

There was no war in prospect, the latter assignments had been quiet posts, the inaction was irksome, so Captain Grant left the army to engage in farming on the "Gravois farm," a few miles from St. Louis. Here father built the log house and settled the family and called the place "Hardscrabble." And there I was born, in 1858—the last of four children—and named Jesse Root Grant, after my father's father.

The designation of the new home as "Hardscrabble" was not a term of opprobrium or a veiled complaint. It was bestowed in humorous recognition and

defiance of the conditions father understood and voluntarily faced.

In his Memoirs father frankly acknowledged his distaste for army life in time of peace; but he offered the insufficiency of his captain's pay as the reason for his resignation. Father would have seen it so but we who knew him understand. Loving peace and hating war, he could not endure inaction. No one understood better than father that meager though his army pay might be, it dwarfed any prospective cash return from Hardscrabble. But Hardscrabble represented venture, action, difficulties to be overcome, and a prospective reward in the satisfaction of personal accomplishment.

With my advent, the family in the little cabin numbered six. I regret that my memory does not carry back to those days. Strive as I may to draw from my subconscious mind some recollection of those earliest years, no faintest impression remains. But I have heard much of the life during that period, and I know we were all there: father and mother; my two brothers—Fred, aged eight, and Ulysses S. Jr., who was "Buck," five years my senior—our sister Nellie, and I. But although I do not remember when we lived in Hardscrabble, now, when only Buck and I remain, interwoven through all my earliest recollections the association with my brothers and sister stands etched in a definite clarity which other memories, even of father and mother, sometimes lack. It has often puzzled me. I, the baby of the family, was by force of circum-

stances more often separated from them than from father, or particularly from mother; and yet the contact seems never to have been broken in life. And with the clear vision that lights in vivid memory all our life together there is no recollection of one single unkind, unfair, or unjust thing done to me by any one of them; while the record of their loving acts would cover every day of our association.

My brother Frederick Dent Grant, who was always Fred, was my boyhood's hero. His eight years' seniority gave him, in my eyes, the stature of a man. I have never known another so utterly fearless as he. Like Roland, Fred never knew fear. Large and strong, but only thirteen years of age, Fred was with father through the whole Vicksburg campaign, performing the duties of a staff officer. My second brother, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., of prodigious physical strength, is in character and disposition more like father than either Fred or myself. Born in Ohio, he was at once given the ap-



JESSE GRANT AT VICKSBURG

From a photograph taken October 10, 1863, by Barr and Young, army photographers. He was then about five years old.

pellation "Little Buckeye," and "Buck" has since been his familiar name. And last, she who as girl and woman ever merited a devotion that crystallized about her in loving admiration of a personality and character rare and fine—our sister Nellie.

We were a demonstrative family and the currents of understanding flowed steadily. Once in later life when we four were living over the old days, we discovered with vast amusement a common conceit that until then had been,

collectively, unsuspected. Each, during childhood, had considered him or herself the favorite of our parents: Fred because he was the eldest; Buck because he bore father's name; Nellie in the serenity of the only girl; and myself because I was the youngest. And in this hidden belief each confessed to a half-regretful sympathy for the others. Perhaps this tempered our conduct in a finer consideration. I wonder.

Born in 1858, my earliest recollections are of the War of the Rebellion. War was to me then, with its turmoil, confusion, and change, the natural and accepted order of existence, and an event which in those days impressed my memory touched me with particular emphasis. Apparently trivial things often stand out clearly while events of moment that must have touched me are lost.

My earliest recollection of the war is of the escape of mother and myself from Holly Springs, Mississippi. We had been left there while father was engaged at some other point. I remember now as though it were yesterday the young officer coming to tell us that the enemy was close upon the town, and the confusion of our hurried departure at night in a box car. I can see the dim shadowy interior of that empty box car, with mother sitting quietly upon a chair while I huddled, fearful, upon a hastily improvised bed on the floor as an engine drew us rapidly away. And then I must have fallen asleep, for I remember no more.

I have not striven to set down these earliest memories in exact chronological order, except when they relate to events and happenings of which history has recorded the time and place. As they come to me, the next event which stands out clearly is a steamboat journey with mother down the Mississippi to join father at Vicksburg. I remember a joyous start, next a confusion of crash-

ing noise, then mother striving to dress me, bewildered and cross, in the darkness. Although the Union forces were then nominally in control of the Mississippi from St. Louis to Vicksburg, our steamboat had been shelled from the shore.

Years later I questioned father as to how this could have happened.

"Military occupation did not necessarily imply that we were in possession of all the light field pieces cached away on farms and plantations along the shore," he answered, smiling whimsically

at the memory. "Such guns were often dragged out for a hasty shot at some passing boat."

But I reached Vicksburg to meet what was to me the great event of the war. As our carriage drew up before Army Headquarters I glimpsed a small Shetland pony standing saddled at one side. Before the carriage stopped I had scrambled out and was climbing into that saddle. Father had secured the pony and a soldier had made the diminutive saddle and bridle for me. Life holds but one thrill such as was mine as I sat in that saddle upon "Rebbie" in



GRANT IN 1864

This photograph is probably the best of all those taken of the General during the War.

the first pride of possession. For years thereafter Rebbie was my most constant companion; he lived until 1883.

There followed wonderful days. To the small boy it was "Father's Army," and the soldiers made me very welcome, carving all sorts of toys and regaling me with molasses candy made over the camp fires. The troops were encamped in and for a considerable distance around Vicksburg. Almost daily I rode with father upon his tours of inspection, sometimes upon Rebbie, but often perched behind him and clinging to his belt as he thundered along upon a big buckskin horse which had been presented to him—called, because of its viciousness, "Mankiller."

I recall one other incident of the days when mother and I were at Vicksburg. A committee from Congress arrived, bringing father a gold medal—now in the National Museum in Washington. Before the presentation they read some very flattering Congressional resolutions, followed by several laudatory orations delivered by various members of the committee. When the last speaker rounded off his peroration there was an expectant pause. Silence deep and heavy fell upon the assemblage. All were waiting—as was I, standing close at father's side—for him to respond. Father remained silent. The situation grew more tense until I could bear it no longer.

"Papa, aren't you going to make a speech too?" I cried.

"No, my dear boy!" he answered with unconscious energy that carried to every ear. A wave of laughter swept the company as the tension broke, putting everyone at ease.

I remember leaving Vicksburg with regret. Recollection of where we went from there is dim and confused: incidents stand out clearly yet I cannot be certain of the sequence. But one experience of that period lingers in painful memory. There was a dinner—I believe at Columbia, Kentucky—and I was assigned to the second table. To the child

fresh from the enthusiastic attention of an army, the disregard and lack of consideration conveyed in being thus set aside quite upset my equanimity. My nurse Julie, a slave of my mother's, was utterly unable to cope with the situation and appealed for aid to mother, who, in turn, found matters beyond her control and called father.

Father quickly grasped the situation and turned to me sternly—the only time I ever remember his being stern with me.

"Set down!" said he.

I sat. I had shoved down my hat upon my head.

"Take off that hat!"

I grabbed off the hat and threw it upon the floor.

"Pick up that hat!" continued the strangely stern voice.

But I was quite desperate now and stubbornly refused.

Turning me quickly about, father bestowed a single spank, the first and only one he ever administered to me.

"It didn't hurt!" I muttered scornfully.

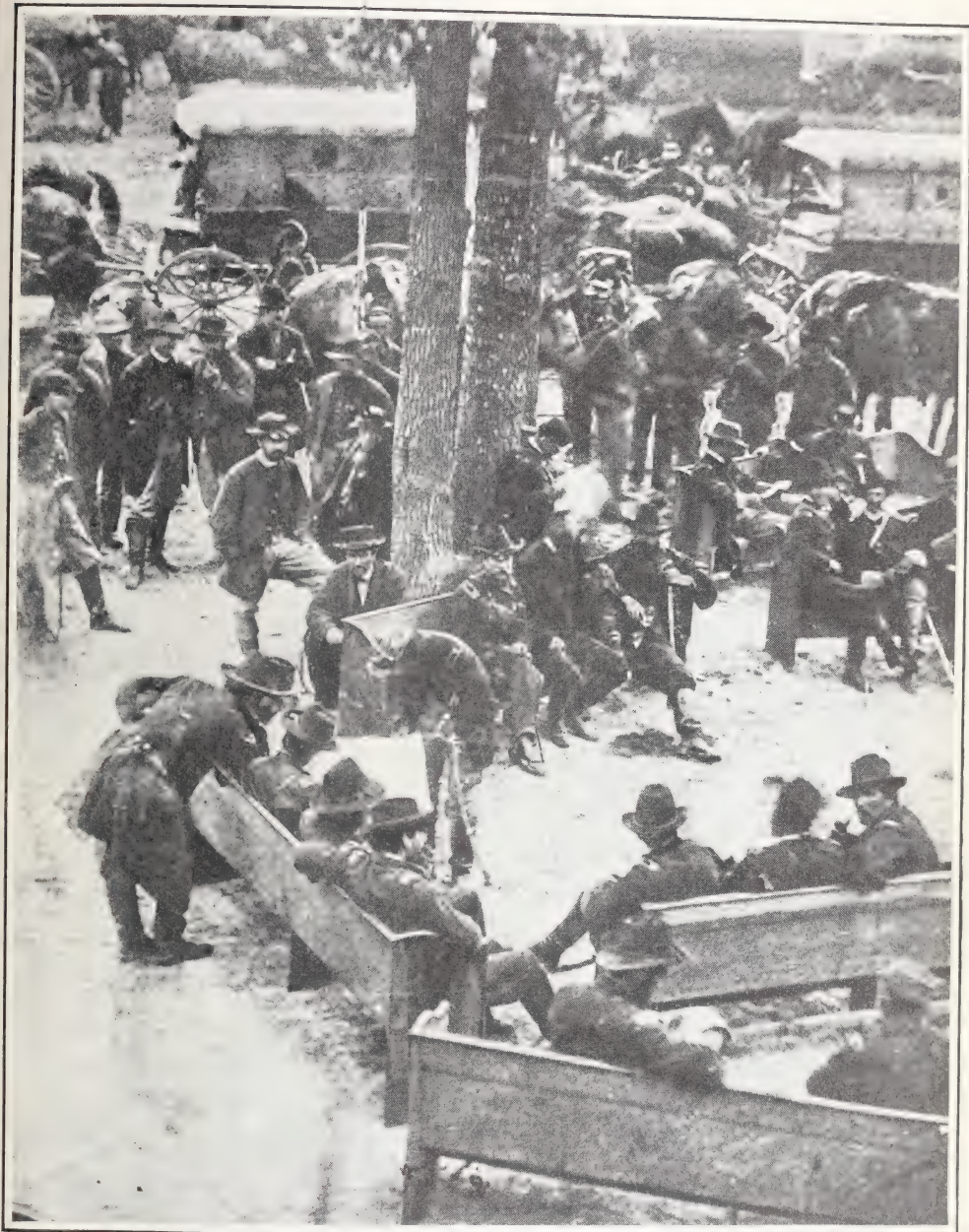
This was too much for father. Lifting me up in his arms, he said gently:

"Never mind, son. It was really a great mistake for the Governor of Kentucky to expect a man of your size to dine with children."

I do not remember the sequel, only that all was peace again between us.

After the Missionary Ridge campaign father settled us for a time at Burlington, New Jersey, where my two brothers attended school. There were many Southern sympathizers in Burlington, and quite naturally the feelings of the elders found expression in their children. We three strange boys, sons of the man fighting at the head of the Union Army, received a disconcerting amount of the hostile attention that boys, encouraged by the indifference or approval of their elders, so well understand how to bestow.

Fred at once took it upon himself to fight my battles as well as his own, and



GRANT AND HIS OFFICERS DISCUSS THE CAMPAIGN

This rare photograph was taken by Brady, the famous Civil War photographer, when Grant and his staff gathered outside the church at Massaponax, Virginia, on May 21, 1864. Grant is standing at the left, leaning over General Meade's shoulder, looking at the map. Among those in the group are General Rawlins, Charles A. Dana, Colonel Dent, Colonel Horace Porter, and Colonel Adam Badeau. This picture and the others in these pages are from the collection of Frederick H. Meserve of New York, with whose permission they are here reproduced.

for a time he was very busy. I suppose his ability was an added incentive. The practice of hunting up some husky lad to send after Fred—who never failed to accommodate with a fierce boy's fight—flourished until, as I remember, Fred came to be looked upon as invincible; at any rate I considered him so.

Then, when father established his headquarters at City Point, mother and I joined him there. I remember living at first in tents; and then we must have returned to Burlington for a time, for the tents were replaced by log cabins, of the building of which I have no recollection.

City Point was then a considerable plateau crowning a steep bluff at the junction of the James and Appomattox rivers, a few miles south of Richmond. There father had established a supply base and had his headquarters. The log cabins, built to replace the tents, stood where the tents had been—eight or ten of them in a row—with a farmhouse at the end occupied as Military Headquarters. Father's cabin stood in the middle of the row and was slightly larger than the others. It contained a large room with an open fireplace which served as living and dining room and office. Back of this were two smaller rooms occupied as bedrooms. In front of the cabins a space of level ground stretched to the bluff that dropped precipitously to the rivers on the south and west. Here mother and I came to live with father while my brothers and sister remained in Burlington.

And here, as I remember, I first met President Lincoln. From what has been written it would appear that Lincoln came to City Point many times. But two occasions are impressed upon my mind.

Mere pageantry was too commonplace to leave any particular impression, but the sight of father riding at the head of troops never failed to thrill me. This day the thrill was associated with another impression which indelibly stamped the scene upon my memory.

President Lincoln came to City Point accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and their youngest son, Tad, then a year or two older and considerably larger than me. I believe the occasion was a review of General Ord's troops. Father rode at the head of his staff to the reviewing station and at his side rode President Lincoln. Mother, Mrs. Lincoln, Tad, and I had preceded them in an ambulance. Robert Lincoln, the President's eldest son, was on father's staff.

The bands were playing and many of the staff horses prancing, seasoned troopers though they were. Father's horse in particular danced along with arched neck and curving body. But the horse President Lincoln rode walked calmly along, almost as though conscious that his burden must be carried with anxious care, while the President sat stiffly erect, the reins hanging slack from his hands.

Father was then but forty-two years old, but I had always looked up to him as the largest and, next to my Grandfather Dent, the oldest man in the world. But beside President Lincoln father looked small, and for the first time I saw him as a young man.

In tightly buttoned frock coat and wearing a high hat, Mr. Lincoln appeared enormously tall, much taller than when standing. And to me—the boy watching from the ambulance—the unsmiling, worn, but kindly face, the tall black-coated form riding before that colorful throng impressed a feeling of awe which time has not effaced.

The second time I recall seeing President Lincoln was upon the occasion of another visit to City Point. President Lincoln and father, accompanied by a mounted escort, and with Tad Lincoln and myself, rode to an outlying fort. The escort was drawn up in front of our cabin, the horses dancing impatiently during an unexpected delay, when Tad Lincoln, who was not a confident horseman, demurred at mounting a small beautiful horse called Jeff which had been provided for him.

I still hear the pride in father's voice as he said, "Jesse will ride Jeff."

So at last we were off, I riding upon Jeff and Tad Lincoln mounted upon my pony, Rebbie. Before we had cleared the reservation Tad and I had forged ahead, Rebbie's diminutive hoofs ringing like the beat of a drummer's double time in his effort to keep pace with Jeff.

But my satisfaction, and, I fancy, father's, was short. With a wild forward lunge Jeff bolted. Instantly both father and President Lincoln were spurring in pursuit, accompanied by a young staff

officer who proved to be better mounted than either of them. All the pull I could exert only steadied Jeff in his stride, and under my feather weight he was widening the gap between us and our pursuers at every jump. Father saw that the pursuit was but exciting Jeff to greater effort and drew up, calling to Mr. Lincoln and the officer. Ahead of me men were shouting and running and a double line of soldiers and teamsters formed as by magic, converging upon the open gate of a mule corral. Down this living lane plunged



GENERAL AND MRS. GRANT AND JESSE

Photographed at Grant's headquarters at City Point, Virginia.

Jeff and into the corral, and that excitement was over. The rest of the way, chagrined and rebellious, I rode far in the rear and an orderly rode at my side, a lead-strap on Jeff.

But the disappointments of this memorable day were not over for me. We were but just dismounted at the fort when a Confederate battery opened fire upon us. If you are rusty in your geography, a glance at a map of Virginia will cause surprise. City Point, the base and headquarters of the Commander in Chief of the Union Armies, was located in effect at the very doorway of the Confederacy.

The Union Army had taken its last backward step. Long afterward I came to understand that there were those who considered my father ruthlessly prodigal of his soldiers' lives—that is the last thing which can truthfully be said of him. War is like an aching tooth that cannot be mended—to save greater prolonged suffering one must bear the more acute but shorter pain of removal. The toll of prolonged inactivity is greater than the toll of battles. To conserve life in war is to fight incessantly. This was the way father looked upon war—the most humane, most considerate, the gentlest man I ever knew. And this also father said—and now I quote his exact words:

"We could have ended the war in Sixty-three if Congress would have permitted."

But to return to the fort. I have never known whether the rebels had knowledge of President Lincoln's coming, whether their lookouts noted the increased activity and from this and the size and character of the escort suspected that there were visitors of importance, or whether it just happened. But the keen delight of Tad Lincoln and myself when the rebels opened fire upon the fort I shall never forget. Two small boys whose experiences were of war only, that had touched them only to amuse; and in company with their fathers—whom each considered the

greatest man in the world—were incapable of fear at a martial demonstration, regardless of its nature. The orderly confusion of perfectly trained discipline, the shrilling bugles, the sharp commands of officers, gun squads hurrying to their positions, and the shells screaming overhead were to us merely an enjoyable entertainment.

And then father hurried President Lincoln and us into a bomb-proof shelter. For an eternity of time—I now imagine it to have been about twenty minutes—we huddled in the safety of that shelter, listening to the distant booming of guns but able to see nothing. I know that at first Tad and I begged to be allowed to remain outside, and then, more earnestly, to be permitted to stick our heads out.

Gradually the bombardment slackened and, our fort failing to respond, ceased entirely. I cannot recall that either father or President Lincoln spoke to me while we were in the bomb proof, other than to deny our pleading, and I recall nothing of the ride back to City Point. I fancy those latter happenings were swallowed up in my disappointment. I remember vaguely that my chagrin over my failure to control Jeff lingered, and I fancy the teasing of the staff officers had something to do with this.

I recall but little more of my life at City Point. I know that later my two brothers and sister Nellie came there and remained for a time. Then we all returned to Burlington. On our way back to Burlington, when the army steamer reached Norfolk, father decided that he would like to keep me with him for the rest of the winter. I was overjoyed. But when the rest of the family departed to continue their journey on the regular boat, I grew doubtful. A few minutes later when, seeking consolation, I found father fully occupied with several officers of high rank, I capitulated unreservedly. Father understood, as he always did. He would have kept me with him from

choice. No matter how great the strain and responsibility of his position, it troubled father more to be separated entirely from the family.

And now he understood that I should not be happy there away from mother, and a shot was fired across the bow of the rapidly receding steamer. Then I was taken on a tug to rejoin mother and my brothers and sister. Childlike, I was not so anxious to go when the unattainable swung within reach and I was hoisted aboard. Distinctly across the years I hear mother's voice as I came over the side:

"Now remember, Fred! Not a word!"

Fred was so anxious to remain with father! I felt that he thought me a great baby, but obedient to mother's admonition he said nothing. As he had been with father through the Vicksburg campaign it was decided that Fred must return to school. It was years later before I realized what must have been his disappointment.

And now I would record a fact the significance of which impresses me ever more and more as I dwell upon it. I have no recollection of ever having heard father mention the surrender of General Lee. Vaguely I understood that a change had taken place, that the war was over. I rejoiced, too, for plainly this thing that had happened had made both father and mother happy. But in our family the final act of the drama was never discussed, either then or later.

As I grew older and came to understand the significance of scenes through which I had passed, I questioned father eagerly about many things. Of other events he talked freely. I know that he had great respect for General Lee, both as a man and a soldier. Notwithstanding this, father considered General Joseph E. Johnston the greatest general the South produced. I recall the arguments by which he supported this opinion. I would not attempt to repeat them in detail, but the central fact was

that at the close of the war Johnston's army alone was in condition to have prolonged the struggle. This was true despite the fact that Johnston had fought continuously against either father or Sherman. And supported as father had been by able generals, he considered General Phil Sheridan his most able commander.

Displaying no elation over victory, father as carefully covered his vexations. A quiet, contained man, in elation or disappointment he only grew a little quieter. He was incapable of sustained animosity, even towards his detractors. Defamation, like plaudits and panoply, was something to be endured. He would no more have considered answering his defamers than joining in the plaudits of his admirers. This was by no means the attitude of us who loved him, who knew him to be as gentle as he was brave, as abstemious as self-contained, and we would often wax furious over some slanderous tale at which father would only smile patiently.

Until the beginning of the war, when he was thirty-eight years of age, father had never used tobacco; and he was never at any time a drinking man. This, after all, is less remarkable than the fact that he had never voted but once—and that was the Democratic ticket for James Buchanan!

Disappointment is no respecter of persons, and I doubt not that each day brought to father his quota of it; but I know his bitterest experience was not the unwarranted action of General Halleck but the refusal of permission to proceed south and east to Mobile with the unbeaten army of the Tennessee.

Fighting for a great cause to which he subordinated every personal consideration, realizing that no satisfactory compromise could be effected, and that peace could come only when the military power of the South was utterly destroyed, he felt every failure or incomplete victory of the Northern Armies as a personal disappointment. Father felt no jealousy. He never spoke to

diminish or detract in any degree from another's meed of praise, but there were disappointments—as with every man—of which the world had no suspicion.

It was many years after the event when the knowledge came to me, in one of our frequent discussions, that father considered Gettysburg a Confederate victory.

General Lee fought the battle of Gettysburg in the sole hope of gaining the exact position he occupied when the battle ended. Thus Lee gained his objective and General Meade failed to follow up to the victory that might have been his.

Father was fighting at Vicksburg when Meade opposed Lee at Gettysburg. Vicksburg surrendered and Gettysburg was acclaimed a great Union victory. Father accepted the popular verdict and never criticized or disputed it. It had happened. No one was really to blame and nothing could mend it. Lee had simply been too much for Meade, as he proved to be too much for McClellan, Hooker, and Burnside.

I met President Lincoln many times after we were under fire together at City Point. He spent several days with father at the army headquarters before Petersburg, and I often accompanied father to the White House. I remember this although no recollection comes to me of any particular or impressive incident of these meetings.

But I saw President Lincoln the last time upon the day of his assassination, and memory of that morning remains. I had accompanied father to the White House in the morning, where he remained for a long time, first in consultation with the President and then with many others. Serious matters were evidently under consideration that day, the particulars of which I have never understood. But I remember that I grew tired and not a little perplexed and resentful that no attention was paid to me, which was contrary to my usual experience. Evidently no one had time

this day to consider the seven-year-old boy who wandered about, tired and disconsolate.

We were stopping at the Willard Hotel, father and mother and I, and were expecting to go that night to Burlington where my brothers and sister were attending school. I was anxious to see them, longing for the time to come when we should leave. Yet I have no recollection of when that interminable session at the White House ended, how I got back to the hotel, or spent the rest of the day until dinner. But I remember that mother and I were at dinner when father came in and joined us.

"I shall be unable to leave Washington to-night," he said as he seated himself.

I was bitterly disappointed. And my disappointment was augmented by father's further explanation that he had, conditionally, accepted the President's invitation for mother and himself to accompany the presidential party to the theater that evening.

Mother objected to this arrangement. She was anxious to rejoin her other children, who were alone in Burlington. They were expecting us. In addition to this she was worried by the sudden and inexplicable loss of appetite I had displayed. I had made no complaint but mother was fearful that I was ill, or about to be.

Then a lady who had been dining at an adjoining table came to us, smiling:

"Do not be disturbed about your small boy's apparent loss of appetite, Mrs. Grant. He came in before you and consumed two orders of hard-boiled eggs and ice cream."

This information relieved mother's immediate anxiety about me but in no degree effected her determination to proceed to Burlington that night. Her trunks were packed, the other children waiting for her. So father bade us good-by, promising to follow us to Burlington the next day.

Two men at a near-by table, who had

been watching us so closely as to attract our attention, at once left the room.

I remember clearly the drive down Pennsylvania Avenue to the depot, the iron-tired wheels of our carriage rattling and bumping over the cobblestones. It was in the early evening but the Avenue was deserted and quiet as midnight.

We were nearing the railway station when a man on horseback overtook us, drew alongside and, leaning over, peered into our carriage. Then he wheeled his horse and rode furiously away.

To our surprise and joy, father came into the car just as the train drew out of the depot. He was carrying a great bundle of documents and, after only a brief word of greeting, took a seat at the front end of the car and became at once engrossed in his papers.

It was an ordinary day coach of that period and the lamp at the forward end of the car happened to be burning brightest. Sitting where he did, father was hidden from anyone peering through the door from the front platform. This fact probably saved his life.

At Baltimore our car was detached from the train and drawn through the city by horses. At the other side of town a fresh engine was waiting and we proceeded northward, running as a special. No stop was made until we reached Philadelphia.

At Philadelphia a crowd of excited people surged about our car. Father opened the door and found a belligerent brakeman guarding the steps from an agitated deputation of state, city, and railway officials. The brakeman was declaring loudly that his orders were to admit no one, that he had thrown a man off at the Relay House and, he didn't care who they were, they couldn't come in!

Father brought them in and we received the tragic news of President Lincoln's assassination.

Burlington was only an hour away. While another special was being made up, father accompanied mother and me to Burlington. He returned to Phil-

adelphia by the same train and the fresh special rushed him back to Washington.

The whole story of the plot that culminated in the assassination of President Lincoln will probably never be told. It is known that there was a conspiracy to abduct President Lincoln and carry him to Richmond as early at least as September, 1864. John Wilkes Booth unfolded the scheme then to Sam Arnold and Michael O'Laughlin in Barnum's Hotel in Baltimore. The plot contemplated delivery of the President to the Confederate authorities, to be held by them upon their own terms—either the termination of the war or the exchange of the President for all Southern prisoners held by the North.

It is known that in the spring of 1865 the group of conspirators included—besides John Wilkes Booth—John Surratt and his mother, Sam Arnold, Michael O'Laughlin, George Atzerodt, Davy Herrold, and Lewis Payne. As late as the middle of March the plan was still to kidnap the President.

But on that fateful Good Friday night of April 14, 1865, when the plan had changed to murder, all who are known to have been present at the last meeting of the conspirators, in the Herndon House were—Booth, Atzerodt, and Payne. Herold may have been present but there is no proof of this; John Surratt was in Elmira, New York. Mrs. Surratt was not in Washington. None of the others implicated was proven to have been at that last meeting.

It is believed that the murder plot was directed not only at President Lincoln but at all the Cabinet members and General Grant. If so, as it would appear from the evidence, the signal was given in the absence of most of the players and the plot that had been long months in forming was launched upon the irrational impulse of a single man who struck blindly, forgetful of his planning and part of his purpose.

Booth was to murder President Lincoln, and he succeeded in his hellish purpose. Payne was assigned to assas-

sinate Secretary of State Seward, and almost succeeded. Atzerodt was ordered to kill Vice-President Johnson, and refused. The assignment of other members to dispose of other government heads was not proven. Eight members of the original abduction conspiracy were brought to trial and convicted. Davy Herrold, George Atzerodt, Lewis Payne, and Mrs. Surratt were hanged. Michael O'Laughlin and Sam Arnold received life sentences, and Edward Spangler was sentenced for six years. Doctor Mudd also was sentenced for life but was pardoned by President Johnson on February 13, 1869.

It was nearly noon that Friday before President Lincoln sent his acceptance of the box for the performance of "Our American Cousins." It was then expected that father and mother would accompany the President, and the evening newspapers contained the announcement that President and Mrs. Lincoln and General and Mrs. Grant would attend the play that evening at Ford's Theater.

When mother declined the invitation and father learned that it would be possible for him to accompany us to Burlington, Mrs. Lincoln invited in their stead Miss Harris, the daughter of Senator Ira Harris, and her fiancé, Major Rathbone.

The change of program could not have been known to the conspirators until the evening, unless the men at the adjoining table in the Willard Hotel overheard mother's positive declination.

Who were those two men, and who was the man who rode beside and peered into our carriage?

It could have been neither Arnold, McLaughlin, Doctor Mudd, Spangler, or John Surratt. The whereabouts of each was fully accounted for during that time. The movements of John Wilkes Booth between five and eight o'clock of that Friday evening have never been accounted for. Herold engaged a horse

at Naylor's stable and rode away about four-fifteen. At half-past six Atzerodt also rode away and was gone until seven-fifteen. Atzerodt testified that he met Booth and Payne in the latter's room in the Herndon House at eight o'clock, and at that time Booth gave the final orders. Booth was to murder President Lincoln and General Grant; Payne should take Mr. Seward; and Atzerodt, Vice-President Johnson—which Atzerodt refused to do.

Atzerodt's testimony is plainly unreliable. But it appears that neither Booth, Payne, Herrold, or Atzerodt might have been the man who rode beside our carriage.

There is something else that has never been told. Many years later my mother received an unsigned letter in which the writer expressed his deep thankfulness that he had failed in the mission assigned to him. The anonymous writer went on to say that he had sat near us at dinner that evening in the Willard, that he had examined our carriage as we drove to the station, and that he had peered through the door of our car as the train drew out. Also, that while he was certain father had not left Washington, he would have entered the car if a brakeman had not opposed him. In the assurance that the man he sought was still in Washington he made no great effort to overcome the brakeman. And then, at the Relay House, he had fallen from the car and broken his leg.

It does not seem that any other than the man who was there could have known of these details and written that letter. It could not have been written by Booth, Herrold, Atzerodt, Payne, or O'Laughlin—for all were then dead. The movements on that evening of all the other conspirators brought to trial were fully accounted for. If the writer of that letter told the truth, he was an unsuspected conspirator. It remains one of the unsolved mysteries of that fateful night. Perhaps it is better so.

(To be continued)

WAVERING GOLD

Awarded a Second Prize in the Second Harper Short-Story Contest

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

AS the tall girl shuffled into the room she stopped to steady the large goldfish bowl held in her brown arms. She kept her face averted from the old figure huddled in the chair by the window, but she knew that the gray head with unkempt hair was raised, that two small black eyes regarded her coldly. Setting down the globe with its bright occupant, she started back toward the door.

"Here—leave that there doer be!"

The girl faced the flabby hand waved authoritatively at her.

"Ain't you afraid of the draught?" she asked mechanically—"you'm always worryin' about it."

"You set right down there—I know you! It ain't draughts you'm thinkin' about; you want to git out and go back to where it's all goin' on."

The young face darkened. "Nothin' much is goin' on," the girl declared sullenly. "The auctioneer was there, talky and dressed up. I seen Mis' Began; she was countin' the towels in the upstairs closet. She had on that green-and-white striped dress. Mis' Harham and her girl come in. Mis' Harham wanted 'em all to pray for Dolling's sins, but the auctioneer laughed; he said she could do that after things was settled in the house. Myrtle Harham spoke to me—she's rill pritty, sort of like a Christmas doll. She had on one of them one-piece dresses, sort of lavender—lavender," continued the girl dreamily, as if the word soothed her. "Lavender goes good on them, now, light-complected people."

There was a moment's silence, the huddled old figure in the chair stared at the goldfish, whose strangely sparkling scales shot red fire through his water habitat; he passed in and out of his little shell house with the air of a leisurely sultan.

"What'd *you* git?" snarled the old voice. "'Twarn't true, was it, that Dolling left the parlor furniture to King Reddy? Did King give you that there show-fish? Is that all he had fer you?"

"That's my business," snapped the girl. "It's dinner time a'ready."

With an impatient gesture she pulled out a table covered with mottled oil-cloth. She spread on it a dark table-cloth none too clean. The old woman in the corner drew forth—from a debris of bread crusts, some empty medicine bottles, and two half-decayed apples—a pair of steel-bowed spectacles with rims turned black with age; she put these on to follow the silken evasions of the goldfish.

"So he shoved you off with such trash, hey—a trick goldfish!"

The girl paused in her listless movements; she was standing in front of a cracked mirror regarding her face long and wistfully. Once she pushed back her hair from a forehead finely shaped but knotted with her frown. For a moment she seemed to try to arrange the tangled dark locks in some fashion recently seen . . . then a furtive glance over her shoulder seemed to paralyze her hands.

"You hear me?" snarled the cracked voice. "Did Dolling leave you this here

fish, or did King give it to you? Wa'n't there nothin' else, seein' I used to work to Dolling's place?"

"King give me the fish." The girl's voice was at first smothered, then something curiously sly crept into her tone as she wheedled, "Ain't it funny to think the gold on him is only artificial? They say it's the handsomest fish in the county! It sot on Dolling's grand piano in the best room fer I don't know how long. He idolized it."

But the yellow face did not soften at this statement. Mrs. Murtree kept black-eyed scrutiny on her daughter. "And so he give King Reddy everythin' in the house—is that so?" she demanded.

"That's what they say."

"The pianola? The sewin' machine? The canary bird? The standin' lamp with the parasol shade? King Reddy gets all the furniture, too?"

"That's what they say," the girl answered with pretended indifference.

"'They say,'" snapped the mother. "'They say'—well, they'll be sayin' a lot more before they get through; ef I could get down to Dolling's house—I'd 'they say' them."

There was no answer; the young woman, going to the rusty range, lifted a lid. "The fire's out," she muttered. "I better get some kindlin'." She moved toward the door; again there was the look of escape in her eye.

"Yes—and you'd be out too, if you could, and you wouldn't come back, neither—I know you, you young sliver. Now you take that chair and set down in front of me," commanded the old woman.

With a weak breaking of her full underlip, the girl slouched down on the rickety seat. "I thought you wanted dinner," was her peevish comment.

The sour black gaze fixed her; then Mrs. Murtree, leaning forward, announced pompously, "They was a pink-worsted African into the north bed-chamber at Dolling's—many's the time I seen it when I was scrubbin' there. Who got that there African?"

"King—he, now, give that to Mis' Harham—she was tellin' him how she's been crazy over it this long time." The girl looked thoughtfully at the goldfish sailing serenely around his aqueous circle. "Look how that there globe catches the light," she exclaimed—"like church glass, kinder, the way it shines."

"What's King goin' to do with old Mis' Dolling's sewin' machine?" her persecutor continued.

"He's been and give that to the Cousin a'ready. Seems that before the fun'ral the Cousin walked up to there from North Medwin, takin' on somethin' terrible. They say the Cousin was all sewin' machine. Seems that ever sence they was girls the Cousin an' old Mis' Dolling had it all laid out that whoever died first was to give the other one her sewin' machine or, ef 'twus the *other* one, her shark-tooth bangle."

A look of merciless contempt swept the wrinkled face, fastened on the irresolute countenance of youth.

"An' the clock into the settin' room?" Again the young figure stiffened under the remorseless inventory.

"They was all after that," Sade Murtree replied, "and the Chromo of Niagara and that painted fruit piece into the dinin' room; there was strangers drove twenty miles from Cone Center to get *that*. I heard Myrtle Harham ask King for the blue pincushion in the best bedroom—the one that was trimmed with them little pink roses. They was standin' there and King had the goldfish globe in his arms; he was goin' to carry it home fer me—but she, the Harham girl—well, I heard King say, 'Certingly you kin have it.' Then Myrtle, she wanted he should wrap it up in paper fer her, and so—so I come home."

The girl brooded for a moment on these matters. She explained more gently, as one woman depending upon the understanding sympathy of another, "You know what King is. More like a gentleman, easy and free handed—can't say 'no' to anyone."



• “SO YOU THINK HE’S GOIN’ TO MARRY YER, HEY?” JEERED THE OLD WOMAN

There was appeal in her voice, the appeal of a young puzzled soul to the wisdom and experience of an older person, but the heavy rap of the stick interrupted her. “You goin’ ter set there all day or you goin’ to git dinner?”

Mrs. Murtree, a dark scowl on her face, critically surveyed the goldfish. “Yes, I know what King is—I know what King is,” she muttered darkly. “My sakes, but there’s things I could tell! I ain’t scrubbed to Dolling’s house for nothin’—and now the old fool leaves him all this furniture ter shut his mouth—and the fool goes and give it away. Yes, I know what King is—I know *who* King is.”

She sat looking curiously at the thin half-bowed back of the girl in her slow awkward movement about the room. Suddenly her attention was diverted by a graceful waving motion of the gold-

fish’s tail; the curious metal-like burnish of the slim creature held her silent for a moment; but as if reminding her daughter of shame, she snarled again.

“Look at what King could ha’ saved out of that house fer him and you! Him always hollerin’ about wantin’ ter marry yer—yet all he had fer you was this here—play-fish (not but what it’s pritty), but like as not you’ll have ter spend all yer time gittin’ worms fer it and seein’ the globe don’t git broke.”

The girl slammed down on the table a tarnished leaden castor in which the cruets, smeared with their own contents, leaned drunkenly toward each other.

“Dinner’s ready,” she announced; then spitefully, “Them fish doesn’t eat worms, that’s all you know about hist’ry—” then, her young face sud-

denly reddening, "and I don't want you should speak so about King; don't you got devilin' in our business! Him and me can talk fer ourselves—we know what we want."

"So you think he's goin' to marry yer, hey?" jeered the old woman. "Well, he ain't; no more than soapsuds stays bubbles! Ask Myrtle Harham who he's goin' to marry!"

"He is too," declared the girl proudly. "We'm in no hurry—we can wait. King's sort of high-handed and peculiar." She groped in a mind unfed of holy symbols to shadow forth love, trying to express something of deep pride and confidence in this man so belittled, for what reason she knew not, by the neighbors. "King's more like a man in a magazine," she said at last, "he ain't all 'have and git'; like as not he's thinkin' how he can make fer others. He's like—now—books, and—now—strange cities." The girl drew herself up. "You'd have me married to Bunch Klatren, that big Swede with his red nose, just because he's got a furnishin' store and yer seen them green stair carpets unrolled in his winders."

As the two approached the dinner table Mrs. Murtree authoritatively silenced her daughter. "Now you shut up," she commanded with maternal majesty, but as she sidled into her seat with bored old country eyes she was still stealing glances at the goldfish, now austere regarding them through the sides of his globe. He floated there, tail slightly waving, cold and haughty inquiry in the aquiline fish face.

"What's he want?" demanded Mrs. Murtree a little nervously. She cackled, "They can't hear, can they? He looks listenin'-like! Cute, ain't he?—switchin' his tail so—Well, look at that—!" The old woman suddenly raised her hands in admiring wonder. "Say, ain't that comical? Don't that beat the Jews? That animal—he gives me one look and then turns and goes back into that shell house, for all the world like a—a min-

ister! Say, he's quiet and perticler, ain't he? I mistrust they sort of guarded him up to Dolling's; seems he's used to high-life, kinder."

Mrs. Murtree continued to regard the goldfish; knife and fork in hand, she rested her elbows on the table, chewing. "Turned yer back on me, hey?" she demanded facetiously of the fish. "Lookit! Comin' out that door again! Well, I never; he's got a mind of his own, that there fish has—see him draw his tail through! Say, he done that as nice as I could myself. Now he lays there, thinkin'."

Mrs. Murtree, forgetting the viands before her, raised a coquettish horn-nailed finger at the occult eyes steadily regarding her from the goldfish globe. "Now then," she demanded a little sheepishly of the shape of wavering gold, "What you lookin' at? See anythin' green? You think yer own the whole world, don't yer?"

With a look of dull relief the girl took her own seat at the table. She had rolled up her sleeves, her round arms showing womanly lines. Her hair, swept off her forehead, was twisted into a rough knot; through its frank dark curl crept a hint of coppery light, but her eyes were thick, sullen with negations; her figure was cowed, without buoyancy, and piteously suggestive of rough treatment in childhood days.

The two bent to the speechless eating of lonely country houses. The girl, her head on her left hand, idly poked the unsavory food into her mouth; but the old woman, still dazzled by the golden streak of life flashing through the roomy clarity of the goldfish bowl, indulged in unwonted mumblings.

"Fish," at last she remarked sentimentally. "Fishin'! There, that's what he makes me think of—long-ago times when yer Paw cut alder rods and went down to the brook in the hemlocks to that there hole where the cows drinks now." The toothless old jaw worked over its food for a moment. "That's a thing I never could eat, is

fish; give me meat and fowls and I'll thank yer; but them brook fish—as I says to your Paw, 'they'm more like ornymunts, wavin' and shinin','" she continued with ostentatious virtue. "Fish in the sea, mebbe—hither and yon and wild in their way—them I might taste, but not them, now, tame fish that shines—I couldn't pick at 'em—I'd be too precious of 'em. 'T would be like eatin' true gold—gold," said Mrs. Murtree feelingly.

Watching her mother drink black coffee in slow gulps, the girl was moodily dumb. Mrs. Murtree tore a new fragment from the loaf, asking, "King goin' ter keep on workin' for Harham's now that Dolling has went? Tek care the Harham girl don't catch him! They say she's a great man-fancier."

Again the old woman's eyes fell on the goldfish. "Say—he heard that! Seems as if he understood everythin'. Look at him now."

To her daughter's listless surprise the old woman burst into a delighted cackle; she raised her wrinkled hands, clapping them, and sent forth her voice in a coaxing challenge, "'Ere—kip—kip—kip!" Mrs. Murtree called it as in younger days she had called the chickens. "Say, what do yer suppose he eats? I could catch flies fer him. I dunno, would he take a bit of pie off me?" Excitedly she eyed the wavering gold.

The next day was Sunday. As the morning sun warmed the gray clapboards of the shabby house, King came. The tall, loose-jointed farmer, whose soft hat went up in a negligent peak, had tied a bright new four-in-hand round the collar of his flannel shirt. Though his heavy hip boots were caked and cracked with mud, his whimsical face was shaved clean and showed healthily the even sunburn.

The ragged window shade ran up sharply; an old mottled face surveying him made King jump. The man's countenance changed but he stamped with easy country assurance up on the rickety

steps and pushed open the door, shoving aside an eager chicken with his boot.

Mrs. Murtree, from the close-smelling room, greeted him excitedly, "Hey, there! Shut the door quick, can't yer—you want to let in all outdoors?"

The lank man closed the door with exaggerated care; he pretended fright by covering his head with his hands, saying jocularly, "Don't shoot." Then he stood with his back against the door, surveying the disorderly room.

"Where's Sade?" King lifted his glance to the dark, narrow staircase where he had so often seen her hesitant young figure come edging down. He turned to the old woman. "What you worryin' about the air for? It's May-time, ain't it? Why, everybody down the road is settin' out on their stoops! Malden's son has sot up his radio and the folks is lyin' in their hammicks listenin' to it. What you 'fraid of in the air, anyway?" he persisted. "Air's all the rage nowadays—it's high-toned to be in it; the way some favors air you'd think it would pay to put it up in bottles and sell it like syrup."

But the man's future mother-in-law had no repartee equal to his own. She heard him with sour scrutiny. She motioned solemnly to where the goldfish lay seemingly inert in his globe. "Ssssh," peering from her chair. "Ssssh—step easy and see ef he's sleepin'—he's been awful nervous this morning."

Then she remarked as one bound to declare ignorance of the ways of wavering gold, "I don't know much about the care of these here fancy fish. I ain't been educated up to 'em, but there ain't nothin' you can't tell me about air and I know that there ain't nothin' in God's world that air won't kill. Look at how cats catches cold—" Mrs. Murtree pursued scientifically—"I've seen 'em reel pinched with bein' in the open air; and the birds would have things different if they could—but they have to stand it."

King walked over to where the goldfish sailed serenely in its lucid pool.

"Myrtie Harham's!" she jeered.

"Hey there!" King whistled to the goldfish. "Hey there, you stuck-up dude—pretend you don't know me, huh—? Hey there—Bill! Say, he knows, don't he?"

"Call him Lionel," objected the old woman. Her eyes were fixed upon the denizen of the globe as, respectfully, she spoke the name.

"Lionel, hey?" The man leaned upon the kitchen table, gravely listening as she explained.

"Seems he needed a gentleman's name. Sade, she didn't care. You know her ways—dumb when you want her to talk; talkin' when you want her dumb. So it seemed it should be me should pick out the name. I read in the papers and remembered fancy names on tombstones. So—'His name is Lionel,' I says. 'Lionel.' I says it just like that; and if that there fish didn't come around the side of the globe lookin' at me, just as wise! Sade, she didn't say nothin'."

Whereupon the tall farmer suddenly straightened. "Where's Sade?" he demanded again.

Mrs. Murtree raised her voice in raucous authority. "Sade! Sade! No, she ain't up above. Well, then it's likely she gone down to the graveyard to her Paw's piece—or sulkin' in the cedar patch, maybe—you can't never tell where she's took the notion to go. Wild as a watersnake!"

Mrs. Murtree, her eyes on the convolutions of the goldfish, added sentimentally, "But I've noticed the young is always crazy fer new sights come spring and the bogs starts a hollerin'—Say, look at him now, *he* knows, don't he?"

For a moment King Reddy stood and gazed at this old-time enemy. He had had his own difficulties with Mrs. Murtree and he knew she knew his life secret: but their knowledge they had kept from the girl; so far at least they had tacitly agreed on that. And on this spring morning he was suddenly aware that the old woman had grown softer,

that an acrid hostility, a jibing bitterness, such as only the country mind can evolve, was gone; the hard old eyes, following the yellow slant of the goldfish, seemed suddenly dreamy, unaware of his presence. "Wavering Gold" had put its spell on Mrs. Murtree.

The farmer opened the sagging door and took his booted way across the yard, where were strewn rusty cans and empty bottles and where the chickens and a few colorless rags on the clothesline emphasized the listless squalor of the place. With easy nonchalance King leaped the low fence that separated the Murtree home from its field surroundings; he started to a bit of wood known popularly as "the Grove." As he approached it the man's step did not quicken any, nor his head lift, but before he entered the circle of sun-shot sweet-smelling trees he gave a short whistle.

The whistle was not answered but the lanky figure stooped and peered into an inner circle of pines to where in a lonely little shrine sat the girl. She was twisting a bit of partridge vine in her hands, her murky brown eyes wide and brooding.

"Hey there!" King spoke with lightness.

Sade lifted her face; the man stood before her in abashed worriment.

"Now, there you are! Cryin' again! Ain't you terrible? Just like you was last Sunday—Why, girl, ain't you ashamed to give in like that?"

He stood there looking down at her, appalled at this thing women did—going off into the woods to cry alone! He took out his pocketknife; he stood there helplessly gashing at the bark of a white birch.

"Sade . . ."

"Huh?" listless eyes on the ground.

"What you cryin' about? Your maw been cranky again?"

"I'm—I'm discouraged," said the girl slowly—"I dunno as I ought to cry, but I'm—discouraged."

King looked grave. That she had

reason for discouragement he knew; he tried to comfort her.

"There's a new nest in your honey-suckle over the stoop."

"That so?" heavily. "I dunno as I care—it don't make no difference to me."

King's practiced eye, however, detected that it did make a difference. He pursued his slivering of birch bark, drawing it off in long, skillful sheets which he tossed into the girl's lap, explaining facetiously, "Writing paper fer yer."

"Well, them little bird's nests is reel

company once you take to noticin' 'em. The shape is pritty and surprisin', and ef it's a robin, why that blue paint on the eggs gives yer a new kind of wonderin' that yer don't have all the year round, and them little gawks of birds gappin' up fer food—well, I've forgot many a trouble rubberin' into birds' nests."

Then the man remarked nonchalantly, "Me—I'm out to get them trailin' Mayflowers this noon."

"Is that so?" indifferently.

He nodded. "First I thought I'd ask Myrtle Harham to go with me. Say,



THE GIRL SAT IN A LONELY LITTLE SHRINE

ain't she nice lookin', though?" He kept his eye on the drooping girl. "Says she can smell them Mayflowers afore they're up. 'Flower hound,' I call her. Well, that girl's smart round the house; her and her mother—what they don't bake! And as for cleanin'—why, it's somethin' terrible the way they clean!"

The inert figure on the ground stiffened slightly; a subtle smile of understanding came over the keen face of the man backing at the tree. He continued, as if talking to himself, "But some girls is reel pushin', ain't they? Get and have. That's all it means to them. . . . She was all for goin' to *your* place—*our* place—where we found all them pinkest Mayflowers. She said it was 'common property'; said she had as good a right to go there as you. But that's where I thought different." King grinned, his mouth a crooked line of appreciation.

"I don't know as anyone has got no call to look fer 'em *there*,' I tolt her. 'That there bunk of Mayflowers,' says I (kind of tony-speakin'), 'was the discov'ry of a lady friend of mine.'"

"Yeh . . . ? You said that?" Sade looked up, a glimmer of mirth in her smoldering eyes; then the girl lifted her dark gaze directly to the man's face. "You—want to go down there to our place—now?" Her listless look was gone.

But King pared another long film from the white birch. "I ain't sure I could find my way *alone*; I'm awful timid in the woods. Of course ef I had comp'ny—" he answered facetiously.

The girl scrambled to her feet. She looked suddenly blown through as by a clean wind of humor and good sense; a new light like the wimple of a wayward brook shone in the dense eyes. Suddenly she glanced down at her untidy dress.

"Look at me," she said shamefacedly—she turned her eyes with a need of criticism to him. It was as if she, continually flouted and scorned by her mother, somehow loved to quiver under his tender severity.

King's eyes traveled from the tumbled hair to the eyes with their dead-brown heaviness. "Ah, you can't help it," said the man compassionately. This was the thing Sade had often told him and he believed it. But, curiously, his lack of criticism filled her with more shame than the sharpest taunt. Into her swift perception flashed the daintiness of Myrtle Harham.

"I can. I'd ought to have took more care of myself," she murmured.

King fell into step by her side as they wandered where the trees thickened.

"It's your maw keeps you down," explained the man gently.

Of a sudden the whole passionate nature of the girl overflowed; she stood there in the woods gazing at him, her eyes wild with rebellion.

"King! She ain't never taught me right! I never knowed it till I seen them there movies down to the Center. But I seen how I was only a country jake—not—not like nice girls." She moved blindly like a child toward the man. "Oh, don't yer leave me, King," she sobbed, piteously.

The two did not touch each other; they stood in the strange silence of the trees, sacredly conscious, inarticulate.

"They said, the day of the fun'ral," the girl choked, "and maw, she keeps a sayin' that Myrtle—"

"I won't leave you," the man returned quietly, a curious hunger playing on his lean face. "It's just *me* you want, ain't it? Now, your maw, she was jawin' me because I didn't save her Dolling's stair carpet and all—well," King made a curious gesture of disdain, "I ain't holdin' back stair carpets from them that hankers for them—I'd like ter give your maw a good stair carpet—but not—not just *that there one*." He paused, looking at the girl narrowly. "Is it just *me* you want? Is it? Sure? This time, Lover—you got to be very sure—on 'count—well, on 'count different things. King don't—don't want to see you make no mistake."

She flung herself toward him. She

put up a wild face so clean and utter in its abandonment that the man drew a quick breath and stepped away. He leaned against a tree, looking at her, breathing hard. Then suddenly he straightened and smiled. It was something bigger than the country girl could understand: only dimly did she feel that solemn Something in his kiss.

Myrtle Harham returned complacent from a somewhat exclusive gathering of arbutus. She had been hailed by this and that ranging party of village youth, but her training forbade association with those who made so merry of a Sunday. She stood primly while the band of boys and girls passed her, each with a round tight nosegay of pink flowers. Stepping daintily along the spring highway she held her little basket of rosy bloom, meditating upon the money she could get for it by standing it in the village drug store. The Harham girl had been to visit the Murtrees; she had had her own reasons for turning in at the slack, rope-fastened gate.

On reaching home for supper she related the story of old Mrs. Murtree's infatuation with the goldfish.

"Good evenin', Myrtie," she says. Maw—her hair was all hangin' in her neck! 'Don't you want to set and watch my fish menagerie?' she says. 'Ain't that there globe like a whole jewelry store,' she says, 'with gold watches swimmin' and divin'? Precious Gold,' she says, so comical."

Mr. Harham, a genial farmer with an air of well-being, caught at the material significance of the allusion. "If goldfishes was gold watches, she wouldn't never have had that one—poor soul—one of them wimmen over to Dolling's fun'ral would have got it out of King long ago." The farmer laughed at his own perspicacity. He looked at his two womenfolk, neat and fastidious, reflecting their artless satisfaction in their own behavior. His keen glance rested on his daughter.

"What you wasting time on King

Reddy for?" He asked it rather sharply. "I seen you speakin' to him in the store. Ain't you ashamed, with that poor Murtree girl wild over him? I should think you'd be too proud, your kind, tryin' to rob that kind. King's no prize—he ain't far-witted about wimmen—you got a right to leave him be! Anyway, he ain't—"

Mrs. Harham, with compressed lips, rose.

"Daughter," said Mrs. Harham ostentatiously, "daughter, your holy prayers await you."

She spoke as if the holy prayers were a kind of salesman holding hats in an anteroom. Sweeping a look of possessive pride over the girl's blond head, Mrs. Harham meditatively watched her leave the room. When that correct damsel had disappeared she turned to the now sobered Mr. Harham, who quailed before her less lofty look.

"Say—what call have you got to butt in?" she demanded. Her eyes were powerful and steely.

Mr. Harham hitched his chair back to its front legs; he manifested discomfort.

"I was only tellin' her," he demurred. "She's got big feelin's. She might make mistakes." The man looked honest concern. "They's some things you don't know," he stammered. "King Reddy's good-natured and nice spoken. It ain't no fault of his'n, but—but he ain't no good for Myrt—she can do better," declared the farmer proudly. "King," he quoted, pitifully derisive—"King-of-the-Cannibal-Islands, I guess—why, that feller's—" and then the farmer said honestly and sturdily a name at which countrywomen's faces stiffened.

For answer his wife softly turned the knob of the door and peered out into the hall. Assured that her pious child was not listening, she closed it again and stood, tall and obstinate, with her back to it.

"Then you ain't heard!" she said, and there was a trace of contempt at his slowness in grasping a situation. "You

ain't knowed about the Dolling house being King's—lock, stock, and barrel—? You ain't heard the rumors about the will being made into his favor?—You ain't heard that Dolling was *King's father all the time*? That he, upon his deathbed, said so before witnesses? The mother was some furrin' woman out of England. Some says they was married secret—some says they wasn't."

Harham slowly opened his mouth, his kind, dull eyes fixed on his wife's shrewd ones. Then he stammered, "That was why King got the furniture and all—but they said—they said—"

"You—you poor dumb farmer!" Swept suddenly by fierce grandeur of ambition she leaned passionately toward him, whispering, "It's *true*. There's legal documents has proved it."

Ambition, which had been the sustaining force of Mrs. Harham's religion, now took other semblance. She gave gorgeous color to a new ritual as she enumerated:

"King's the sole legatee—everything's his'n—them farmlands, that rented mansion down into the town—a oil well the lawyers told about, the woods off to the west that we thought was private, and some rented stores down into Fairbanks County—it's all King's." She paused, a woman and a plotter, fixing him with meaning eyes, muttering vindictively, "That there sloven Sade!"

Vaguely the man caught her meaning. "But—he don't know," he protested. "He ain't never mentioned it to nobody."

"He don't know, don't he? He's playin' innercent. Why? Because he's got some looney idea of that Murtree girl takin' him fer *himself*. 'It was love of money and nice things that ruint my poor mother,' King says to me—just like that. She warn't nothin' but an ignorant girl. . . . He's tryin' to git that backwoods Moll to marry him against her maw's will and fer *love of him* and nothin' else. Ain't that a man's conceit for yer?"

Meanwhile, the little slack house where Mrs. Murtree held full sway seemed to undergo slow transformation. The thing began with the corner in which the rheumatic old invalid usually sat. Here was placed the glass bowl englobing Lionel, and here was manifested, day by day, the autocratic power of the goldfish. Lionel, it developed, wanted sun—he wanted to look out through a clean window pane. He wanted fresh flowers in a glass where he could see them through his translucent habitat. Lionel wanted much whistling and cajoling; the sight of faces peering through the globe was supposed to afford him peculiar pleasure. Wavering Gold!

Promptly at nine and at noon when the old woman had her own meals, Lionel had his repast; small bits of dried white paste were solemnly dropped to him amid loud squawks of admiration of his high-bred intelligence as to where the morsels would fall.

At last Lionel was able to insinuate by sundry cold glances of his critical fish face that, though confined in a globe, he was awake to the more extended surrounding. It was to Mrs. Murtree alone that the sedate fish communicated his disapproval of the slatternly living room; she passed the information on to her daughter.

"Lionel, he come nosing round the side of the globe when you was down street; what must he do but look where you bin and left them dirty dishes on the table—and he turns away just as dignified—seems as ef he knowed them dishes wasn't washed.

"'What you got in your brain now?' I says to him—'ain't any time the same to you, but you ain't satisfied without you see the whole house red up by nightfall?'"

Mrs. Murtree related the circumstance to her daughter; her garrulous old mind wildly impressed, she cackled over the goldfish's austere behavior.

"Much I care!" muttered the girl. She recklessly slammed the things back on the table.



"THEN YOU AIN'T HEARD!" SAID MRS. HARHAM WITH A TRACE OF CONTEMPT

In doing this she shoved the goldfish bowl backward. It slopped and spattered.

"Now look," her mother croaked. "Now lookit, you gone and got Lionel all stirred up; he's been nervous to-night anyways, and now you've made him worse."

"You and that goldfish!—I'd like to smash him on the floor."

And Sade stood there, one turbulent protest of enraged youth. The girl was a marvel of rebellion. Something defiant and vital burned in her—her white teeth set vengefully on her red lip, her body a fine co-ordination of resistance; and she steadied the bowl in her brown embrace like some dark-browed Angel of Wrath holding the solemn sphere of dim creation. But ah, this was an uncertain angel that soon began to tremble, who only helplessly flared until the wild tears came. Sade stood there raging until the water in the goldfish bowl shook; it slopped over her dingy dress.

"Maw—I—I want you should leave me marry King Reddy. Now—now!" the girl suddenly screamed. But she could only repeat this wildly. She had no explanation. The burst of appeal over, she was the same pathetic creature who had gone to cry alone in the woods, only now her eyes were frightened; there was a note in her voice like that of a bird in the clutches of a hawk. Looking ahead with the desperate prescience of youth she could see the neat, calm person of Myrtle Harham like some deadly influence that could win away from her the one dear thing of her starved life.

"Maw—Mis' Harham wants King fer Myrtle. She told me so—I—I—thought she was jokin', and King he only laughed—but there's a change come. I heard folks talkin' into the store; I can't make it all out, but, O maw, *leave me marry him*—we could get along; King has got work."

The girl stood, a bit of agonized womanhood, before this parent who

still controlled her. Suddenly and with a curious apathy she put the goldfish globe back on its littered table, the old woman watching narrowly the emotional condition of her treasure.

"King ain't nothin' to marry. He's a ne'er-do-well. I need you round the house. You can marry the Swede, that'll git you ahead in the world. . . . Now, you touch that there goldfish again—and I'll—I'll—" the mottled fingers seemed to itch for violence, but suddenly Mrs. Murtree bethought her of another way. The withered old face fixed the girl with an inscrutable expression as the sneering mouth remarked, "Marry King—hey?—King *what*? Ef you knowed what I know you wouldn't wipe your feet on him!"

The girl quivered. "You'm always sayin' that—what do yer know? Do yer suppose I care? I—" she swallowed pitifully, "I know King is good—good, do you hear? He's been like a sort of teacher to me, and, God knows, I ain't never had one—but Myrtle wants him and she'll get 'm, I tell you." The dark face broke pitifully under her despair. . . . "He was talkin' to her down street only this mornin'; she was in a pink dress, she had on a white hat with pink roses—and O mama, O mama, King didn't see me—he didn't see me!"

The girl, with an abandon as beautiful as it was abased, flung herself writhing on the dingy floor.

The mottled old invalid in the corner was silent, sure of her power. For a long time she looked callously upon the shaking, slender figure. At last she spoke in acute summing up:

"King didn't see yer, hey? Well, I could've told yer he wouldn't—Now maybe ye'll believe what I said was true—he ain't cared fer yer this long time; he was only foolin'—" Then, rising like a furious old Sibyl and leaning on her stick, Mrs. Murtree demanded, "Cared fer yer—hey? Then why didn't he give yer the sewin' machine? Cared fer yer? Why hain't he

give yer the pincushion? Cared fer yer?—How about that there stair carpet? Why, he's only—" And then Mrs. Murtree said the word that countrywomen's faces stiffened at.

"One goldfish in a globe!" With biting sarcasm the old voice rasped out, "One goldfish in a globe, and with that he throws yer over and takes up with a new girl. I s'pose he's had all he wanted out of yer." The sour black eyes looked with harsh curiosity upon the shrinking form. . . . "So, you ain't good enough fer him, hey?" went on the sneering chant. . . . "One goldfish in a globe, and with that he throws yer over. Where's the sewin' machine? Where's the African? Where's the—?"

Mrs. Murtree would once more have enumerated the desired gifts from Dolling's house, but the girl stopped her. She suddenly rose from the floor like one gone frenzied; she descended upon her mother menacingly. Her fist was clenched, she bent a brow of fury upon the mumbling old figure.

"Ah!" she said, her lips shaking—"ah, I can't stand it, I tell you, I can't stand it. Why—I—I don't care what I do!"

Sade Murtree looked furiously about her once more—the shining globe arrested her eye; she was rigid, white with passion. "All right, then," she muttered recklessly—"if you don't care for it—why, this is all I think of what he give me. I don't need no Lionels!"

The goldfish globe, like a terrible symbol of frustration, was held high and dashed shiveringly on the floor. Two ignorant countrywomen confronted each other in all the trembling horror of their helpless rage.

"Wavering Gold!" The fish, in its slippery terror, flopped in bruised agony on the floor.

The girl, like an enraged animal, burst open the door and shot out into the silver night; the old woman, in shudderings of pathetic age, began to creep about among bits of glass and a welter of water to rescue that one bit of life

and color that flopped in a fish panic over the dirty floor.

"Lionel—oh, ain't she awful? Ain't she awful? Lionel—Lionel, are ye dead? Wait till I strike a light—Hon—No, that there ain't the matches. Where did I leave 'em lay? Lionel, are ye alive? (Oh, I dunno how much a goldfish can stand.) Are ye frightened, Hon? There, that's the best I can do for ye. Oh my sakes! I could have her in the lockup fer this! There, Lionel, pretty, now I got yer. . . Don't be afraid, Lionel. There—there—!"

At last the moon, shining through the little kitchen window, saw the gasping Lionel safe in a large yellow mixing bowl filled with water slightly tepid to relax

his shattered nerves, and set close to the old woman slumped down in her chair, sighing and groaning.

The colloquy that took place at the Harham barn where King lived was brief and human. The man, wakened from a deep slumber by steps running down the road, looked out upon the moon-washed night. Only once, where a form stood swaying, had he heard a familiar whistle. If that whistle should penetrate to the smug bedrooms of the Harhams! King, flinging on clothes, thought of this.

"Sade," as he stole quickly down the creaking steps of the carriage house, "Sade, for God's sake, stop that whis-



SHE LEANED ON HER STICK LIKE A FURIOUS OLD SIBYL

ting! Are yer gone clean crazy? My God, girl, what's the matter?"

The bright moonlight showed him her slight form hatless, her hair streaming. In the eerie light she was a Bacchante maddened and impassioned.

"Sade?" questioned the man once again. This time there was that in his low voice that had always controlled her. King looked hesitatingly over to the Harham farmhouse where all night long a light burned in Mrs. Harham's virtuous window. He imagined that face, cold and dominant, rising suddenly from its pillow; he dreaded even now seeing it peer forth from the window. All the watchful meanness of the man's country environment warned him of Sade's danger, of more misery and loneliness for his girl.

He spoke sternly to the now shivering figure. "Sade," the man whispered quickly, "ain't you crazy to come here this time of night? Don't you never dare do this again."

He thrust an arm under hers and commenced leading her away. Once more he spoke reproachfully to the now shivering figure.

"This time o' night—them Harham wimmen's tongues—don't you never dare to do this here again."

She whimpered and buried her face in his breast; he tried to lift it, to bend it back, speaking in his whisper, "Ah, Sade, you'm cryin'!" It was as if he had never before seen the poor child cry. "Here, come to King—why, King won't leave 'em plague yer—!" The man cast his face up to the sky—"Guy darn 'em all!" he prayed devoutly.

But this time the crying was so convulsive and frenzied that the lover was nonplussed.

"What's she been sayin' ter yer now?" King demanded fiercely. "Say, I'd give her a little sass back once in so often. Why, Sade, it's only religious to stand up fer yerself and give the rest of the world rats."

"The goldfish—I—slung it on the floor!"

He found he could not turn her homeward, though as he talked he was gently trying to lead her there.

He paused, looking at her; something had happened that was worse than anything that had happened before. He had never seen her like this—like an enraged animal bent on self-destruction, like someone running to fling herself on the Dark!

In the moonlight he scanned her, saying suddenly, "Let's go back up to my place—it's warm there and you'm shiverin'—we could—we could . . ." but when she started to go her piteous willingness showed him instantly that this must not be. The moonlight on those desperate eyes illuminated his responsibility. "No, that won't do," he decided abruptly.

"Now, Sade, what's King goin' to do? You ain't acted sensible, Dolly. . . . Now, now," soothingly—"shut up. I ain't scoldin' but you'm frantic. I'm 'fraid fer you. Now, Sade—you got ter mind. I'm goin' to take yer right back home and spend the night on the lounge to yer house. Ef she jaws, I'll jaw back—and you can jaw too, hey? Does that suit?"

But even as he pleaded the man was firmly turning her bewrayed steps homeward. King knew his country standards. It was long after midnight, almost three o'clock, yet a belated farmer's automobile with its cruel searchlights might this moment be picking them out on the illumined road.

Up the silver way they drifted; the man with an effort kept his arm away from the girl's bowed form. However, when they paused in a shadow made by a giant sycamore he suddenly grasped her, and she clung to him. He felt her young body leap.

"I smashed it—I smashed the globe," she sobbed. "Lionel, he's out on the floor flappin'; but she plagued me about you—she, she said things—and you wasn't there, and I didn't know—there wasn't nothin' else ter smash," continued the girl desperately.



"SADE'S COME BACK, MIS' MURTREE. WE'M GOIN' TER GIT MARRIED TO-DAY."

"Nothin' else ter smash?" The tall nan chuckled. Safe in the shadow, King rocked her in his arms. "Nothin' else ter smash, hey?" He grinned up at the few faint stars. "Hadn't nothin' else ter smash so yer had to spoil King's present—the *only thing he ever give yer*—" he waited, meaningly. "You ain't really done that, Sade, smashed the goldfish and all? You little terror! Say, I bet she wanted ter skin yer!"

He crooned over her. "Cry all yer want ter," he said tenderly. "She ain't

got no right to act so—well, you'm King's wife—or will be termorrow, and then what?"

The girl's face awed in the moonlight, turned on his breast to look up into his own.

"Married?" she breathed. It was easy to see what the thing meant to her. . . . "Married—*us*?"

A look of whimsicality stole over his features.

"You'm reel proud to marry me, ain't yer? Why, you'd go straight off with

old King without nothin'—you dare? O Sade, you dare ter take a poor old tramp like King?"

She gasped so happily, clinging to him, that what he had to do grew harder, well-nigh impossible.

"O King, you didn't speak ter me—this morning, and I thought she, Myrtle, was—" she buried her face on his arm. "She looked so nice; I was a-comin' along and I had the dinner basket and it was heavy, but you didn't see me—Myrtle—she looked so—so awful pritty."

King shook her very slightly. "Say, are you growed up," he asked scornfully, "or are yer a little girl that's afraid of bears? Myrt Harham—well, she's smart—she had it all laid out, I bet yer, her and her mother; they was askin' me would I take her for house-keeper, now that I—"

Suddenly something peculiar came into the man's face; he lifted the girl's clinging arms and stood her away from him saying gravely, "Now, Sade, we can get married at sun-up this mornin'; the not'ry gets to his office at nine and then you and me will belong to each other without nothin' else in the world—nothin' but my job up to Harhams."

Absorbed and happy, the girl was oblivious of his scrutiny of her. Out of her untutored experience she began to plan. "I could take in washin'," she declared soberly. "Maw ain't never learned me to do nothin'; but come summer, I could raise flowers and sell 'em. I could raise them strict-eggs like Myrt Harham does," she finished with growing spirit.

The thing King looked for, the thing he sought hungrily in her voice and eyes was there. She was ignorant of his new possessions, ignorant of the tragic thing that entitled him to these possessions.

For a moment the man hesitated, looking far ahead of him to the rim of the eastern horizon where the faint orange color of dawn began to burn the sky.

"You see that light where the sun's comin'? Well, I've heard it said that

no man will tell a lie when the sun's comin' up, though they'll tell plenty as it's goin' down. Cur'ous, ain't it? Now," said the man slowly, "that there sun-up is our Weddin' Day, and I'm goin' ter tell the truth."

He dropped the two cold, thin hands. An expression of curious agony stole over his face as he stared on at the dawn, saying resolutely, "Put yer mind on this, Dolly, and think hard about it, like yer catechism. Sade, lovey, King ain't—nobody—King ain't never belonged to nobody—!"

He saw the girl's figure blurred in the dawn against the gray of the stone wall; his own eyes blurred as he dropped his head like a stalwart boy, bravely confessing the piteous thing. . . . King stopped and bit his lips, trying to face this untutored girl, as he muttered, "My mother was . . . well, Dolling was the man who didn't marry her; he leaved her die—nobody knows where—how!"

He shivered. The advancing dawn showed him something startled in the girl. Inwardly cursed, he saw how the hand that had tortured his mother now laid its shadow on his wife-to-be. But in the dawn he looked with solemn bravery upon her.

"*But we ain't that,*" he said. "You and I are *us*, and we'm clear of it. That's why the farm and all come to me," he finished gravely. "You didn't know all that? Well, there's time enough, but that's why I give away all that household truck. I couldn't a-bear it; it shamed my mother and it shamed me. I can git you more—do you care?" the man asked wistfully.

In their wonder at the strange things life did, they stood hesitating. The grand color in the east broadened, a pure light crept up the fields of dawn. King, in the early spring daybreak, saw fresh cloverheads beaded with misty dew. He strode across the stone wall, picked one of them—handed it, cold and pure in its rose color, to the girl. "It's our engagement," the man said with a

curious dignity. "We was engaged anyhow, but to-night when you come to me—like that, and I scolded yer, why I see I was yer husband before God and man."

She nodded happily, dumb with his mastery of affairs.

"*You wanted me when you thought I didn't have nothin'?*" It was his one thought; he adored her for it.

The girl nodded, her young lips curved ready for happiness.

"Then," said King, eyes shining, "we'm engaged and the Harhams can talk till they'm black in the face. Now we'll go up ter your house; we'll bang on the door and, well—your maw—she can come to the weddin' ef she wants to, goldfish and all! And ef she jaws, you'll jaw and I'll jaw, too, see?"

There was such new genius in the assurance he now wore that when at sunrise they stepped upon Mrs. Murtree's doorsill and her angry head darted from the upper-story window, even Sade did not flinch.

"Don't yer dare set foot here," rasped the familiar voice. "King Reddy, I know you—and you, girl—. Don't yer come in here for no more fish murder, you Cains and Abels!"

But the respectful son-in-law-to-be knew well how to employ the oil of sympathy.

"Sade's come back, Mis' Murtree. . . She was took a little nervous, I expect—but I been talkin' to her and she's reel miszable—so now we'm goin' ter git married to-day. I thought I'd hitch up and take ye both along and we can give her fits—What say? What say we make a sort of cruise of it?" he repeated.

Those blue eyes, full of a square dignity Mrs. Murtree could not mistake, impressed her. She was aware also of a new pride in her daughter, who did not release her hold of her lover's arm. This to the old gray head above spelled correct things. Moreover, things there were of whose worldly import Mrs. Murtree had not yet time to take in,

but of which she would gladly know more. Wavering Gold had changed her.

"Sade ain't got no clothes to be married in," she replied tartly. "I ain't fit to go nowheres. Lionel—he's actin' funny this mornin'. . . ." At the thought of Lionel the wrinkled old face quivered. . . . "I'm all broke up with nursing him," she despaired. "He needs young life."

Then King Reddy proved that unwitting strain of blood within him. His manner was solicitous and gentle; the girl, watching him, felt suddenly remorseful for her own roughness but it was his teasing that saved the day, for he smiled openly at Mrs. Murtree. "Lionel's all right," he declared—"them goldfishes is made on wires; but I know high-toned folks, like you and Sade, is always needin' more clothes." He appeared to reflect a moment. "Of course I don't say you won't see sumpin' in the stores you might take a notion to. . . ." The man gave a curious laugh as he added, "Wimmen's taste runs into them things. Now, me, I ain't got no clothes fit to be Sade's husband. . . . What say we all git what's goin' and I'll—well, maybe I can manage to pay fer it."

It was King's first swagger. He looked shrewdly up at his old-time antagonist; he dared her. Something passed between them of recognition and understanding.

Then the old woman disappeared.

"She's gone to tell Lionel," said King. He winked and slapped his leg.

"Lionel!" Sade threw back her head and laughed.

Then they stood before each other, walking little steps away, then back to each other.

"And now you kiss me," instructed King.

Mrs. Murtree, in her excitement, left them to look at her pet. "As long as *you* ain't mad," she crooned. "As long as *you* ain't dissatisfied, Lionel."

SHALL WE PRAY?

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

THE man I was talking to was in the prime of life. He might have been just a year or two either side of forty. He was apparently strong and able and the head of a large and influential business. On the credit side of life he still had youth and health, and had already attained success, and he said, "I don't mean I am brave or courageous. I just mean that life signifies so little to me that I don't care whether I live another hour or not. The game isn't worth the candle." It struck home so deeply that I could not answer, and when I thought about it afterward I asked myself over and over "What is it?" "Why is it?"—this strange life-weariness, this apathy and indifference to what ought to be always a vital and exuberant adventure. It is a disease that beset decadent Rome and that besets innumerable men and women to-day. In Rome they attributed the disease to too much luxury; to the breaking-up of the old religions and the swift change in conditions. Men caught the poignant sorrow of the old singer:

But for me their new device is barren,
the days are bare,
Things long past over suffice, and
men forgotten that were.

But this was not an adequate reply. Finally the answer came to me. Life, just as we see it from day to day, just this rush of petty detail, this whirl of apparently meaningless work, is not worth while. That man who did not care whether he lived or died was quite right. To get up in the morning and face the sun or rain, to go about one's drab and disappointing business, to fulfil the dull duties of the day is not worth

while. And yet—and yet there are so many people poor, ill, unsuccessful, often like the great Prototype "despised and rejected," who love life and live it eagerly and buoyantly. What makes the difference?

"Do you believe in prayer?" the successful young banker asked his old, worn, ill mother.

"Oh, yes."

"Why?"

"Because, first place, my prayers react upon me. When I have submitted a problem to prayer I gain a new power of dealing with it."

"That, of course, is just like any problem you concentrate on: you think it out and think of something more to do about it. But of course you don't think *anyone* hears the prayer?"

"Yes, I do. I think the whole universe hears it. I think not a pebble drops into a pond but the stars tremble."

That was the answer. The matter of life being worth while is just a matter of shortsightedness or farsightedness. In the vast sea of space and time we miss results. We forget to watch and see how thought of any kind makes its mark upon matter. The pebble drops, the circles enlarge, the depths of the ocean are moved—infinitesimally little, perhaps without a microscope we cannot follow—but yet truly the universe is not quite the same as if the pebble had lain still. One's prayer, the momentary aspiration, the devout desire to do the best one can with the fleeting moment leaves just a tiny dent on the great, inert mass of matter.

We have lost through too much rational education the sense of a personal God—listening, loving, grieving, help-

ng. We realize how little our finite minds can compass the thought of a universal Being; we try to prove our intelligence by avoiding an anthropomorphic idea of such a being. And yet the universe is there, chaotic at times, but plastic, waiting to be molded; matter is spread out subject to thought, to aspiration, to pleading. Each prayer draws lines in the human face, paints serenity, hope, and courage; or each prayer unsaid draws lines of apathy, hopelessness, and faint-heartedness. There is not such a great difference after all in the intelligences that speak of God as "Our Father in Heaven" and those that speak of "the power not ourselves."

Doubtless no one holds a very adequate idea of what the word "God" means, from the child who thinks of a kind old gentleman with a long white beard sitting on a cloud to Matthew Arnold who coined the phrase "A Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." The mental process is more advanced in the one case than the other. But the heart that comes nearest to knowing this power is the one that feels most deeply the universal response, that leans on it most securely, that believes most in those things it cannot see. Such a heart, such an intuition throws out its line far beyond itself and the personal vision, knowing that every effort ultimately reaps reward; not to-day or to-morrow; not here or in the next room necessarily; but somewhere in the universe every cause has its effect. Every single mistaken thought sows a whirlwind somewhere; every fine intuition, every true bit of insight calms the storm.

There are people who are born into the world knowing all this without reasoning or teaching, or perhaps without even working out the problem in words. But they know it, and because they *feel* it they walk through life making happiness, faith, security, peace wherever they go. People say they have tact, because they do not offend or hurt as they move. But no; it is just the innate gift of loving and believing, and wher-

ever a man loves and believes *life is worth while*.

To a certain author a man said, "I have just read your book and I know now why you said your life had been happy. It is because you did not want diamonds and yachts and you limited your desires."

"Not a bit of it," said the author. "It is true I did not want diamonds and yachts. But I most feverishly wanted a motor car, a grand piano, and a place in the country, and I never had them. It is all because somewhere underneath, where I often had to search for it, I knew that it did not in the least matter what I had or did not have. It only mattered what I thought or did not think; what I strove for or resigned; what I believed or did not believe; how I smiled or failed to smile. I knew perfectly well that a rag-picker had just as good a chance for happiness as I, and that my chance was as good as any millionaire's. Happiness no more resides in *things* than piety does. A man is not pious necessarily because he goes to church and obeys conventions—except in just so far as going to church moves his mind from the material to the spiritual plane. If it does that it helps him to be pious. Piety is a condition of the spirit; so is happiness; so is faith."

There are people in the world who are born Christians; people who have in some degree the sense Christ spoke of when He said, "I and my Father are one." They are concerned first and foremost not with a temporary self to be made comfortable or successful or happy: they are concerned with the fact that every single smile, gesture, thought, aspiration makes a difference in the ultimate welfare of the world. They know, as we hope God knows and forgives, that all human beings are fragmentary and fallible; good here and bad there; unselfish and selfish; kind and cruel; to be forgiven and helped and loved and believed in as only an immortal mind can compass it. Yet in their human way they do a good deal of it.

They are capable of being more selfless than most, and as they emerge from the shadow of self and temporary desire they lift their whole surroundings with them up to a sunnier plane.

I knew a man once (I count it as one of the most beautiful gifts this world has offered me) who lived with the great and almost lifelong infirmity of deafness. I never heard him mention it but once when he said, "A deaf man has to keep on very good terms with himself because he is thrown so much on his own society." But he never left an encouraging word unsaid or a possible kindness undone. It was a strange and interesting experience to meet the people who knew him. If you went to the great building where he worked and handed your card to the bell boy and gave his name, a smile came over that boy's face. However bored and sullen before, he was glad to get that card, to go up to that particular office, and finally to usher you into that presence. You might have supposed that a man with such an affliction would have been socially undesirable. But it was not so. He was in constant demand for dinner parties, card parties, receptions. He not only never said the wrong thing but he always said the right one. People loved him and wherever his name was mentioned people felt warmed and cheered; the very expressions of their faces took on a kind of courageous beauty. In the quarter of a century I knew him I never heard of anyone who questioned his beauty of character—matched by an almost equal beauty of face—or anyone who envied him or wanted to belittle him.

Somewhere M. Maeterlinck says that true wisdom always controls destiny, and that wherever a tragedy is about to touch its crisis, if Christ or Socrates were to come upon the stage the tragedy would at any rate lose all sordidness and hopelessness. Could anyone feel tragedy in the great death scene of Socrates, as to the last instant he cheered his friends, even jesting with the one who weeping

asked, "How shall we bury you?" "Oh, any way you like. Only be sure," and how his eyes must have twinkled, "that you catch me so that you *can* bury me."

Could Socrates believe for a moment that the wisdom, the cheer, the unassuageable thirst for truth which was Socrates could be put away under the earth and become no more than a clod above a coffin? Was there any sordid tragedy when Christ looked down upon His persecutors and said, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Nothing there but is food for immortal desires and eternal thought. Tragedy lies in slight, perishable things; in the short vision, the faint heart, the circumscribed thought. Wherever the sun of the Eternal shines the vision grows longer, the heart is strengthened, the life broadens out.

Have you failed? Have all your efforts seemed in vain? It does not matter. Another may succeed because you made the effort, and if you are not self-enclosed that is just as joyous a matter as if you had succeeded yourself.

And so because we are uncertain what God is like, and we no more feel sure that Heaven is a city in the sky, and because there are so many more stars and worlds and solar systems than we once dreamed of—shall we cease to pray? Rather shall it be without ceasing that we throw the daily life out into the infinite; not asking any immediate answers to our little desires; just knowing that if we desire, the answer is there, unrealized perhaps, but as necessarily existent in the universe as the circle the pebble makes in the pond. That is near and we see the first results, but the law of cause and effect goes on beyond our sight and it is as invariable in the unseen world as in the seen. He who lives the doctrine knows it and the surest proof we ever have of it is to see someone who so lives, if we are too feeble to do it ourselves. Seeing it once, we know it for ever.

Believe in prayer? It is the door into the life of the spirit which transcends

the life of the body and the life of the mind. It may not be tied to a form or a posture. It may not be even an ejaculation. It may be no more than an habitual lifting of the casual thought and flinging it out beyond the bound of one's petty human vision, knowing that if it is worth while it will go on.

There is a tale of a good old woman who horrified her neighbors by refusing to go to church or prayer meeting. When they came to argue with her they said, "But do you pray regularly? When do you pray?" And she said, "When I wake in the morning and see the sunlight, I pray that the sun of true charity may shine in my heart; and when I wash myself I pray that I may some day wash in the living waters of innocence

and refreshment; and when I kindle my fire I pray that the fire of love and charity may burn in me; and when I eat I pray that I may be eating and drinking the Life everlasting."

So, one way or another, we are all of us putting our little stitches into the weave of the great garment of living; and the beauty of life itself depends upon the fidelity, the joy, the faith with which each one works on his own little square.

But surely there is no world-weariness when we know that life, and all that goes to make up life, is eternal and that the widening circles of each deed and thought go on forever. No arrow is shot but hits somewhere; no song is sung but echoes on in someone's heart; no pebble falls but the stars tremble.

ROMANCE

VIRGINIA WATSON

MY eyes were dazzled by the sunset glow
 Wherewith Romance flooded the western sky:
 I saw in Roncesvalles young Roland die,
 And Guinevere, through cloisters pacing slow,
 Waste on insentient stones her splendid woe;
 Saw too Tristan to Iseult's signal fly,
 And Arthur in his barge glide slowly by
 While the gray waters round far Avalon flow.

Then Arthur's barge changed to a rented boat
 On a park lake in which two young clerks dreamed,
 Hand in warm hand; the motors' loud horns seemed
 The clarions of their love, her shabby coat
 A magic mantle, and the worn lake strand
 The faery, perilous verge of Brocelande.

THE COMING ECLIPSE

And Some Others, on This and Other Planets

BY HARLOW SHAPLEY

To millions of Americans the solar eclipse of January 24th—if the weather is clear—will be the most spectacular astronomical event of a lifetime and one of the most striking natural phenomena of any sort in years. Anticipating it, we have asked the Director of the Harvard College Observatory to contribute some timely notes about this and other eclipses, their nature and their scientific importance.—*Editor's Note.*

WHEN ten million sleepy people, more or less, look anxiously out of their ten million windows in the early morning hours of January 24th, 1925, to see the prospect for fair weather, they may console themselves—if clouds on that day of the much-heralded total eclipse of the Sun make consolation necessary—with the thought that dozens of more glorious suns undergo eclipses every day and every night. They have done so for millions of years in the past and will continue indefinitely in the future. Throughout stellar space total eclipses are so common that astronomers have recognized and catalogued an extensive class of double stars called eclipsing binaries.

Celestial eclipses, moreover, are not confined to our Sun and the other stars. There are, for instance, eclipses of the smaller bodies in the solar system. The Moon is occulted two or three times a year through the intervention of the Earth in the stream of light pouring moonward from the Sun. Frequent and interesting eclipses occur on other planets of the solar system. And out in space there are unpredictable obscurations of a peculiar kind arising from the motions of large nebulous clouds of dust and gases.

A widely spread phenomenon, therefore, is the celestial eclipse. Its study

has been found important in many of the deeper and more difficult problems of science. Our first knowledge of the velocity of light came as the result of observations of eclipses of Jupiter's satellites. Recent advances in the theory of the nature of stars followed the study of stellar eclipses. Fundamental problems of evolution in the inorganic world are intimately touched upon through investigating these unearthly affairs. And the most spectacular and convincing test of the theory of relativity was made during the few hurried minutes of recent total eclipses of the Sun.

In the following pages attention will be directed to those little-known eclipses that occur far out among the other planets of the solar system. But before we examine the phenomenon elsewhere, let us consider an eclipse of immediate terrestrial interest.

One of the most striking demonstrations of the power of mathematics, and one of the best illustrations that law rather than caprice rules the material world, is the prediction of an eclipse of the Sun or Moon. Even the most casual layman is impressed, if he stops to think at all, with the accuracy with which the astronomer can map out, years in advance, the narrow path

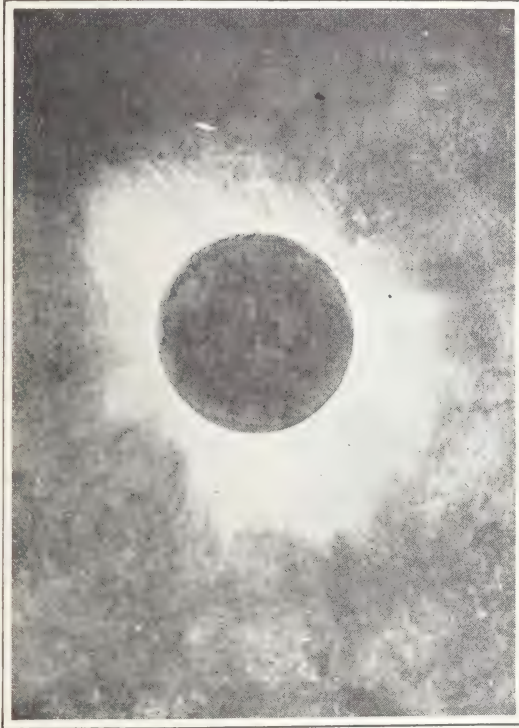
on the Earth's surface where the shadow of a total eclipse will pass. The two bodies involved in throwing the shadow on the Earth—that is, the Sun and Moon—are at distances of approximately 93,000,000 miles and 240,000 miles from the Earth. The shadow cast by the Moon falls on an Earth that is whirling rapidly and moving in a complicated path through space. The Moon itself is moving around both Sun and Earth in an orbit of profoundest complexity. Yet, at a distance of many years, the mathematical astronomer, using his intricate formulæ and his tables of the positions of Sun and Moon relative to the Earth, is able to say that in New York City on January 24, 1925, at a little before eleven minutes after nine o'clock in the morning, the Bronx will see a total eclipse but the Battery will not. The south end of Central Park will be outside the limits of the shadow and a thin crescent of the Sun will there be still visible, but near the north end of the Park the obscuration will probably be complete, and the marvellous corona—the pearly outer atmosphere of the Sun—will for a moment flash into visibility.

One of the uncertainties that interfere with a more exact delimitation of the edge of the shadow path lies in our ignorance of the topography of the Moon. We do not yet know sufficiently

the mountainous contours along the lunar edge. There remains, for this reason and others, a possible error of about a mile in assigning the position of the shadow's edge, and an uncertainty of two or three seconds in the times of the beginning and ending of the eclipse.

It is estimated that the coming total eclipse will be observed, if the weather is clear, by more persons than have ever

before witnessed such an event. The path of the shadow of totality, which increases in width from eighty to about a hundred miles, will start at sunrise on the Canadian border of Minnesota. Traveling at the rate of about sixty miles a minute, the shadow proceeds south-eastward across the Great Lakes region and in the states of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut passes over densely populated districts, including many cities and large towns. It obscures Duluth,



THE CORONA SEEN IN A RECENT ECLIPSE

From Howard Russell Butler's painting of the total eclipse of June 8, 1918, made at Baker, Oregon, copyrighted by him, and reproduced here by permission of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

Toronto, Buffalo, the northern part of New York City, Hartford, New London, and Newport. It then goes out to sea, crosses the Atlantic along the steamer lanes, and ends north of Scotland near the Faroe Islands just as the Sun is setting. This eclipse will be partial over the whole of the eastern United States and Canada and almost total in many cities—in Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boston, and Providence. But the difference between a

partial eclipse and a total eclipse is the difference between day and night, the difference between a common event and a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. Partial eclipses are almost annual occurrences in any part of the Earth, but a total eclipse at a given place is an opportunity of a century.

Not one person in a thousand, the country over, has seen successfully a total solar eclipse, but that proportion will have to be changed to one in ten or twenty if the morning of January twenty-fourth is clear. If it is cloudy, however, we can, as suggested before, contemplate stellar eclipses philosophically, or be satisfied with lunar or partial solar eclipses, or wait seven and one-half years until, in the summer of 1932 (the last day of August), the tail end of a total eclipse sweeps down at sunset from the Canadian Arctic and, crossing eastern Canada and eastern New England, goes into the sea a little outside of Cape Cod. Closer details of that eclipse are not yet worked out by the government computers at the Bureau of the Nautical Almanac in Washington.

From the astronomer's point of view the eclipse in January will not be favorable. In the first place, the Sun will be too near the southeastern horizon for most satisfactory observing conditions.

In the second place, the path of totality crosses a region of uncertain weather. Chances of a clear sky are far below fifty per cent. The insurance rates will be high. Expensive preparations for observations cannot wisely be undertaken. Probably the best chance for success, according to meteorological data, is in Connecticut or the eastern part of Long Island, or, still better, in an airplane at a high altitude above all possible clouds.

A third unfavorable aspect of the coming eclipse is the brevity of totality—only 117 seconds, for instance, where the center of the path crosses the lower Hudson River.

Several permanent astronomical ob-

servatories are located along the path of total eclipse. Usually the investigator must go to the far ends of the Earth, with long and elaborate preparations, but for once the eclipse comes to the astronomer. The telescopes at Toronto, Cornell, Vassar, Yale, and Wesleyan, and on Nantucket Island, as well as the instruments of amateurs and of visiting astronomers, will make the most of the two minutes of totality—if the weather is propitious.

Total eclipses of the Sun seem to have an affinity for inaccessible places, but that impression arises from forgetting how little of the Earth's surface is as yet comfortably accessible. The next four total eclipses will, in order, pass across Sumatra, Scandinavia, Malacca, and Patagonia; and some of them will be astronomically attractive—favorable in climatic prospects, altitude of the Sun, and duration of totality.

The problems studied by the astronomer at the time of a total eclipse are of a varied nature and for the most part highly technical. The form, extent, and brightness of the corona are so important and so easily investigated that amateurs can readily assist by making photographs. The coronal streamers are related to sunspots and to other magnetic effects on Sun and Earth. Since the corona is visible only during total eclipses (and these phenomena are so rare), science has as yet acquired little information concerning this outermost atmosphere of the Sun.

Other possible investigations include the determination of the wave-length of the light emitted by the corona, and the chemical structure of the hot and gaseous atmosphere of the Sun, which can best be analyzed as the Moon gradually conceals the solar disk.

During totality the stars in the immediate vicinity of the Sun become visible and are easily photographed. Accurate examinations of their positions have enabled astronomers in recent years to prove that starlight, passing near the edge of the Sun through its

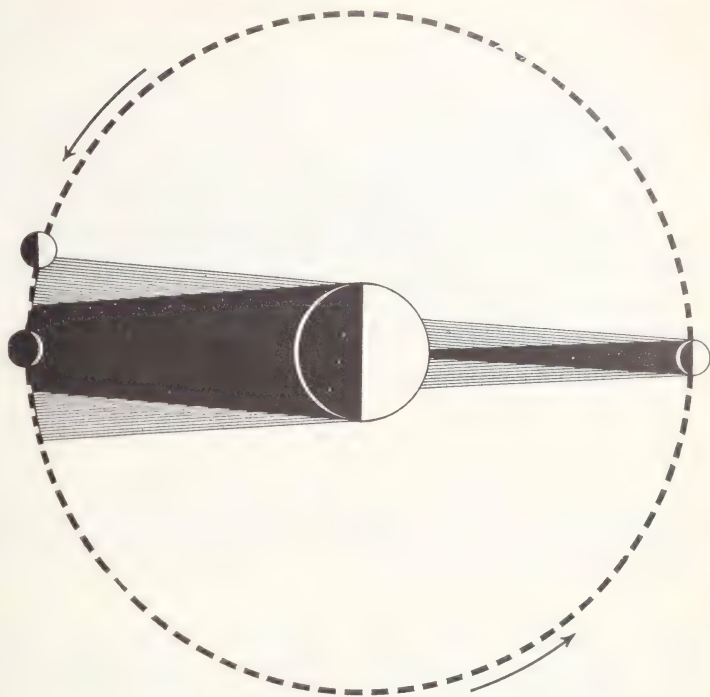
strong gravitational field, is deflected from a straight and narrow path. This bending of the light-rays shows that light has weight; and still more significantly it verifies the remarkable prediction by Einstein concerning space and time, based on the general theory of relativity.

Not only are stars and planets visible during the total phase of the eclipse but there is the possibility that a totally unknown comet, so close to the Sun that it has heretofore not been seen, will be observed by some attentive investigator.

Lunar and solar

eclipses can occur only when Earth, Sun, and Moon are in the same line. This happens only at those full moons and new moons when our satellite is not too far "above" or "below" the plane of the Earth's orbit. If the plane in which the Moon's path lies were coincident with the plane that contains the orbit of the Earth, total eclipses of the Sun would be more numerous; for then, in passing between Earth and Sun every month, the Moon would throw its shadow on the surface of the Earth. Fourteen days later there would be a lunar eclipse when the Moon passed through the Earth's shadow.

Some of the satellites of some of the planets travel in orbits so highly inclined to the planetary path that solar or lunar eclipses rarely if ever occur—the shadows of planet and satellites keep clear of each other. Such conditions exist for Neptune, Uranus, and for the outer moons of Saturn and



THE MECHANICS OF AN ECLIPSE

The light of the sun casts the shadow of the moon (revolving about the earth) on the sunlit surface of the earth, making a solar eclipse. The region of totality is where the black shadow impinges on the earth's surface: the shaded portion represents the region of partial eclipse. To the left is shown an eclipse of the moon.

Jupiter. In contrast to this condition is the circumstance for the inner satellites of Saturn and Jupiter, and especially for the tiny moons of Mars, where the orbital planes are so nearly coincident that planet and satellites are forever obstructing one another's view of the Sun.

The Martian satellites are especially peculiar. They are close to the ruddy surface of the planet and are among the most difficult objects to observe in the whole planetary system. Only a few observers, working with the most suitable large telescopes, have ever seen Phobos, the satellite nearest to the Martian surface. The diameter of this most intimate of moons is not certainly known. Probably it is between ten and twenty miles. Deimos, the outer satellite, is similar in size but more easily observed because less involved in the blinding glare from the surface of Mars. At each revolution of these moons



PATH OF THE ECLIPSE ACROSS THE GREAT LAKES REGION

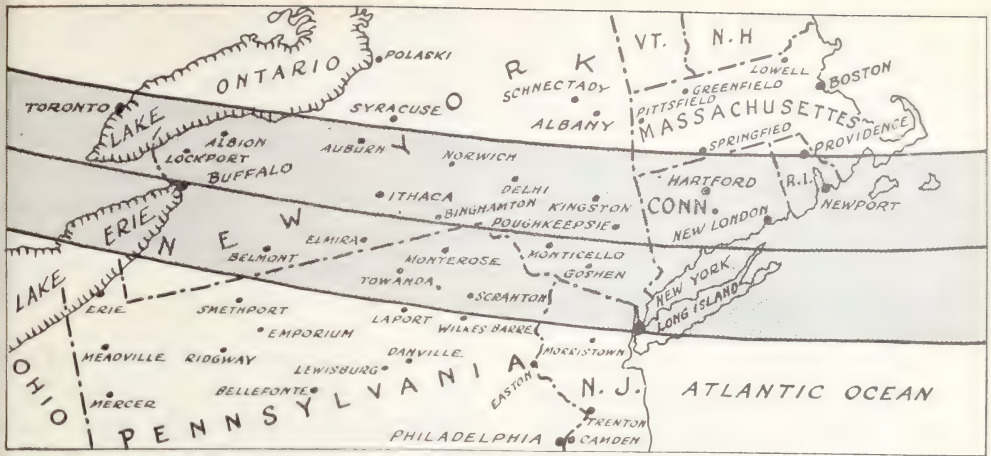
The shadow cast by the moon will begin at sunrise on January 24 in northern Minnesota and sweep eastward. The eclipse will be total only in the shaded area of the map, its northern edge crossing Toronto and Providence, its southern edge Duluth and New York.

their shadows fall on the planet, causing solar eclipses; then swinging around in their nearly circular orbits they are themselves completely hidden from the Sun—lightless and cold in the shadow of their planet.

To the hypothetical Martians, the eclipse phenomenon would be of a striking nature in consequence of the rapid motion of the near-by moons. On the Earth we measure months by the time it takes our Moon to go around the Earth, moving from west to east with respect to the stars. But our day, based on the west-to-east rotation of the Earth, is so much shorter than the month that the Moon, like the stars and Sun, appears to the observer on the Earth's surface to go from east to west. On Mars, however, the relation of day and month is quite different. There the day is about the same length as on the Earth but the months are incomparable. Phobos completes its month in seven hours and thirty-nine minutes. Therefore it revolves much faster than the planet's surface; it rises in the west, sets in the east. Three times a day—sometimes four—it throws its shadow on the planet. Though small, its distance of only 3,700 miles from the surface of Mars probably makes it appear as

large as our moon appears to us. And since Mars is more distant from the Sun than we are, the solar disk is of smaller angular diameter, with the result that Phobos completely hides the Sun once during every revolution. Total solar eclipses are therefore a daily occurrence on Mars. The place would be a paradise for students of the solar corona—thin atmosphere, innumerable eclipses, and almost total cloudlessness. The shadow cast by Phobos, however, falls only along the Martian equator. In fact, the little moon itself is invisible from the higher latitudes on Mars because of the superficial curvature of the planet. These many peculiar conditions awake all sorts of fancies—which can just as well be forgotten by the sober earthbound scientist.

Deimos revolves about Mars in thirty hours and eighteen minutes, rising therefore in the east and setting in the west as proper moons should do; but it remains for nearly three days above the Martian horizon and then an equal time below. Its distance from the surface is approximately 12,000 miles and it is therefore unable to occult the Sun completely and cast a total-eclipse shadow on its planet. Only partial eclipses occur at its new-moon phase.



EASTERN CITIES IN WHICH THE ECLIPSE MAY BE SEEN

If your home lies within the shaded area you will be able to see the total eclipse on the morning of January 24. Beyond this path the eclipse will be partial. The southern edge of the path of totality will cross Central Park in New York City—the eclipse being total at the northern end of the Park, partial at the southern end.

Jupiter with his nine or more satellites is a miniature of the solar system. A great variety of distances, dimensions, and periods of revolution is found among his many moons. I have suggested an uncertainty as to their number; nine are on record—four of them found three hundred years ago as the first product of telescopic observation. The other five faint satellites were discovered during recent decades, mainly through the agency of photography. However, among the astronomers who study the problem there are some who believe that one or more faint satellites, at a great distance from the planet, remain to be discovered, measured, and tied down to an orbit. Probably one such object has already been faintly photographed but lost again before confirming observations could be made.

The four largest Jovian satellites, discovered in 1610 by Galileo, are of most interest from the standpoint of eclipses. They are as large as our Moon, or larger, and easily seen through strong opera glasses; it is claimed that they have even been glimpsed with the unaided eye in spite of the glare of the exceedingly bright planet near by. Their "months" range from forty-two

hours to nearly seventeen days. Their orbits are suitably inclined for eclipses to occur at nearly every revolution. Amateurs with small telescopes can easily follow the motions of these bodies and frequently observe the progress of a distant lunar eclipse or see the transit of a satellite or its shadow across the face of Jupiter.

Since the orbits of Jupiter's satellites are accurately known, the times of the beginning and ending of every eclipse are predictable with high precision. The Danish astronomer Römer first noticed, some two hundred and fifty years ago, that prediction and observation did not always agree. It is a truism in science that when well-founded prediction and accurate observation reveal some discrepancy, a new discovery is being born. Failures of theory are always fruitful. Römer noticed that the predictions of eclipses in the Jovian system were accurate when the Earth and Jupiter were on the same side of the Sun, separated by some 400,000,000 miles, but that when, in the course of their orbital movements, the Earth and Jupiter were on nearly opposite sides of the Sun and separated by a distance of about 600,000,000 miles, the observed times for all eclipses were

approximately twenty minutes later than predicted. He noticed, too, that as the Earth approached Jupiter again the predictions gradually became accurate.

The discrepancy was resolved by Römer himself. He made the discovery that light travels at a finite and measurable velocity. The observed delay in eclipses, he maintained, results from the time it takes light to travel through the increasing distance separating Jupiter and the Earth. A velocity of nearly ten million miles a minute, he found, would account for the observed discrepancies. Our modern measures of the velocity of light, using both the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites and other methods devised in scientific laboratories, have only changed this early result to 11,180,000 miles a minute.

The velocity of light can now be measured more accurately with terrestrial apparatus than by using the Jovian eclipses. In fact, the problem is better worked in the opposite direction: taking the velocity of light as known from laboratory experiments, we can use the observations of eclipses to improve our knowledge of the orbits of the various satellites; through indirect and mathematical ways we are then led to more accurate knowledge of the distances of the planets and satellites, and their specific gravities and masses. The study of these distant and easily observed eclipses in the Jupiter family thus leads us to a better understanding of the structure of our planetary system.

Public interest has never been stirred by the eclipses of our own satellite, the Moon. Until recently astronomers have not given the phenomenon much attention; but now it begins to appear that one excellent way of studying the enigmatic upper atmosphere of the Earth is to examine the shadow it casts on the Moon, or better, to analyze the amount and color of the sunlight that the upper atmosphere bends into the Earth's shadow where the lunar eclipse is in progress. In this way

evidence has been found recently by Mr. Fisher, working at the Harvard Observatory, that the upper air over the northern hemisphere of the Earth is dustier, and casts a darker shadow, than the air above the southern hemisphere. He also finds that great volcanic explosions fill the air with sufficient dust to affect the appearance of the lunar eclipses in immediately succeeding years.

The recent lunar eclipse of August, 1924, was observed in Europe, Asia, and Africa, attention being given to the times of the phenomena, to the color effects, and in particular to the visibility of mountainous features on the lunar surface. The most interesting and perhaps most valuable of the special co-operative observations of this lunar eclipse were made on more than a hundred ships of the navy of the United States. They observed the sky conditions at the time of the eclipse—for it is high above certain regions of the Earth that the sunlight, passing through the upper atmosphere, goes on past the Earth in the direction of the shadow and, though greatly diminished and discolored, falls on the eclipsed surface of the Moon. Of intriguing interest, therefore, and of scientific value as well, are the reports that come in from the patrolling United States gunboat far up the Yangtse River in China, from the Belgian merchantman off the African coast in the Gulf of Guinea, and from the American warcraft scattered in the waters between Iceland and Labrador where, at the time of eclipse, they were watchfully escorting the World Flyers across the North Atlantic.

For the practical needs of airmen as well as for the cultural needs of pure science, we are resolved to know what we can of the Earth's upper atmosphere even if, now and then, this involves turning to the Moon and laboriously studying the color and visibility of her bleak mountains in the shadows that fall at the time of the lunar eclipse.

SONS

A Story

BY B. H. LEHMAN

OUT of the subway, over a path which twenty years had made familiar as the hallway in his own house, Professor Cawley walked slowly to his study in one of the dormitories. He smiled continuously—like a human old angel, as an athlete with the gift of phrase once said after a meeting of the committee on athletics—at the thought of Fanny. No sooner was she herself well and the new miracle accomplished of a son safely gaining weight after six weeks of doubtful hold on life, than she set at him again, in her rallying way, to be at his book. And then the human old-angel smile sharpened as he thought Fanny had not yet seen that, for a year to come, the book would have to wait not only on students with problems but upon profitable extra work. There would be large bills—and there was no margin in his salary for small ones, even. “Queer,” he thought, “that the same world should hold copper beeches, burnished as May can burnish them, and bills!”

Striding under the beeches came a student. “Sir, I have just been to see you. Will you see me now? I’m in some trouble.”

“Certainly.” Through Cawley’s luminous thought a face glowing with vigor but marked with care gradually stood out. It was his second, more conscious perception which recognized his questioner: the son of the great Dr. Bolton.

“Why, Bolton! Yes, come along. I have just had a talk with your father.”

The younger man looked across with

a little alarm, which presently passed as the elder went on. “Mrs. Cawley and my boy are getting on, you see, thanks to your father. Indeed he saved Mrs. Cawley’s life, and of course the boy’s—created him a second time as it were. Wonderful man. I’ll be taking them home day after to-morrow. Miracle worker, your father. Marvelous things—the hands of a surgeon; things to be worshiped.” Professor Cawley took off his straw hat and ran his hand over his thin hair. “Terrifying things,” he murmured to himself — “poisons, Cæsareans.”

“Yes, sir,” the boy said, “Father’s hands are wonderful—long and strong.”

They entered the study. It was the pioneer study of its kind, a room in which a college teacher was available for talk during certain elastic hours. The furnishings were mostly an unequal inheritance from departing seniors who had sent some left-over chair or rack, with a note clever or embarrassed as the case might be. The books, the very tissue of the walls, were the accumulation of the famous “dollar trips” on which every Saturday for two decades Cawley had taken a student, rarely two, and spent an afternoon and a dollar in the old bookshops.

“Throw up the windows, will you, Bolton?” He weighted some stray papers upon his desk. “Now,” he added, refusing a cigarette with a gesture, “what’s up?”

The boy hesitated, fingering his cigarette, playing a match against his thumb nail. He had strong hands, like his

father's; expressive hands. His mouth was sensitive too, full of life; his lips trembled now for a moment and he slipped the cigarette between them and lighted it. These things the professor noted. "Are you tied up in the red tape they keep in the college office?"

"No, sir; not exactly."

"Well?"

The boy looked shrewdly at the kind face opposite him, which was both old and young.

"I'm in love," he said simply.

A vision flashed in the older man's mind of Fanny standing on a mountain flume, pulling down clusters of pine cones to his knife. That was the instant of his own love. He had been thirty-six, but the thing had swept through him as if he had been a boy. He detained the vision for a moment, filled with the long-deferred happiness. Then he said with a smile, "Some do it earlier than others."

"But she's married."

The professor noted the look of desire and agony in the boy's face and failed to reconcile it with what he was thinking. Nevertheless he said what he thought. "It is a phase, Jerry,

No spring nor summer hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face."

"But, Mr. Cawley, she isn't. She isn't older than I am, at least not much."

"I know: a fellow thinks nothing of ten years—or fifteen."

"She isn't a month older, sir, not quite. Only twenty-six days."

Cawley's face turned grave; he shifted to the window seat—an awkward symbol of his mind's adjusting itself.

"Does your father know?"

The boy looked at him with amazement for a brief interval during which the professor's eyelids fell several times over his steady gaze; then he said with passionate intolerance, "Oh, father!"

"Give me a cigarette."

Both men smoked. After several minutes Jerry blurted out, "That isn't the worst; the worst is, her husband knows."

"And—?"

"And he wants me to clear out, and I told him I couldn't—I can't, sir, for a pack of reasons—and I wouldn't. So he said he'd take up the 'blacker side' with the Dean, and I'm on probation as it is. You know where that'll end."

"Yes."

"Will you help me, sir?"

"What would you consider helpful?"

"You might see her husband for me. Would you, sir? He's Jack Lammer, class of '12. He knows you." Cawley nodded; he remembered Lammer very well. "Will you, sir?"

"What is it you want me to settle with Lammer?"

That held the youngster up for a moment, but Cawley observed that he looked manly enough as he replied, "I'd like to leave it to you, sir."

This was the sort of task which boys, young and old, put upon men in whom they confided. And Peter Cawley accepted the task as a thing in nature; his eye and mind for the moment were fixed on helping the boy.

"Well. Suppose you drop in tomorrow at five."

They shook hands as Bolton set off.

"By the way, how old are you?"

"I'm twenty-one—will be next week." A flicker of a smile passed over Jerry's face, and he went out.

The next afternoon Cawley came late to the hospital. He explained to Fanny that one of his students had run against a snag and he was trying to pull him round it. She knew well enough what was implied.

"No time for the book, between a wife who almost dies and a student with a snag. Oh, Peter," she laughed a bit ruefully.

Something was forever driving out of his mind what he had to say about the Merovingian kings. That was the plain truth. The convention, however, was to talk about not having time. In reality it was merely a question of interest. They both knew that he made

time for his interests; but he was too modest to explain why living men took precedence over dead kings, and beyond raillery she would not urge the visible goal which did not attract him.

The nurse brought the baby. He was "whitening out" and gave accidental attention to his father's watch. The father fell into renewed praise of Dr. Bolton and was gay over the prospect of having his wife and son at home.

Finally he curtailed the already shortened visit in order to have time to leave some directions about the hospital charges. He also left directions with his wife. "Tell Dr. Bolton in the morning to send me the bill as soon as he can conveniently. I forgot to speak of that. And I'd like to be clear about the amount before we make summer arrangements. You know, specialists' ways with accounts are very amazing."

When punctually at five o'clock Cawley came to his study, he found Jerry Bolton leaning against the door jamb. They waived preliminaries.

"What success, sir?"

"Considerable—that is, to be considered."

The boy dropped into a chair, prepared a cigarette, did not offer one to his friend.

"I've seen Lammer. Not much broken up really, Lammer; I should have expected more. Well," he sighed, "he will not take the matter up with the Dean and he does not insist that you clear out. But he does insist—quite legitimately it seems to me—that you are not to see his wife or write to her or telephone to her or send her any tokens." There was in his tones and inflections the faintest mimicry, which was not lost on the boy, who remained nevertheless intensely expectant. "He will send his wife away—to live with her people."

"Oh, Lord," cried the boy, "she can't."

"She may have to learn to," said the professor. There lurked in his voice

something condemnatory which the lover heard and did not like. The woman he loved was blameless.

"The thing to be considered," continued Cawley, "is this: will you bind yourself, on the conditions Lammer names, to keep clear?"

In silence the boy smoked his cigarette down to the smallest butt; the man rested in his seat. Thoughts of a subtle association ran through his mind. He wondered whether this boy's birth had been a perilous coming . . . he was so gloriously human, fresh, firm, and powerful in his way . . . it was a great profession, medicine, with a conscious, firm technic and such great and tangible services.

When the fire of the cigarette burned Jerry's fingers he threw it into the grate. As he rose his body expressed a sad apology—like an actor's, with perfect sincerity.

"I can't, Mr. Cawley, I simply can't. I would, but I can't. I was a fool to think there was an easy way out."

"No," he was answered, "there is no easy way out." And the boy put his head in his hands on the fireplace mantel.

Professor Cawley sat down at his desk. "Dear Lammer," he wrote, "it won't do. It doesn't look as though Bolton would follow the way we have marked out. Nature has other ways that are harder but look easier. I am afraid he will prefer one of them. Faithfully, Peter Cawley." He addressed an envelope and sealed the note into it.

"Will you post this for me?" He aroused Jerry, who abstractedly turned the envelope around and read the superscription.

What happened to the boy in that moment the professor fully knew. He knew Jerry understood that his confidant had not played the game, and that the letter would make at least that much clear to Lammer. He rather expected the boy to back down, but Jerry took his hat and walked off.

Until after six o'clock Professor Cawley waited for him to come back, but

he did not return. When the professor went home to dinner he left his door ajar and a lamp lighted on the reading table. At half-past seven he returned to his study, which was still empty as he had left it. For a while he moved restlessly about, then he sat down and read. Reading and reflection upon some meditations written down nearly two thousand years ago by a wise man who happened also to be emperor brought him along to midnight. The sentence of Marcus Aurelius upon which he dwelt last and longest was, "Consider all the many things, both physical and spiritual, that are a-doing within each of us at the very same instant of time." At length, when the noisy college clock struck, he shook himself, put on his hat, switched off the light, and opened the door. There in the dusky hall, huddled miserably on the stair, sat Jerry Bolton.

"Why, Jerry. Come in, boy, come in!" Cawley led him into the study, where the boy stood for a moment blinking at the light. "Sit down."

Jerry sat in the chair by the reading table, put himself with his superb instinct within the circle of the glow. It went through the older man's mind that he had never seen a handsomer face. He noted that it wore all the marks of a struggle. A great thing to have so expressive a body, such a face—even the outward corners of the eyes were full of dread. Then suddenly an old Scots strain spoke in Cawley's blood and he said, "Well, man, out with it."

Jerry writhed under that; to be called a man wrung his heart, a child could have seen it. His confidence fell to the nadir. The dust of the earth when it is finest and driest is not lowlier. The professor's mind flew back to his first banter about boy love. There was nothing of the dying-calf look here. Was it possible that the man really loved the woman? Perhaps he had been wrong.

"Man, sir," said Jerry, "I'm a dog—a slinking cur."

It was Cawley's instinct not to speak upon that hint.

Jerry looked up at him, unforgettably besought his mercy, and said, "I opened your letter to Lammer, sir." He drew from his coat pocket some papers and the ragged envelope and handed them over, the symbol at once of his shame and his honor.

Professor Cawley became conscious as he held the white shuffle of paper that there was more than a note sheet and one envelope. For several minutes, with the boy looking up at him there, he had not the courage to inspect them. The rough torn edge of paper against his thumb turned the sorrow in his heart to pity. What the boy must have suffered through the long evening! Then he forced himself to look down at the papers. There were two envelopes—one torn open, the other addressed in close imitation of the first. The second had never been sealed.

Jerry, watching him, said, "I forged a fresh envelope. I was going to send it on so you wouldn't know I'd done it."

"*Eccovi*," thought the professor, "this child has been in Hell."

Jerry spoke, and as he spoke he rose and stood trembling. "But I brought them back, sir—I brought them back, because I honor you." Tears filled his eyes to the brim. "And I'm going to straighten out the other business in the straightest way."

They grasped hands and stood motionless, silent for several minutes, during which the older man beheld in the younger a spirit freeing itself. He knew then, after all, that he had not been wrong; it had been a boy's love. He saw the crisis of that love fall away, drop into the past, eclipsed in the new crisis of another honor. The boy's phrase for the flaming thing was now "the other business." In his mind he laughed at the incongruity of change and time, but his senses were busy otherwise. He laid a hand on the boy's shoulder and said, "You're very tired; get to bed."

Jerry, inarticulate, tears in his eyes,

put all the emotion that was in him into a grip of the professor's hand. As he turned to go the professor said, "And come along to the bookshops with me Saturday, say at three."

"Yes, sir. Good-night."

"Good-night."

When late Saturday morning Peter Cawley and his wife came down into the study from the room henceforth to be the nursery, they confronted each other over Dr. Bolton's bill. It lay there on the desk with some other letters, ready presently to leap out at them—the price of the precious morning. They had spent an hour of delight over the junior Peter's bath and with many glances had watched him greedily begin a breakfast which he couldn't stay awake to finish, hard as he tried. Then they had put him in his little bed, where he was at that moment lying sound asleep with his arms up, his fists clenched above his head.

Mrs. Cawley drew a check out of her first letter. "It's for ten dollars—from his Uncle Fred. It shall go into his account, making sixty-seven." She fell to chuckling over the note, giving no heed to her husband's quiet over his document. As she finished, she laughed and said, "Trade you."

They traded, but instead of reading Uncle Fred's letter he watched her. She was quick to see the situation in terms of their life. "Oh, Peter," she said in her most rueful tone, "that's two months' salary." He nodded, a little nonplused by this way of putting it. "And the hospital—?"

"Another month's, pretty nearly, my dear."

She came over to him, pulled at his sleeve. The tears in her eyes spoke for her; but she said none the less, risking a sob, "It's unjust."

He smiled at her, his winning smile. It seemed to her that he should not have smiled, yet her whole being was grateful to him for doing it. And what he said was one of the supreme gaieties:

"If we can bathe Peter Rabbit twice a day for a week we'll have made the little fellow pay for it himself."

She laughed, freeing the tears, and petted him. Still she was full of practical devices. "Peter Rabbit shall pay toward it his sixty-seven dollars—and there's still his Uncle Jim to hear from! Perhaps you could ask Dr. Bolton to reduce the amount; he's really very kind. And anyway, he ought to consider your income."

"He rightly considers what he's done for me. I told him the other day what high value I put on such service. Think of what he has done, and how, knowing what skill he has, I've had quiet days and restful nights. He's made me fit to teach summer school."

"You shall not teach this summer; I'm going to take little Peter and you away somewhere that's cheap—to Eastover or some place."

"Well, Throgg spoke to me last night. He's really all worn out—and I think he would be grateful to me for taking over his American History. I'm not Throgg, of course; but summer boarders must be content with what they get at learning's table."

"Oh, Peter." It was a very faint protest.

"I'll finish up the Clovis chapters and bring what I've written down to Eastover every week-end." That won her and he presently engaged with Throgg by telephone to give the course in American History.

In the afternoon, at Old Teal's Bookshop, Peter Cawley led Jerry Bolton at last to the book he sought for him. From a rack filled with treatises on sociology, government, and education, Jerry drew down *The Philosophy of Loyalty*. It pleased the older man as a good omen. For in all the chat about authors and books and collectors, free-and-easy talk interspersing comfortable browsing silences, he had hoped that this book would turn up. Yet he had set no signal. Now Jerry of his own choice drew it down.

"In good condition, too," said Jerry, "and only sixty cents. That puts me ten cents over my dollar. Hope you won't mind, sir, for I want it."

"Buy it. Royce is reason for going over." He took the olive-green book in his hand fondly. "Great old Royce!"

Josiah Royce had been his teacher, and he had heard him again when, twenty years after those undergraduate days, the *Lusitania* went down and he made the address in Tremont Temple. He told Jerry about that—the vast audience, the simple, white-haired man overwhelmed and overwhelming in his conviction. He spoke of the Germans, one of whom—on quite other grounds—ranked Royce with Plato and Kant. And there in the musty stall of the bookshop he aroused the reverence of the younger man for the noble heart whose loyalty to the great community had been steadfast, for the head that had not been bowed by the bludgeonings of circumstance. When the torch of the new reverence was well lighted he turned his steps homeward alone, for Jerry went off with his two books to Shorecliffe for the week-end. He felt queer himself not to be carrying a parcel of books, but his small economy did not weigh on him, for memories of the great teacher filled his mind and restored his heart.

Late Monday afternoon, while Mrs. Cawley was sitting by the open window in the little living room in Windsor Place, a young man came up the path. The laburnums were dropping their golden fringes across the window and the air was sweet. Her baby was sleeping so near by that she could hear him move his lips. She was in the mood for lovely things when she heard the footsteps.

"What a beautiful boy!" she said to herself.

Jerry Bolton took the chair she offered him as she explained that Mr. Cawley would be home very soon. "We are expecting him," she said. "You are Dr. Bolton's son?" she added.

"Yes, Mrs. Cawley."

"He is a very skillful doctor. My husband feels exceedingly grateful to him. I have been very ill, you see, and we know he saved our baby for us."

During Jerry's reply Mrs. Cawley thought a certain obvious thing that had to do with doctor bills at the same time that she wondered just how her boy would look if some day he should have such words to speak. She hoped quite honestly he would look not very different from this boy.

"Then you are even with father," Jerry said.

She looked at him in inquiry. "Even?" the rueful tone was inescapable.

"Professor Cawley saved my life the other night. I walked by the river for hours and I think, Mrs. Cawley, I'd have gone in if he weren't—well, what he is. You see, I did a terrible thing, but I couldn't drown myself because I had to tell him I had done it. And then afterward there wasn't any need." He smiled slowly.

Since Mrs. Cawley was a woman, he was telling her what he would never have told her husband; and since she was her husband's wife, the things he was telling her made her heart run and her brain stop dead still. Gradually there blossomed in the calm of her mind as she sat looking at the boy the thought that it was like this with Peter: you could never tell whether the interest was in Peter or in the human instances which seemed forever to be attracted into his daily way. It was perhaps a question for the artist viewing the facts from without; doubtless, as Peter's wife, she was prejudiced. To her the stories seemed always to be stories of Peter.

At that moment Peter came down the path. He was a bit surprised to see Bolton, to hear that Bolton had only a minute, since he was setting out at once for Yellowstone and a year's travel, which his father had said he would manage to afford somehow. He was sacrificing his year's work; it was in precarious condition anyhow. Next year

he should come back; he meant to make a try at the stage; he had no desire for anything else equal to his desire for that. He had figured it out of Royce's book somehow that acting was for him a man's job. He hadn't sprung it on the family yet—when they were at Shorecliffe they never took things of that sort easily. He would take along Royce's book; great luck to have stumbled on to it just now.

"And, sir, I'll have to shake hands with you to-day. It's my birthday. And will you mind if I write to you?"

He was gone in a flash.

"What a beautiful boy," said Mrs. Cawley.

"A man, my dear; you hear, he says he's twenty-one."

"Well, he's a boy just the same. If Peter looks like that—"

"No reason why he shouldn't." He kissed her, token of his admiration for her bloom. "At least," he added, "he's paid for."

"Paid for, Peter—"

"A note, my dear, against next year's salary. I stopped in at the First National. Fairbanks was very decent. I mailed the check as I came by the post office."

"For the whole amount?"

"All of it."

"Then he is paid for—and more," she added. A pressing sense of the unfairness of that payment came over her. A sentence—half a cry—formed itself in her mind, almost made its way to her lips. "To you who have saved that boy, not a penny from that rich surgeon!" But she did not utter it. She knew Peter. She said merely, with a sigh, "And more, my dear, and more." She saw that Peter had turned from the carriage where Peter Rabbit was sleeping, that he was smiling as he looked out through the laburnums. She looked too, and the sense of unfairness lifted a little. Out there the gate still swung slightly to and fro, for Jerry Bolton, freest of the free, had gone eagerly through it to his adventure.

PHILOSOPHY

BY W. H. DAVIES

WHO knows the perfect life on earth?
It lies beyond this mortal breath;
It is to give the same kind thoughts
To Life as we bequeath to Death.

It is to show a steadfast love:
As faithful to our friends that live
As our dead friends are to ourselves—
Sealed up from gossip in the grave.

But who can lead this saintly life
When friends are false and men unkind:
And every man will cheat a man
Whose trust, like faith in God, is blind?

Hang this pale fool, Philosophy!
Kind hearts obey themselves, no other:
Why like a saint can I take pain
And not inflict it on another?

BAEDEKER FIBBED

Adventures in Cherbourg

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

I RESOLVED to renew at Cherbourg the marvels of Egypt," says the inscription on the statue of Napoleon, where the plump little emperor sits on a horse whose antic would probably have unseated him in real life. He does not specifically say which of Egypt's portents he proposed to revive; though by his gesture we gather that he means the vast stone breakwater on which shines the star of Baedeker, guiding pilgrims from afar. Myself, I was inclined to believe that a certain Swiss concierge (himself a true Bonaparte in physique) was a reincarnation of the asp. But nowadays, when we are more wonted to great engineering projects, the real astonishment of Cherbourg is the endless caravan of Americans who flit feverishly through the town without halting to draw breath. The Swiss concierge, in his field-marshal's uniform, harries them a little, inflicts a few cicatrices on the right-hand trouser; but most of them escape.

In the summer season the big liners come in from New York two or three a day. Every few hours you see the long strings of railway cars marked *ÉTAT* lining up along the quay to take the passengers to Paris. Our fellow-countrymen come shuffling down the steep gang-plank from the tender—perhaps the tender *Nomadic*, or the *Traffic*, or the *Lotharingia*, or the *Welcome*—names so much less imaginative than the *Sir Richard Grenville* at Plymouth. After a brief frenzy in that little blue-and-white-striped shed of the *douane* where the whiskered, cloaked, and sworded

apéritif officials look so much fiercer than they really are, they climb into the train. At once they fill the restaurant cars and order wine; or you see them sitting patiently in the first-class carriages watching the dusty quay and throwing their money to the ragged urchins who frequent the *gare maritime*. The lovely little town that lies across the basin is hidden from them by the shed. And after all, hasn't Baedeker told them that Cherbourg is "comparatively uninteresting"? So, unless the ship happens to arrive in the evening, they all buzz straight on to Paris. If they land late they go to the *Hôtel du Casino*, one of those amusing nodes in the great network of travel where sooner or later you inevitably encounter someone you know. There M. Minden, the courteous manager, will greet them with his dark, melancholy, and secretly humorous gaze; and eventually teach them that the first syllable of the town's name is not without significance. Sometimes, coming downstairs toward nine or ten in the evening, you'll find the quiet little lobby suddenly buzzing with a new lot. The *Berengaria* is in, or the *Olympic*, or the *President Harding*. You'll see them sitting in the bar-parlor having a snack before retiring, or looking hopefully for a new copy of the *New York Tribune*. The only French client I ever saw at the Casino was a luckless lady just in from the States who had been abroad so long she had forgotten how to order wine. She came into the bar breathing exultation at her escape from the *régime sec*. Then, as the expect-

tant *garçon* waited for some order expressing the soul and talent of a *connoisseuse*, her face drooped. She couldn't think of anything . . . and ordered a *grenadine*—which creates in a French bartender about the same enthusiasm as asking a Liggett soda-twister for a beaker of lukewarm goat's milk.

But by the time you come down to breakfast you'll find that the overnight batch of Americans has already sped onward. Cherbourg has resigned itself to this state of affairs: so much so that if you tell them you intend to stay there awhile they'll hardly believe you, and unless you watch your baggage piece by piece they shove it on the Paris train anyhow. (*Crede experto.*) Those Americans who are still in the hotel when you enter the dining room are perhaps making themselves obnoxious to the head waiter because there aren't any hot-breads. As I was sitting happily with

my *café complet* I could hear one elderly gentleman crying bitterly, "Hot rolls, hot rolls. I want 'em red hot!" Why do our friends go abroad at all if they expect everything to be exactly as at home? It is these creatures who account for that deeply submerged glitter in the manager's eye, and make travel so much more expensive for the rest of us. At any rate, Cherbourg is not such a bad place to study one's fellow citizens, for you see them at a moment of crisis when they are very keenly conscious of their nationality. With an almost defiant air they insist on talking English to the employees as though to prove and ram home the fact that there really is such a language.

I shall never forget the thrill and charm of that late arrival. It was one of those long June twilights when the *Lancastria* dropped anchor inside Napoleon's Egyptian *digue*. On the tender,



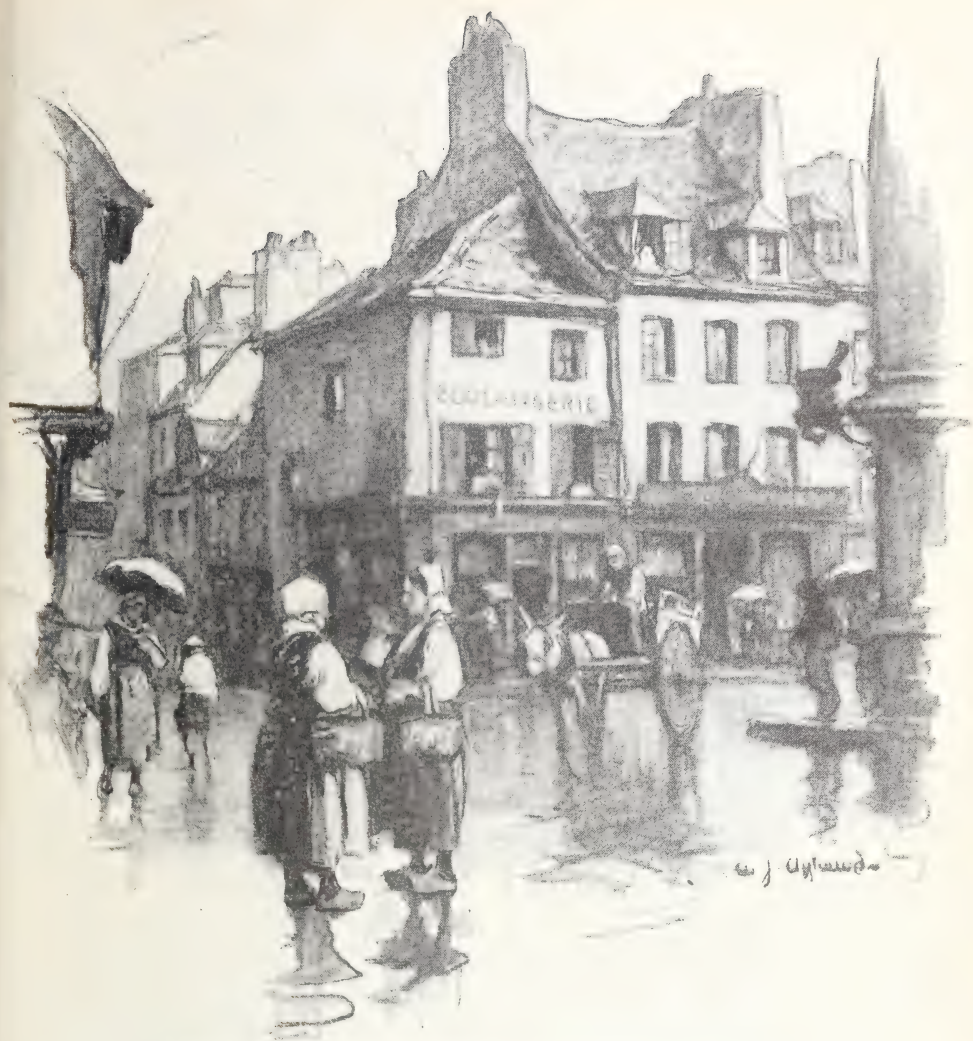
AMERICANS FLIT THROUGH CHERBOURG WITHOUT HALTING

anxiously attempting to gather into one corner his various baggages, pater-familias was naturally too troubled to have a chance to enjoy the view of the harbor that lay so lilac in the evening light though there was, subconsciously, as one's eye noticed that long solid line of stone houses which fronts the sea, the odd realization that foreign countries are real after all, which quaintly surprises one anew at every visit. By the time we had got through the customs, rescuing all our pieces (save one, containing of course the baby's most urgent affairs) from being "expedited" to Paris, it was close on eleven o'clock. The Cherbourg *douaniers* and porters work like demons at that time of night, "expediting" one to Paris, for not unnaturally they are anxious to get home and to bed. And when the boat train, with a wild scream, had left, and there was a chance for the rest of us to be chalk-marked, all hotel omnibuses had gone for the night. Nothing remained but a baggage *camion*, on the front seat of which, together with the chauffeur, the Swiss Napoleon, the nurse, and the four children, Titania and I rode triumphantly round the corner to the Casino. Shortly afterward, piloted by a chambermaid, we again found ourselves in open air, under stars, crossing a gravelly courtyard. Quite a surprisingly long journey it seemed. Up a winding stair, in a distant annex, we found some very clean little rooms with a jovial aroma of chlorides and windows opening above the beach. With magical rapidity a tray of hot chocolate and bread and butter was "made mount" from the kitchen, and it fell to me to administer these delights to two small damsels (aged five-and-a-half and three-and-a-half) who had been hastily thrust into one large bed. They gargled down some of the chocolate, inquired eagerly "Is this France?" and fell into nescience. So I finished the chocolate and the crackly bread with plenty of curly whorls of pale unsalted butter. At about the same time, in the dining

room downstairs, one of our fellow passengers was saying, "Some of that doughy French bread? No thank you!"

I am always for arrivals late at night. You can't see your surroundings, and the next day you wake into a new world. From my bedroom window eight hours later I looked out upon the sunny courtyard of the hotel and an ancient in a blue apron cutting grass with a scythe.

The Casino—where we stayed two weeks—is perhaps a little symbol of the whole matter. There is one wing of the establishment which is the hotel proper, devoted mostly to the one-night ravishment of Americans. But then you pass through a little door into the casino itself, and are in France. A terrace with blue tables fronts the harbor and the pebble beach; behind this is a dance hall where a very gay and violent little orchestra gives an "*apéritif-concert*" every afternoon. The tiny Citroëns and other queer boat-shaped miniature automobiles keep driving through the courtyard, and the *bons bourgeois* of Cherbourg drop in afternoons and evenings for dancing and *petits chevaux* and even (twice a week) a Paramount film shown on a very minute screen. The operator was very proud of his Paramount films, and assured me that America had produced some very great film artists, such as "Bébé Danyelss" and "Guillaume Ar." It took me an appreciable ponder before recognizing the name of the latter. At the *apéritif-concerts*, where you sit with your Raphaël-citron or your café-cognac watching the dancing, you enjoy the cheerful French habit of taking the whole family along for an afternoon sip—grandmother, babies, and the dog. It would be nice to believe that the young men are all poets, for those broad-brimmed black hats and something odd about the shape of their trousers certainly suggest it. But all this gay and harmless life of the casino goes on quite apart from the hotel which the tourists see. It is always like that: there is a little door which divides the France that is exposed for the traveler



A TOWN THAT GOES PLACIDLY ABOUT ITS OWN CONCERNS

from the France that goes placably about its own concerns.

But of course the real life of the town is across the revolving bridge, past the upper basin where the Polish square-rigged corvette *Lwow* is lying, past the docks where the English tramp steamers are taking daily the endless stream of crates of new potatoes. Across the bridge you find the taxicabs drawn up, a compact little squadron, and among them, if you are fortunate, perhaps you'll find Lucien Le Cornu, kindest of guides to the enchanting old towns near Cherbourg. His only sorrow in life is that a hundred and fifty Americans

have gone touring in his car and taken photos of him, but have never sent him a print. This has now been rectified. If you don't find Le Cornu at his station at the bridge-end, the thing to do is to go to the Café Continental near by where they'll give him a "*coup de téléphone*." M. Le Cornu was a godsend to us; he is friendly, reasonable, a keen enthusiast for the old architectures of Normandy, and his French has a special clarity and penetration into the unaccustomed transatlantic ear. He has a delightful humor too. Our first week or so at the Casino, we, with four urchins, were somewhat the oddity of the estab-

ishment; but then arrived a very wealthy New Yorker with six children, several maids, five cases of Walker-Gordon milk, and occupied most of the ground floor of the hotel. The next morning, before he departed for the château he had rented at Dinard, I saw him musing pensively among his mountains of impediment which filled the lobby. This is where M. Le Cornu enters the anecdote, for a fleet of seven limousines was deployed in the courtyard to transport the party. Four of these were loaded with the baggage, and of this freight squadron Le Cornu was commodore. While the passenger detachment sped to Granville for lunch, Le Cornu halted his heavy quartet at Lessay for a brief *déjeuner*. The four thirsty chauffeurs sat down at the scrubbed wooden tables of the little Hôtel Félix; the natives crowded round to inquire the meaning of these four vehicles packed inside and out with trunks, baby carriages, golf bags, and what not. It must have looked ominously like another flight of King Louis Philippe; and indeed on that very day President Millerand was vacating the Elysée. What is it, what is it? cried the troubled Normans; for the French are always subconsciously prepared for some sort of *crise* or *coup*. Lucien took a long pull at his cider. "Well," he replied gravely, "you've heard of the American kings—the cattle kings, copper kings, petrol kings? This is *le roi des bagages*."

Excellent Lucien! I still seem to hear the clear yelp of his rubber-bulb horn as he twirls through those Norman villages, taking us to Barfleur, or Valognes loved by Barbey d'Aureville, to Greville where Millet was born, or past de Tocqueville's château near Cherbourg, which surely ought to be a place of pilgrimage for Americans; or to Bricquebec, whose Trappist cheese you'll do well to sample, and to the Nez de Jobourg, that fine rocky beak blown by the Atlantic wind. Well named Le Cornu: you know the canorous double note of those French motor-horns, the exhale and the in.

But we were crossing the bridge and entering the town itself. Perhaps it would tempt the ladies to linger awhile in Cherbourg if I confided, on Titania's authority, that they'll find in the rue du Bassin one of the world's best coiffeurs; and not to make it too easy I'll only give the translation of his name, Mr. Burningfire. More frequented by me was the little photograph shop across the way, where I see good Mme. Vaslot's face of almost agonized intensity as she listens wildly to my French, wondering what unforgivable syntax is coming next. Then, with a sudden radiation of light she grasps my intention. I had seen, in her window, a printed placard remarking how many "*situations presque inénarrables*" can be preserved with a camera. "*Mais, madame,*" I tell her, "*toute la vie, c'est une situation presque inénarrable.*" She applauds. This leads us on to discuss a small dog that is in the shop, who has had his tail cut off flush with his rump. He is trying, in spite of this—can we say handicap?—to express his pleasure in the good society where he finds himself. I attempt to carry on my argument. "*Voici, madame, encore une autre situation presque inénarrable. C'est bien cruel à couper comme ça, le petit chien se trouve embarrassé parce que la queue c'est l'organe des émotions chez les chiens, son organe de sensibilité.*" With a rush of syllables she and Mr. Vaslot approve this doctrine, and hasten to explain that it is not their animal but a neighbor's. Their pretty young daughter, embroidering behind the *caisse*, is politely trying to smother her grins.

After a round of the bookstores—where perhaps you may be disconcerted to find *Tarzan des Singes* in the window, flanked by *Rip*, *l'Homme Qui Dormit Vingt Ans*; and where you buy your *Petit Larousse*, that heavy but indispensable little traveling university—it may well be that you stop in at the American Express office to say hullo to the agent, Mr. White, and change some money. If you happen to be interested

in books and plays, Mr. White is just the man to gossip with, for he used to be chauffeur to Mrs. Deland and also to Winthrop Ames. Mr. Ames used to have him read play MSS. now and then, and I was tempted to get his opinion on a script of my own that was in my trunk; but he was giving me nineteen and a half francs to the dollar, and I didn't want to do anything to lower the rate. Or perhaps Titania lures you into the Grands Magasins L. Ratti (Mr. Ratti is the Wanamaker of Cherbourg) to buy a waist for the urchin. Here the hilarity is extreme when it is discovered that French urchins wear a kind of webbed corset with which their smallclothes are kept aloft; there was great grievance in

the urchin's bosom when he was made acquainted with this garment. I have promised it shall be quietly dropped overboard before we lift Sandy Hook again. A little quiet study of the wine merchants' windows provides good suggestions of new vintages to ask for. Vin d'Anjou, for instance, which costs two francs twenty-five per bottle in the town, though it rises to five or seven at the hotel. (At hotels where they cater to Americans it is hard to get them to serve you *vin ordinaire*. The little man with the green apron comes for your order, and unless you are very stiff with him he'll send you something with a label on it.)

To be perfectly fair all round, Titania



FRANCE SHIPS FROM CHERBOURG HER PRODUCTS TO ALL THE WORLD

and I went one evening to a meeting, presided over by the Mayor, held by the *Ligue Nationale contre L'Alcoolisme*, followed by an uproariously bad movie, "The Double Life of Dr. Moraud." But the film kept breaking and finally they quit with it unfinished, just at the point where the luckless Dr. Moraud, eminent surgeon and secret helot of *eau de vie*, is about to trepan the fractured skull of his son's fiancée; but on the way to the hospital, while his motor was having a *pneu* changed, he has dodged into a groggery to indulge himself. He totters to the operating table with palsied hand . . . here the celluloid snapped again, and the Mayor got up and said that the operator had had such trouble with the machine that they would have to call it off. Without any of the ironical booing we should have expected, the large audience rose calmly and sifted out. The French take their movies very tranquilly and, odd as it may seem, on a warm clear summer evening they prefer sitting outdoors and watching the sunset, fishing along the docks, or sipping the Raphaël-citron that is the favorite bourgeois *apéritif*.

In fact the "light sane joy of life," as Kipling said in his famous poem, is very evident. It seems based on a certain calm acceptance of necessary facts of living, a simple and hardy jocularly in plain pleasures that is sedative to those who have too long accustomed themselves to the Broadway temperament. The stone hamlets of the Cotentin, original home of so many of our race, are now as gray and lichened as Jobourg's Nose itself. There is something very pitiful about those rude thatched dwellings taking shelter under the pent of a gorse-gemmed hill. Life is reduced almost to its animal rudiments; the ruddy old women jogging back from Cherbourg market in their high-wheeled carts have an almost speechless tranquillity, lulled into a warm doze of the wits by the lyric humming of thin little telephone wires in the

breeze. The dusty byways are patterned with the nailprints of their frugally bossed footgear; on the very soil one reads the mark of their pious and necessary thrift. Larks, little mounting flutters of song, keep earnestly pushing up the sky for fear it will tumble. By the village churches are the washing pools, always with a cross or sacred effigy to bless the wholesome work; the women kneel to paddle the linen just as they would kneel to pray, and hardly know one from the other; nor does it greatly matter. Surely the great clerics need not be alarmed at the government's withdrawing its embassy from the Vatican: the church's share in French life is not pillared upon embassies. And if they all wear black when they approach the church, what race has more reason to? See the little war monument at Barfleur, where the names of seven Renoufs of one family are written on the stone. It makes one wamble a bit to think of the million villages of Europe, all those frugal people going about their hard and harmless concerns, cutting their hay and arranging their local fêtes with the children riding on a *petit manège* (or merry-go-round) turned by hand, and meanwhile the pride and stupidity and harassment of politicians can slide the whole thing toward fiendish catastrophe. Then one can understand better the grimness of the Communist placards, pasted on the stone walls of country barns, calling on the *ouvrier* and *paysan* to throw out their bourgeois deputies, and hallooing generals in the Chamber as "assassins."

We spent one long sunny and windy afternoon at the Pentecost horse-races, to which all Cherbourg turns out, from the neighborhood aristocrats with silk hats and field glasses to the old gray-eyed peasant women in their lace-and-linen coifs, and hundreds of the colored Senegalese troops in their scarlet bell-hop caps. These amiable savages are so absurdly like the American elevator-boy that it seems grotesque to hear them jabbering French. I suppose they make



CHERBOURG IS JUSTLY PROUD OF HER HARBOR

in a year about what a New York hat-checker pockets on a Saturday night;—but I don't know that they're less happy. One consoling feature of human life is that wherever you go you find the people quite innocently certain that to be where they are and to do what they are doing is the normal and sensible thing.

But as agreeably revealing evidence of the French enjoyment of simple pleasures I clipped a little piece from the Cherbourg paper, describing how *La Musique* of Hainneville, a sort of singing society in the suburbs, made its first picnic of the season. I please myself by translating with faithful literalness:

At 1 hour 30 the musicians, assembled on the Place de la Mairie, announced by the

execution of a morsel the approaching departure for Urville; then, in the name of all the members of *La Musique*, a magnificent object of art was offered to the leader, M. Henri Avoine, on the occasion of this first expedition. Very much touched by this gesture of sympathy, M. Avoine renewed his promise to do all his possible to develop and lead to worthiness the work undertaken.

At the issue of this little manifestation, *La Musique* put itself on the road, followed by about 120 persons, whose number continued to augment all the length of the trajet, attaining approximately 450 near Querqueville, and that in spite of the storm, menacing more and more.

All went well as far as Urville, where the excursionists arrived toward 4 hours.

Unfortunately the storm, which burst out almost at once, hindered all the world from taking its diversions, whether on the beach

or in the various quarters of the coquettish little town of Urville, and one had to content himself, after the crust-breaking, by making a ball in the interior of the spacious restaurant Renard, when it might otherwise have taken place in the open air, in the superb shrubbery of this establishment.

The return effectuated itself in some excellent conditions and without the least incident, the rain having completely ceased to fall and the gayety not having ceased to prevail during the whole trajet. Toward 8 hours 30 *La Musique* re-entered triumphantly into Hainneville, having been acclaimed everywhere on its course, going and coming.

Wherever you wander, through the astoundingly ancient crooked lanes of the town, sometimes among smells that explain the French passion for perfumery, you find yourself led back toward the harbor. To me, since childhood, docks and railway sidings have always been the most fascinating places to prowl; at Cherbourg you have them both in one. Along the *digue* beyond the *gare maritime* one can study the constant movement of the harbor: pilot boats coming in and out, the fishing fleet with amber sails, and also see the restaurant cars cleaning and getting ready to cater to more Americans. Apparently the stewardesses of those cars live in them and cook their own meals, for you'll see them, bare-legged, early in the morning, washing down the woodwork, a little waver of smoke coming from the kitchen stovepipe. If it's one of those bright mornings of early June, as blue as an alcohol flame, the railway men who are off duty will be down on the shingle, paddling. Frenchmen always seem to be able to take a few hours off during the day to go wading. Very likely they are picking up kindling; for when the urchin and I wanted a billet of wood to make a toy boat, we scoured the beach and environs for many furlongs without finding a single scrap. Finally we had to go to the boatyard and beg a small piece left over from the fishing smack *Bienheureuse Thérèse*, which they were building. But if you

don't find any bits of wood lying idle on a French beach, neither do you find any housekeeping refuse. Some of our American seaside towns might well be named Cannes.

Cherbourg is justly proud of her harbor and proud of her shipyards. When the *Mauretania* was overhauled there lately, on account of a strike in the English yards, there was great exultation in the town. Then, on her first succeeding voyage, a propeller dropped off. This elicited an editorial in the *Cherbourg Eclair*, pointing out that no work had been done on the propellers while the *Mauretania* was in the *chantiers* of Cherbourg. In fact, said the editor, perhaps it was exactly the fact that our Cherbourg workmen *hadn't* overhauled the *hélices* that caused one of them to falter under the excessive strain of the hitherto-unheard-of celerity at which the vast vessel was marching after the invigorating repairs made to the machine by our expert mechanics. Local pride, happily, is the same all the world round.

Titania would never quite agree with me as to the fun of patrolling the railway sidings, reading the *étiquettes* on the freight cars. But that is how I learn my French, such as it is. The study of posters, advertisements, municipal notices, all sorts of random *affiches* I find more useful than a phrase book. I didn't begin to get the hang of the subjunctive until I found it on the label of my matchbox. "*Ne jetez jamais vos allumettes avant qu'elles soient entièrement éteintes.*" And sometimes the bills-of-lading pasted on the sides of freight cars will tell you more truth about what's going on than the daily paper. While some of the journals were expressing alarm that the first thing M. Herriot and his "bolshevik" government would do would be to evacuate the Ruhr, I found freight cars loaded with gun carriages marked for *l'Armée sur Rhin*. For the most part, though, I found those quaint little wagons (with their famous legend *Hommes 40, Che-*

vauz 8) loaded with matters more to my pacific taste: potatoes and carrots from the Farmers' Syndicate of Barfleur, or officers' horses from Saint Lô coming to take part in the races.

Meditation along these docksides gave me excellent opportunity to fortify my verbal resources. Amply provided with nouns of all sorts, my methods of putting them together in trains of speech are as primitive as the French way of shunting freight cars with an elderly horse. It was on the sidings of Cherbourg that I invented my trick to avoid the embarrassment of genders—always use all nouns in the plural and without qualifying adjectives. Do not say, for instance, *I love this old church*, for then you've got to know whether "church" is male or female. Say rather *One loves churches*. This lends a plain and even a quite lofty flavor to one's style, full of an eighteenth-century tincture, a Ben

Franklin aphoristic and moralizing touch that must be soothing to the French ear. And indeed one is perpetually charmed by the infinite courtesy with which they hear us mangle their pronunciations. I was trying to imagine what would be the English phonetic equivalent for some of my utterances. When I ask the way to a village church it probably sounds to the native as though some one said to me, at home, "Ow wass it pleeze pozeable for locating ze sharsh?" These difficulties, and one's necessary limitations to the simplest formulæ (avoiding all *situations presque inénarrables*) have their charms, however; particularly for one whose trade is to deal in language. One uses one's own tongue so glibly, the words arriving in the mouth almost unconsciously, that it is an enormous advantage to study seriously, at a mature age, the actual hooks and couplings by which a foreign speech is put together



THE OLD BARRACKS GATE WAS A TRIUMPHAL ARCH DURING THE WAR

—how, to pursue my railway metaphor, these little baggage trucks of nouns and adjectives are made into trains, conjoined to the engine of a verb, and puffed off to carry their cargo to some destination. You find yourself looking (with a new respect) at an English sentence to remind yourself just how it is done. Was not one of the secrets of Mr. Conrad's rich appeal that he always dealt with English in the tenderness of one to whom it came not by birthright but as a long arduous acquisition? So you go about your rounds in the town, picking up a phrase here and there, sticking in a subjunctive now and then for good measure, acquiring the dainty technic of shopping, and blundering in and out of places that look for all the world like square-meal restaurants but which serve only liquids. "Don't the French ever *eat* anything?" cried Titania in despair, one evening when we had tried three or four cafés looking for some supper, but could find nothing but *apéritifs* and music. Of course one learns the stunts in time; just as the pipe smoker can even learn to inure himself to that Scaferlati tobacco; but at first the instinct of the foreigner leads him with unerring certainty to do the wrong thing.

Our dallying in Cherbourg was not mere indolence, nor due entirely to the picturesqueness of the town. There we were, solidly based on two of the very few bathtubs in the Cotentin—a great advantage to travelers with small children—and these large china receptacles constituted our G.H.Q. while prospecting for a summer home farther down the coast. That was why we covered so much country with M. Le Cornu, and as an introduction to French ways of living and thinking I urge househunting. You see innumerable domestic interiors of all sorts, and you learn, away from the life of hotels, how wrong are those travelers who insist on thinking of the French as rapacious. I recall one of our early expeditions when we passed a traveling coffee vendor, sitting on his little cart which was being pulled through the dust

and hot sunshine by two hardy mongrels. His dogs were both so like an animal I was once greatly attached to, a certain Mr. Gissing, that I couldn't resist asking him if it would "*déranger*" him if I took a photo. He was quite pleased, cried his dogs to a smart trot, and came gayly along while I snapped the lens. In the subsequent palaver he spoke very fast and with a difficult accent, saying several times that it was very warm, and something about a "*bistro*" a little farther along the road. This I didn't quite grasp, but supposed he was suggesting that having taken his picture I might now stand him a drink. But when I began to haul out some money I was embarrassed to find that he had been offering to treat *me*; and this though we had spun past him in a car and probably looked to him like millionaires. The situation was painful but we got by it all right and he accepted, after some protest, a five-franc note. He said it was too much money for a drink, but I insisted that the dogs also should have one. And at this moment the urchiness created a diversion by falling into a deep ditch of water hidden in the long grass at the roadside. When we left him our friend was sitting happily at the *bistro*, enjoying—if the sign was to be trusted—*Consommations du Premier Choix*.

By now, of course, settled householders in a Norman village, Titania and I know the essentials of rustic technic. We know how to bicycle into a strange hamlet, pick out the most promising café, and take our lunch sitting at a bare table in the kitchen, looking into the mouth of an enormous fireplace where a kettle of sausages is simmering over a charcoal fire; where the bare table is spread with knives and a huge haunch of bread, and you get your share of the great platter of vegetables that goes round to the teamsters and others who are on the adjoining bench. And you see the copper utensils on the wall, the war helmet in the place of honor over the hearth, and the mother-of-pearl

clock. The two-franc *pourboire* you leave behind must not be given as a tip but as a gift to the small girl who watches shyly from the corner. These delicacies of deportment were beyond us in our early days in Cherbourg; but it was M. Le Cornu, I think, who set us on the right road. If you will note what are the hostelries approved by Baedeker, then you can find us at the opposite end of the town. Never, unless you introduce the topic, will your hostess admit that she knows you are foreigners. But she gives away her awareness by one invariable sign. She'll ask you if you would like to have tea with your meal.

And now, as I look back at my memories of Cherbourg, it is evening, that soft gradual dusk; and though it may be drizzling a bit you stroll along the docks. Across the bridge, now out of use while the lock gates are open, the special train for Paris, crammed with the *Berengaria's* passengers, is just pulling out. Waiting for the bridge to reopen is a whole cross-section of the French provinces: the tiny trolley car with two girls as conductor and driver; the workman with his string-bag carrying home two bottles of wine; the market-cart with the dog underneath doing his best to help pull; small boys in black pinafores; a woman in *sabots* with a fishing pole; a little Citroen (like a yacht's dinghy on wheels) with a little man in it, equally minute and dapper, on his way to dance and game at the Casino. Those delightful little Citroens! Even the name sounds fragrant, and I feel sure they ought to smell not of gasoline but of perfumery. Nothing is so precious as those first impressions of a foreign soil; never again are your eyes quite so sharply alert to the valuable comedies of contrast. And those passengers whom I see now, rolling in their lighted compartments toward Paris, may perhaps be right in hastening so wildly toward the capital. But I have a strange feeling that all the breath and essence of France may not necessarily

be in Paris; and sometimes one wants to do one's devotions singly, not among other thousands.

And so when the time came to leave Cherbourg it was with the surprised feeling, not at all anticipated, that one had made a new friend, a friend who could not henceforth be omitted from one's happy memories. On that last evening, smoking a pipe along the quay, I met a young man from the real-estate agency who had joined some of our excursions and had been specially patient with our absurdities. We had a stroll together, and his English being about on a level with my French, we promised to correspond each in the other's language. His letter happens to be in reach of my hand, for I have been using it to prop up one leg of my typewriter, the table in the thatched cottage where I am now writing being a bit uneven. I take the liberty of copying a bit of it, as I can think of no better testimony in honor of French friendliness.

Do you remember, (he writes), of the nice evening passed in Jobourg? A evening like that one was too short. Yes, because it is always very tedious to leave some nice people. I think the little Christopher (*he means the urchin*) is pleased to pass her holidays in the beautiful country of the France. I want he must be enjoying of the France and of the French people for he must be latter a friend of the France. I think, dear sir, that you can manage with your French. I think so because you speak already very well. May be after your stay in France it shall be impossible for you to speak English. It must not.

I am pleased to send you this little letter and be sure if you may be I am a friend for you.

I think that the typewriter will march very steadily with that little wad of affectionate simplicity for a support. A common phrase in France nowadays is "*Plutarch a menti*"—"Plutarch lied." You see the book of that title in all the bookshops. And, as far as Cherbourg is concerned, Baedeker lied too.

A YEAR OF WORLD POLITICS

The Events of 1924 and their Future Significance

BY HENRY W. BUNN

(In this survey of public affairs throughout the world from November, 1923, to November, 1924, Mr. Bunn, an experienced observer, expresses his personal opinions frankly and freely. Needless to say, they do not necessarily coincide with our own. They furnish, however, a coherent basis for an intelligent forecast of the immediate future.—*Editor's Note.*)

ON the whole, the twelvemonth from Armistice Day, 1923, to Armistice Day, 1924, has been a prosperous one for our country.

Congress, in the session lasting from December 2, 1923, to June 7, 1924, left undone a great deal that it ought to have done, but it accomplished one piece of legislation of great and another of supreme importance: the Tax Revision Act and the Immigration Act. To say that the latter is the most salutary law passed since the adoption of the Constitution is perhaps not exaggerative. It saves us from submergence by racial stocks very different physically and psychologically from those which founded the Republic; it enables us to preserve the national stamp which, rightly or wrongly, we prize. The Tax Revision Act leaves much to be desired but it has brought great relief to the man of moderate income. A constitutional amendment vesting Congress with the power to deal with the question of child labor was passed by the Congress and has been submitted to the States. There was infinite discussion by the Congress of the farmer's misfortunes, but little or none of the palliative legislation proposed for his behoof was consummated. The session ended superbly with a good old 100-per-cent American filibuster which did to death some important legislation.

Satisfaction over the Immigration Act was marred for many of us by the provi-

sion of that Act which flouted Japanese susceptibilities, quite stupidly and unnecessarily, for the object proposed could have been achieved by courteous and inoffensive means.

Among the many achievements or developments of the year on which we have reason to felicitate ourselves are the following:

Regular transcontinental air-mail service between New York and San Francisco, to include night flying between Chicago and Cheyenne, was instituted on July first. Daily service in both directions throughout the year is being provided.

Six American army aviators in three planes, under the leadership of Lieut. Russell H. Smith, have circumvoluted our little planet, being the first to do so; a sporting feat of the first magnitude in a year of great sporting feats.

As usual, our athletes won far more points at the Olympic Games than those of any other nation. But if you should group together the Scandinavian countries, including Finland (with a combined population of only about thirteen millions), the points total of that group would be 127 as against our 94.

The rapid steady increase of our murder and suicide rates has continued; and it is peculiarly gratifying to note the marked improvement in the artistic quality of our murders. Murder, of

course, is our national art, and we are fast becoming a nation of artists. We are producing more and better murders year by year. A "Murder Day" is indicated; and some patriot should offer a \$50,000 prize for the most beautiful murder, the judges to be chosen from the citizenry of Herrin, Illinois. All in due course, too, we should address ourselves to the artistic improvement of our suicides; but one thing at a time.

Our national self-esteem has survived unimpaired one of the most noisome of political scandals. Such malodorous incidents are the price we pay for our unexampled high average of virtue. A balance must be struck between Ormuzd and Ahriman. Where almost all are of the loftiest integrity there must be a sprinkling of scoundrels of the first water, of an ineffable bouquet.

I forbear comment on the election campaign; a subject of which the reader is probably weary.

When, late in 1923, Stanley Baldwin, the British Conservative Prime Minister, went to the country with his proposal of a general policy of protection, he learned the important lesson that in Britain it is futile to challenge brusquely the principle of free trade; the souls of Bright and Cobden go marching on. The Conservatives found themselves with only a plurality of seats in the new Parliament, in contrast with their handsome majority in the old, and when Parliament met in January the Liberals joined the Labor members in censuring the Baldwin Government, which fell with a sickening thud. There followed one of the most interesting and important episodes of recent times, the ten-months' experiment of a Labor Government headed by Ramsay MacDonald.

Obviously the life of that Government depended on Liberal sufferance. The Liberals proved long-suffering. They were primarily minded to give a notable exhibition of British fair play; in fact they gave an almost fantastic exhibition. Labor was allowed "ample scope and

room enough" in the domestic, foreign, and imperial fields.

Had the Labor Party been willing to shelve for the nonce their extreme and distinctive proposals, much of use could have been accomplished by way of social and economic legislation with the cordial co-operation of the Liberals and, for that matter, of the Conservatives. But the Labor extremists, panting for the Millennium *à la Russe*, would not have it so. Under pressure from these gentlemen the Government sponsored, instead, preposterous proposals such as the Rents Bill. Moreover, these same gentlemen were for substituting fisticuffs and Billingsgate for normal procedure by the Commons. In the domestic field Labor accomplished very little.

Mr. MacDonald is widely credited with triumphs of the first order, *in re* the Dawes Plan and at Geneva. In the opinion of this writer those triumphs were mostly specious. Of course Mr. MacDonald had nothing whatever to do with the evolution which was consummated by the Dawes Plan. By a piece of tactics at least in the worst of taste if not in bad faith, he nearly ruined in advance the London Conference summoned to devise the machinery for giving effect to the Dawes Plan. The success of that conference was due to the French, who evolved the arbitration formulas. At Geneva Mr. MacDonald and Lord Parmoor (the ineffectual British Labor representative on the League Council) represented not the British Empire but the Millennium. Their feet were off the ground. It is only surprising that they did not levitate out of the Hall of the Reformation and away to the Pacifist Limbo.

But I am not overmuch concerned to contest the popular opinion that Mr. MacDonald scored brilliant successes in the above connections. He came his destined cropper in foreign policy in his dealings with Russia. On August fifth, negotiations in London looking to a general (and a subsidiary commercial) treaty between London and Moscow

were broken off by the British representatives because of the grotesqueness of the Russian demands. The next day, at the urgency of Mr. MacDonald, the negotiations were resumed and almost immediately the treaty—embodying, it would seem, the grotesque terms—was signed. Now why did Mr. MacDonald intervene? Not, one may be sure, because he wanted such a treaty. Lloyd George's assertion that he acted under pressure from the gunmen of his party has never convincingly been challenged. And Lloyd George drew it mild when he characterized the treaty as both "fake and folly!" It is scarcely fitting that the British Empire should be at the mercy of a minority of wild men of the Labor Party.

The Labor Government was doomed from the day in August when it subscribed the Russian treaty. It was defeated on October ninth on a minor issue which it chose to make a matter of confidence. General elections were held October 29. The Government resigned on November fourth and was succeeded by a Conservative Government.

It is proper to say that on October 29 the British people expressed disapproval of the domestic and Russian policies of the Labor Government. The new Parliament will be made up approximately as follows: Conservatives, 410; Laborites, 150; Liberals, 40. But those figures are deceptive. The Conservatives did not win a popular majority. The popular vote was approximately as follows: 7,250,000, Conservative; 5,400,000, Labor; 2,800,000, Liberal. If the Liberal Party should be extinguished, as some (I think foolishly) predict, and its membership should be merged in the Conservative and Labor ranks respectively, no doubt the Conservatives would have a majority; but it would be none too secure. It behooves the Conservatives to show circumspection if the dangerous experiment of a Labor Government vested with real power is to be averted.

The Labor Government's conduct in the field of intra-imperial policy was

creditable. It handled the Irish Boundary question with perfect correctness. Bound to be governed by legal rather than equitable considerations, it took the best legal advice and followed it. There is, however, as everyone knows, danger of lamentable consequences in the Free State should the Boundary Commission's award disappoint the popular expectation in that State of considerable territorial accessions by the award; of a blow-up in Ulster should the Commission alter the boundaries except by way of minor "rectifications." The Labor Government's manner of dealing with developments menacing to the Empire in India, Egypt, and the Sudan was in the best imperial tradition. But please note that at the very moment the Government was addressing the malcontents with the voice of Chatham, the National Council of the Independent Labor Party was manifesting in language emphatically encouraging to resistance to British rule.

It were scarcely fair to find, in the rejection by the Labor Party of the unanimous recommendations of the Imperial Conference of Premiers, proof of lukewarmness towards the interests and wishes of the outlying parts of the Empire. The Imperial Conference recommended that the application of the principle of Imperial Preference be extended, and that a great naval base be created at Singapore. There are cogent arguments against those proposals, and Labor's rejection was made effective in the Commons by Liberal votes. But it will be (and in my opinion should be) the prime concern of the Conservatives, returned to power, to reassure the daughter commonwealths and to encourage intra-imperial relations of understanding and co-operation. A happy compromise between the principle of free trade and that of imperial preference is indicated. About half of British external trade is with the outlying dominions and colonies; and the proportion is bound to increase. The Empire's prime need is for genius of the first order to address

self to the problem of an efficient imperial machinery.

In the French general elections of May eleventh a combination of the parties of the Left and Briand's National Radicals (Center) overthrew Poincaré and his Right group. This swing Leftward marked the passing of the war state-of-mind; it is no longer considered necessary to subordinate domestic to foreign policy. Poincaré's promises of adequate reparations having proved fallacious, his programme of tax increases was the more presented. The French therefore lent their ears to M. Herriot, head of the Left coalition, who promised to drop Poincaré's tax increases, to raise the salaries of State employees, and without new taxes or increases of old rates to balance the budget.

Of course M. Herriot has not found it possible to fulfill those promises; *au contraire*. The new budget tops the previous one by 3½ billion paper francs. The State employees are to get their salary increases, to be sure, but only by the expedient of dropping 20,000 of them from the rolls. Not only are Poincaré's tax increases retained but there are to be new taxes and further increases of old rates. And tax enforcement is to be strict as never heretofore. Election promises are and always will be the same all over the world, for ever and ever, amen.

But happy would it be for the world if all falsifications were as beneficent as those of M. Herriot. M. Clementel, Herriot's Finance Minister and one of the ablest financiers in the world, is making a heroic effort to rescue the fisc from the disaster threatened in consequence of the terrific debts incurred for the conduct of the War, for reconstruction, and for pensions—the heaviest debt burden borne by any people in the world. He is making arrangements to consolidate the floating debt. He has abolished that dam, the separate "budget of recoverable expenditure" (*i.e.*, expenditure for reconstruction fantastically supposed to

be recoverable from Germany). He may avert disaster. If so, it will be only by a hair.

M. Herriot is a pacifist in the better sense of that word; unlike Mr. MacDonald he staunchly served his country in the War. It was he with his arbitration formulas who made the success of the London Conference. At Geneva, unlike the millennial MacDonald, he made really fruitful and practical suggestions looking to a machinery of pacification.

But Herriot's tenure of power is precarious. The loss of the support of any of the member groups of his coalition would ruin him. His own party, the Radical Socialists, resemble the more moderate section of the British Labor Party. The so-called National Radicals resemble the British Liberal Party and will give no support to extreme proposals. On the other side are the Unified Socialists, genuine rip-snorting Socialists, whose millennial bouquet can be sensed a league away: Herriot's gunmen, who are like to do for Herriot as MacDonald's gunmen did for him. Then there is the clerical issue, not unlikely to cause fatal embarrassment. And unless M. Herriot is most discreet he may like Mr. MacDonald find himself in a mess through his dealings with the Russians, whose interesting Government he has just acknowledged. To-morrow we may have to go up Salt Creek to find M. Herriot.

The French and Belgians won the Economic War of the Ruhr, to be sure, and thereafter Poincaré's "productive guarantees" really began to produce. But Poincaré perceived that, all things considered, the net yield therefrom would never equal what France could get under a programme of co-operation with the British, mild as such a programme must be. The Dawes committee was a natural evolution from Poincaré's new state of mind, induced by recognition that his victory was Pyrrhic. The intention to appoint it was announced by the Repa-

rations Commission in November, 1923. The Washington Government, though it could not officially designate the American members, unofficially blessed the appointments of General Dawes and Mr. Owen Young.

The committee met in January and on April ninth submitted their report embodying the Dawes Plan, so-called after the chairman of the committee, though it is understood to be mostly the product of Mr. Young's genius. That plan presents an elaborate machinery of which the ultimate product is to be German reparations. It contemplates an "introductory period" during which payments shall be graduated, rising from a total of one billion gold marks in the first year to approximately two and one-half billions in the fifth year, the first "normal" year. Moreover, an "index of prosperity" is to be calculated each year, beginning with the first "normal" year, from an average of the showings of several previous years, and if this indicates a German capacity to pay beyond the "normal" figure an addition is to be made to the latter; but on a modest ratio so as not to discourage German incentive.

The Dawes committee were silent (it was outside their mandate) as to how long this schedule of payments should run. Certainly it is not intended that it should run for ever. The plan is only partial and tentative. Presumably, all in good time, when the workings of the plan have sufficiently been observed, the Allies will decide on a new reparations total and will modify the Dawes Plan accordingly: a total to replace the figure of 132 billion marks (\$33,000,000,000) set by the London Conference of May, 1921. It is indeed a most unsatisfactory feature of the present phase of the reparations problem that the full extent of the German obligations is left undetermined; but on the whole it is better so. The Germans know (and it's the psychology of the thing that matters) that they may count on a determination, in due course, that shall be consistent with

the sensible and magnanimous spirit of the Dawes Plan. Observe that the "normal" yearly total of payments under the plan is to be the equivalent of \$625,000,000, which is equal to five per cent interest on \$12,500,000,000. That carries us back to the good old days, for that was the total of the A and B bonds under the London schedule of 1921. I leave the hint undeveloped.

A study which takes account of all significant considerations will show that the Dawes Plan (and the consummating arrangements, consistent therewith, to be expected) permits Germany to get off, to a preposterous degree, more lightly than France from the War burdens. Yet that plan is admitted by French economists to be as favorable to France as any arrangement that could be hoped for. Such is the bizarre structure of economics and finance that the victor in a great war must, *in his own interest*, consent to suffer more in his pocket than the loser. The fact, established beyond peradventure, puts a severe strain on the French sense of humor.

The Dawes Plan is the key to German politics of the past twelvemonth. From November to April, Germany lived in breathless expectation of the committee's report. A new Reichstag was elected in May to pass on the plan. It was finally accepted; but the German legislation called for in it was carried by only the narrowest of margins. It remained doubtful whether the plan would be fulfilled in good faith. The Reichstag was dissolved in late October and new elections will be held on December seventh. The result should definitely show which are the stronger: the elements which stand for honest fulfillment of Germany's engagements to the Allies, or those which would repudiate them. I opine that the majority of the German people appreciate Allied clemency and are sick of the vaporings and swash-buckling of Ludendorff and his like.

Some say there is no such thing as efficiency in Spain. But there is at least

one exception: the censorship. In consequence our information of Spanish developments in the past twelvemonth is most meager.

The Military Directorate headed by Primo de Rivera still survives; but, one suspects, most wobblingly. To be sure Primo de Rivera from time to time reassures the world, proclaiming that his programme of economic, educational, administrative, judicial, and other reforms is being surely, however slowly, put in execution. Unfortunately, he has to admit, the régime of military rule must continue until graft has been decimated and administration purified. "This," he ruefully concludes, "will take some time." And the King adds word by way of confirmation. "To make Spain safe for complete restoration of parliamentary government will take some time," echoes that good sport the King, whose forgoing of the delights of Santander for the cares of government has touched everybody.

Yes, it will take some time to deracinate *caciquismo* and all its fruits. And it is gravely to be doubted that the Military Directorate will last so long. Notices in quite a contrary sense to the above—i.e., as to improvement of internal conditions—leak past the censorship from time to time.

The latest and perhaps the last Spanish imperial effort is ending in complete failure. All the gains made in Morocco since the beginning of the forward movement in 1911 are to be relinquished and only a few towns (Melilla, Tetuan, Ceuta, in chief) with limited hinterlands are to be retained, if indeed even so little can be held against Abdul Krim and his Berbers. *Sic transit gloria.*

One shudders a little, thinking of possibilities in Spain. Oh for another Visigothic invasion! But, Visigoths not being available, might not 100,000 Ku Klux Klansmen fill the bill? We could spare them.

At the general elections of April the Italian Fascisti won a whooping victory.

The country, it might seem, was by way of becoming completely fascized. In a kind of despair the Opposition now raised its head. The Communists began to commit outrages of the old sort, to which some Fascist organizations responded with reprisals quite out of proportion to the outrages. It now appeared that the Fascisti had become roughly divided into two groups, the "Legalists" and the "Savages": the former deprecating further use of extra-legal methods, the latter demanding a free hand in ridding opposition. This phase culminated in June with the murder of the Socialist Deputy Matteotti; the work of a gang of Savages of a type familiar in the history of revolutions, some of them men of criminal temperament, some of them fanatics.

Despite the obvious sincerity of Mussolini's expressions of horror and disgust, the incident dangerously compromised Fascismo. It was in fact a godsend to the Opposition, who have exploited it to the full. Opening the new Parliament in May, Mussolini told the Camera (three-fifths Fascist) that the parliamentary system was about to be tested under conditions the most favorable to be imagined. On the result depended whether that system should be continued in Italy or be replaced by some other. But, addressing the same body shortly after the Matteotti affair, Mussolini declared that thenceforth the country would be governed constitutionally through Parliament, that the Fascisti proposed to eschew extra-legal methods, to purge their party of undesirable, and to pursue a policy of national conciliation. To be sure he added that Fascismo principles would be defended at any cost, and that to the Opposition demands for resignation of the Government, for dissolution of the Fascist militia, and for new general elections his answer was a "firm, categorical, and solemn No." But though the words of this answer were bold enough the tone lacked that *insolenzia* (we have no word exactly correspond-

ing) which of old gave so distinctive a flavor to Mussolini's utterances. The Opposition have turned a deaf ear to all overtures of conciliation. They will not abate a jot of their demands. The Opposition groups withdrew from Parliament in June and they swear they will not return when Parliament reconvenes in December. Obviously there is an *impasse*. When and how will it be broken?

Preoccupied with his domestic problems, Mussolini has been unable in the past twelvemonth to assert himself in the field of foreign policy; which is perhaps as well for all concerned, though the world would always be willing to sacrifice a few Armenian orphans (as at Corfu) for the delightful spectacle of Mussolini in swashbuckling vein.

In the last twelvemonth Turkey has continued to proceed grimly along the path marked out for her by Mustapha Kemal Pasha. In nothing is the greatness of this man more evident than in his hatred of shams. The Caliphate has been a sham ever since about 900 A.D., when temporal power passed from the Abbasid House. When, in the 16th century, the last Abbasid prince died, the ruling Ottoman Sultan added the high-sounding title of Caliph to his other numerous titles without attaching any special significance to it. So the matter stood until the nineteenth century, when certain Western pundits discovered (what had never disclosed itself to the Moslems) a close resemblance between the Papacy and the Caliphate; that is, they bestowed upon the Caliphate a pontifical character, which it had hitherto lacked.

Those professors started something. That prime scoundrel Sultan Abdul Hamid (1876-1909) saw the possibilities in the idea and, with German help, exploited it in furtherance of his grandiose Pan-Islamic programme. Mustapha Kemal decided to puncture that Grand Sham. First, as will be remembered, he deprived the Sultan-Caliph Mehmed

VI both as Sultan and as Caliph and sent him on his travels. Then, with his tongue in his cheek, he caused Mehmed's nephew, Abdul Mejid, to be made Caliph with only "spiritual" functions. Of course, as Mustapha Kemal foresaw, Abdul Mejid (though against his wishes) became the center of furious underhand political intrigue. Therefore at the instance of Mustapha Kemal the Angora Assembly, in March of the past year, abolished the Ottoman Caliphate and in turn ejected poor Abdul Mejid.

Another sham, then, done to death? No, not exactly. But I must omit the Arabian tale of how old King Husein of the Hejaz, thinking to revive the Grand Sham, lost all, and his dream of Arabistan went glimmering.

The lover of China (and who does not love the land of Li Po, of Ma Lin, of Po Chü-i and of Lu Fu?), if he be a philosopher and really knows his China, will not be overmuch perturbed by the recent Celestial developments.

Politically, there seems to be a return to the situation prior to July, 1920, when the Anhwei Party was thrust from power. The inner governing group of that party—the flower, the attar thereof—were called the Anfu Club. Between 1917 and 1920, Tuan Chi-jui being Premier, the Anfu Club went far by concessions, secret agreements, etc., (in return for Japanese money) to subject China to Japanese control. The situation stinking intolerably to Heaven and the Chinese people boiling with wrath, the Anfuites (as stated above) were ejected—the toe of Wu Pei-fu being the main instrument of ejection. Well, after four years, through the treachery of his chief subordinate Wu Pei-fu has in turn been ejected and the old gang is back, along with that super-bandit Chang Tso-lin, Super-Tuchun of Manchuria. Tuan Chi-jui, one hears, is to be President.

So, taking counsel of philosophy, I observe as follows: Let the Tuchuns rage and the barbarians imagine a vain thing! China has known many periods of politi-

cal chaos worse than the present one. That toughest of fabrics, the Chinese civilization, has survived them essentially unimpaired, and in due course a political fabric sufficiently answerable to the needs of the people has in each case again been established.

So shall it be again! "How soon?" you ask. Oh, maybe a hundred, two hundred years. Chinese processes, you know, are secular.

Interpretation of Japanese domestic politics is an affair of *nuances* and requires space not vouchsafed here. The present cabinet, installed in May, is a coalition headed by the Kenseikai leader, Viscount Kato. Kato inherits from Count Okuma, who is reputed to have been a genuine Progressive in domestic policy.

But it is Kato's foreign rather than his domestic attitude that intrigues us. His record on the former head is not reassuring. It was Kato who drew up the Twenty-one Demands on China. Of all Japanese statesmen of note he is reputed to be the least affectionately disposed toward the United States. The coalition cabinet, softly following a period of great political turbulence, looks to this writer like a union of hearts created by common indignation on account of our Immigration Act. The peculiarly sensitive Japanese national pride was desperately affronted by that Act. If it demands satisfaction, must have balm, that should not be surprising. The Japanese were flattered by the Washington Conference. It seemed unreservedly to acknowledge Japan's equality with the great Western Powers. Japan was, I think, honestly minded to observe the rules "indicated" (rather than prescribed) by the Conference; rules implying the magnanimous co-operation of equals in the work of pacifying the world.

The Immigration Act, you might say, destroyed the spiritual fabric evolved by the Washington Conference. It created in the Japanese a profound distrust of our good faith. As they see it, it released

them from the obligations implied in the Washington Agreements. Now recall that by the Naval Treaty we surrendered our power to exert aught but "moral" pressure with respect to Asia, and that our "moral" influence in Japan is now minus zero. If, then, the Japanese should resume their so recently abandoned policy of exploitation and domination of China, ought any one to be surprised or for that matter especially shocked? Of course it would be improper to suggest that Japanese hugger-mugger intrigue may have had its part in the recent development in China, but it has to be remarked that this development is in the highest degree favorable to re-establishment of the one-time Japanese strangle hold on that unhappy country. It is, moreover, proper to point out that Chang Tso-lin was permitted to use what is in effect Japanese territory (namely, Manchuria) as a base of operations against the Peking Government. Domination of China would be balm for wounded Japanese pride.

For many months the Japanese and Russian diplomatic agents at Peking have been in conversation. Some astute persons are expecting emergence therefrom of an intimate Russo-Japanese alliance having for its main object a combined programme for the "salvation" of China. Moscow and Tokyo relapsed into militarism, clubbing their benevolence for the behoof of China, is a sweet thought: an intimate alliance with Russia, a Western Power of by no means the second rank—that too might be balm of sorts for wounded Japanese pride.

It may turn out all right but I think I am justified in throwing out the above terrifying hints. And observe that I am not disposed to denounce the Japanese. If I were a Japanese, with *Jidai makiye* and the battle of Tsushima in the back of my mind, I think I might react as above suggested to the American Immigration Act. "Not an insult," you say; "at worst a snub." Ah! as between the two I should say an insult contained gunpowder; a snub, lead fulminate.

MRS. EBEN PAUL

A Story

BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

MRS. EBEN PAUL was sitting in her breakfast chair. It was also her reading chair and her darning chair and her snoozing chair. In fact it was the only comfortable chair in her narrow sitting room, the other appointments of which consisted of a worn brown velours lounge, two straight-backed chairs upholstered in the same material, a clock, a marble shelf on iron brackets above a fireplace which had never drawn, a radiator, and a cherry table with a towel cover. Behind where she sat was the door to her bedroom which contained a bed, a bureau, a washstand set with chrysanthemum-decorated crockery, a smaller radiator, and a table to put medicine bottles on.

Like all the rooms of the hotel Number 561 smelt of cooking—cooking left over from day to day and week to week. But Mrs. Eben Paul's sense of smell was not very good, nor if it had been would she have been likely to notice now, so accustomed was she to the aroma of her quarters. Besides, her be-lambrequinned window gave on the city's most fashionable street; at least that was the way the street where "the widow of our late beloved selectman has now taken up her residence" was described in the Friday Social Notes of the North Ashton *Beacon* twenty years ago.

She put down her coffee cup. She pulled back the faded garnet window-hangings and peered forth. She noted that the street was divided into two thoroughfares, a strip of park between. The automobiles on this side went one way, those on the other side went the

other. She noted these familiar facts afresh because to do so was somehow an outlet for her quickened energies this morning. Whence came all the automobiles? Whither were they going? Who lived in the big pink house on the opposite corner? Mrs. Paul had steeled herself against such mysteries for years. This morning she could not help wondering. City life was different. People didn't get together much, like in North Ashton.

But it was her fixed obsession to resist the thought of North Ashton! How could she for one moment have fallen into making the ridiculous comparison now? She smiled deliberately. . . . Some touch of spring in the strip of park may have unnerved her this morning. Perhaps the swelling of the buds on those sensitive twigs of the upper branches she looked down upon awoke a relic of the same youthful fervor which first determined her to get away from North Ashton—a determination she should never allow herself to regret.

Though here how few people there really were to talk to. If she succeeded in forming an acquaintance it always happened that the person was about to leave. Of the six true friendships she had made in the hotel, four were dead and the other two, the sisters, went now to Thomasville, Georgia. Of course there was the visit to her dressmaker. There was the girl who sold gloves at the department store.

She nodded her head. She swallowed to gain courage; but it hurt her to swallow when she was agitated. Her

hand was tired holding back the faded garnet hanging. She let it fall again, darkening with its dingy shadow half her breakfast tray. She rubbed one hand about the other. Her skin was dry and powdery. She must remember to get some lotion at the apothecary's when she went for her prescription.

There was a knock. It was the colored man for the tray. It always pleased Mrs. Paul to have him come. He always said good morning and something else cheery besides.

"Steak no' good, m'm?"

"Why, very good!"

That the cuisine of the Wetmore was the best she had taken for granted twenty years ago. As "a banquet three times a day" had not the North Ashton folk heard it rumored!

"You well this mornin', m'm?"

"I am very well indeed, I thank you."

"Want prunes for change 'stead them baked apples to-morrow, m'm?"

She reached for a mangy velvet bag on the radiator and, examining coin after coin as they chinked through her dry fingers, retained a dime which she dropped gleefully into the big swarthy palm held forth. It still thrilled her to give the tips.

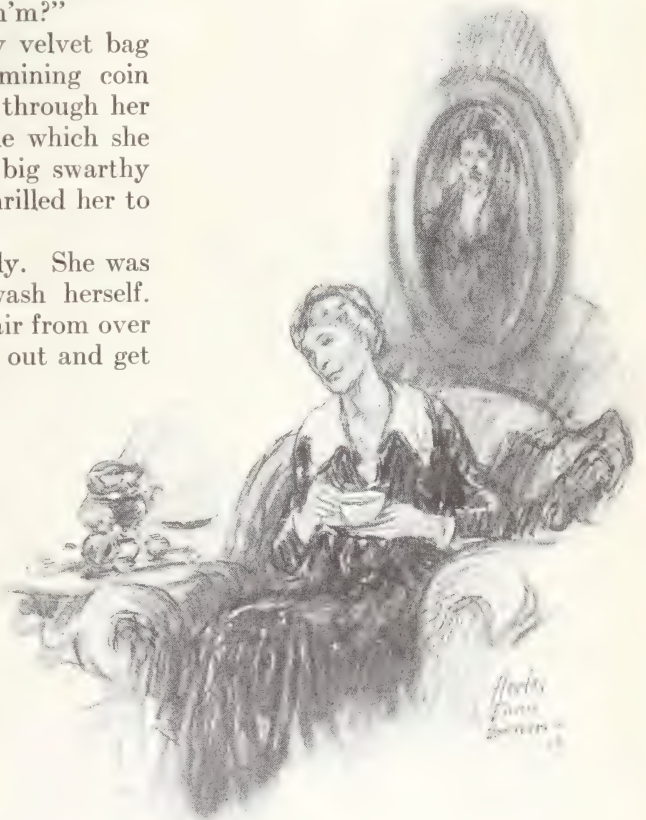
But he was gone presently. She was alone again. She must wash herself. She must unpin the false hair from over her crimps and comb them out and get dressed.

Resignedly she took up the three letters he had brought—two post-marked North Ashton, the other— One was from Adoniram Bennet, the trustee, who sent every week a terse column of accounts on lined foolscap, carefully worked over and written out by his daughter Elvira, with a paragraph scolding her for her extravagance. Mrs. Paul put them bitterly aside.

The other was from Mrs. Betson, to say the old apple tree had come down in the last storm. She must answer Mrs. Betson and tell her to have the Jones boy (who was now nearly forty) chop the tree for kindling and put it in the south shed. He could get the key at Abner Mansfield's as usual. Poor Mrs. Betson! She was always so kind! And Mrs. Paul hadn't had her down now this five years. Mame's clothes were scarce fit nowadays for the city.

The third envelope Mrs. Paul opened with a gayer, more inquisitive touch. It was a fine large handsome envelope, and in it a card, oh so beautifully engraved, which read:

Tamanaka and Company invite you to attend an auction sale of rare Japanese and Chinese art to be held in the parlors of the Hotel Wetmore on the afternoon of April the twelfth at two o'clock.



MRS. EBEN PAUL WAS SITTING IN HER BREAKFAST CHAIR

She read it through twice. She gloated over its grandeur, its elegance, its flourish. She read it again. The import of it began to sink in upon her mind. She hadn't been to an auction since she used to go see Silas Waldron, the Town Constable, officiate in the days when he was courting her before she got intimate with Eben, and the possibility of going to a glorified city auction linked her up with the ardor of her youth. Moreover she had read a book once entitled *The Orient and Its Treasures*. Vaguely she recalled that there were such things as Ming vases and Ching lacquers. Even the word "Rrama" was wafted back to her through the wasted years. She recalled the very evening she had looked it up in the *American Encyclopedia* which filled two shelves of the black walnut bookcase at the old Paul mansion on the Row. She had longed to go to the Orient at the time. She had always intended to go some day. How wonderful that this should have happened at last! Visions of adventure loomed before her. The invitation was as a personal appeal. She pressed it proudly between her thin fingers, wondering: What shall I put on? What shall I wear?

She pushed back the faded garnet hanging once more and looked out. What a comforting scene it was after all! How lively! Whereas in North Ashton the snow would be only just melting, the sleighs would scrape over the bare places, the lumber wagons be splashed with mud. . . .

Warm as it was though outdoors this morning, she didn't dare leave off her sealskin yet. It was yellowed, it was worn at the cuffs. She tied her bonnet strings in a drooping bow which filled the V at the neck. She was a short frail woman, with a withered face and eyes now lusterful and darting. She pinned the narrow veil over her forehead to keep her gray-brown hair from blowing. She stepped alertly into the hall and shut the door. It stuck a little at the bottom, but she pulled it with an impulsive hand. Her hands were small and

delicate. The point-edged brass tag on the key jingled as she turned the lock. She saw her cluster-ring of diamonds flash reassuringly as she shook the knob.

The elevator boy took off his cap for her. It flattered her to have him do it. Slow as the elevator was, it always seemed but a second down—too brief. Opposite the door another negro was mopping the black-and-white squares. "Mornin', m'm."

He saluted, suspending his labor until she had passed by. It made her step grow lighter. She went to the office to leave the key. The clerk usually made her rather scared—not so much though as the one they had two years ago; but this morning she didn't have to brace herself to greet him. She nearly beamed.

"Thanks. It's warmer this morning, Mis' Paul."

He was so polite. She clattered in quick little unsteady steps to keep from slipping across the wide marble-tiled floor to the door. A taller negro in pseudo-livery opened it.

"Yes, Mis' Paul," he grinned.

Delightedly she stepped forth. Oh, it was like spring, it was like the spring! She tried to take a deep breath into her lungs. The thought of the auction flitted through her mind. Absent-mindedly she pretended to herself as she walked along how really difficult it was to find time for anything in a place where there was so much to do; just now for example she must—on top of everything—go to the apothecary's.

On her way down the busy street she saw a florist's window opposite and decided to go over. She held her head back, waiting for the trolley car to pass. The draught took her skirts so that she had to reach down to catch them, ducking her head and holding her muff to her bonnet. The car was followed by a long funeral procession which she watched aloofly, unimpressed. There came a succession of trucks and motors and taxicabs. A policeman beckoned to her, calling, his strong arm flung up against



"YOU WELL THIS MORNIN', M'M?" ASKED THE WAITER

the traffic. She ventured forward responsively.

"You are all right, madam. Come along."

Everybody was so kind! The lilacs all abloom in the florist's window were so beautiful! She must write Mrs. Betson that very day and tell her that here the lilacs, real lilacs, were out. Poor Mrs. Betson liked to know what was going on! Mrs. Paul wanted to enter the florist's shop and see the lilacs closer but she persuaded herself she hadn't time.

The apothecary's was generally empty at this early hour and she enjoyed going there then because the clerks in their nice white coats left off polishing the soda fountain to follow behind the counters her movements in front of them as she would step here and there looking into the cases. Often she would buy a little bottle of perfume which she could

not enjoy, or some wintergreen lozenges which disagreed with her, or just any trifle to please them. To-day she drew from her muff the empty bottle for the prescription which Doctor Bowker had given her years ago to take a teaspoonful of after eating three times a day. A blush flooded her small sensitive face as she saw the dark stain on the label and the piece of soiled Christmas-holly-ribbon which she had tied round the neck so she could more easily tell the bottle from the others on her table in the dark.

"Good morning, Mrs. Paul," the clerk said, extending his hand across the counter to take the bottle.

"Oh, I'm sorry I didn't have time to wash it. I just caught it up—it wasn't quite gone, you know—but I poured the last dose into a glass. For I thought so long as I was coming up this way—Yes, thank you. Yes."

"Will you call for it? This afternoon, Mrs. Paul?"

"This afternoon at . . ."

Suddenly she remembered the auction. That she should have an important engagement was unprecedented.

"I'm so sorry. You see—could you send it this once? I would be so grateful to you. Mrs. Paul, Mrs. Eben Paul, Hotel Wetmore. Yes. Yes, indeed. Oh, yes. Thank you so much."

The clerk said nothing more but followed her peregrinations, the counter between. At last she had her lotion. She had gone the rounds. Another clerk, a pretty youth, opened the door for her. There was nothing to do except pass out through it. He smiled a little but his smile slackened when he met the vivid intense blueness of her eyes.

Such an attractive store! There was nothing like that in North Ashton!

She sniffed the air, almost surprised not to find the old-time flavor in it. For the sky was so deep and clear, and there were white rolling clouds wandering through the vista down the cross street. Every few steps she would stop and turn and gaze along the empty sidewalk, smiling aimlessly, gratefully. Whenever she saw anybody coming she started at a faster gait, conscientious to appear in a hurry to get somewhere. . . .

In those days before the sisters went to Thomasville she hastened to the dining room the moment the doors were open and sat on there raptly with them till the doors were closed. But in these days she was seated alone, except when a homely transient or two turned up, and it was conspicuous to stay in the dining room too long alone. So she would venture in timidly midway through the meal, securing thus a glimpse of those who came early and those who came late.

This noon however was different. She had to be on time for the auction, and if she dressed herself up beforehand her clothes might get mussed; so it was better perhaps to eat early and dress herself afterward. Besides, it would be nice

to go into the dining room once again as soon as the doors were open and have no fear of staying too long.

"A tiny bit ahead of time, m'm?" asked the majestic negro as she entered.

"Yes, I am ahead of time, but I've a very important engagement to-day," she said gayly and nodded, waiting as usual for him to precede her toward her chair.

She followed him then as staunchly as she could, gauging her frail footsteps carefully, her hands pressed to her rustling skirt.

"He's the auction man, m'm!" the head waiter explained in a whisper as he pushed her up.

Only then did Mrs. Paul collect herself sufficiently to notice that a gentleman was already eating at her table.

She tried to keep calm. She swallowed, making her lips go out and in as if with some relish of an aftertaste. She tried not to stare at him so. She tried to read the bill of fare. She twisted the rings round and round on her fingers. She fidgeted with her little lace collar, her meager sleeves. She tried to straighten her bonnet, shifting it first this way and then that in vain. She ordered things that she had never dared order before and nothing that she would dare to taste.

The auctioneer went on eating everything imperturbably, his napkin stuck between two buttons of his fashionable low-cut plaid vest. He barely glanced at her. He was much grander than Silas Waldron ever was even in the days of his youth. He was thinner. He was darker. He was more mysterious and forbidding. His mustaches were shorter, and his hair, brushed back pompously from his high forehead, glistened like a real actor's. A sapphire gleamed in the center of his stiff white shirt-front—such a jewel as Silas would have coveted; and his splashing black bow tie was better than the one she had once brought home to Eben from Saratoga.

She grew conscious that the scattered people were noticing them. She saw how everyone looked as they came in,

nudging and whispering. They probably thought she had come in early to-day because of the auctioneer . . . And if she talked to him they would probably gossip about her as in the old days folks had gossiped about her and Silas Waldron and Eben Paul! Hadn't she known what the world was like then? She had almost forgotten, perhaps. But with this stalwart man beside her she almost remembered. By his side she could almost recapture a spark of her youthful zeal to triumph over the world . . . She could almost feel again as she looked when with her bright hair and curling red lips she arrived from Portland, Maine, to work in Abner Mansfield's dry-goods and notions store. The gossips had said then that she was spreading her nets for Eben Paul but she'd never get him—just as they had said when he died that she couldn't be hired to leave the old Paul Mansion on the Row. She had shown people then and she would show people now. . . . Never since she had shaken the dust of North Ashton from her feet had she felt so in the lime-light as she began to feel all at once seated beside this handsome stranger at the table. It was not a chance to delay over another second.

She moved her chair so she could face him more naturally. She half smiled as she looked at him. She stopped smiling with her lips and smiled with her eyes, then lowered her eyes and let the smile return if it would to her lips. She coughed and took a sip of water from her tumbler and made a weak little sound in her throat. She unsnapped the black bag in her lap, raising her knees by her toetips to keep it from falling, and took out her handkerchief and pressed it for one second to her lips—a character-

istic gesture, executed somewhat differently when she was a girl. Then she snapped the handkerchief back into the bag with a click, lowered her knees, placed her be-ringed hands on the tablecloth, palms down, and glanced about at the gaping newcomers. She suddenly passed the bread to him and smiled. He shook his head.

"Or you'll have a pickle perhaps? These are meant for both of us."

"No, thank you, madam."

When he raised his eyes to say this she put all the sparkle she could into hers and murmured scarce audibly:

"I suppose—I hear—you are versed in *The Orient and Its Treasures*?"

"What, madam?" And at a loss he took his great watch from his vest pocket, thinking she must have asked him the time.

"Aren't you going to be the master of ceremonies to-day?" she asked.

"Pardon, madam?"

He leaned his head closer and she repeated what she had said right into his very ear. Then he leaned back and looked at her.

"I mean—the auctioneer!" she said playfully.

"Pardon. I didn't understand."

"I've heard about blue Ming vases and Ching lacquers and—and—*R-r-r-r-mas*, you know."

He eyed her up and down. "You have some to sell, you mean?"

"No, sir. But I have a book about them." And as he continued to look at her suspiciously she was impelled to add: "Not here of course. Not here."

He raised his eyebrows and puckered his mustaches, which gave him a still more doubting expression. He had finished eating, his crumpled napkin was in one hand, and he held a toothpick im-



DELIGHTEDLY SHE STEPPED FORTH
INTO THE SPRING MORNING

patiently between thumb and forefinger of the other. If she didn't say something more very soon he would leave.

"North Ashton!" she exclaimed involuntarily, and searched his face in desperation, trying to smile, trying to open her dim eyes wider, her lips going out and in despite all her efforts at self control. It was like the warmth of summer to her when he tilted back his chair and laughed.

"North Ashton! So that's where you live, madam?"

"No, no! I wouldn't live there for anything! I live in the city! Can you imagine me living there? Have you ever seen it?"

He nodded, his chair on a level again as if he was going.

"Isn't it a terrible place?" she pursued uncontrollably. "I could never have stayed there a minute except for my husband. He was so prominent he couldn't leave. It was so small, so narrow-minded. Nobody understood if you cracked a joke. Any fun at all was considered sinful. They'd criticize you if you wore a—a low neck!" . . . She rushed ahead, telling him how she had determined to get away and see life, to have adventures and not grow like the inhabitants. She told him how she had kept the old Paul Mansion on the Row shut ever since her husband died, although it was the only really big house in the town—and so comfortable, so expensively furnished. She told him about the Lincrusta Walton wallpaper, the ebony easel in the long parlor, the imported Brussels carpets, the crayon portraits done by Drew. She told him things she had resisted mentioning or thinking of for years. Not even to the sisters had she often spoken of North Ashton. Why did she let herself go so now? Was it the spring? Or was it—was it what she had given up hoping ever to feel again at first sight? She sat back, her pocket handkerchief to her quivering lips, ashamed.

But the next moment she was glad of what she had done. The auctioneer had

become so interested. He put down his napkin and put away his toothpick and leaned his elbows on the table beside her. His breath smelt strong of whisky but Mrs. Paul did not notice it.

"You're going to the auction?" he asked more intimately.

"Yes, thank you! I certainly will! Oh, yes!"

"Let me give you a hint then, madam."

She nodded, with a flutter of her frail dry hand to signify how attentive she would be, and tried to alternate the smile on her lips and the smile in her blue eyes as of old.

"Listen, madam. I've sold off all kinds of things—from North Ashton to San Francisco. Beds, bed linen, kake-monos, houses, horses, pigs, chairs, diamonds" (pointing with his thumb to her rings), "pictures—everything. And if I were rich like you to-day, I'd never let these bargains pass. I'd bid—bid all I could. That's my advice. I can tell you it's only for lack of storage space these goods are being sold at all. At a loss—at a loss of seventy-five or a hundred per cent, I calculate. The most marvelous *objay dar* that ever crossed the western seas into our estimable country. You won't let them all go by you, madam?" And in a deep low voice he added, "Of course, I wouldn't say this to everyone!"

Summoning all the fervency at her command she smoothed her lace front and prepared to pledge herself, when the majestic head waiter interrupted them with a message.

"I've got to fly!" the auctioneer said. "I've got to put the finishing touches on the altars of sacrifice. Don't forget me!"

"Oh, I promise!"

"And your name, madam? Just by way of convenience, you know."

"Mrs. Paul—Mrs. Eben Paul!"

He wrote it down in the long book he had whipped from his pocket for the purpose.

"I'll help you start the bids!" she cried shakily, but with a spark of the



"YOU'RE GOING TO THE AUCTION?" HE ASKED INTIMATELY

enthusiasm that had once so inspired Silas Waldron. "I wish you success, Mr.—Mr.—? Your name, sir?"

"J. H. Simonds, madam. Till we meet again!"

She put out her small hand, wavering and weak in its nakedness. At first he did not see it. Then he hesitated. Then he took it, giving a curious glance around him and a bow to her, and was gone.

The whole dining room seemed desolated. She was alone at the table before her empty plate. But she must compose herself. There had to be partings like this in life. One had to learn to take them philosophically. She tried to smile again in that way she smiled of old. She picked up her handkerchief from the table. She had difficulty in stooping to pick up her black bag which had slid to the floor. She was out of breath when she recovered it, but she had the presence of mind to take as many coins as she could manage from the bag and slip them through her numb fingers onto the table—enough tip for her and Mr. J. H. Simonds. She tried to smile again when she snapped her handkerchief back into

the bag. She must make a dignified exit from the room. All eyes, she fancied, were fastened upon her. She tried to stand. The majestic head waiter sprang forward to help her. But at the blueness of her eyes he stepped to one side and let her falter forth alone.

For once the elevator moved too slowly for her. For once her narrow parlor looked too bare and bleak. For once her best black and white silk, as she drew it on and hooked it before the stark oval mirror of the bureau, looked less fancy than it should. She saw the loose folds of her throat droop over the tight upright lace-covered choker of her dress as if they had shriveled from too little using. She protruded her lips, pursing them aspiringly into a point. She got accustomed to her appearance. It seemed better now. She smiled appreciatingly. She removed her bonnet and put her hands to the sides of her hair, pushing it back or pulling it down until it became her best. She got out the carved tortoise-shell lorgnette Eben had given her from the small bureau drawer and looped the cord over her head.

She looked at her watch. Half an hour still to wait! What could she do meanwhile? She ought to rest and save her strength perhaps. . . . She undid the prescription which had already been delivered by the apothecary. She took a teaspoonful of Doctor Bowker's medicine for after eating, although she had eaten nothing. She dropped into her snoozing chair by the be-lambrequined window and pulled back the faded hangings. . . . A mist was gathering over the strip of park between the two thoroughfares. The touch of spring seemed to have vanished treacherously from the sky. "I hope it won't rain," she thought to herself; "Oh, I hope it won't!"

Crowds and crowds were pouring into the great parlors of the Wetmore. The best hotel negroes, arrayed in bright Oriental costumes, were conducting ladies and gentlemen thither. One of the most splendidly arrayed of them approached Mrs. Paul to ask where she wanted to sit, and she remembered how Eben said the few times they went to the theater together that the choicest seat was half-way back in the middle; then remembering that she had never agreed with Eben, she asked to be ushered nearer the front. Such furs, such jewels, such bared glowing throats! If only Mame Betson could see! But the front was crowded and she was retreating drearily when a deep strong voice proclaimed:

"In the first row, Mrs. Eben Paul—I have reserved a chair for you!"

She turned. Robed in gold and scarlet she beheld Mr. J. H. Simonds on the platform, a Ching lacquer wand aloft in his right hand. She flourished her glove at him—a signal that used to charm Silas Waldron so; and keeping her head decently bowed to shield herself from the envious throng, she rustled down the aisle.

"Thank you, thank you, thanks so much, Mr. Simonds."

His black-and-white striped trousers exceeded her wildest hopes of what city

trousers could be. Like a prince he strode forward on the platform, cleared his throat, and pointed his wand to the countless objects that were to be sacrificed. She smiled at the strange array with an air of connoisseurship, unclicked her black bag and slipped a lozenge into her mouth.

"Number One, Ladies and Gentlemen, is a blue Ming vase. What am I offered for this jewel of the Orient?"

Half turning in her chair, she raised her eyebrows at the silent throng reprovingly.

"For this exquisite rare old Ming vase, worth—"

Mr. Simonds adjusted his glasses on her. She unfurled her tortoise-shell lorgnette and gazed back up to him.

"One hundred dollars, at the very lowest, Ladies and Gentlemen. Will nobody start it at fifty? Fifty? Forty then? Who will offer me forty dollars—it is a libel to think of it, Ladies and Gentlemen—who of you will be wise enough to offer me forty dollars for this rare vase?"

She leaned forward, her hands on the rail of the platform, all her rings twinkling.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, will you not help me? Yes. *You* will? *You?* *You?*"

How could she keep still another second.

"Name your own price, at least, if you will be so kind. Name *any* price, please, to start them. Thirty? Twenty-five? I hear twenty-five? Do I hear twenty, then—twenty? Twenty? Fifteen? Fifteen? Ten then, do you say ten? Who will offer me—"

He was looking full at Mrs. Paul again, smiling and raising his wand. She nodded her head rapturously.

"Thank you, madam. Thank you for that favor. I am offered then ten dollars. Who will say fifteen? Sixteen? Seventeen? Twenty? Twenty-five? Thirty?" . . .

The bids were coming in thick and fast, so distractingly that they seemed

to shatter her hold upon the auctioneer. These grasping people were trying to take him away from her, as in the old days they had tried to take Eben Paul. . . . But what would Adoniram Bennett say if she spent so much?

"Seventy!" she cried out, whatever Adoniram might say, rising to her feet unafraid.

And she stood while the others kept their seats and the bids soared higher. She had not been so in the thick of things since—

"Seventy-five! Seventy-five!" she called out.

Triumphantly she glared through the ensuing silence.

"Going at seventy-five. Eighty? Do I hear eighty? Going, sold at—going——"

He was weakening for her sake; he wanted her to win! She was sure of it.

"Sold at seventy-five dollars to Mrs. . . ."

He looked at her smiling.

"To my friend Mrs. Eben Paul."

He stopped to jot the sale on his book. She sat down in glory. She drew on one of her gloves. She felt so superior to the others that she didn't care what kind of glances they turned on her. She had felt assurance from the moment Mr. J. H. Simonds gave her a seat ahead of them all, but now her supremacy was proved. What did it matter how Adoniram Bennett scolded? Hadn't Mr. Simonds said these things were bargains? Didn't she trust him? She could sell them if necessary for twice all she paid.

Hardly a sale went without Mr. Simonds appealing to her personally in the course of the bidding. If he seemed at all bashful or in a slump she focused hard upon him till she caught his eye as she had learned long ago to catch Silas Waldron's to encourage him at some crucial point. An electric-like understanding existed between them. . . .

"You will help to start Number Nineteen for me, Mrs. Paul?"

"Certainly, Mr. Simonds. Five dollars!"

"Five?—Ten?—Fifteen?—Twenty?—Thirty?—Fifty?—Eighty?—One hundred?—Two hundred? Three? Who will bid three hundred? It is a true bargain! Gone to my friend Mrs. Eben Paul."

"You know so well what I like, Mr. Simonds!" . . .

"Number Twenty-five will especially appeal to you, Mrs. Paul."

She smiled coyly at him and shook her head. "Why do you say such a thing, Mr. Simonds? How could you? You know I haven't room for it!"

"Will not anybody help me then?"

Silence.

"Nobody?"

Public spirit is dead, thought Mrs. Paul—as her husband used to say about North Ashton. "I'll help you!" she called out at the top of her voice. "One hundred dollars! There now!"

But the women with their gleaming jewels and their furs and bared glowing throats were raising her higher and higher. Their jealous bids rang out deafeningly around her like rifle shots. She rose to her feet again to defy them—but saw Mr. Simonds shake his head gravely. How kind he was to give her these hints at his own expense! It warmed her heart's blood anew. Every eye was fixed on her burningly. She hadn't had such attention since she had taken the leading part in the "Mousetrap" to help pay off the mortgage on the old parsonage. Though now she had only to sit back languidly and fan herself while her audience vied with one another in vain for the favor of Mr. J. H. Simonds. It was bliss just to listen to his singsongy voice. The bars of her will were let down. She could allow her mind to wander fitfully through—whither it would. She no longer resisted the thought of North Ashton.

For a moment she fancied she was driving with her father to interview the carpenter, whose wife kissed her and gave her some oxalis bulbs.

Or walking in the woods with that red-haired boy who always stayed so long

over the counter. It was Sunday afternoon—the buds were just breaking. They sat on a stone wall near where a brook crossed the road through a culvert and made a gurgling sound. He asked her to marry him, and she refused the third time, and strolled home flushed and happy, her hand in his, the hermit thrushes singing in the odorous twilight.

"Only twenty-five dollars for this choice *r-r-rama*, Ladies and Gentlemen? What are you thinking of? You, Mrs. Paul . . ."

She started and realized the sudden need of bidding. And the choice *r-r-rama* was knocked down to her after a struggle. . . .

But the wagon of the wholesale dealer was at the door of Abner Mansfield's; she was choosing calico prints stamped with garlands of roses and delicate green vines—always knowing so well what would catch the eye of the housewife. And there must be a box of those red glassies and a box of the plaid chinies for the boys. The girls would like the jump-ropes with the yellow handles best. . . .

She was jumping rope herself on the tar walk of the Portland grammar school. "Come in with me, come in with me, come in with me!" she chanted in rhythm with her leaping steps. She saw the red cheeks and eager mouth of her playmate, Nellie Martin, as, guarding a half-eaten pickled lime in her hand, she sprang forward and together they jumped—jumped—jumped—to the changed tempo. . . .

It was dark inside the schoolhouse. Why did the girls all leave her like that? She called to them, she screamed. But she heard their merry voices drifting farther and farther away. She tried to get up. There were heavy footsteps. She tried to get up, but she couldn't move hand or foot. The steps got nearer. The door opened. It was Eben. Oh, how glad she was to see him! He smiled tenderly, pityingly, down on her. He had a knife in his hand. "I'm sorry.

I'll be careful. It won't hurt so much as you think." "Oh, don't, *please* don't, Mr. Simonds! Stop! Help! Help!" But she straightened her legs out obediently. "Right at the ankles, you know, just at the ankles," Mr. Simonds said. "One blow will do it." He was awfully kind to her. She felt the edge of the knife. It didn't hurt—she liked it. It was pressed harder and harder. . . .

"Number 175—"

Had she been dreaming? She gave a cautious glance to the right and the left. She was thankful that Mr. Simonds was so busy he never once looked her way. When he heard her voice again his whole handsome face lighted up. His teeth shone through his mustaches as he winked for her to bid higher.

Afterward—after it was all over—he leaned forward from the platform and said:

"I was so afraid you'd lose that Ching wand, Mrs. Paul."

"Why, really, Mr. Simonds?" she wondered huskily.

But she had such a hard time at the close to get in touch with him. There were so many many people came up to ask foolish fussy questions and make out checks and give orders for sending. Nevertheless she waited proudly, patiently, until at last he stepped aside and came to her. He stooped and hesitated, not seeming to know quite what to do. She leaned toward him, her head back to keep her hat from tipping.

"You must be tired, Mrs. Paul."

"Yes, I am tired. Oh, yes, yes. Very tired indeed," she answered blinking. "You must be, too, Mr. Simonds. Do I look tired?" she asked giddily.

Another woman had got hold of him. Mrs. Paul struggled against a rising tide of loud buzzing voices. She saw things go black before her. She remembered that when she was a child her mother never let her go to crowded places.

"Mr. Simonds, Mr. Simonds—"

She would have fallen had he not caught her. He carried her—Oh, so gently!—to the nearest chair and knelt



"WHAT AM I OFFERED FOR THIS JEWEL OF THE ORIENT?"

by her side. "Keep back, keep back!" he shouted to the envious women.

"I'm all right now, Mr. Simonds. How much do I owe you? How much in all?"

"Not more than ten thousand at most, dear Mrs. Paul."

"I owe everything to you, dear Mr. Simonds—everything!"

He shook his head. She thought there were tears in his eyes.

"Don't worry about me!" she begged.

But how could she ever pay ten thousand dollars? This year of all years—when Adoniram warned her the interest was getting so low! Of course she could try to sell the old Paul mansion on the Row. But if she couldn't sell it she

would have to give up this beautiful city life and go back. . . . Already she pictured herself on the slow branch train, steaming and whistling its way to North Ashton. She knew all the fields and clumps of forest and desolate lonely farms she would have to pass.

"I have ruined myself for your sake, Mr. Simonds!" she cried as he clasped her to his breast.

Mrs. Paul awoke in the chair by the be-lambrequinned window where she had been dozing ever since she dressed herself after luncheon. It had grown so dark that she thought at first she must have fainted again—till she heard the familiar knocking on her door grow louder and plainer.

It was all she could do to stand up. Her feet were like ice. But she turned on the light somehow and opened the door.

"Head waiter sent me to knock, m'm, thinkin' you dozed, maybe, way you sometime do."

The clock on the mantel shelf struck seven cruel strokes. Each one struck Mrs. Paul's forehead and cut piercingly

down to her feet. She blinked her eyes faster and faster.

"The auction? I suppose the auction is—all—over?" she asked humbly.

"Great success, m'm. Auctioneer said when he left he never see more magnificent people. Millions of 'em. Pity you's missed it, m'm."

She nodded and smiled at him.

"Want me t' bring up little somethin', Mis' Paul?"

"No, thanks. Thanks very much. You're so kind. I'll come down—if I want anything. Good night."

She shut the door. She shut her lips tight together. She managed to take off her best black-and-white silk and put it away. She got to the closet and covered her shivering frame with her thick purple wrapper. She drew off her tight boots and pulled on the worsted shoes Mrs. Betson had knitted. She took another teaspoonful of Doctor Bowker's medicine and crept into bed.

An awful gust shook the window. The radiators were pounding, snapping, snarling. Everything apparently went on just the same. Everything!

DREAMS

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

NOW you are fallen asleep,
And sorrow has let you be,
Too golden a thing to weep,
Dream, if you will, of me.

Dream of an old road set
With many a wild quince tree;
Though all else you forget,
Dream of the spring and me.

A GENTLE PASSION FOR MENDING THINGS

BY GILBERT P. SYMONS

IT came to me clearly the other Sunday at matins. I was at the lectern reading, "Behold, they that wear soft raiment are in kings' houses." My hand left the stump of the brass eagle's tail and fumbled disapprovingly at the fine lawn of my surplice. Soft raiment there. No mistaking that! Outwardly the Second Lesson went on in my best manner, but inwardly I was settling the matter once for all with a panicky conscience: "Look here, I'm done with this. Dull preacher I may be; but give me credit for my devoted hands. You know that heart and soul I'm a good hard-working tinker."

And as I turned about for the Benedictus, an angel in a white cotta ministered unto me. He is the second treble on the cantoris side, ten years old and the image of his mother. We had agreed only yesterday, when soldering a radio set, not to add grief to mischance by reporting to our women-folk a certain brown acid stain in the watch-pocket of my good vest. His open mouth was full of holy sound, but two of his fingers were poking hard at the region of *his* watch-pocket, plainly indicating that at no time would the oath be forgotten, that the secret was safe, and that all would be well.

My cherub on the cantoris side would swear before witnesses that I really am a first-class old tinker at heart. He knows that what makes that heart outwardly so hard is not even a vest-pocket prayer book, but my shiny combination pliers-wire-cutter-and-screw-driver in a dull leather case; my *vade mecum*.

Do the nave and transepts ever suspect how the chancel can go on performing its sacred office with a mind roving

out of doors? Here was our best treble voice in full seraphic flight and behind it a mind dawdling on earth in a basement workshop over the delights and dangers of an old soldering iron! And here was the parson booming a fair bass while thinking back twoscore years upon the first tinker he ever knew!

We called him "Tinker-in-the-Lane." That was the cry raised by scullery-maids to their mistresses when they heard him chanting (in the Dorian mode):

"Scissors to grind!
Umbrellers to mend!
Any ole kettles?"

He went through our quarter like an angel in disguise, leaving a better world behind him in so far as grindstone or soldering-iron, glue-pot or pincers-and-wire, or hammer and rivets, and a sunny nature and moderate charges could affect it.

Was it our old Tinker-in-the-Lane who lighted in me the passion for mending things? Or did his breezy passing-by but fan the tinker spark that had dropped down into me from the brazier of some ancestor? That is too hard to decide. One thing I do know. There is no school for tinkers; just as there never, surely, will be a tinkers' union. It is not a profession or craft. It is a vocation. That is to say, one is called to it, lured into it away from some other occupation. Some of us carry on for long (behind the mask of learning or the law) a sort of bigamy, but sooner or later we hope to send Hagar into the wilderness and live decently with Sarah. There is that great surgeon, Doctor James G., my good friend. I will not be so bold as to say that he thinks of me as *his* good friend, but my claim

holds in respect of him. He has done now with keeping folks out of heaven with his bright scalpel, and lives on a farm. Let him be conducting ever so distinguished a guest down to see the falls, and there happens to be a tiny bit of steel in the road. Can he pass it by, as befits the host? No, he will clandestinely snatch it up and mumble, "Hmmm! Good little lag-screw." And the good little lag-screw finally gets into the cigar box with other little lag-screws in that workshop at home which is really his holy place. Tinker, you see!

Some of us break away boldly and make a living of it, unabashed. I get such into my kitchen once in a while, and, if the cook can be withdrawn, wait upon them obsequiously with fresh coffee and my best cigars. One gentleman does not question another gentleman too closely about the past; but few of these back-door guests of mine get away without referring to escape from former servitude. Most of them had been soldiers or sailors. One clever umbrella mender confided that he had once been a bank clerk, and that though he had never, never been in jail, that was near enough for him, God knows. An oracular saying! If there is a sinister implication, I am not the one to press it.

The fact is that to me and others so inclined, this old world has a pathetic way of falling to pieces and of mutely appealing, like the Greek corpse upon the strand, for someone to lend a kind hand for pity's sake.

Manufacturers and artisans who go to work by the hooter affect to despise us. They think themselves a robust race, creators indeed, because, forsooth, they fashion things *de novo* out of whole stuff. All we tinkers ask in our defense is for some one to tell us how long this world would get on without those humble attentions by which we replace into life the things which fall out in the march. Your manufacturer puts things together passably enough for a state of rest, but without affection and with no knowledge of who shall use them. Let the rack of

use once begin, and then who is it that weeps to mark how screws work loose, nuts drop off, edges dull, springs break, seams open, bearings shriek, and frail parts rend?

Some good souls lose their temper over this side of life, and mention the devil or the perversity of things. I am more inclined to think that an alarm clock, for instance, after having been banged into existence in a factory, has a right to go by fits and starts, or even to stop altogether until one of us with a little kindness in him makes sympathetic inquiry what might inwardly be the matter with the poor thing.

I cannot impress you too strongly that we stand in the midst of a falling world. Heraclitus, our ancient brother, in his philosophy put it into two words: *πάντα ῥεῖ*, which I might paraphrase as "screws will work loose." The gods have made it so, but the heart of the born tinker leaps up when he thinks that no matter who is to blame for the condition of things perhaps he can mend the matter.

To illustrate. That second treble of my choir once hove a pebble through a diamond quarry in one of the nave lights. It is true he was aiming at a sparrow in the rain spout; but he aimed too low and, instead of hitting one of God's sparrows, he hit one of God's windows. I saw him do it and caught him before he could flee. He was amazed at the look upon my face, for it was the tinker's look of serene delight at something more to mend. We gathered up what glass fragments had any size, and down in my shop under the altar I showed him how the glass-stainers bind it all together with channel lead. Meanwhile, I gravely warned him that I could do no such marvels with God's broken sparrows, but had as only recourse my other and more formal office, namely, to bury them.

I am proud of that mended diamond with its cobweb of lead. The different-colored bit of glass I was obliged to put in sparkles at me at times like a friend. And I fancy that, though my second treble fidgets during sermon time and

prays for me to be done, our joyful visit to the workshop and the handing of tools up the stepladder have bound him to holy Church for life.

There are times when certain members of my flock may think I am beaming at them with love, and with approval of their right behavior. Love them I do, but it is far more likely that I am recognizing a pince-nez cured of palsy by my jeweler's screw driver, or a lens I have more than once snapped back into its bezel. God bless you, a man can smile at times for just pride at good little things he himself has done!

It is perhaps a little pagan to say it, but I am right sorry that neither Saint Dunstan nor John Bunyan left us any account of their struggles to master the tinker's trade. Poor fellows! Both of them were so driven to mend kingdoms that their humbler tools must have rusted away, and there was never time to spare to write of early days.

But we tinkers do have early days. I mind well that early day when I redeemed a little Swiss clock from the rubbish heap of a spring cleaning. It was a nice little clock, only it would not go.

What man has put together, man can often take apart. The reverse is not so true (as I discovered). And yet, although the tangle of springs and wheels never again assembled in the body, I myself was something more. In the first place, my heart was enlarged—that is, I had a more confirmed pity for clocks that couldn't go. Then too, I had won a clearer notion of what makes clocks go (certain reasonable adjustments being postulated). Moreover, hope redoubled in my breast; more faith in myself next time, and some hope for some other clock in remoter future.

There's the end of the whole matter of growing to be a tinker. The man or boy who becomes discouraged or disgusted with his clumsiness is not fit to be a tinker. Why! a tinker is nothing but an embodiment of clumsiness, glorified by pity, by boldness, by perseverance.

Thereout grows, I believe, that uncouth saying about a thing being "not worth a tinker's dam." It is not that we are easily profane. It is rather that often we are sorely tried. We have so to work from the outside of things (a great hardship!) whereas the maker worked easily from within; we have, I say, so to fiddle with substitutes which fall just short of fitting that we fail thrice where we succeed once. A man, even a tinker, can bear just so much and then something must let go. A tiny screw drops into the shavings. The pincers slip at a high moment. We ejaculate some relieving sharp word. It is nothing, gentle bystander: a sound—a breath; aimed at no one; no malice; nothing really profane. Let it pass. You see? "Not worth a tinker's dam." An angel, I hope, would allow of it.

On the contrary, I would even claim without vainglory that we are, as a class, reverent. How am I moved to worship a Providence which can arrange for the stiffness of gray iron and the toughness of steel! Mark how long-suffering is copper wire. What obliging complaisance lies in lead, and withal what reliability! How inspiring to worship is the faithful strait way that glass will crack along the scratch of a diamond; or the sweetness of a bubble of tin-solder settling down to its appointed place. I have sung "*Gloria Patri*" to *Tonus Regius* in the sanctuary, and—I have tapped "one-two-three" with ball-peen upon the head of a neat and obedient rivet—and meant the same thing!

Then, we are not without thanks for great discoveries. Blessings upon Archimedes who gave us the screw! All honor to him who found that a tallow candle is a good flux for solder, and hid it not! There should be crowns for the men who first mixed putty, and boiled lacquer, and tempered steel. Again, how admirably is this world arranged to the tinker's mind. Poor worm! he makes nothing. He finds all to hand. Is there a hole in a copper kettle? What of it? Is there not the remainder of the kettle to

build on to? Is a key lost? Abides not still faithfully in the door concerned the hole the said key went into, and the wards it used to pass—clues aplenty? Has a chair lost a leg? The three remaining members can be trusted to supply length and pattern for a new one. O yes, life is most marvelous and admirable to us tinkers. Since you have mentioned our innocent cursing, forget not also our heartfelt benedictes.

Then note the elevation of privilege to which the tinker's person is raised. Men seek him out. Housewives welcome his return. Children are glad at his appearing. Can we say so much for all professions? Take the case of a certain silver teapot. It first stands in an emporium, for sale. The purchaser enters merely to look about, as it were. Mercator praises the teapot to the skies. Emptor demurs that he has seen fairer teapots, but how much might it cost? Mercator, spurning cost, swears that it is worth *so much*. "Nay," cries Emptor, "It is worth but *so much*." The silver teapot is already tarnished by the lying breath of these two false men. It has known nothing but to be manufactured and cheapened. And Emptor, having made a good bargain, gives it to his spouse, vowing that it is but a trifle from the fair. What a world of knavery all through!

But teapot sees service. For lustrums it is a household god, until one day its handle comes away. Its mistress is filled with woe. All else is forgotten or neglected. She seeks out the mender of things in his humble place. Her arts of winsome appeal fly flags upon her cheeks before even her treasure is unwrapped. Could the good man put back the handle? He has put back so many things. ("Good man," mark you. Oh, what sweet payment in advance!) The good man is all sympathy. The teapot might well be his own. He is touched with human distress. And then a silver teapot is no sooty kettle. He shakes his head. He will try. He will try for the lady's sake. It is a nice bit of work with the

blowpipe, a nice bit of brazing, and afterward one more woman will have kind words for him for life!

I ask you, friends: Where is the comparison in human contacts between selling a new teapot and mending an old one? In the market you read, "Let the buyer beware!" It is a sort of warfare. In the tinkery you breathe, "Let us have hope." It is a sort of peace, and charity and graciousness abound.

Oh, I see what I must do. When at last they put me out of my stewardship I have another choice besides, "Dig I cannot: to beg I am ashamed." I am resolved what to do. I will take my little pension and buy an artless cottage under a hill, among countrymen, far from hardware stores. And against it I will lean my dream workshop with a chimney for a Franklin stove and my little forge. I shall not be on the shelf, but all my little boxes shall be there, marked "split rivets," "screws, blued, 1-inch, round hd.," and all the rest. I will hang up my hacksaw, my snips, and my try-square. There shall be drawers for my files and chisels in a bench with vises. My three pictures shall hang there in good light. In the best place, our Saviour at work in Nazareth over an ox-bow. Below Him John Bunyan in Bedford jail; and over near the forge, St. Dunstan tweaking the Devil's nose with his tongs.

They will come. People who need me will come. I will smoke a pipe with an ancient rural while I file his saw. I will place a chair for the dairymaid, and watch for her smile after I have mended her birthday brooch. A little child will climb upon my knee, and together we will see what can be done for splinters-in-the-hand or for a broken toy.

No pay but in kind. What with being a parson who was ever at heart a tinker, may I not yet achieve that harmlessness of the dove mixed with serpent's guile which is the way into people's lives?

And then there is such a thing (rarer than silver teapots) as mending a broken heart!



A VENETIAN EFFECT—LAKE WORTH

HUMANITY AT PALM BEACH

BY W. L. GEORGE

PALM BEACH — sea, land, and heavens—is wholly beautiful.

Palm Beach is America's social back door.

These two phrases sum up my impression of the Playground for Millionaires, but no bitterness hides in the contrast. The impression does not arise from the prejudices which some of the residents of Palm Beach ascribe to Main Street, meaning by Main Street the people who cannot afford to winter in Florida. The European who knows his Deauville, his Monte Carlo, his North Berwick, cannot take up a Puritanic attitude and cast over Palm Beach a sulky eye. Indeed, I see no harm in calling the resort a playground for millionaires; why should millionaires not have a playground? They must be given a chance to play somewhere! The millionaire status does not exclude a playful disposition, yet many people would like to suppress Palm

Beach. But what a disturbance would arise if Palm Beach tried to suppress Coney Island.

Still, a place is more than those who live in it, so let us for a while ignore the social butterflies and turn to those other butterflies—yellow striped with black, orange, or crimson—which flit in the eternally warm sunlight among the scarlet blooms of the hibiscus. The quality of the South rises about me from those few words—from the impact of color and its suggestion of heat. Between the lake and the ocean, in the square mile or less which makes up the real Palm Beach, more beauty has been created than in any other part of the United States.

It is a strange experience to come swiftly from the North, from the frozen country, to pass through the endless wastes of Georgia and the Carolinas, where only and ever the pines rise from rough grass, where civilization is being

made as painfully and laboriously as it was made by the Western pioneers and, as one exchanges darkness for light, to reach Florida, the land of flowers. I tell myself that if the Garden of Eden was not located at Palm Beach it is because Mr. Flagler was born a little too late. Flagler! His extraordinary repute floats in Palm Beach long after his death; if Andrew Jackson took Florida from the Seminoles, he left to Flagler the creation of its legend. Florida is still conscious of Flagler, looks back to him much as Noah may have looked back to Adam; he is the Great Origin, the "Prince" as some of the old residents still call him. Flagler was a romantic millionaire, a millionaire of the sort that Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee called inspired. Once a bankrupt, he entered the Standard Oil group, rose high, and made a fortune. Seeking a use for his money he bought eighteen miles of sandy shore, telling himself "The Gulf Stream flows only a mile or so away, warming the winters, cooling the summers. This is fairyland. I will people it with transitory denizens." Flagler dreamed, and in his cosmic dream saw hotels as stars, bungalows as planets, the railroad to Key West as his Milky Way. He invested forty millions of dollars in land and legislature, seeking no great return of cash but much of pride. He decided to give America a Riviera, and he has done so. He wanted the joy of creation, and he created. Some may say that what he created is vulgar, but no creation is altogether vulgar. Nature creates the louse, as also the orchid: no doubt with equal delight, equal relief of fecund impulse. Thus Flagler created cities out of the void: joyfully, sensually, for the profound gratification of his temperament. And one wholly beautiful thing he did create—the railroad to Key West, running over the open sea through a hundred isles. For three hours, on a morning of turquoise and pearl, I enjoyed that astonishing journey over bridges under which the sea murmured, over tiny islands barren as

sandbanks, or thickly grown with palms and oleander, with the sea always lapping by my side or the pelicans rising in lazy flight from the still lagoons. And I said to myself that though there probably was something Rotarian in the Flagler temperament, there must have also been a thread of imagination, or he would not, for so small a reward, have thrown across the waters a thread of steel.

As a rule, the works of man are greater than those of nature, but at Palm Beach that is not so because man has not been there long enough. His houses are entirely insignificant by the side of the palms, every kind of palm: silver-trunked royal palms, date palms, palmettos, fish-tail palms; grove after grove of coconut trees suspend over his head the menace of their nuts. Indeed, the main impression which rises from the vegetable side is one of threat. That is notably the case in the cactus.

If I were a poet I'd leave the roses to others and I should sing the cactus (in spite of the difficulty of rhyming). The cacti (or is it cactuses?) are delicious! So tall, so fat, so spiked. Some are bulbous like beetles, some twisted as snakes, some jagged as saws. They are of the tropics, the land of violent life: above all others there lives in my mind one kind of cactus which has a score of tongues striped green and yellow; seen in the twilight it looks wild and twisted, like an octopus in its last agony. By the side of these green demons the strident flowers stand in their locally fashionable crimson robes: the hibiscus, the equally red poinsettias, the red poincianas. Alone, the gentle mauve of the banana blossom and of the convolvulus interrupts the crimson melody.

You cannot make ugliness by by-law if nature is in earnest—beauty being in its essence a rebel against discipline. That is, so far as nature goes! As regards the beauty made by man, it is no more present at Palm Beach than it is outside Los Angeles, or for the matter of that, Cincinnati. The average



PATIO OF THE EVERGLADES CLUB

of the houses is pretty good, though too many have been turned out by the dozen from the same mold; many opportunities have been wasted by those who have built in white laths and roofed with slate; still, among the dullness stand a few recent houses in the Spanish style, generally made of stucco plastered green or pink. Those are charming, and I was privileged to visit half a dozen. Their piazzas are deep and cool; within, in the stone-flagged patios, trees grow and fountains play. All is sweetness and modesty; an idyllic simple life is lived and need not cost more than a few thousand dollars a week.

For money makes up the soil where are rooted the waving palms of the jungle gardens; under the deep verandas money casts a golden shade. At Palm Beach you feel money swooping about like a bird of pleasure as a relief from swooping as a bird of prey, let us say, in Chicago. The houses are not furnished, as you might imagine, with cane chairs and bamboo couches; in Palm Beach the simple life is conducted on tiles which come from Italian cathedrals, on chairs which may have been sat upon by Napoleon, on ivory beds, within sight of pieces of Georgian silver or Venetian glass which might make the

museums envious. You will say that is just luxury, and if the millionaires can afford it, why not? But there is more in this than appears. At Palm Beach one may progress a long way, sometimes by car and sometimes by furniture.

In other words, the essence of the real Palm Beach is not only to provide activity for the young, but to promote the social advancement of the less young. Have you ever seen a plantation of young fir trees? When they are strong enough they are transplanted to the forest. Palm Beach is a plantation where the rich are bedded out to take the air, the fashionable air, so that in due course they may be transplanted to drawing-rooms, to which, without Palm Beach, they might not have gained access so easily.

This does not mean that Palm Beach is merely an expansion of the Ritz Oak Room. It is athletic. Indeed, a kind friend, when inviting me to Palm Beach, said to me, "Here you will find ocean bathing, and wonderful deep-sea fishing, to say nothing of tennis, golf, and dancing; in fact, every kind of pleasure." When I arrived I found that I could add to these pleasures automobiling, cycle-chair riding, Mah Jong, every known game of cards, liquor, lovemaking, and the greatest game of all, which is called getting on in society. I viewed the place with the horror to which my mild and passive nature is subject. I saw that here was a place where you might "do," but not "be."

And I was not mistaken, for all round me young America was hurraing and shedding dollars from every pocket, was playing all the games with the gusto and violence of which young America has the secret. I never seemed to be out of range of the remark "Honk!" made by an automobile, unless it was the remark "Whizz!" made by a golf ball, to say nothing of "swish!" in the direction of the water. I saw here the "Pleasure City" which Mr. Wells described in *When the Sleeper Wakes*, a place where everything is provided which can relieve

mankind from thinking about life. At least, that is what I assumed. One can think about life on the top of an omnibus, but I have an idea that in Palm Beach thinking about life is unfashionable; in the case of most of its inhabitants a hibiscus blooming by the roadside a red hibiscus is to them, and it is nothing more.

In other words, there is something gross about Palm Beach, namely, the fact that it springs from money, that root of all evil. For instance, a very modest house is rented at four thousand dollars for the season, but that is a house where Palm Beach will allow you to live merely because even at Palm Beach the rich are not allowed to do murder. If you want to "count" in the Palm Beach scheme your house will cost you \$10,000 or \$15,000 for the season. Even that is not nearly enough! If you want to throw your shadow beyond that of the coconuts, you must build your own house, spending at least \$100,000; you must have grounds large enough to be visited by car; servants must spring from your marble floors as magnolia blooms from your trees. Thirty servants are not too many for those who would be kings.

Since we cannot all do these things we can form a slight idea of the Palm Beach quality by noting the prices: a sea bath costs \$1.25, a game of golf \$2.50, and so forth. If you cannot fall in with these prices, if you cannot buy a car too long for the average garage, if you cannot wear pearls so large that no one will believe them to be imitations, if you cannot change your clothes four times a day, you may be tolerated but you will arrive nowhere during your short three months, January to April. In Palm Beach one finds fleas and persons of moderate means—such is nature, and it cannot be helped.

I speak bitterly, perhaps, and unjustly, for much kindness was shown me in Palm Beach. Several of the millionaires opened their houses to me so cordially, with so much charm, that I hasten

to say that my remarks concern only the people I did not meet and a subject I do not understand: as everybody knows, this is the way magazine articles are written. My bitterness may arise from a disease which I will call Europimism. This is a mixture of Europe and pessimism, which afflicts Europeans very severely as soon as they land in America. Sir Alfred Mond developed it so acutely that he said he felt like a pauper. The European watches the sable coats go by in half dozens, instead of one at a time as in Europe. He sees dollars fall like sixpences; he observes diamonds big enough to stop up decanters—and Europimism develops. The European begins to feel very poor, coming out of a wretched, starving Europe into a country where gold is flowing; his clothes, his car, his house—all that is outclassed. He feels hopeless. He cannot struggle against the abounding wealth of

America. He is not jealous, for these orgiastic riches float in a region far above his bank book. He merely smiles feebly and pushes away his ice water with a wan air. Finally he flees: and I, for one, fled from New York to Palm Beach. It was a pretty solution! When I arrived Palm Beach was just taking the dust sheets off (for that resort, as an Irishman would say, hibernates in the summer) but it was already quite rich enough to give me a fatal attack of Europimism. Almost at once I was submerged in the golden flood, confronted with the social obligations of the place: with the Everglades Club, so exclusive that Hebrews are not admitted; the Beach Club, also exclusive, but only as exclusive as it can afford to be. I met people, and at last the social mechanism was unfolded to me through what I may call the conquest of Mrs. Van Exe.

Mrs. Van Exe is a Knickerbocker. In



LOGGIA OF THE CASA FLORENCIA



RESIDENCE OF JOHN C. PHIPPS

New York she knows as few people as she can: thus everyone wants to know her. But one cannot burgle one's way into a dinner party, and as Mrs. Van Exe comes to Palm Beach, there is a gentler way. Let us assume a newly rich person named Jones. Between the Jones world and the Van Exe world lie abysses which cannot be bridged unless Miss Jones marries a foreign prince, a commodity which is getting rather scarce as America corners the market. What is to be done? Shall the Joneses always stand outside the charmed circle of Mrs. Van Exe? No! Mr. Jones at fifteen fought with his fists in a car depot, and won; at fifty he has fought railroad magnates in board rooms, and won. Shall he be defeated by Mrs. Van

Exe? No! Not if Mrs. Jones knows it. Especially Miss Clarissa Jones. So Mr. Jones builds a house at Palm Beach and arranges for a daily supply of liquor from Bimini. He brings more automobiles than he can ride in, the cook from the Jockey Club, a cargo of diamonds from Fifth Avenue, a cargo of clothes, Mrs. Jones and Miss Clarissa Jones, and then he starts. (In fact, it is Miss Clarissa who really captains the expedition, but father is suitably brought up.) The method is simple. Mr. Jones, being rich, finds an acquaintance who is glad to introduce him at the Beach Club. There he shows himself to be a regular fellow with connections in Bimini; he makes friends, most of whom swear never to see him again when they go

ome. As the men grow friendly the women come to dine. They discover with a certain irritation that Mrs. Jones owns terrific furniture, the corkscrew of the Borgias, and Queen Elizabeth's umbrella stand. They are shattered, and thus Mrs. Jones has got them. While the dinners go on Mrs. Van Exe takes no notice, but at last Mrs. Jones comes to know enough people to be able to give a reception. People come because they want to see Queen Elizabeth's umbrella stand and to gain an idea of the Jones wealth. In due course Mrs. Jones knows everybody except Mrs. Van Exe. The Knickerbocker lady, who had been contemptuous, is now annoyed, which is

next door to being interested. So, when the time comes—in a club room, in a drawing-room, or even in the sea—Mrs. Jones is introduced to Mrs. Van Exe. Mrs. Van Exe cannot get away. It is not like New York, where Mrs. Van Exe could shut her door or hide in the City Aquarium. In Palm Beach she finds herself in a space less than a mile each way, where Mrs. Jones and her cars are careering in every direction. Mrs. Van Exe sulks, but at last she wearies. She has to know Mrs. Jones since all her friends know Mrs. Jones. If Mrs. Jones is clever she may go on knowing Mrs. Van Exe in New York, and she will not have gone to Palm Beach in vain.



TREES GROW WITHIN THE STONE-FLAGGED PATIOS OF THE HOUSES

Social progress can therefore be achieved at Palm Beach, and this because the resort is too new to have crystallized like Newport. The sets which have already formed are fluid; for the moment they are made up of people who have drifted together. Just as men make their financial position in the West, they can still make their social position in the South. The time will come when Palm Beach visitors will be classified, when there will be a set of Brahmins and various sets of pariahs, but it is not yet.

Here I shall be told that there are no classes in America, and that the saleslady mixes on a beautiful footing of equality with the oldest families in the land of the bean and the cod. Holy simplicity! One easily believes what one wants to believe. The truth of the matter is that classes exist in America as they do elsewhere. The evidence of it is the struggle at Palm Beach among the classes which have recently suc-

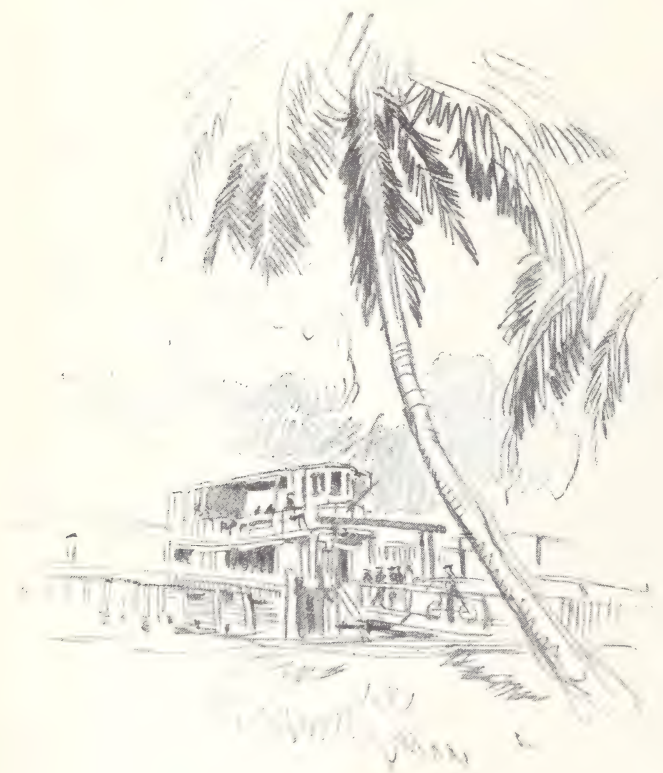
ceeded in rising a little higher. America is uniformly kind, but, as I know it better, I ask myself whether it is always quite so kind to persons of lesser oddity. I am a writer, a curiosity, and people are nice to me—but how does any set treat plain Harry Dubb of Centerville?

For instance, we must not forget that Palm Beach is divided into three sections: namely, Palm Beach itself, West Palm Beach, and Gus's Baths. West Palm Beach is cheap and separated from greatness by a lake. Gus's Baths is plainly vulgar—all drug stores, phonographs, and bathing suits. Between these three portions yawn abysses which the real-estate agents are slowly filling up, but which are at present seldom spanned by visiting cards. Palm Beach is plainly hostile in its attitude to the stranger. If you have a house, a club, or a hotel—go to it, and you will be welcome, charmingly received as I was; but if you are a cheap wanderer you will not in the whole of Palm Beach

find a single seat where you may sit for nothing. (Free seats exist, however, in the outer darkness of West Palm Beach.)

Also I observed a continual growth of hedged-in beaches marked "Posted" or "Private" in ferocious lettering. The attitude is simple and was expressed to me by several residents:

"People of moderate means are not wanted in Palm Beach. We have made this place the playground of the rich; let the smaller fry go to play elsewhere. Let them go to Gus's Baths. Let them go to the . . . where they like." You can perceive the Palm Beach attitude if you ask a resident what the place is like in the summer, for he will reply,



THE "EDNA M."

"Oh, I don't know, here's no one here except a lot of caretakers"—and you should hear the contempt with which he says "A lot of caretakers." Thus it is rather pathetic to hear other residents proclaim the democracy of Palm Beach. At that resort we find a section called Royal Park, near Chilian Avenue, where small houses have been built costing about five thousand dollars. It lies modestly behind the Ocean Boulevard, and here simple lives are located. It is quite possible that in this modest zone a man may sit on the piazza in his shirt sleeves. That is the democratic region of Palm Beach. As regards



MONEY MAKES THE SOIL FOR THE WAVING PALMS

pleasure, the people who believe in Floridian democracy remind me that the amusements are not exclusive, that for a dollar you may attend the tea dansants and the Saturday-night dances at the hotels. These people honestly believe that Palm Beach is democratic, and they resolutely ignore two facts, both of which are important. The first is that anybody who can afford it can indeed build a tiny cottage at Palm Beach, but that will not make them *of* Palm Beach. To be *at* but not *of*—such is the fate of the small people. So long as the center of Palm Beach is in the Everglades Club and in the houses of the millionaires, so long will the place remain undemocratic, and I see no reason why it should become otherwise.

A second fact that goes against the fiction of democracy at Palm Beach is the element of land speculation. For the last twenty years, and especially for the last five years, speculation in Palm Beach land has been intense. Most of

the people I talked to seemed to have built a house or bought land as a speculation. Conversation was full of stories of houses built for \$5,000 and sold for \$18,000; of sea-front lots bought at \$20 a foot, and now worth \$700. Most of the people I met had speculated, or were doing so. This provides another key to the democracy of Palm Beach. The small people are in many cases clever speculators who are holding their houses or land until the time comes for them to sell at a profit. But true democracy in the untidy sense is impossible at Palm Beach, and no country except America would try to invent it. The American has convinced himself so completely that all are free and equal under the Stars and Stripes that he feels guilty if he must acknowledge that anyone is being exclusive. He feels that stratification would make the Fathers of the Revolution turn in their graves, and so he protests that democracy exists, even when it is the one enemy against

which a locality is fighting. But I will not argue, for as the larger houses come and it becomes impossible to live at Palm Beach on incomes less than \$100,000 a year, the average American will be convinced that here is an island on the edge of his democratic land.

It is, as I have suggested, pathetic, all this struggling against the obvious, and it is made all the more pathetic by the fact that another struggle is engaged at Palm Beach, namely, the struggle between Continental ideas and American ideas. There exists in Palm Beach a rich but serious man who on Sunday nights invites large parties to sing hymns and hear good music in his ballroom. Likewise, one of the golf courses is shut on Sunday, but two are open. There are dances on Sunday night, while the Puritans conduct a constant campaign against the culprits. In other words, in Palm Beach you can witness the endless turmoil and conflict of modern American life. You see pleasure organized and fighting against the simple life, but while in the rest of the States the Puritans are strong and pleasure finds itself censured, hunted into corners, at Palm Beach the case is contrary. Here pleasure and wealth are the masters and will stay the masters because, as the settlement falls more and more into the hands of the rich, the Puritan section will find itself expelled . . . taking with it many thousands of dollars, the value of the land on which gray ideals refused to grow. Here pleasure is organized with so much money behind it that it becomes an invincible vested interest, almost an industry.

Personally I do not deplore this. In the first place, there is no reason why rich people should not create a com-

munity of their own, just as poor people do. There is no reason why Palm Beach should not be the judge of its manners and its morals. Any man is entitled to live at Palm Beach, just as he may live at Main Street. But since Palm Beach lets Main Street alone, it seems to me that Main Street might return the compliment. Palm Beach is not the place I should choose to wander in—for its wealth is oppressive, and in its early stages often vulgar—but I will not join the chorus against it. I agree that Palm Beach exhibits a good deal of snobbery, but, on the other hand, it is doing for America work that should not be despised. It is one of the few places where Americans are licensed to enjoy themselves without bothering about being useful, progressive, or moral. It is teaching people to be lazy, self-indulgent, and pleasure-loving. In this American life that is mainly made up of intense labor and disregard of leisure, it is providing the salt of idleness, the flavor of life. Palm Beach is assisting what is being done in the golf clubs and in a few uptown clubs: it is creating a class which looks upon work as secondary and which may, therefore, divert itself later to the arts, to polite conversation, and to sport. That class is what we call aristocracy; and since democracy must remain crude until it produces an aristocratic section, since only wealth and the use of wealth can make an aristocracy, Palm Beach is entitled to say, "I know I am foolish; I am vain, and indulge in rather mean rivalries; I boast about my money and despise those who have less; I am rather vulgar; but all the same I am human; I am trying to enjoy myself and to teach others to enjoy themselves, displaying good manners if they can, and good humor at all times."

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN

A Novel—Part III

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I and II—The "George" and the "Crown" are two inns in the little Sussex village of Bullockdean. Daniel Sheather, the son of the landlord of the "George," has acted as a go-between for Ernley Munk, the son of the well-to-do proprietor of the "Crown," in his courtship of a country girl, Belle Shackford. But when, after a series of quarrels, the engagement of Ernley and the voluptuous but tempestuous Belle is broken off, Daniel ventures to inform Ernley of his desire to court Belle, to which Ernley offers no objection. Belle, still secretly in love with Ernley, is friendly with Daniel but when overcome with jealousy at Ernley's attentions to another girl, she agrees to marry him. The sudden death of Ernley's father leaves Ernley independent and free to marry. Belle is overwrought to think this freedom comes too late for her happiness. Finding that she is to become the mother of Ernley's child, she breaks off with Daniel but makes him promise to keep the news from Ernley.

IX

DAN was a conscientious soul, and he would not break his promise to Belle. On the other hand, he took his promise very literally. He had promised not to see her till, the earliest, next week. Therefore on Sunday morning, immediately after breakfast, he set out for Batchelors Hall.

By this time he had settled himself into the conviction that he had only to see Belle in order to persuade her. His mind was full of a flood of despairing eloquence, and he hardly realized how little of that tide would actually rise to his lips. Her reasons for refusing to marry him, which still seemed so arbitrary and mysterious, could surely never stand before the torrent of his love, his pity, and his pride in her.

It was an altogether unexpected blow and backthrust of fate to find when he came to Batchelors Hall that Belle was not there. She had gone away.

"How is it that you didn't know?" asked Lucy.

Daniel shivered in the ice of her gaze.

"Reckon she must have made up her mind unaccountable sudden."

"Reckon she did. But it's queer her not having told you. . . ."

Her eyes still froze him—they were like the pale-blue cracks in ice.

"Is there anything the matter between you and Belle?" she inquired.

"No—there ain't nothing."

"Because," continued Lucy—"if you back out now, reckon Dad ull have something to say to you."

The freezing process changed disruptively to one like burning alive. Dan suffocated and blazed.

"I back out! I tell you. . . I dunno what you mean. I'll marry Belle tomorrow if she'll have me. You haven't got no right to speak so."

"Oh, very well, don't lose your hair. Only it's strange your not knowing where she is."

He suddenly realized the need for prudence.

"Where is she?" he pleaded.

"Over at her cousin Loo Dengate's, at Heathfield. It's queer your not knowing."

Dan was so stricken that his first thought was to tramp over at once to Heathfield and find Belle. But his second thought reminded him that it would take till night to go there and back on foot, that he could not fail the George at its Sunday-evening opening, and that if he waited till to-morrow he could have the trap and avoid a domestic uproar. So he set off drearily homeward, down the drive and over the flat fields of the Dicker, across the river Cuckmere at Monkyn Pin, then on to the chalky roots of Firle.

He did not particularly want to go home but there seemed nothing else to do. His own company was intolerable with its questions and regrets, and there was no other company that seemed better to-day. Mr. Marchbanks would be busy all the afternoon with his church and catechism—besides, he was inclined to take Jess Harman's view of Belle Shackford and had not been too well pleased to hear of Dan's engagement, though he had said very little. As for Ernley, he was even more impossible. For one thing, Dan had promised not to tell him anything, and knew that he could not now be ten minutes in his company without telling him everything. For another, he had something of that strange dark attitude towards Ernley which Belle had had towards Pearl Jenner. He knew that it was really Ernley who had robbed him of Belle—or rather, and more humiliating still, he had never really had Belle so that he could talk of robbery. Belle had always been Ernley's—all the time that she had clung to Daniel and given him kisses and promises she had really been Ernley's, in a far more final and terrible way than any of them knew.

No, he had better go back home, and pour out ale and whiskies, and wash and polish glasses, and lean over the counter and talk of ships and horses to the Sun-

day loungers between Lewes and Newhaven. Then he would help his mother clear up and lay the tea, and perhaps she would give him a little kindness—though she must not know what he was feeling. Then in the evening he would go to church and perhaps find more comfort in the homely smells and drawing melodies of Bullockdean worship—get back in time for the evening's traffic—and then tumble into bed and be tired enough to sleep.

He was hurrying on, dragged by these urgencies, and had nearly reached the top of the Bostal Way when at a turn he met the district nurse coming down towards Alciston. He wondered vaguely whom she could have been visiting on the wilderness of the Down, when he remembered Lucy's reference to old Gadgett's illness—the shepherd's cottage stood remote in a hollow near White Lion pond. There was no housing close to Batchelors Hall and for years the old man had lived two miles from the center of his work. Dan had always been fond of him, and now felt uneasily remorseful for having neglected him during the thrills of courtship. If he had the nurse in, the poor old chap must be pretty bad.

"Good morning, Mr. Sheather."

Daniel had not met the nurse, who lived at Berwick, more than once, but it was characteristic of him that those who met him once always felt well acquainted.

"I've just been talking about you," she continued, "to old Mr. Gadgett at White Lion Cottage, but I never thought to meet you so far from home on a Sunday morning."

Daniel wondered how much she knew about Belle—blushed, and mumbled something about Sunday being a good day for a walk. Then—

"How is the old fellow?" he asked. "I only heard to-day as he's been ill."

"He's sadly, I'm afraid—not likely to leave his bed, though perhaps he'll stop there a month or two before he's carried out. He gets wandering at

imes—takes me for his daughter, who's been dead forty years. But I hope some day you'll go and see him. He says you promised him long ago, and he's got something to show you."

"I dunno whatever that can be. But reckon I'll go in some morning. I haven't time to-day."

He must hurry back home, and pour out ale and whiskies, and wash and polish glasses, and lean over the counter and talk of ships and horses to the Sunday loungers between Lewes and Newhaven—help his mother clean up, and lay the tea—and go to church—and then back into the bar—till at last he was tired enough for sleep.

Daniel was wrong in his idea that by deferring his visit till Monday he would be able to make it comparatively without protest. It appeared that Monday was the day of James Munk's funeral.

"Go over to Heathfield! I never heard of such a thing!" cried Kitty—when it's the funeral this afternoon."

"I can't help that—and I don't care for funerals."

"Then you are a wicked boy."

"Come, come, my dear," pleaded Tom—"he never was so thick as all that with poor Munk. If you and I go, and Chris, reckon there won't be any harm in Dan taking the trap over to Heathfield to see Belle."

"He saw her yesterday," said Kitty, "or Dan, alas! had been deceitful—"I can't think why he must see her again to-day, especially as she goes to Heathfield. Why can't she stay at home?"

Dan looked sullen.

"I can't help it. I must go."

"Must go! Hark to that—hark to the boy. And what will your dear friend Ernley say if you 'must' go?"

"I don't care what he says. I'm going."

In the end he went. When Kitty discovered that he hadn't got a decent suit of black clothes and not a single white handkerchief, she minded less. So Daniel drove off soon after breakfast, and Ernley's British Warm buttoned up to

his chin. The weather was cold and gray and lowering, and clouds of dust bowled up the Lewes road, powdering the banks and hedges till they too were as gray as the sky.

It was afternoon before he found himself in Heathfield's four-mile street, which runs dwindling from the spot where the yeoman named Iden smote down Jack Cade to where the little lanes of the Rushlake and Dallington Weald flow into it like small streams at Three Cups Corner. He had not much difficulty in finding the Dengate's house, which was just behind the inn, but it was altogether a tougher matter to get speech with Belle.

"I'm sorry, but you can't see her," said the Dengate cousin who opened the door; "she came here to get away from you," she added with disconcerting frankness.

Belle, then, had not been ashamed to tell of the rupture—at least not to tell her cousins, though her father and sisters had had no explanation. Daniel had not expected this—he had somehow expected her tongue to be tied as his had been. He was now in unanticipated difficulties, but on one thing his mind was made up—he was not going back to Bullockdean without seeing Belle: if he had to hang round the place all night he would see her. So, finding there was nothing to hide from the Dengate cousin, he pleaded valiantly—he begged for just five minutes of Belle; he would shoulder the guilt of any false pretences necessary to obtain the interview; he had come fifteen miles to see her; if she could see him this once he promised to give up and never bother her again; but if she wouldn't see him he would have to keep on at it till she did. This last consideration may have been the one that influenced Belle, but the Dengate cousin was honestly won by his big dark eyes. The slightly foreign air of his emotion appealed to her Saxon stolidity, and at last Dan was admitted into the little best parlor of the Dengates.

Directly she came, the whole thing

suddenly appeared as folly. He had been a fool to pursue her all this way—his importunity had only put him further into her contempt. He should have let her be. She would finish it now—the little that had not been finished in the great barn of Batchelors Hall.

"Well, Daniel, reckon you might have let me alone."

She was more like a white owl than ever to-day: all the color gone from her cheeks, all her feathers—the feathers of her golden hair and her brave clothes—limp and draggled. She wore an outdoor coat over her blouse and in the button-hole was a dead jonquil. Her boots were all over clay as if she had tramped the weald.

"You might have let me be."

"I couldn't, Belle."

"Why not? Haven't I suffered enough?"

"That's it. You've suffered too much. It's time you let me comfort you."

"Never."

"But why, Belle? Why? I don't understand."

"You don't understand that I can't have any other husband than my baby's father?"

"But, darling, I wouldn't ask anything of you—only to be with you and save you from being spoken of and treated bad."

"That ud be a fine life for you."

"I'd sooner have it than life without you."

"You say that now, but you wouldn't say it in a year or two. I'd never let you do a thing like that, and I couldn't bear it myself, neither."

"But, Belle, think what ull happen without you marry me. Reckon your father and sister ull go against you—maybe they'll turn you out. You won't have a penny—how are you to manage?"

"I'll manage well enough. I'll be all right."

For the first time he noticed that there was something sulky about Belle—something in the full drooping line of her mouth which hinted at sullenness.

"I shan't be any worse off," she said, "than if you'd never asked me, and reckon it was uncommon queer of you to ask me so soon after my losing Ernley and all."

His face went red—he was turning angry. Then he realized that she was hurting him because she'd been so terribly hurt herself, and his anger went its usual course into pity.

"Belle, maybe it ain't too late for you to have Ernley even now. We can't be sure as he's engaged to that girl; and reckon you've quarreled and made it up before this."

"He *is* engaged to that girl—he loves her anyway . . . I wouldn't touch him. I'd sooner die than him marry me now—marry me out of pity. Since I won't let you marry me out of pity, d'you think I'd let him?"

"I'm not wanting to marry you out of pity. I love you, Belle."

She sighed wearily as she saw the argument going back to its beginnings.

"Oh, reckon it's waste of time trying to make you understand. All I wish is that you'd leave me alone. I'm sorry, Daniel—I know I've treated you badly. But I can't help it—I must do as I feel."

"But what *are* you going to do?"

"I dunno yet. Stop on here a bit and then go back to father's. Now don't start 'and what'll you do after that?' I tell you I don't know. I shan't marry you and I shan't marry Ernley, that's all I know."

She turned wearily towards the door, and he knew he could not hold her.

"Belle," he tried piteously, but she shook her head.

"You asked five minutes and I've given you twenty—and we couldn't say any more if we talked all night."

She went stooping through the door, and suddenly he realized that it was closed between them.

X

Belle spent at Three Cups Corner some quiet, sullen days. Then she

saw that she could not stay there any longer. She must go home and face her fortune. She felt restored by that quiet week—the change of surroundings; her sense of isolation in her aunt's family, whose attitude was casual and whose curiosity easily satisfied; the freedom from manual work—all these things helped build up her mind into a form of courage. She had better go home while she felt like this.

So one afternoon she travelled downwards, leaving the wealden slope with its woods and its show of houses for the lonely reedy places of the Cuckmere winding at the roots of Firle. The family was at tea when she arrived, and during the meal nothing passed but the commonplaces of return, news of the Dengates, and news of the farm; but at the end of it Ted Shackford hurried the younger members out rather peremptorily.

"It's time you were off to Gadgett's, Nell, with those eggs. Tim will go with you."

"There's no need to start now," grumbled Nell, "it's the first time I've sat down this afternoon."

"You be off," said her father with such unaccustomed decision that she actually rose to go.

"Don't be a fool," Belle heard Tim whisper to her as they went through the door—"they're going to ask Belle about the baby."

So she was not going to be kept long in suspense. The racket was going to start right off this minute. She wished she could have entered into it without the disconcertment of Tim's words, without the blush and the prick of tears that they had brought. Still, it was just as well for her to realize what she was in for with her family.

Lucy remained seated at the table, blushing as red as Belle; Ted Shackford had risen and slouched about the room.

"When are you going to get married?" he asked suddenly.

"Never, as far as I know."

"How d'you mean?"

"I've broken off my engagement with Daniel Sheather."

"Broken it off!—when?"

"Before I went to Heathfield."

"*You* broke it off—yourself?—in heaven's name. . ."

"Don't be a fool, Belle," said Lucy; "you can speak the truth to us. If that man's let you down, Dad ull jolly well make him—"

"He hasn't let me down. He'd marry me at once if I'd have him, but I won't."

"Are you quite mad?"

"Maybe"—Belle laughed.

"But look here," continued Lucy—"we've a right to know why you've done this. Why do you send him away directly you know that if you don't marry? . . ."

"That's just it. I don't love him and I couldn't bear it."

"But if you don't love him why the hell did you get engaged to him in the first place?" cried Shackford.

"Because I thought I could love him some day, and I—I didn't know this."

"But are you so thick that you can't see that it's just this what makes it all the more necessary that you should get married at once?"

"Not to Daniel Sheather."

"Oh—I see—you're still thinking of Munk."

Belle winced.

"I'm not."

"But you must marry one or other of 'em."

"I shan't marry neither."

"I don't believe she's broken it off," said Lucy; "I believe it's Sheather's cried off now he knows."

"Well, I'll soon find out if it's that," said her father. "I'm going over to see him to-morrow."

"No, Dad, no! For heaven's sake leave Daniel alone. I tell you it's my doing, not his—I won't have him."

"Will you have Munk, then?"

"No—I won't. And besides, he's engaged to somebody else."

"Oh, is he? He thinks he can do

that sort of thing when he's landed you in this mess. I'll soon show him different."

"Oh, father, I'd rather die—"

"I think you're very selfish, Belle," said Lucy, "don't you see that it's not only you who has to go through this, it's all of us. And me hoping soon to be married myself—" Lucy held up her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I can't help that," said Belle sullenly—"if you like I'll go right away."

"That won't help us much," wailed Lucy, "people will get to know of it just the same. Really, Belle, I do think you might consider your family a little. For years now we've put up with your goings on. I don't want to preach, but really I think you deserve what you've got—first it's been one man and then it's been another. Now at last you've got the chance of marrying and settling down and you won't take it."

"I tell you I don't love him."

"And I tell you that you ought to sacrifice yourself a little and not insist on that. Besides, you don't know whether you love him or whether you don't. You loved him two months ago."

"I didn't really."

"Then you were a fool, and you've no right to ask us to take the consequences of the silly things you've done."

"Would you marry Munk?" asked her father.

"No—no—not for worlds."

"Well, you've got to marry one of 'em—either the one who's willing or the one who ain't. I tell you I'm going over to see 'em both to-morrow, so you can choose which you'll have."

"Dad, you'd never!"

"By God, I will! I've stood enough from you, Miss. Reckon I'm an easy-going chap or I'd have learned you better ways. But now you've gone too far—dragged us all into the mud and then turned obstinate. This isn't the time for you to chuck a good offer of marriage. You behave yourself and try and undo a little of the bad you've done. If you

won't marry Daniel Sheather you can marry Ernley Munk, and I give you till to-morrow to decide which."

Belle burst into tears.

"I can't be sorry for you," said Lucy—"you've thought of nobody but yourself all through. You don't know how it stands against a girl to have a bad lot for her sister. If you've got no shame on your own account, you might have a little on ours. Besides, this time next year you'll be jolly glad we made you patch it up."

"I won't! I won't! I'll die sooner than marry either of them. There's no good your going over to Bullockdean, Dad—I won't have either Dan or Ernley—and they won't have me, neither—you'll only have disgraced me for nothing."

"Disgrace! You talk as if that was something new for you. Disgrace! you're a walking disgrace, and if I was a man like my father I'd have given you the rope's end long ago and learned you morals. I tell you what's going to happen now. If by to-morrow morning you've given me your solemn promise you'll marry Sheather, I'll go over and settle up with him and there won't be any more trouble. But if you won't have Sheather you shall have Munk. I'll see him to-morrow, and if he's engaged to Princess Mary he'll have to chuck her and marry you."

"He can't—he won't—and I won't have him if he does."

"Well, I'll have a try anyhow. At least he shall know what's happened and what's expected."

"Don't!" cried Belle.

But Shackford, furious as only an easy-going man can be, had gone out, slamming the door.

Belle turned wildly on Lucy.

"You swine! You might have stood by me! At least we're both women."

She clutched Lucy's fair crimped hair in her hands as she sat at the table and pulled it about her ears. Lucy screamed, and Belle, suddenly more terrified of herself than of anything, ran out of the room.

XI

The next morning Daniel Sheather was serving in his father's bar when Ernley Munk walked in. He had not seen or spoken to Ernley since James Munk's death, and he felt horribly embarrassed at the sight of him in a smart new suit of clerical gray with a black tie.

"Well, Daniel, you're a nice one."

Daniel could not find a suitable reply. He felt acutely that he was indeed "a nice one." His rupture with Belle was now public property, and Ernley must have heard of it days ago and be waiting for the confidences due the event—though that same event may also have explained his callous ignoring of his friend's recent trouble.

"I made sure you'd be coming over to see me," continued Ernley. "Every night I've been expecting you, since the funeral—and before it too."

Dan still said nothing. Since the day which was to Ernley the day of the funeral and to him the day when he had last seen Belle, he had scarcely left the George. The condolences of his own family, mixed as they were with covert relief, had been hard enough to bear without the thought of enlarging their circle in Bullockdean. Relief and curiosity—covered by varying thicknesses of compassion—were all he had to expect from his friends, so he had kept away from them, preferring the company of the strangers who came to the George from Lewes and Newhaven. In their society he had drunk a great many bad whiskies and had even taken part in those mysterious shufflings with the names of horses and slips of paper which it had always been his business to detect and stop. . . . Now he felt ashamed. He saw that he had behaved badly and had treated his friends badly.

"I'm sorry, Ernie," he mumbled.

"So am I, old chap. Damnably sorry. You've been let in for a wretched business. Look here—can't your brother take over this bottle-washing for a bit,

and you come and have a drink with me across the road? We may be interrupted any moment here."

Dan doubted very much whether Chris would be so obliging, but solved the problem by calling his father. Tom was only too glad to have his son get out of the place for a bit. He did not care for this solemn, home-hugging, whiskey-drinking Daniel, and was relieved to see him cross the road once more in Ernley's neglected company.

The Crown was wrapped in its usual noontide peace. The bar was red with sunshine that streamed through its bright curtains on to the clean sawdust of the floor and the polished table at which the farmer of Burnt Green and the farmer of Highbarn sat talking and drinking ale. From behind the counter Maudie Harman smiled a speechless welcome.

"We're getting ready for Easter," said Ernley as they went upstairs. "Two sets of people coming—one on the second and one on the fourth."

"Are you going to keep things going as they used to be?"

"More or less. I've got the same ideas as Dad—make a decent little country hotel out of this place. We're getting on that way. . . . Next year I may run up an extra wing. People seem to care less and less for going into 'Apartments' in the country—they got scared off that during the War. What they want now is a cosy little pub—that sort like it called a pub—which ull take 'em in at about three guineas a week. I shall give luncheons and teas as well—I'll put up a sign on the high-road this summer—but to private parties only, no beanfeasts or charabanc crowds. Now you could do that if you liked—it would mix well with your sort of business and wouldn't interfere with ours. As I've told you before, the only way for two pubs to exist in a village this size is for them to follow different lines and cater for different sorts of customers—and that's what the George and the Crown have done up till now."

While he rattled on in this way he was busy fetching drinks. He evidently did not want to talk of intimate matters till they had a bottle between them.

Daniel took the hint.

"You needn't worry about us trying to poach on your lay," he said bitterly; "we couldn't manage the charabanc parties even. I reckon you're right in saying we ought to keep to different lines, but you needn't talk as if ours paid as well as yours. You can't make much money out of drinks these days, especially when you sell drink like ours."

"Well, try some of this. It'll put a heart into you. It's a special malting of Truby's I was lucky enough to get a cask of, and am bottling myself. It's like wine—got a bouquet instead of froth," and Ernley passed his nose over his glass before sipping it.

Dan drank his in a less experienced manner, but if it did not actually put a heart into him, it put a tongue.

"I suppose that as a start-off to this scheme of yours you'll get married," he remarked.

"Married!—whom to?"

"Why, Miss Jenner, of course."

"Miss Jenner would not be flattered to hear you say so. She has set her hopes on something far higher than a country publican. Besides, she isn't at all the sort of girl I'd want for keeps."

Daniel stared.

"Then why did you trot her out like that in front of us all?—said you wouldn't come along to supper unless you brought her. I made sure you were engaged."

"I trotted her out, as you call it, because I didn't want Belle to think she was the only one who had got over our little affair and fallen in love with somebody else."

Daniel gaped as well as stared. Ernley's words seemed to him rather too glaring an example of the truth to be found in strong ale.

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," continued Ernley.

"About Miss Jenner?"

"No—you fool. About Belle."

Daniel flushed miserably. Messrs. Truby's first malting was unable to make him face that topic in a gallant spirit.

"I thought you'd have come over and told me about it," reproached Ernley.

"I couldn't—I felt too bad."

"You were afraid, I suppose, that I'd say 'I told you so' or 'it's a good thing you found out in time.'"

"Found out what?" cried Dan with a start.

"That you weren't suited to each other. You were afraid I'd say that, so you kept away. I'm sorry you didn't come, for it *ud* have done you good. Your sort of chap is always the better for talking. I'm going to make you talk about it now, and you've no idea how much better you'll feel."

Daniel for some reason felt affronted. Ernley seemed to be patronizing him from the vantage of his free heart.

"I don't want to talk about her."

"But I do. I want to talk about her most particularly. I want you to tell me if the reason of her giving you up was that she's still keen on me."

Daniel was utterly taken aback and could not answer.

"Is Belle Shackford still keen on me?" asked Ernley, his eyes glittering.

Dan had by this time collected himself enough to remember that his vow of secrecy did not necessarily cover more than Belle's condition. He had not promised never to divulge her feelings.

"Well, reckon she is keen on you. But what difference does it make?"

"A lot."

"You don't mean . . . you're not telling me that you're still sweet on her."

"I am. Keen and sweet."

Daniel spluttered.

"Then why the hell . . . why the hell did you let me? . . . I tell you I'd never have courted her if I'd known . . . you told me you were shut of her—it was all finished."

Ernley rose to his feet and came and stood beside Daniel's chair, his hand on his shoulder.



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

THAT NIGHT THEY DRAGGED THE POND AND THE CUCKMERE

"Look here, old Daniel. The thing's like this. It isn't your fault—I blame myself entirely. I told you I wasn't keen on Belle because I was too proud to let on that I was after all that had happened. I made sure that she'd finished with me, too, and I was afraid that if you guessed I was still fond of her you'd tell her somehow. Another thing I made sure of was that she'd never have you. When I found she would I was knocked over. Then I simply had to get hold of Pearl and trot her out. I wasn't going to let Belle think I still wanted her, and I wanted her so much that I felt everyone must know it. Then Dad died and I knew I was a free man and could have married Belle if we'd still been lovers. That made me pretty mad, you bet. Then I heard she'd broken with you. . . ."

The rapid flow of words was checked and he stared at Daniel.

"I reckon," said young Sheather, "that you think I'm unaccountable good-natured."

"Because I feel I can talk frankly to you about what I feel for Belle?"

"Because you can talk so calm about all you've made Belle and me suffer through not knowing your own mind and being too proud to speak it when you did. We've been in hell—both of us—through you. And now there's no good you talking of her caring about you still, for she won't have you, whether she cares or not. It's too late."

"How d'you mean?"

"Well, reckon she'll never take you on again now, for all that she won't have me. She told me she wouldn't. She told me she'd rather die. . . ."

He rose to his feet as he spoke and for a moment the two men stared at each other in silence. Then they were startled by a knock at the door.

"Who's that?" cried Ernley.

"A gentleman to see you, sir, downstairs. A Mr. Shackford."

There was a brief pause. Then Ernley said:

"Show him up."

"I don't want to see him," cried Daniel.

"Don't be a fool! You've nothing to reproach yourself with—it isn't you he's come after. I wonder what he wants out of me."

Daniel turned away and stood by the window. For at that moment he hated Ernley—who in the midst of all this tragedy and humiliation was happy and confident because he knew Belle still cared for him. He did not worry about her outraged heart or the barriers it had set up—he did not really care about Daniel's sorrow; he was telling himself what he had said he would never have told Daniel—that he and Belle weren't suited to each other and therefore it was all for the best that they had found out in time . . . "in time"—that was good—"in time" for Ernley still to have her . . . the Sheather worm was turning.

Shackford walked in.

"Hullo! Both of you here. That's what I want. I went to the George first and they told me Sheather was at the Crown. I want a word with both of you. Where's my daughter?"

The question was equally startling to both. Dan turned from the window and came forward into the room.

"Isn't she at home?" he asked, bewildered.

"If she was I'd scarcely have come all this way to ask you where she'd got to."

Shackford evidently meant to be unpleasant.

"Neither of us has the faintest idea where she is," said Ernley, "though we were talking about her when you came in. When did she disappear?"

"Yesterday evening—after a row with her sister."

"Then why should you imagine that either Sheather or I knows where she is?"

"Well, reckon both you men know more about my girl than I do."

Dan's memory was whirling with fears.

"I believe she's killed herself."

The words burst from him as he remembered her own. He saw her

standing before him pale and rigid—he heard her say “if you do, I’ll kill myself. . . . I’d rather die than . . .”

“Killed herself! Why should she have killed herself,” asked Ernley, “after a row with her sister?”

“I guess what the row was about. Reckon everybody was on to her, same as I was, wanting her to tell you or else marry me.”

“I said she must marry one or the other of you, and I’d come over here this morning and settle with whomever she chose. I told her there was to be no getting out of it, not by her or by either of you fine gentlemen. Then I went off—and she fell upon her poor sister Lucy and hit her about—and then an away goodness knows where.”

“She’s killed herself,” cried Daniel desperately—“she said she would if Ernley knew, and you said you were going to tell him.”

“Tell him! I reckon he don’t want much telling.”

“What do you mean?” asked Ernley. “What’s all this about telling?”

“I reckon you know that the reason this man here has broken off with my daughter is that he’d no liking for all you’d let him in for.”

“It ain’t true!” cried Daniel—“I never broke off. I’d have married her any day, and she knew it. It was she who said she couldn’t have me. . . .”

His voice tailed off as he looked at Ernley. All his calm assurance was gone now, suddenly broken like a bubble. His face was colorless and he touched the back of a chair.

“Do you mean to tell me that Belle—”

“She wouldn’t have you told,” cried Daniel; “she said she’d kill herself if I told you, and now I reckon she’s done it.”

“How long have you known this?”

“Maybe a week or ten days. When she knew for certain she said she wouldn’t marry me, or anybody but you. So you needn’t talk of my breaking off—” turning angrily on Shackford. “And you knew that and never told me.”

“She made me promise I wouldn’t. She said she’d kill herself if I did. She said she’d rather die than marry you.”

“You fool! You blasted, bone-headed fool! You believe everything a girl says when she’s beside herself, and freeze on to a secret that may ruin two lives. I’ll marry Belle the minute I find her, and you bet she won’t make any fuss.”

“You speak like a gentleman,” cried Shackford. “I knew you’d do the proper thing if you was given a chance. I said the same to her. It’s a lucky thing I came over. It’s a lucky thing I wasn’t like some people, listening to every silly thing a silly girl says.”

Daniel felt these censures undeserved.

“If she didn’t mean what she said, why did she run away like that?”

“She’d had a row with her sister, I tell you—pulled down her hair and scratched her face. That’s why she’s run away—she’s ashamed of herself. But I bet she hasn’t gone far—back to her cousins at Heathfield, most like, where she’d just come from.”

“Well, you’d better go and look for her there,” said Daniel, almost crying—“and then come back and drag the pond.”

“I’ll go over at once on my bus,” said Ernley. “How did you come here?” he asked Shackford.

“I came on horseback, and if you’re going to Three Cups I’ll just ride quietly home again. You’ll do your job better without me.”

“You’re just pretending you think she’s at Three Cups,” broke in Daniel—“you know she ain’t there really. You know she’s drowned herself.”

But Ernley had recovered his old assurance.

“Don’t be a fool, Daniel,” he said—quite good-humoredly—as he went out of the room.

But when the afternoon came Daniel too had his legitimate reproaches which he was too human not to make. Ernley had returned from the weald—so much

faster the miles flew under the tires of his motor-cycle than under the wheels of the George's trap—and his quest had been in vain. Through his cocksureness he had lost valuable hours that might have been spent in search. He and Shackford had yielded to the fatal optimism of men who know themselves to be in the wrong and try to recover their self-respect through hope.

He was chastened by his failure. He no longer swaggered before Daniel, he no longer abused him. Indeed he listened to his advice and together they set off, in saddle and side-car, to make inquiries and notify the police. The evening passed fruitlessly. The police had no light to shed on the affair, and Belle's friends, either in Lewes or Newhaven, had heard nothing of her. Perhaps she had gone off somewhere by rail, but once again inquiries whether at Lewes Junction or the wayside stations brought no result. Daniel no longer said "she's killed herself"—he sat dumb beside Ernley in the side-car or followed dumb behind him up and down stairs and along passages. It was Ernley at last who said:

"We'd better get over to Batchelors and drag the pond."

The spring night had fallen as they bowled up towards Lewes from the coast. A faint greenish light hung over the Downs and the summit of the sky was full of stars. A keen wind blew in their faces, bringing dampness and chill. Dan shuddered and still was dumb.

Ernley's headlight rushed before them over the surface of the road with a flying gleam on the hedges. It lighted up the wheels and sides of passing wagons, leaving their loads in darkness—it lighted up the doors and steps of houses as they ran through Beddingham and Firle—and always it showed them half-a-dozen red yards of road ahead. As they rushed on Daniel had the absurd dream that if only they could reach the end of that crimson road before them they would find Belle. . . . But the red road was like the moon's path on the sea—it had no ending.

Neither of them spoke as the motor-cycle ate up the road and the darkness. At last it bumped into the drive of Batchelors Hall, lurching and creaking in the ruts, the engine laboring with the drag of mud on the wheels. The red light flashed over the puddles and the long canals in the ruts; it ran ahead of them into the yard and lay on the stones as Ernley brought the machine to a standstill.

Shackford stood on the doorstep. He too had lost his compensating hope and looked, like Ernley, hangdog and desperate.

"Any good?" he asked.

Munk shook his head.

"I'll get the men," said Belle's father, "and drag the pond; and if that's no good we'll try the Cuckmere."

That night, it seemed to Daniel, was full of water: the sight of it, red with the lanterns held over it; the sound of it, lapping against the shore and against the sides of the boat in which Bream, the cowman, put out with a long pole; the feel of it, oozing through the mud over the tops of his shoes. . . . The pond yielded a load of weeds, a stock of old ironware, and three little drowned kittens in a bag with a stone.

Between dragging the pond and dragging the river they had drinks in the house. Dan and the farm men had cocoa, but Ernley and Shackford had whiskies without much water. Lucy served them, fully dressed though it was one o'clock in the morning, and with the pretty hair that Belle had torn down piled high and brushed again. The tears ran down her cheeks and she spoke forgivingly of Belle.

"Of course I forgive her," she said "She didn't know what she was doing."

Nobody else spoke much—even the whiskies did not seem to help Shackford and Ernley—and soon they all went out again. They dragged the place where the Cuckmere in its windings makes a bay eating into the meadows by Hayreed. But here again there was no finding. After all, they did not really expect to

find. As Shackford said, Belle might have chucked herself in anywhere between Monkyn Pin and the Dicker. They had no special reason to think she would inevitably have drowned herself near home.

Daniel thought of White Lion Pond and Red Lion Pond and Jerry's Pond—all the dew ponds between the valley of the Cuckmere and the valley of the Ouse.

"She may have gone up on the Down," he said.

Both Shackford and Ernley thought it probable that she had. They had searched the Ouse and Cuckmere valleys, the two big towns, and the railway line. Also, during the afternoon, when Ernley and Dan were rushing about on the motor-cycle, Shackford had made inquiries at the two Dickers and the two Horsebridges, also at Hailsham, where he had interviewed several of the conductors on the Eastbourne bus route. The Down seemed the only hiding place left unchallenged. It was decided to make up a search party.

"Let me walk with you, Daniel," said Ernley when everyone scattered.

The dawn was white and only a few stars still hung in the north, above the Gate of Lewes. It was bitterly cold and the men shivered. They all carried lanterns, for it had been dark when they left Batchelors Hall, and the moving spots of light were like stars, making the Down look like a fallen sky.

If Belle were hiding—if she had sought only a temporary and not a final refuge from her oppressors—she might see those stars and go out towards them. She surely would be tired of hiding now—now that the Down's back was hoar with half-frozen dew and the dawn-wind searched the hollows. Ernley's face was pinched and his teeth chattered. He was almost failing physically. A day spent in the saddle of his machine, a night spent in dragging a pond and a river, all under the strain of sickening remorse and anxiety—and to finish all, too many whiskies . . . no

wonder he was done for. Daniel, whose physical labors had been less, whose physical strength was greater, and who was not suffering from a reaction after too much alcohol, was still comparatively able-bodied, though—dreadful and humiliating to realize—most unconscionably sleepy. He waited for Ernley while he puffed on the steep slope; he slackened his pace to match Ernley's tottering progress.

"Don't you think you'd better get home?" he suggested at last.

"I couldn't. I couldn't rest till she's found—alive or dead."

They walked on a couple of furlongs. Then Ernley said:

"Do you think there's any chance of her being alive, Dan?"

"Maybe there's a chance; maybe we'd think there was more than a chance if we weren't so terrible scared. She's been gone only a day and two nights. Reckon she could have hid herself for that."

"If I find her," said Ernley—and in the gray light Dan could see that he was crying—"if I find her there's going to be nothing good enough for her. Oh, Dan, how am I ever to pay her back for what I've made her suffer?" His voice, though hoarse, was quite calm in spite of the tears that ran down his cheeks. It was only physical weakness that made him cry. The grief of his heart was beyond tears.

"Don't think I fail to realize what you suffer, Daniel. But it's nothing to what I do. It can't be. You've nothing to reproach yourself with. You've been kind and manly and decent all through. I haven't. I've been a swine—a proud swine and a cruel swine."

Dan tried not to listen while Ernley spoke. "Reckon you're tired out," was all he could say. "You'll be ill if we go any farther—you'd better get home."

The day was quite clear now though the sun had not yet risen. Their lanterns were no longer stars—merely opaque orange splashes on the whiteness of the morning.

"I can't go as far as Bullockdean," said Ernley.

"Then we'd better turn back for Batchelors. Besides, your bike's there, and Lucy can give you some breakfast before you start."

He was relieved to find that Munk had given way, for he was obviously unfit to go searching much farther. By daylight his face looked far more ravaged than it had looked in the glow of the lanterns. His body, gassed and wounded, bore the stigmata of war and was always liable to sudden collapses. Dan gave him an arm as they turned backward, and his friend seemed glad of it. Sheather was glad too. He loved to expend physical care and protection, though he shrank from the sick-nursing of souls. With Ernley's body he was tender.

"There—hang on to me. I'm strong as a horse—you can put all your weight."

They went on half a mile, Munk occasionally stumbling but always held up by Dan's sturdiness. When they came to the dip of the Down, where the slope ran swiftly towards Alciston, he stopped and shuddered.

"I can't go down there. I feel giddy."

With memories of the same symptoms in earlier "attacks," Dan was practical.

"There, there—don't worry—don't try. Sit down."

Ernley collapsed in a huddled heap upon the hoar dew. Dan sat down beside him with supporting arm, and was immediately conscious, as the other in his nervous straits was not, of the wet striking up into his limbs.

"Reckon you shouldn't ought to sit here. You'll get rheumatics."

"I can't help it—I'm done."

Dan looked round him for an unlikely stone. Nothing broke the whiteness of the half-frozen dew, but he suddenly realized the turning to old Gadgett's cottage at the top of Bostal Way.

"Look here, if you can walk just a

hundred yards, there's Gadgett's cottage we could go to. Then you could sit by the fire and I'd get you a cup of tea." He stood up himself and seized Ernley under the armpits.

"Now then—up you get."

Ernley groaned, and Dan brought his knee in ungente contact with his spine.

"Get up, Ernie."

This wasn't his first encounter with his friend's devil, and he knew that Ernley possessed must be treated in direct contrast to Ernley unpossessed. He must be bullied and ordered about, just as on ordinary occasions he must be looked up to and treated respectfully. It was characteristic of Dan that he slipped quite naturally into the latter mood when the need for the former had passed.

He soon had Munk on his feet; and part threatening, part coaxing, part hauling, guided him over the Down to the head of the Bostal Way—then along the little chalk path that winds among the blackberry bushes till at last they were on the step of Gadgett's cottage.

XII

The morning was still colorless, for though the sun had risen there was no pomp in the east, which was iron-gray with clouds. The Down's back, under its coat of rime, was gray too, like the hull of a man-o'-war—even the cottage had assumed the prevailing tones of gray and white, with pits and streaks of blackness where the shadows fell. White Lion cottage and a couple of disused barns stood about a hundred yards from the pond at the top of the Bostal Way. On either side of the doorstep daffodils were abloom, but as dredged of color as the lanterns which Daniel and Ernley still foolishly carried were dredged of light.

"The place ull be shut up," said Munk.

"No, it won't. Reckon he's got to leave the door open for the nurse. Anyways, I don't suppose he'd lock up—that's a high-class custom."

He proved to be right. The door was on the latch, so he pushed Ernley in and through into the kitchen. The fire was laid and Daniel soon had a light in it, with the kettle on to boil. He propped up Ernley in the wicker arm-chair with his feet on the grate and the hearthrug over his knees.

"And now while the kettle's boiling I'll go upstairs and have a look at the old man. Maybe he's heard us come in and is wondering what it's all about."

He ran up the ladderlike little flight and listened for a moment outside the bedroom door. Not a sound was to be heard. He pushed the door open and looked in. The curtains were only half drawn, so the daylight was in the room, smiting the light of a small fire burning smokily in the grate, and the flame of a single candle on the dresser beside the bed. In the mixture of daylight, firelight, and candlelight he could see the old man lying asleep in the bed; and in a chair beside him, an open Bible on her knee, her head fallen sideways on her shoulder, her legs stretched out forlornly in tattered stockings, slept Belle Shackford.

Daniel stood and gaped—shut his eyes to make sure he wasn't dreaming, then opened them and gaped again. It would be hard to say when he would have recovered the use of his faculties if Belle had not waked up.

"Hullo," she said dreamily.

"Belle!" gasped Daniel.

She woke up fully and sprang to her feet.

"How did you get here?" she whispered.

"How did *you* get here?" faltered Dan.

They faced each other, almost terrified. He did not dare tell her Ernley was in the house.

"Oh, Belle! I've been nearly dead because of you. What in the Lord's name are you doing here? Reckon your Dad's out searching the whole town after you."

There was a slight stir of the forgotten figure in the bed.

"My dear . . ."

"It's all right, father—I'm here."

She went to the old man's side and stooped over him.

"I'll get you your tea in a minute."

"That's right, dearie—that's right. 'Tis only I had a dream about your mother and your Aunt Hetty."

"I'll put on the kettle straight away."

She moved across to the fireplace.

"I've a kettle on downstairs," said Daniel.

"What made you come? How on earth did you know I was here?"

"I didn't know—leastways I guessed—anyways I've put the kettle on."

"Who's the young chap?" came from the bed.

"He's Daniel Sheather, father."

Daniel was growing more and more confused.

"Has he coming a-courting you?"

"No, dear, not he!"

"Well, I'm glad of it, for I'd be sorry to lose you yet awhile. I've had a bit of a cold, Ma's Sheather—a bit of a cold, und just a touch of rheumatics in my boans, so as I can't get out on the hill just now. Howsumdever, my young darter has been looking after me fine, and I reckon to be out in a day or two."

Dan did not know what to say. The situation was beyond him. However, he was spared the burden of carrying on the conversation, for at that moment a loud fretful voice shouted from downstairs.

"Where the hell have you got to, Daniel? The kettle's boiling over."

Belle jerked herself upright on her knees beside the fire.

"Who's that?"

Daniel stuttered.

"It's Ernley," cried Belle.

She looked towards the door, then out of the window. She was like a hare when the pack has cornered her.

"Let me go!" she cried frantically, "let me go!" Then—"Daniel, don't let him find me."

But her panic had betrayed her and

her voice had reached Ernley in the kitchen below.

"Daniel! who's that upstairs?"

For a moment Daniel thought Belle would climb out of the window. She made a movement towards it, then suddenly seemed to turn into wood. A footstep mounted on the stairs and she stood like a wooden woman in the middle of the floor, staring over Daniel's shoulder through the open door behind him. Then, also quite silent, Ernley came into the room and took her in his arms, still as of wood.

Daniel did not see her return to flesh and blood. After he had held her stiffly and silently in his arms for a few moments Ernley led her away, and the next thing Sheather became conscious of was the kitchen door shutting behind them.

"Who's the young chap?" asked Gadgett.

"Ernley Munk—from the Crown at Bullockdean."

"Munk . . . Munk . . . It's Pepper at the Crown. I hope Pepper ain't courting my young Ellen. He ain't a straight chap. He chalked me up a quartern pot when I'd only had a pint. I won't have my Ellen courted by a chap who can't measure his ale. . . . Say, young feller, she's gone out wudout making my tea. Reckon I'm parched fur a cup o' tea."

It was Dan's usual lot, somehow, to be making tea while the skies were falling. Evidently fate refused to take him seriously in a tragic part. While Ernley and Belle fought downstairs for the life of their wounded love, he pottered about the bedroom with the kettle and tea cups, shook up old Gadgett's pillows and made him comfortable, gave him his medicine, and answered obligingly to the name of Jack.

Once he crept down and listened at the kitchen door. A curious silence brooded within—then he heard a faint movement and a still fainter voice . . . evidently love was not being healed with

words. As he went upstairs again there was a stir in the house behind him and he saw that the nurse had come in.

"Hullo, Mr. Sheather!" she called. "I never expected to find anyone here so early."

"Don't go into the kitchen," pleaded Daniel.

"And why not?"

"Because Miss Belle Shackford's in there."

"Miss Belle Shackford! You don't mean to say she's found?"

It struck Dan as incredible that the nurse should not know of her presence in the cottage.

"It's odd as she ain't been found before, seeing as she's seemingly been here all the time."

"She can't have been. I was here at six o'clock last night."

"Reckon she went and hid when she saw you coming. I brought Ernley Munk in here to make him a cup of tea—as he was feeling a bit ordinary—and there was Belle sitting beside the old man, and him thinking she was his daughter who's been dead ten years."

"He takes every female he sees for his daughter. Many's the time he's called me Ellen and told me not to start walking out with their shepherd at Place. We must see about getting him into the infirmary some day soon. I've let him stop on here, as he seemed so set on it, but most days he doesn't know or care where he is."

She had come into the room and went bustling over to the bedside.

"Well—what's this I hear about you? You've been sheltering a lady."

But old Gadgett was unequal to railery, and confused by these flitting females. Dan thought it best to rescue him from the nurse's ministrations.

"I've given him his medicine—and his tea along of it. Reckon he won't want much doing for him. If you're going back to Aleiston it ud be Christian charity for you to call over to Batchelors and tell 'em there she's found."

"It ud be better still if I took her



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

DANIEL FOUND BELLE ASLEEP BESIDE OLD GADGETT'S BED

back with me. What's she doing down in the kitchen all by herself?"

"She ain't by herself."

"Oh!"

The nurse looked wise, and at the same time as if she expected further enlightenment. But Dan said nothing. He stood with his back to her, drumming at the window.

"Is Mr. Ernley Munk with her?"

The rumor of Belle's troubles was now up and down the two valleys of the Ouse and the Cuckmere.

"No, he ain't," snapped Daniel—which was a pity, as the nurse ran into him and Belle at the bottom of the stairs and thenceforward had no high opinion of young Sheather's truthfulness.

They came into the bedroom together and found Daniel sitting on the low chair beside the bed, where the old man was dozing off again.

Seeing them standing together, he knew instinctively that they were reconciled. But there was nothing triumphant, nothing rapturous about their reconciliation. They stood stiffly side by side, without word or caress. Evidently they had come by stormy paths to peace.

"Hullo," he said awkwardly.

"It's all right, Dan," said Ernley in a quiet, rather flat voice. "Belle and I are friends again, and we're going to be married as soon as ever it's possible."

There was no display of rapture to make him jealous—scarcely indeed the appearance of ordinary happiness. None the less, Daniel felt sore right through. He had not realized till then that up to that very moment, in the face of the impossible, he had been hoping that Belle might change and turn to him again.

"It really is forever this time," Munk continued, with a faint smile. "We're not going to quarrel any more. It hurts too much, doesn't it, Belle?"

"Yes, it hurts," she nodded.

"And we're both ever so grateful to you, Dan, for being such a good friend to us both."

Dan colored. He did not feel specially

a friend of either at the present moment. If they had been richly and aggressively happy he would have felt less alienated than he was now by their queer exhaustion. He saw mysteries, depths in their being which had always hitherto been veiled from him, the outsider, but which were not strange to either of those two.

"How are you, Ernley?" he asked, deliberately breaking the situation.

"I'm well enough. Don't you bother about me. I'm going to take Belle home now."

"The nurse has gone there."

"Yes, we saw her, and told her we'd follow."

Belle looked regretfully over to the bed.

"He'll be sorry when I'm gone."

"How long have you been here?" asked Daniel.

"Since the day before yesterday. I came up straight from Batchelors."

"No—not straight," broke in Ernley. "Dan, she went up to the pond, and she walked in—my Belle—and then when the water was all up round her, she couldn't . . . so she came out, dripping wet, and crawled in here, thinking she might dry herself at the fire. . . . And the old chap took her for his daughter, and she felt so glad of a little kindness that she stayed and tried to make herself think it was true. You did, didn't you, Belle?"

"I was silly," she murmured.

"No, not silly—it was I who was . . . who'd driven you to this—so hard that you wished you were Ellen Gadgett, nursing your old sick father."

"When the nurse came I went and hid in the lean-to. She came twice a day."

"And how long ud you have stayed," asked Daniel, "if we hadn't found you?"

"I dunno—I didn't think. Reckon I was cruel but I thought nobody cared about me."

"You knew I cared."

For the first time he had called their attention to his tragedy. Her eyes suffused.

"I'm sorry, Daniel."

"We've treated you badly," said Ern-

ley. "But, Dan, if you'll let us—we'll try and make it up to you."

"We can't," said Belle, more wisely.

Daniel said nothing. He turned away from them and hid his face in the coverlet of the old shepherd's bed. When he looked up they had gone out together.

He spent the rest of the day with Gadgett. He had not the courage to go home and tell his family that he had found Belle and lost her forever. He would wait and let the story reach them first, as it would by inevitable conduits before night.

He dragged out the walk over the Down as late as possible. The day was out and the sky was a-swim with stars. From the back of Firle he looked down on two valleys full of mist. Already some of the richness of spring was in the night, and he felt some of it mocking him in his blood. He knew how all these scents of earth and grass and growth, this softness in the air, might have flowed like sap through his love for Belle, quickening it towards flower and fruit. And now instead it was in him as a thirst, stirring up desire towards a void . . . as he walked through the mocking, urging, sweet spring night Dan understood a little more about his fellow men, about those stumblings, those sinkings, those reactions which before had perplexed and sometimes disgusted him.

When he came to the George there was only one old man in the bar besides his father and Chris. He had rather hoped for a crowd in which he could be lost.

Tom Sheather beckoned him and held him out a glass. Dan gulped it. It was seventy-five per cent whiskey. His father must know.

"Still, it's better than if she'd drowned herself, poor creature," he whispered to his son.

"Of course it's better. I'd lost her anyway, so I'm glad she's found someone. . . . Have you seen Ernley?"

"No—but Chris saw Maudie Har-

man. She told him she reckoned they'd be married in a week."

Chris walked out of the bar, whistling "Who's Baby are You?"

"I'm glad," muttered Daniel into his glass. "I'm glad."

But the deadly thing which had been growing in his heart during the walk home was life-size now. He felt more mad than glad—mad, desperate, as if he must die rather than endure any more of this pain. The future was like a furious face pressed against the window. He saw himself living for the rest of his life with Belle only across the way, unable to find rest for his pain, continually devoured by the spring in his heart. . . . "Oh, God, help me! I'm done!"

His eye fell on the open page of a novelette lying on the counter, left there by a customer and forgotten.

The two fellows went single-file through the darkness towards the house.

"Keep quiet," hissed Lorrimer, as Jack's foot struck an object on the gravel.

Young O'Connor stooped and picked up whatever it was. It felt warm and sticky. He still grasped it as they came to the house and crouched under the window. A faint ray of light came from under the blind, and he saw that he was holding a severed human finger.

Lorrimer was taking off his shoes. . . .

It seemed hours later that his father's voice reached him.

"What's that you've got, Daniel? You ain't listening to me."

"A book."

"Well, you never was the one for books. What's this one called?"

Dan reluctantly tore his eyes off the page to inspect the title—"Crook O'Connor, the Public School Boy. May I take it up to bed with me, Dad?"

"Reckon you may. I don't know who it belongs to. And you'd better be turning in, son."

Dan walked out of the room, still reading. Upstairs in his bedroom he shuffled off his clothes and left them in a heap on the floor; then lighted his

candle and crept between the blankets, the precious volume in his hand. With licked forefinger he found the place and once more the returning horror was beaten from his mind. He forgot Belle, her loss and his loss; he forgot the anxieties of the last two days, his final disillusion—the face of the future pressed against the window. He was in the glorious world of Unreality—peopled by virtuous villains and gentleman crooks, noisy with revolvers and crimson with blood—a world remote from the humdrum sorrows of work and loss, of love for human women as distinct from the sweet wraiths of print. . . . Dan was making his first acquaintance with literature. Hitherto he had never read much—the daily paper and occasionally the Bible had been the only exercise-ground of the talent so laboriously acquired at school. But now he was really reading, for his own profit and pleasure. He was not reading as the cultured read—to enlarge his holding in life and art: he was reading as the humble read—to escape and forget. The author of *Crook O'Connor* did not know the rules about split infinitives and mixed relatives, he had no regard for the probabilities or even for the consistencies; the veins of his characters ran sawdust, the life he portrayed had no connection with any actualities on this planet . . . but he had provided an anodyne for the pain of at least one human creature, and when the last page was turned and the candle had guttered out, the ultimate blessing of sleep.

XIII

Daniel did not wake up till late the next morning. He felt heavy and stupid as if he had a cold. He rose and dressed himself and went downstairs, but though the remains of breakfast still lay on the kitchen table he could not eat but poured himself out a cup of lukewarm, bitter tea. He went over and sat by the fire, shivering. His body was definitely afflicted by the stress of

his mind, seeking the easy way out through sickness: bed, sleep, forgetting; but he was still alert enough to know that it would not do—that however high he pulled the bedclothes over his head, the Crown would still stand across the road.

His mother came in to clear away the breakfast. He heard her bustling about, rattling plates and opening and shutting drawers.

"Well, you're a nice lazy boy," she said to him; "not down till ten o'clock, and then sitting over the fire and never offering to help your mother—no!"

He did not answer her.

"Sulky!" she cried to him over her shoulder. She had accused him of sulking more than once during the past fortnight.

But she could not goad him into action; he could not even trouble to hide his grief from her, nor the travail of his soul over its new problem—how he was to get away. Belle was lost to him forever—he had never known till then how much of hope had filled the last two weeks—she was lost, and yet in a very short time he would have to endure her daily presence—if he did not get away . . . somewhere . . . far—farther than he could ever go . . . away from himself as well as her.

"What's the matter with the boy?"

She had come to the fireside to lift the lid off a saucepan, and she saw him huddled and smitten.

"What's the matter with the great boy?"

His whole being turned towards her, longed for her, cried to her:

"Mum!" . . .

She looked startled—his thick voice and twitching face made her lose her usual critical manner. He saw her change and soften, and the last of his control was gone—he threw his arms around her as she knelt by the fire and hid his face on her shoulder.

"Danny—what is it?—what's the matter?"

She held him to her, rocking him

ently—it was years since she had held him so.

"What is it—tell mother, Dan."

"Oh, Mum . . . you know."

"It's that Belle Shackford."

"You've heard?"

"That she will marry Ernley Munk—es. But it does not matter."

"Oh, mother—my heart's broken."

"Nonsense—a fine boy like you—you'll soon get another girl."

She had him close in her arms and she could feel how strong and plump he was—well made, his bones well covered, a fine man for any girl.

"I don't want anybody but Belle."

"You'll forget her, child."

"Oh, never. Oh, mother—I loved her . . . and I thought she loved me."

"Well, you're well rid—she is *vagabond*. It never please me you not marry a good girl."

"Mother, you mustn't say that—don't you miscall her."

"And don't you speak rough to me."

She was angry—she pushed him off her shoulder. They both stood up.

But he could not bear that she should lose her gentleness—he would humble himself to keep her tender.

"I wasn't speaking rough—leastways, I didn't mean to. I'm sorry, mother."

She let him kiss her, and patted his hand, softening again. They sat down together on the horsehair sofa.

"Mother, I want to go away."

"Away, boy—where? why?"

"I can't live here . . . with Belle so close . . . and with Ernie."

"But where would you go—and what shall I do without your week's money?"

"You won't have me to keep, and I'll have to work wherever I go—so I can send you money."

"You're a great silly boy. Why should you go away?"

"I can't bear to go on living here and seeing Belle married to Ernie."

"You need not see her."

"How can I help it, with her only across the road? . . . Oh, mother, I

must go away till I've got over this—I can't stay—I must go . . . I must."

He was getting almost hysterical and, growing angry again, she forgot he was her grown-up son and took him by the shoulders, shaking him till his sleek lick of hair fell into his eyes.

"You be quiet—you're like a little boy—you deserve me to whip you."

"I want to go away—I can't bear Chris. . . ."

"Chris—you shall not speak rough of Chris!—well, I tell you—you shall go away—for a bit of time. I will write to my brother Philip and ask him to have my silly boy live with him a while."

"In Sark?"

"That will be far enough—no?"

Sark—and he had thought of Brakey Bottom. For a moment dim memories stirred: he saw himself playing with a lobster's claw . . . then came a swell of solemn seas. . . .

"You were four years old when you came from Sark. Do you remember?"

"Not much."

"It is my country—your country. It do you good to go back there for a bit. I will write to my brother Philip. I have not written for ten year."

"Perhaps he won't have me."

"Then you can't go. But I will write—and he will have you. It is a good plan—perhaps, if you go, you marry a Sark girl and no more be English. I am not English and wish my children were not."

"I'll never marry anybody but Belle."

"Then you'll marry nobody, since she's to marry Ernley. There, there . . . you shall go away across the sea and forget your trouble."

He sat beside her on the sofa, stupid and bewildered. The saucepan on the fire boiled over and she sprang up to save it. He watched her little darting figure—yes, she was foreign, and so in a way was he; though he loved the valleys of the Ouse and the Cuckmere there was a queer, faint stirring in his heart for the land where he was born.

(To be continued)

THE LION'S MOUTH



PORTRAIT OF A HOSTESS

BY IRWIN EDMAN

I LOVE to dine at Mrs. Smart's,
 Not simply for the food; the arts
 Of life move smoothly there; one knows
 Such gliding ease; one fairly flows
 From course to course, from each timed text
 Of gossip glibly to the next.
 Superb the service and the sole,
 The roast, the hammered-silver bowl
 Of hothouse flowers, the changing glints
 On glass, the cigarettes, the mints;
 The guests well-chosen and the host
 Silent, the hostess talking most.
 The hostess—slender, smiling, wise,
 Vivacious, save her watchful eyes,
 Lingered here and there to touch
 A spring to set off such-and-such,
 This one's pretensions, that one's flame,
 Noise of a noted friend or name.
 Clinking the current coin, the *mots*
 That pass for depths, she'll deftly throw
 The stolid into speech, emotion
 Tinging on some moot modish notion;
 Or quickly prompt one to rejoice
 At a new gasped-at golden voice,
 That climacteric she may add
 A crowning finis to a fad;
 Or draw out of their silent nooks
 Lions of lately laureled books
 Whose themes she has had time to seize
 Between her golf and charities.
 So drifts the talk, nor does there flare
 Ever a passion unaware;
 It slides on surfaces, evades
 The heart's ravines and secret glades,
 While daintily Madame controls
 Her own and these invited souls
 Who decorously come to bloom
 In her white-paneled dining room.

"Capital dinner; Mrs. Smart
 Delightful hostess; plays her part
 So perfectly": and so one grieves
 For what one more than half believes,
 Behind this gracious form, this mind
 Suave and sensitive and kind,
 Behind the hostess just a smart
 Lady playing a perfect part.



VIRGINIA VIOLET, PREFEBRED

BY H. A. THOMAS

VIRGINIA showed doubtful wisdom
 right at the start, I thought, by
 locating her business enterprise in what
 had been up to that time a strictly resi-
 dential suburb. Had her career in com-
 mercial horticulture involved a smoke-
 stack or a railway siding, or even the
 erection of an office building, the com-
 munity would have frowned upon her
 and an infant industry would have died
 aborning. But she began in a rather
 modest way—with a market basket and
 a trowel, to be exact—and the neighbor-
 hood accepted her, which was, after all,
 unfortunate.

Virginia is nine and ambitious. Also,
 she inherits some natural sales ability
 from her mother, who is past mistress in
 getting other minds to think along with
 hers. So the enterprise made its debut
 with a flourish and prospered nobly for
 a season.

The big money-making idea was to
 dig violet roots in a neighboring woods
 and sell them to the happy housewives
 at three cents the basket. The proposi-

ion seemed sound, for the source of raw material lay close at hand, transportation charges were low, labor comparatively plentiful, and the amount of invested capital entirely within reason. It looked as though the overhead could be kept down to a point where tremendous profits would accrue almost at once. A test of the market was made. Mother greed, with almost no persuasion, that a good-sized basketful of fresh violet roots was well worth three cents. Advance orders also were booked from three neighbors, who bought at the list price and did not even ask a discount or cash. The Virginia Violet Company burst into full bloom. The stock went right up above par and kept on soaring. Careful calculation with a piece of chalk on the side of the garage indicated that one trip to the woods could be made in the morning before school and two trips between four o'clock and dinnertime. If the president of the company had no errands to run and was not called on to set the table for dinner, three trips instead of two could be made in the afternoon. Four trips a day showed a gross business of twelve cents, which would allow the president a handsome salary of five cents a day and leave a net profit of seven cents. Evidently there was big money in it.

But when the initial order and the three subsequent orders had been personally delivered and collections made, common labor had to be employed in the fields so that the president could take the road for more business. The word was passed that a good steady violet digger of sober habits and a fair degree of skill could find a job as superintendent at the Virginia Violet Company at one cent a day or one quarter of a cent per basket. The next afternoon two husky citizens, aged six and four, applied at the back-steps employment office. The older man was engaged on account of his experience in extracting dandelions.

Complications ensued almost at once. The first basketful shipped out by the new superintendent included two wild-

strawberry plants and a ragweed. Other shipments were dumped promiscuously on the customers' front porches.

The company had begun its operations on Monday. By Wednesday it was clear that rigid and continuous inspection of the output was a necessity. Virginia rose to the emergency like a true executive. Over night the entire company policy underwent a change. A service department was created and thereafter violets were sold at six cents the basket, this charge including installation in the customer's flower bed. At the same time sales and production were curtailed to two baskets a day, the superintendent's responsibility being enlarged to include planting under the president's direction. Wednesday night the auditors' report looked like this:

Receipts:

4 baskets @ .03..... .12

Disbursements:

Labor..... .01

President..... .05

Profits..... .06

—

Total..... .12

On Thursday night, with output cut in half, receipts still totaled twelve cents. Disbursements were still six cents and the net profit remained as before. This of course placed a tremendous strain on the president, but as inspection was made at the time of planting, the quality of the product was assured and the customers were satisfied.

But on Friday labor troubles developed. The superintendent reported that his mother would not let him go to the woods after school, so thereafter he could turn out only one basketful a day, dug in the morning. This was serious. Moreover, he became quite independent and demanded a cent a day for the single basket. This, he said, was a necessity, for he had promised his little sister an all-day-sucker and one could not buy all-day-suckers with less than a cent in these days of exorbitant prices. If the stipulated wage was not O. K'd he intimated that a general strike would be

called forthwith and the violet-diggers' union would walk out in a body.

The president capitulated to the demands of labor, temporarily at least, but frantic efforts were made to find the four-year-old citizen who had previously applied for the superintendency. It was hoped that he could be used for scab labor in case of a serious outbreak. Unfortunately, he had gone West to accept a position as cowboy, scout, and Indian fighter on his grandfather's farm.

At noon Virginia, still undaunted and carrying a choice sample of her product, went to call on one of the very best prospects in her territory. The lady had practically promised to order two baskets. But as the confident saleswoman approached the house, deep disappointment met her at the gate. There beside the walk in a beautiful new-made bed were several rows of freshly planted violets.

"Why yes," said the erstwhile customer, "Willy Gruber brought them over this morning. Two big basketfuls for ten cents, but I'm afraid he didn't get very good roots. See—some of them are wilting quite badly."

The answer was self-evident. Dirty competition was afoot. An inferior product at a cut price. The Virginia Company was in for hard going. Friday night: Receipts, .06; Expenses, .06; Profits, 00. And on Saturday came the deluge. Two neighbors who had spoken favorably of buying sent their own children to the woods instead and placed an embargo on imported violets. The superintendent failed to show up and it was learned that he had gone into business for himself, his savings having enabled him to establish a paper route. Sales touched the zero mark and production was at a stand.

These chaotic conditions, coupled with the fact that the president was detained from business by an important engagement at a tea party—where the hostess served ice cream and everything—gave rise to grave rumors and caused a distinctly bearish movement in Virginia

Violet, Preferred. And when it was learned that Willy Gruber had laid off his men and sought rest and relaxation in a game of bull ring, the entire horticultural industry slumped badly.

By evening the expected disintegration took place. Virginia returned from the party quite calm in spite of the disaster. When the directorate met at the swing after dinner, she seemed entirely reconciled to the fact that her prosperous business had been swept away. In fact her demeanor gave the impression that of all the pursuits and perquisites necessary to her happiness, horticulture in any or all of its varied forms deserved the very least consideration.

"Anyway, I'm not going to dig those dirty old violets any more," she announced scornfully. "I've got thirty-four cents and I'm going to put on my organdy dress and have a party with ice cream."

Thus was another brave enterprise deserted in its hour of need and left to die.



ON BORROWING PLUMES

BY GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

IT is too true: my sonnet's every phrase
Is but a gleanings from the field of song;
All my poor fancies have seen better days;
My flocks of rhyme to other folds belong.
I joy to steal a crumb from Chaucer's feast;
Echo a cadence Shelley's lips have stirred;
Or taste again with Keats (rich fare, at least!)
Some rare-ripe, long-forgotten, lovely word.

Even my thoughts are plundered: this has
known

The lightning-heat of Shakespeare's brain
erewhile;

This broad gold piece once Browning
stamped his own;

This gem was graven by Gray's experi-
enced file;

This pearl of price I brought for my heart's ease,

From deep, loud-thundering billows of Miltonic seas.



THE PRINCE AND THE PARADOX

BY WILLIAM McFEE

"WELL," said the Doctor as he closed the door of his cabin and adjusted his eyeglass, "What is the main news? I have been too busy on this tourist cruise to pay much attention to the wireless."

There was a slight diversity of opinion among his guests as he stooped and inspected his resources, but the vote went naturally enough to the visit of the Prince of Wales. One of us described the young man's effect on newspaper writers in New York as amazing.

"Oh they always behave like that," remarked the Doctor, "if a personage doesn't actually snarl at them. The Prince is a charming chap. As you know, I used to work for his father during the War. May work for him in the next war. But I think you've missed the most remarkable feature of the fuss that was made over him."

There was a pause and he added thoughtfully, "That's the best I can do." We agreed it was well enough. The columnist asked:

"What is your view then?"

"Why," said the Doctor, filling his pipe and sitting down facing us. "As you know, we get the papers a week old in the Canal Zone, and down there I glanced along the reviews of new motion pictures—I even saw one of them. And what impressed me as truly amazing was the synchronizing of the Prince's visit, with all the insufferable snobbery and lick-spittle meanness of mind it seems to engender, and an eruption of patriotic historical films depicting the English at

the time of the Revolution as drunken braggarts and insufferable incompetents. Doesn't that strike you as a notable paradox? The very people who in the morning read columns of guff about the Prince's neckties and what he has for breakfast and what time he goes to bed, would go in the evening and hiss a photograph of British redcoats marching across a field! They pressed to catch a glimpse of the Prince galloping after a polo ball, and applauded when Paul Revere galloped at phenomenal speed—along remarkably good roads, by the way—and evoked numerous close-ups of rustic families in sensible night shirts rallying to the thrilling news that the British are coming. Surely it is not a far-fetched fancy that the real anxiety of all those good folk was to catch a glimpse of the British and hear what they thought of this glorious country!"

"Now, now!" warned the columnist. "Remember, Doc, you are on sacred ground."

"Well, then," growled the Doctor, "You'll have to agree that Americans have changed in their views."

"That's fair enough," admitted another member of the company. "But personally I don't believe we should lean too much on the mere coincidence the Doc has noticed. I have another theory about the patriotic films so much in favor since 'The Covered Wagon' began the boom. I think the reason why they are putting out so much history in the movies is that the motion-picture industry, which is notoriously illiterate, has only just heard of it. They are like the London coster who met a Jewish neighbor after having been for the first time in his life to a religious meeting, and promptly blacked this Jewish neighbor's eye. American history, to a larger number of citizens than you would care to remember, has all the glamour of a fresh discovery. No harm in that, so long as they don't get delusions of grandeur and imagine they are making history as well as photographing it."

"Well, they are," said the Doctor drily. "In the picture I spoke of, a personage described in the title as the greatest Commoner in England is shown speaking in the House of Lords. And they prove conclusively that history repeats itself, for the men in heavy armor in the Robin Hood picture ride exactly as though they were cowboys rounding up a horse thief."

"Those are only minor inaccuracies," claimed somebody. "Aren't they remarkably honest and accurate, considering the temptations that beset them?"

"I'm not so sure," smiled the Doctor, holding his glass to the light. "There is one point on which I wish somebody would give me some information. It concerns authors as well as motion-picture directors and it involves another paradox."

"As how?" asked the columnist guardedly. He knew the Doctor's agile habit of getting his American hearers in a cleft stick.

"I saw a piece in the paper the other day," remarked the Doctor with apparent irrelevance, "telling how the Daughters of the American Revolution refused to have a statue raised to Francisco di Miranda, although he aided the Colonies in the war, because he had once lived in sin with a lady of title."

"I've never heard of him," said the columnist bluntly.

"And in that you closely resemble the vast majority of your countrymen," returned the Doctor. "Your ignorance of South American history is disarming. One can combat a fog but not a vacuum. There isn't anything one can do about it. Your attitude towards Miranda and Bolivar and San Martin is exactly that of the average cocky Oxford undergraduate towards your own history. He doesn't know anything about it and he doesn't want to."

"Well, go on with your paradox," the Doctor was urged, and he did so.

"Miranda's downfall was a lady of title," he continued. "Perhaps the Daughters of the American Revolution

could have swallowed that if she hadn't happened to be English as well. As a matter of fact, Miranda was only theoretically on the American side. What he wanted was aid for his own revolution, and he nearly got it—but from the English—later on. So that's that. But this is the point. At the same time I was reading an entrancing book by Ralph D. Paine, called *Joshua Barney*. Like you with Miranda, I'd never heard of him. He was a contemporary of Paul Jones and one of the most attractive personalities of the time. Like Paine himself, Barney had the gift of getting on with the English, and it is really astonishing how many decent Englishmen Barney encountered. I should like to draw the attention of the motion picture people to this, if they could spare the time. However, let that go. The Paradox I was speaking of is this. It came to me as I was reading about Joshua Barney. How is it the American public demand absolute sex purity in their heroes of history and yet insist on reading novels about exactly the opposite sort of people?"

"They are not the same Americans," objected the columnist.

"Oh yes, they are!" retorted the Doctor. "We've had one here on this voyage, a most charming woman of wealth and breeding, who sided with the ladies about Miranda's tarnished past and yet read nothing, the whole voyage, save smart novels dealing intimately with problems of sex."

"Other nations——" began a listener, but the Doctor caught him up like a shot.

"Are you sure?" he asked. "Think! Ralph Paine is most particular in asserting that his hero, Joshua Barney, though he had numerous adventures in Europe, never more than kissed the lady's hand; so the Daughters of the American Revolution can stick up a statue to him whenever they wish. But make no mistake. You are the only nation who make such demands on your heroes. What chance would Nel-

son with his Lady Hamilton; or Wellington with his 'Dear Jenny, publish my letters and be damned'; or Bonaparte—have over here? Poor Bolívar, the Washington of South America, would fare even worse. His unhappy end would be regarded as a merited nemesis for his scandalous career. And yet," added the Doctor, very much amused, "a novel without a polyandrous slant or a study of free love in some form or other isn't regarded as a novel at all. 'A strong book' is invariably a book about people apparently too weak to avoid the moral code of rabbits and leverets."

"Well, what is your suggestion for reform?" asked the columnist, leaning back on the settee.

"Very simply, this," returned the Doctor. "I submit that your heroes are human and so are yourselves. Why not confess that the average citizen is faithful to his wife, and that courage and resource and patriotism are sometimes found in men who, to put it mildly, have no genius for fidelity? More than once it has crossed my mind that American history has yet to be written. Now the movies have got it, it may never be written, and the American child of the future will associate

heroism with the figure of a man galloping at breakneck speed through the night. It is not an inviting prospect because heroism and patriotism very often can't be filmed. Truth does not always screen well. This habit of mind of assuming that every great action or emotion is spectacular will prove disastrous, because it will induce the illusion that spectacular actions and emotions are necessarily great. Henry Ford is said to have claimed that history is bunk. It certainly will be. I don't know which is worse—the movie that shows one's ancestors to be spotless or the novel revealing us all as spotty. We ought to have some consideration for ourselves if not for posterity."

"But you surely don't decry idealism, which is the motive of these exaggerations," objected a listener. "We must give the young people a clean idea of their history! We want them to hitch their wagons to a star."

"Oh, all right," said the Doctor, filling the glasses again and putting the bottle, marked Poison, in his cabinet. "Only let me point out that you can work Emerson's fine phrase a little too hard. He wasn't alluding to a motion-picture star."



AND NOW A NEW DEAL

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WE start the New Year with a new deal in politics. That happens after every leap year because it is in leap years we have Presidential elections. There is a fitness about that in view of the propensity of candidates to propose.

Every election implies a new deal, but somehow the one we have just experienced implies it more than usual. To be sure Mr. Coolidge goes on; and we have had time to get used to him, to understand what manner of man he is, to know what to expect of him. Whereas he became President more or less by accident, he goes on now (not really waiting until the Fourth of March) with a prodigious personal endorsement from the voters of the United States as the man which a huge majority of them want. It is true that the size of that endorsement was due somewhat to circumstances, just as was the original selection of Mr. Coolidge to be Vice-President, but circumstances have a part in everything and, as applied to Mr. Coolidge, one may just as well call them Destiny. All the same, it is curious as well as very interesting that a man of Mr. Coolidge's derivation, record, type, and measurements should get eighteen million of the thirty million votes cast for President, the other twelve million being divided between two rivals. Most people were glad the election was so decisive. It had looked as though it might go to Congress and that was a bad outlook, but as between the three

candidates offered the voters showed no difficulty in making a choice.

What won the election? Business won it. People wanted peace and a quiet life; markets for what they make; wages, profits. They wanted the wheels of industry to keep on turning; they wanted such comforts as come from having money to pay their bills and gratify their inclinations. Nothing else seemed to count very much in the campaign that is over. They had a confidence, fully justified, in Mr. Coolidge's character, his integrity, his competence as a politician. They liked the simplicity of his habits, his gift of laconic discourse, his ability not to talk, his urgent sense of the need of economy in expenses. Next to his character as a man, his feeling about economy was his best asset. The voters not only wanted to make some money but they wanted a government that would leave them as much as possible of it to save or spend for themselves. The great reform that lay nearest their hearts was the reform in expenditures. One of the things that most recommended Mr. Coolidge was his resolute denial in his own past personal life of the need of having much money. Whereas almost everyone cries out nowadays that the increased cost of living calls for increased wages and profits, Mr. Coolidge had shown himself a man who under all circumstances could cut his coat according to his cloth and live on what he had. He had shown that personal capacity for economy which is the

rice of freedom, and especially of political freedom, and the voters liked that in him and were justified in their approval.

There are times in private life and in business life when nothing seems more important than to cut down expenses; times when the prospect of happiness seems to depend first of all on making income exceed out-go. There are other times when some great crisis stirs the minds of men so that money is no object, and expenditure may leap up and for a time far exceed income, and one does not care if only the end in sight is accomplished. We went through such a period eight years ago and the job which fell to us being done, we have been laboriously working back towards a safe financial condition. Mr. Coolidge stood for the continuance of that process. He is the sort of conservative who stands particularly for the conservation of national income. He and the party he represents want the business of the country to prosper and the government of the country to exercise a degree of thrift which will enable it to reduce the national debt and cut down taxation. The country was with him in that idea. He got the necessary votes and it cannot be doubted he will do his best to meet the expectations of the voters who have retained him in office.

Nevertheless, the task ahead of him is considerably complicated, and whether his best or anybody's best can meet it successfully is something we shall discover month by month in the four years to come. To keep business running, to keep profits satisfactory, to keep expenditures within bounds is not really within the powers of even a President. It depends on too many things he cannot control—on crops, on the rival aspirations of men who work, and above all on the state of the world outside the United States. A President cannot do much about the crops: when he has appointed a competent Secretary of Agriculture he has done about all he can;

but in our relation to foreign affairs and trade with other countries he has a greater opportunity. Unless we have a certain amount of trade we shall not prosper as well as we wish. Unless the rest of the world, and especially Europe, is in a condition to buy from us and sell to us, our farmers will be likely to grumble and some of our factories to run on part-time. So it is part of the President's task to maintain for us profitable relations with the rest of mankind and to do what he can to assist the rest of mankind to political and economic conditions which will make them profitable to trade with. Of course that is a large order, but it is an inevitable part of the job which has now been committed to Mr. Coolidge for four years to come. It is true that by the theory of our Constitution he has a right to expect the assistance of Congress in the discharge of his multifarious duties, but that assistance in times past has not always proved helpful. The theory of the Constitution is more or less that Congress is to make laws and vote money, and the President is to enforce the laws and expend the money; but in practice it has been found that Congress needs constant and strenuous suggestions about what bills to pass and how much money to provide, and that the Senate has a strangle hold on treaties which is no help to Presidents in their efforts to work with other nations.

Another thing that is likely to bother President Coolidge, as it would have bothered anyone chosen President in the late election, is mass production and how to provide for it. The primary idea of mass production is that it is the great provider; that the public needs an enormous quantity of things and always more of them and more kinds of them, and that the way to furnish these articles is the way illustrated by Mr. Henry Ford in the manufacture of his celebrated cars. The trick is to make a lot of things and make them all alike, and in that way make them cheaply so that they can be sold cheap.

There are, undoubtedly, good points about that plan. We see how it has filled the roads with Ford cars, and what by so doing it has done to contemporary life; and most generous-minded people approve both of the cars and their achievement. But Henry Ford has taught his methods to all manufacturers and thus has simplified and extended and cheapened production to an enormous extent. This naturally has brought it to pass that the great need of the hour and the talent most valued and cultivated is the ability to sell what is made. Salesmanship has come to be the new god of business. Anything can be made and there is no limit to the quantity in which it can be produced and distributed and brought to the attention of customers; but when it comes to selling, one comes up against something that has a limit, and that is the ability of people to buy and pay for what they take. The factories can only run full time so long as there are enough people who have the means to buy what they produce and are willing to spend their means for that purpose. Mr. Samuel Strauss last month in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* considered this situation under the title of "Things in the Saddle," in which he declared that man's most important function in these times is to be a consumer; that our civilization depends on the development of consumers; that unless they are produced in sufficient numbers—and indeed in numbers constantly increasing—business will decline and grass begin to grow where it ought not to. Mr. Strauss seemed to feel that machinery was getting the better of us.

So in the *Hibbert Journal* last June Doctor Jacks held forth on what was more or less the same subject. He called his article "The Vicious Circle of Mass Production." He complained that the work of filling men's bellies (including, doubtless, the provision of motor cars, modern plumbing, silk stockings, and imitation jewels) had become separated from the work of saving their souls. He

thought that was not going to do "Show us," he said, "a social system in which the process of filling man's belly and otherwise improving his condition stands permanently divorced from the process of saving his soul, each process pulling against the other, and we say of that system, it will not work; neither socialism, individualism, nor any other 'ism,' neither labor nor capital, neither democracy nor autocracy, can make it work—except in the direction of disaster, both for the belly and for the soul. By this means or by that the two processes must again become one, as they were at the beginning; reunited on higher ground indeed, and all the more firmly for that reason; failing which, the empty bellies will not be filled and the perishing souls will not be saved."

This obligation to provide consumers, keep mass production going, pay high wages, and make profits for the manufacturers and everybody else—would appear to be one of the serious snags which confronts President Coolidge in his prospective four-year job of steering the Ship of State. It is not our American trouble exclusively, though we have done our share to bring it about; it is the trouble of all the Western World and especially Western Europe: of England with her unemployed; of France with her heavy debts; of Germany with her great problem of providing money to meet her obligations under the Dawes plan. Nobody makes his living any more: it has to be provided for him as one of the details of an enormous and complicated industrial machine. Perhaps the recent action of Harvard College in establishing a Graduate School of Business (which has scandalized a good many honest mossbacks) was simply an evolutionary performance that came along in its turn because the state of mankind and the conditions of life were such that business had to have the best attention of the best instructed minds. It does not take any prophet to tell us that, in so far as President Coolidge has to provide consumers for

mass production, he is exposed to the vicissitudes of a ticklish job. He cannot create consumers but wherever business languishes seriously for lack of them he will get it, all the same, (as we say in the vernacular) "in the neck."

But Mr. Coolidge is considerably a business man. He disclosed in his remarks about Bishop Asbury, as also at other times, that he really has an understanding of religion and a realization of what can be done, as also of laws. What a President can do to make business good he will do, of course, since that was what he was elected for. But if he fails of sufficient success, as is quite possible, he will not give up and turn on the gas but will find himself more likely to the consolations of religion, and there will be such consolations. Everybody who knows anything knows that mass production cannot in itself save the world: that it is only a detail in making man happy; and that there must go along with it, as Senator Jacks points out, some effective process for making him good. That is really the big job ahead of us. It is the reiteration of what has been said again and again that man's control of machinery and things, both productive and destructive, has outrun his spiritual knowledge and capacity; that he knows so well how to make anything or destroy anything, and not well enough how to live. Mr. Coolidge has shown signs of understanding that. One cannot see just what he can do about it; but in a pinch, a man who understands it is much to be preferred to a man who does not.

Moreover, in this highly important job of making men good and teaching them how to live there are, and always have been, rival methods—the opposing claims of which seem just now to be in for a season of competition of more than ordinary intensity. That is especially true, as noticed last month, of the rivalries between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic methods of improving man. It was those rivalries chiefly which made the Democratic Convention last so long, and which so disturbed the solidarity of the Democratic party as to contribute materially to the size of Mr. Coolidge's re-election. These rival aspirations clash at times and no one need be surprised if they clash rather more noisily than usual in the course of Mr. Coolidge's term of office. One of his problems may be to get along with these noises, and in that we must all help as much as we can, avoiding rash accusations against our neighbors, sifting assertions to discover wherein they fail in truth, discouraging all efforts to gag fair discussion, and doing what we can to keep the road open to truth. In the end all the warring elements in the population of this country must get along together, side by side. To promote that condition is everybody's business. It is helped most by good manners and good nature. It is helped not at all by any form of terrorism, or by gag laws, or the suppression of free speech except as it is libelous. There is room in this country for many minds and many thoughts, but not without due ventilation. And that is what discussion is—it is the ventilation of thought.

1850



1925

1925: A Forecast

by the Editors of

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

*A
Serial
by a
Great
Novelist*

*Uncon-
ventional
Biography*

IT is with especial pleasure that we announce to our friends the program of *Harper's Magazine* for 1925, for we are confident that during the coming year—the seventy-fifth of its distinguished history—the Magazine will be more brilliant, more modern, and more richly varied in interest than ever before.

To begin with, we are fortunate to have secured the right to publish as a serial SHEILA KAYE-SMITH'S new novel, "The George and the Crown," which began in November. Miss Kaye-Smith has been ranked by critics on both sides of the water as the ablest woman novelist in England; and those who have read her masterpiece, "Joanna Godden," realize that she is unquestionably one of the very few living novelists, in England or America, whose work is likely to endure. "The George and the Crown" is the first novel from her pen which any American magazine has been permitted to publish serially. It is a story by a novelist of acknowledged greatness.

The Cabinet was in session at the White House. A little boy of eleven stood before them, telling them that a certain postage-stamp dealer in Boston, to whom he had sent five hard-earned dollars, had failed to mail him the stamps in return. The boy wanted his father's Government to "do something"; and very solemnly the members of the Cabinet debated whether official action should be taken by the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, or Kelly, the White House policeman! An utterly absurd incident—yet it actually took place. The whole amusing story, told as no one else could tell it, appears in the boyhood recollections of JESSE GRANT, the great General's son, which will delight the readers of *Harper's* for months to come. Mr. Grant's articles are not only vastly entertaining; they contain revelations which make them a contribution to American history.





Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover

Illustration for "Redbone"

IN HER HAIR SHE WORE SOMETHING BRIGHT AND FESTIVE, LIKE A STAR



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REDBONE

Awarded First Prize in the Third Harper Short-Story Contest

BY ADA JACK CARVER

IT is lazy and sweet along the Côte Joyeuse and on into the piney red-clay hills—a land which for nearly four hundred years has been held enthralled by a river. And here among the whites and blacks there dwell in ecstatic squalor a people whom, in the intricate social system of the South, strangers find it difficult to place. For although they may be bartered with, jested with, enjoyed, despised, made friends and enemies of—yet in the eyes of those born to the subtle distinction they are forever beyond the pale.

They are a mixture of Spanish, French, and Indian, and God only knows what besides; and along the Côte Joyeuse, a region given to phrase and to fable, they are dubbed “redbones” because of their dusky skins so oddly, transparently tinted. They are shiftless and slovenly, childlike and treacherous; and yet from somewhere, like a benediction, they have been touched with something precious.

Of this hybrid and tragic tribe was Baptiste Grabbo, planter, and his the

story of a man who desired and obtained a son.

One summer morn at a peep-o-day hour this Baptiste set out for Natchitoches, riding his little red pony. His mission was threefold: first, of course, to get drunk; second, to make a thank-offering to his patron saint, whose business it was to look after him and who did it rather well, all things considered; third, in accordance with a custom that still prevails, to purchase in tribute a gift for his wife, who had been delivered of a fine and lusty son—a man-child born in the crook of a horned moon and destined for great good fortune.

Baptiste rode hard, like a centaur. Above him the frail enchantment of budding clematis filled the woods with light and, reflecting on his fortune, he recalled complacently the insults and insinuations with which since his marriage his relatives had derided his childless estate. Bah! He would make 'em swallow their words, the yellow chin-quapin-eaters! He accursed of Heaven?

The glory of fatherhood gave him a heart a-tune to the tumult of summer. There were flowers purple with adoration praying in the grass; wings brushed his cheek; and Baptiste, his mind still full of the night's travail, thought of birth. He thought of The Birth, and an immense and terrible holiness shook him as with an ague. Why, God was right up in that tree. God—benignant, amused. He could talk with God if he cared to. He spread his hands in a little prayer, like a child that laughs and prays. He was shaken and spent with rapture.

Conceive of Baptiste if you can: an uncouth, oafish little man, thin and pointed and sly; but with something about him grotesque and delightful, for all the world like a clown—something of quaint buffoonery that charmed little children, even the little boys and girls who lived in the fine old houses along the river front and walked abroad so sweetly with their nurses.

"Hi, Baptiste!" they would squeal when they saw him; "Howdy, *Mister* Baptiste!"

And then they would laugh with an elfin delight as if they shared some wanton secret with him. And their nurses—respectable, coal-black "mam-mies"—would pull them away, disgruntled; "Lawd, white chillun, come along. Dat triflin', low-down redbone—"

But this heaven-lent quality, whatever it was, that endeared him to children caused the women of his race to stick out their tongues at him. His love tale, how for a fabulous sum he bought from her father the prettiest maid in all the Indian pinewoods, was the talk of a region already famous far and wide for its romance. Baptiste—through no effort of his own, of course—was rich, as occasionally redbones get to be when their luscious acres fringe the winding Cane; and the slim and blossomy Clorinda had pleased him mightily. She was a lovely thing with sea-green eyes and the chiseled beauty her women possess for a season; and Baptiste

thought of babies when he looked at her—he who could pipe to children an trill like a bird in a tree. They would come one right after the other, of course, as was right for babies to come brown little stairsteps of children.

He had even gone so far as to hail old Granny Loon one time—as she hobbled past the courthouse; Granny who brought her babies in baskets (white ones and black ones and yellow and red ones!) and charged a fortune a day.

"Hey, Granny, what you got in there?" he wheedled in a voice that had the drawling music of the sluggish old witch-river. "You give him to me for my wife, old Granny. Yessir, we need us a son."

But Granny, disdainful, made no reply; and shifting her mysterious basket, passed with dignity down the shaded street. She could be high-and-mighty when it pleased her and, "blue-gummed" African though she was—and proud of her pure descent—she was by virtue of her calling above and beyond all race distinction. Granny Loon was dedicated, consecrated, sacred. But the greasy old mulatto women around their coffee stalls, who were shrewdly informed as to Granny's comings and goings, broke out into ribald laughter, shaking their fat gingham sides.

"Huh!" they snorted, "dat chile Granny got ain't fo' no ornery redbone. Dat chile is fo' white folks, yessir. Baptiste, he better go find his se'f one in de briar-patch."

He had swaggered away, Baptiste, pretending not to hear; but his face had burned and his heart had ached. Ah, but now he would show them. . . .

Baptiste, whose thoughts were prayerful if he but stumped his toe, had that very day taken up the matter with High Heaven. You slipped into the dim cathedral where God was all about you and your bony knees sank richly down into passionate crimson velvet.

"A son, sweet Saint. A lil' son. Send us a son, sweet Mother—"

And then to make assurance doubly

ure, on emerging he had crossed two ticks to fling at a chance stray cat.

The creed of the redbone is past understanding: things vaguely heard and remembered; things felt and but dimly divined; superstitions drilled into him by the wrinkled old crones of his race. His religion is compounded of Catholic altars where candles burn through the thick dim smoke from the swinging incense bowls; of pinewoods tremulous like a sounding organ; of forest fires and thunders and winds; of fetishes against the powers of darkness; of a moon that comes up red from the swamp; of a wilful river that doles out life and death.

Sometimes when Baptiste lay prone on a hillside things came to him, ancient things, and he knew what people had known when the earth was young—something stirring in him that had swung a papoose in the treetops. Sometimes when the moon was thin and the cotton greening in the fields was beginning to square, something lifted his soul that had strummed a guitar under a lady's window. Sometimes when that same young moon had grown sullen with orange fire, sometimes when he lay on the hot black earth and heard the negroes singing, something ached within him like the curse of a voodoo witch.

His patron saint he had chosen for reasons best known to himself, not the least significant of which was the little saint's unobtrusiveness; for he was an ecstatic little blue fellow who lived in a niche of the church, in so dim and distant a corner that one might pray to him without exciting comment. The redbone, you must know, is secretive in matters religious; and pagan as he is at heart, is chary of dogma and fixed belief—his erratic worship being tolerated rather than condoned by the priesthood.

To this adopted saint, then, Baptiste told his beads, beseeching intercession: three masses a week, so many "Hail Marys," the Way of the Cross for a

baby. Since he always returned from his orisons uplifted and slightly unsteady, Baptiste's mysterious pilgrimages had provoked his relatives to what was to them an obvious and foregone conclusion: Baptiste was drinking and gambling *awful*! He had better stay home with his wife.

Baptiste, jogging the deep-rutted roads, suddenly laughed and smacked at his pony. Now that a son had been born to him he would pour the shining dollars into his little saint's outstretched paws, the little saint who had moved Heaven and earth in his, Baptiste's, behalf. And then across the young day's joy a wavering shadow passed, and then another. Bats! From the swamp near by. The creatures came flickering, velvet-black and crazy, with the uncertain, chittering, sweezy sound that their wings make in the air; and when Baptiste struck out to fend them off, one of the gibbety things fell to the earth, stricken. Aghast that he had unwittingly wounded the devil's own, Baptiste turned straight about, although fully two miles from home. The sweet havoc in his heart had chilled into dreadful foreboding—for what man in his senses would flaunt such disaster?

Could it mean that his child was ill, perhaps at this moment dead?

When he rode into the back yard he saw his wife's pink petticoat a-hanging in the sun. His throat was dry and parched as he opened the kitchen door.

Granny was in the kitchen, crouching over the stove and stirring a viscous substance in a kettle. Her sacred basket hung above her on a nail. Her snowy white head was bound with a red bandanna, and she wore a spotless apron in the pocket of which was a buckeye to ward off the dread swamp fever. From a cord around her neck hung a curious carved African stone that dangled against her breasts. She turned and squinted at him as he entered.

"The lil' feller . . . is he . . . do he still breathe? Answer me, old woman."

Granny shrugged her shoulders. Her scorn of men was instinctive, she who assisted them into the world and first clothed their nakedness. There was not a midwife in all that neck of the woods who could hold a candle to her. When not "waiting" on a woman she lived alone on the edge of the Indian pine-woods in a shack half hidden with splashy sunflowers. There was a rail fence around it and toadstools at the door; and in the back yard an iron pot that looked like a cauldron. She was age-old and deathless, and all her movements were soft as if timed to the sleeping of children.

She gave Baptiste a mystic look; and then from above, down the rickety stairs, there sounded a thin little wail. Baptiste listened, woe in his eyes. It sounded so strange and so young.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he implored, "what was that?"

"De good Lawd he'p us," Granny answered, stirring and tasting, tasting and stirring. "Fo' shame, Mister Baptiste Grabbo. Dat up dere's yo' son, man, a-cryin' fo' his dinner."

"And her? Is she well?—Clorinda—"

His agonized eyes searched the old woman's face, but Granny was muttering incantations over her ill-smelling brew: runes for the newborn babe and his mother; spells against milk-leg and childbed-fever. It was a full minute before she turned to him her sybil face, wrinkled with a thousand tragedies.

"Gawd - a - mighty!" she grumbled, "how many time yo' come runnin' back to ask 'bout dat wife an' dat chile? How come yo' don't go an' git outer my way? I done brung a many a baby, to white folks an' niggers an' mixed blood too. But I ain't nebber seen no daddy take on like dat befo'. Nussir, not since I been bo'n."

She looked at him and relented. "Heylaw—wait, I go make yo' a cup—"

Baptiste sat down, still shaking; and Granny poured for him hot black comforting coffee. Behind her somewhere in the dim old house she heard a door

open and close. But her gaze held Baptiste's eye.

"Now, go long wid yo'se'f, Mister Grabbo," she said when he had drained the last drop. "A fine strappin' son yo got, an' yo' all a-tremblin' and shakin'. I oughter brung yo' a lil' ole puny gal. Now yo' go on to town an' git drunk like a man."

Baptiste stumbled out into the sunlight, his heart mounting again with the joy-giving warmth of the coffee. *Mon Dieu!* What a fool he was indeed! Well . . . It was broad daylight now, and in the brick courtyard he saw Olaf, his overseer, puttering around. Olaf was blond and giantlike, and although he had been but a tramp two years before when Baptiste picked him up in town to help with a big cotton crop, he had gradually taken the reins in his hands; and of late he flaunted a bullying, insolent manner that was like a slap in the face.

To-day, however, although Olaf's sullen bigness oppressed Baptiste as usual, his heart at sight of the younger man turned over with pride of possession; and Baptiste felt suddenly sorry for Olaf. Olaf had no little son, no pretty wife and child.

"Hey, Olaf boy!" he called with gayety, "what you think of that baby, huh? You go and you tell that old granny in there to let you look at that child. You kiss him, Olaf—just once, mind. You go and tell 'em I sent you."

Baptiste passed through lanes that were dense with Cherokee roses, on down the road through the frenzied bloom of blackeyed Susan and bitterweed. And where the sinuous river begins to work its magic he saw the town, already asleep with summer. On the edge of the commons the breath of sweet-olive rushed at his lips like a kiss; and it is here that the road grows into a street, with quaint little sociable houses that squat on the sidewalk like children. The morning was lavish of sunlight that looked as if you could peel it up in thick yellow

flakes, and as Baptiste jogged on into town his feeling of holiness grew, the feeling of brooding infinity.

He considered: Court was in session; along the narrow streets ox-teams were crawling and creaking, filled with niggers and country people "passing" the time of day; now and then some fine old carriage, drawn by satin bays, would permit him a glimpse of ravishing ladies in gay little flowered bonnets; around the hitching-posts on the river bank, where umbrella-chinas made pools of shade and the flies circled, drunken and sleepy, the planters had left their horses and mules; and bits of blue and orange and red flashed abroad in the streets. Baptiste sighed with a deep satisfaction. It was, indeed, a gala day in tune with his heart's own joy.

He left his pony in the shade and started afoot for the courthouse in search of his dear friend, Toni La Salle. For Baptiste had wisely decided that before he could quench his thirst his news must be told; and some one other than himself must be the bearer of it, to give it due weight and importance. Toni, who loved to gossip and whose mind was the mind of a child, must go and tell those women around their coffee stalls that Heaven had blessed Baptiste's marriage and had sent him a little son.

Baptiste, as he had expected, found Toni hanging about the courthouse, grabbing at stray tamales and running everyone's business. He enticed the boy to the shade of a magnolia tree and stuck a hand in his pocket.

"Toni, my love, my son," Baptiste said. "I got great news for you. Out to my house we got us a baby—now what you think about that?"

Toni seemed unimpressed, but his shallow eyes wavered to the money in Baptiste's hand.

"A son, Toni. A man-child, mind, what Granny Loon bring in her basket. Now listen to me: you go spread the news and I give you this dollar. You tell all those women, and this money is yours. A son, remember, and not no

girl. And listen to me: his mama's eyes, maybe, but a head like his papa's, Toni. Yessir, you tell 'em that my baby's his daddy's son from his head clear down to his heels."

Toni departed, enraptured; but he had gone only a few steps when Baptiste ran after him. "Wait, Toni my boy. Not so fast, not so fast. Now listen: my son he ain't no puny child. He'll make a big strappin' man. You tell all those meddlesome women my son he weigh ten pound."

As Toni made his announcements, Baptiste behind the screen of magnolias witnessed the incredulous excitement along the coffee stalls; noted with joy the uplifted arms and rolling eyes of the gossipers. Well, by the time he had had a drink or two, he calculated, the news would be abroad and he could saunter forth to receive congratulations and the jests which the occasion demanded. "Papa" his friends would call him. "Papa Grabbo." How sweet, how delicious, how holy!

Baptiste ambled gaily through a swinging door and had a drink across a slick green counter; and then another and yet another. Like wine in your very soul it was to be a father, the father of a son. He wiped his mouth on a greasy sleeve and smiled. It was the practiced smile of aloof indifference that he'd seen upon the lips of younger papas. He felt waggish and tipsy. Bah—a son? It was two little sons that he had.

He emerged into the sunlight comfortably drunk, so that the world remained a crushed-strawberry pink.

The merchants down the street were lying in wait for him. There was something in the thought of Baptiste's being a papa that tickled their funny-bones—Baptiste a day-old papa and drunk, with money burning his pocket! A boat had come up the river from New Orleans only the week before, and they had consignments to show him: displays of magnificent silks and shawls and fans and plumes from the East.

But although Baptiste's eyes warmed to the sheen of the cloth, he refrained from buying. Nothing suited his mood. Silks and shawls were as dust—*Mon Dieu*—for would not moths corrupt them and thieves break through and steal? A jewel, the merchants advised him. A ruby, glowing with passion in the deep rich heart of itself. But Baptiste waved their gleaming trays away. Bah! A jewel he had given Clorinda the time his mare had a colt!

The merchants, shrugging their shoulders, fell in with his mood. A rosary, then, of amethysts, to kiss the holy hours into Heaven. Or a statue—see?—of the Virgin. A pretty gilded thing with the Child in blue, such a fat little kissable Christ. Surely this, this out of them all to commemorate Clorinda's motherhood.

But even this did not please Baptiste, although his fingers, tapered like a woman's, lingered adoringly on the Child's sweet china curls. Gold and frankincense and myrrh he would have laid at Clorinda's feet, mother of his son. He felt uplifted, eternal. A necklace of stars should encircle her throat and the moon she should wear for a halo.

He hunched his shoulders, inarticulate, he who could talk one language with his tongue and fifteen with his hands and eyes.

"Something . . . not to break," he besought them. "Something to set up in the parlor, maybe, like a what-you-call-'em. Something what my son can say: 'Look here, this here my papa he bought one time when I was born.'"

They brought forth glittering prised lamps and carpets splashed with huge roses. They brought forth a hand-carved "press"; they brought forth imposing family albums of elegant crimson velvet. But Baptiste gestured and shook his head.

"Something nobody ain't had," he insisted. "Something big and grand, like a organ, maybe."

"Huh, go buy her the church.

Baptiste," one of the merchants suggested.

Baptiste's eyes, wishful and strange, turned to the ivied cathedral. His thoughts were still rapturous. Across the street, two by two, the nuns were pacing to prayers, and Baptiste's joy was tinged with melancholy for their pale, frustrated womanhood. By all the saints in Heaven, sweet women like that weren't made to spend their days down on their knees!

And then somebody waved to him from across the way. It was Zuboff, of course, a distant kinsman, his thin little body in slim silhouette against a background of marble.

Baptiste gestured the clamoring merchants away and started across the street, swaying a little.

There had been an epidemic of yellow fever in Natchitoches that spring, a crawling, devastating thing that had licked up the high and the low; and for old Zuboff, the monument man, business was thriving and good. Baptiste saw that he was engraving cunning little names and dates on the surface of cold marble: "So and So; *Mort* such-and-such-a-date: Thy Will Be Done." To-day Baptiste was oddly aroused. Old Zuboff, his tongue in his cheek, wielded the mallet and chisel adroitly with tender caressing fingers. He looked up at Baptiste's approach and nodded hospitably.

"Sit down, Cousin, sit down," he invited, "right there on *Tante* Lisa's tombstone. Ah, Mister Papa Grabbo, well . . . what about that baby?" His tone changed and a craftiness caught in his hard little eyes. "Ah, Baptiste, sorrow we've had . . . trouble and tribulation. The Catholic graveyard is full."

Baptiste belched and spat at a date, 1852. "My son is a big fine child—" he began. But Zuboff cut him short, Zuboff the father of ten.

"Two dozen order for tombstone I got," he imparted, seeking without success to look lugubrious; "and all for



Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover

CHERUBIM AND SERAPHIM—THEY FELL ON HIS SOUL LIKE MUSIC

the rich white folks. A new lot on hand last week too, Baptiste, what come on the boat from the city. Such beautiful granite, exquisite marble! Come with me, Baptiste, come, come."

In the rear of his shop, his holy of holies, Zuboff parted a curtain and with an air of solemn pride motioned Baptiste to enter. Within he displayed his masterpieces—two shafts with wreaths of lilies and with beautiful wide-winged angels. Passionately Zuboff ran his fingers over the hard white bodies. "Superb, Baptiste," he muttered, wetting his lips; "Cherubim, Cousin, and seraphim—" His voice sank to a whisper. "You hear 'bout them two nun what is sick at the convent? Well, then, who know . . . 'Tis good to be prepare. And only last night the priest he say—"

Baptiste's heart had turned over. He breathed heavy and hard in his throat. Cherubim and seraphim . . . they fell on his soul like music; they sounded like the glad hosannas that children sing at Christmas; they sounded like the holy joy of his little newborn babe. He thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as those angels. He gulped and aimed tobacco juice at 1852. Those po' sick nun at the convent—well, he was powerful sorry for them. But no, they could never sleep beneath these majestic wings. Not so long as he, Baptiste, had money in his pocket.

"Zuboff, I want them tombstone," he declared. He caught at the angels to steady himself, his throat burning, his eyes bloodshot. "I want 'em both, for me and my wife. Yessir, we got to die some day, same as them nun at the convent. 'Tis good to be ready, yessir, just like what you say. And you listen to me, Cousin Zuboff; you put this on one, like a poetry: *Clorinda, the wife of Baptiste Grabbo, and Mother of his Son.*"

Baptiste, having emptied his pockets at the shrine of his patron saint, jogged out of town in the late evening sunlight. His babe's little cry, thin and strange,

still echoed in his heart: and he felt that if he could sing it the sound would be like those young pale leaves on the quivering cottonwood trees. On the edge of the commons the Angelus caught him, dropping the Holy Trinity soft into the waiting stillness. Baptiste bowed his head and crooned a prayer. It was a prayer that was half a lullaby to the wife and the child of his heart, a plaintive maudlin lullaby as sick with love as the moon. . . .

His horse, head down, tail swinging, rocked him home. Sometimes—swaying and riding, riding and swaying—Baptiste would feel again the damp, velvet kiss of the bats. But he was too drowsy to care. When his pony finally nosed down the bars of the gate and wandered into the lot, it was nearly midnight. The moon had set and myriads of stars swam out into the heavens. The sky looked billowy, as if you could catch the corners of it and toss the stars around as in a net. Mosquitoes, thin and fierce, whined keen in his ear.

Baptiste slumped down from his horse and did not see the figure that slipped out the door through the shadows. He felt for the gate and stumbled toward the steps. Old Granny, according to custom, was waiting to receive him and assist him to bed. She loomed before him, a shapeless thing smelling of paregoric. She helped him into the house and up the rickety stairs; and instinctively, her haughtiness gone, this mother of a race began to croon as she pulled off his shoes. A man, bah! They never grew up. They were all helpless babes in the cradle, to be comforted, petted, and nursed.

Granny lifted, half-dragged Baptiste to a featherbed in the corner and she paused at the door to look back at him—a little amusing toy of a man like she'd seen in Christmas stockings. He was muttering in his drunken sleep, something concerning angels and stars and cradles high in the treetops.

"De Lawd hab mussy on our souls!" she said as she closed the door. She

stood there a moment—motionless, sad, peering before her.

Old Zuboff worked industriously on Baptiste's beautiful gravestones, concealed behind the curtain in the little back room of his shop: for Baptiste had insisted that his gift be kept a secret; only Zuboff was to know, and Zuboff's sons, until the monuments were erected and he could reveal them to Clorinda. Faithfully, zealously Zuboff worked, for even without the discount in courtesy due a kinsman, they would bring him nine hundred dollars in gold. Late every night old Zuboff worked, sawing and scraping and filing and chiseling until "*Clorinda*" took shape from the marble. "*Clorinda, the Wife of Baptiste Grabbo, and Mother of his Son.*"

Three weeks it took to engrave them, and during this time Baptiste went back and forth from house to town like a shuttle, riding his runty red pony. He liked to loaf around Zuboff's shop and watch the old man at work. "*Clorinda, the Wife of Baptiste Grabbo, and Mother of his Son.*" In truth, a poem in marble. He knew every stroke of the mallet, every delicate curve of the chisel. And as their beauty and dignity took hold of his very soul, he hinted to Zuboff, wistfully, that he would like to set the gravestones up as statues in his house. But Zuboff made fun of him:

"Bah! A graveyard Baptiste wants in his parlor! Look what a cousin I got!"

Often as Baptiste sat and watched old Zuboff work he would talk of his son, of the changed and changing ways of his household, of the growing demands of Clorinda. This and the other thing she must have—lace for that infant, yessir, made by the nuns at the convent; a baby-buggy with canopied top, all silk and velvet and tassels, to wheel that child around in the yard same as if he was big-folks. Baptiste would grunt and throw out his hands, but in his heart he was pleased.

"Bah!" he complained, "a prince we got. Nothing ain't good enough. That baby he ruin me, Zuboff. He got to live just like a king."

The goings-on of Baptiste's family were, indeed, the talk of the countryside; living like big-folks, yessir, just because, with children as common as pig tracks, old Granny Loon had fetched 'em one po' lil' baby.

"Well, now, for suppose we do that way whenever *we* get us a baby!" women said to their husbands, rolling their eyes.

Baptiste's old adobe house, with its sagging roof and its paved courtyard in the rear, was hilarious night and day with relatives come to take potluck—like a party that would go on forever. And when at home, four times a day Baptiste made coffee and four times passed it around. Always wine a-flowing too, to pledge the young child's health. His male relatives began to view Baptiste with heightened respect and to ask his advice about corn and cotton and the raising of young pigs. But the female ones, as was the custom, ignored him pleasantly; and this, too, enchanted Baptiste.

"Howdy, Papa!" they would call, impudently. "Howdy, Papa Grabbo!"

And away they would bustle to talk with Granny of broths and brews and teas; of the merits of sassafras root boiled down to make the milk come fast; of this, that, and the other thing that women have always known.

Impossible to work. Out in the fields the darkies sang all day and half the night. And the place, despite its joyousness, was going to wrack and ruin because Olaf, the sullen young fool, was always a-fishing under a tree, seduced by the old witch-river. Time and again Baptiste made up his mind to bring Olaf to task; but he himself was filled with exquisite lassitude. And on those rare occasions when there were no petticoats about, the lure of the cradle drew him to sit and gaze at the baby, or sing his queer little lullabies, always

about the moon—the great big yellow nigger-moon that rose up out of the swamp. . . .

Three weeks of this while Zuboff worked: and then of a sudden, putting an end to festivity, August had come like a smothering blanket; and all the breath and bloom of summer had rotted to a stench.

On a certain morning during this month a log wagon drawn by three yoke of oxen set out from Natchitoches, toiling painfully over the rutted roadways where the weeds were rank and heavy with dust. Propped upright in the wagon were Baptiste's beautiful monuments, the lovely spreading angel-wings bulging in fantastic fashion under layers of cotton sacking. There were cloud shadows running far and sweet across the fields that morning, but no rain; and at noon, as the oxen grunted under a blazing sun, buzzards wheeled and floated against a sky that showed through the trees in splotches of hot hard blue. It was late afternoon when the wagon reached the Grabbo burying-ground.

Here Baptiste and Zuboff and Zuboff's sons got out and erected the shafts—the one on the left for Clorinda, the one on the right for Baptiste. "Like when you lay in bed," Baptiste insisted. For this would be their marriage-bed, eternal in the heavens.

The burying-ground of the Grabbos is nearly a mile from the house in a secluded spot that the negroes shun on the edge of the Indian pinewoods: six bayberry bushes, three cedars; and among the tangled grasses many a Spanish cross. When Zuboff and his sons had gone, Baptiste spent an hour gathering branches of leaves and flowers and trailing honeysuckle. He found some old, old roses too, and masses of golden love-bine; and he made them into garlands and draped them over the stones so that they covered the wreaths and the angels and Zuboff's so-beautiful verses.

Finally, having looked upon his labor and seen that it was good, he sat down

on a stump to make his plans. That night when the moon rode high, he decided, he would put Clorinda on the back of his pony and lead her across the cotton fields and up to the edge of the woods. And there he would unveil his shining tributes, unveil them of leaves and of flowers. It would be her first excursion since the baby came, and she would laugh in the mocking way he loved. And because she could not read, he, who knew them by heart, would recite the verses to her while she traced them with her finger: "*Clorinda, the Wife of Baptiste Grabbo, and Mother of his Son.*" He knew how her eyes would look, strange eyes that eluded you so that you had to search for them like flowers in the grass. . . . The moon would spill white magic. Who could tell but that here amid the dead she would give him of her love, she so stingy with kisses! She would be all in white; and as he looked at her he would see her head, Madonna-wise, hallowed against the moon. . . .

And later, of course—Baptiste chuckled—in a day or so, perhaps, he would have all the relatives out to a gumbo-supper or something; and maybe he'd make 'em a speech!

Baptiste felt the need of coffee, thick and strong and black. He straggled to his feet and trailed along through the fields toward home. The sun had gone, raw and flaming; and already mosquitoes were stirring—great, filmy, floating things as they get to be in August. The canebrake looked snaky and the bilious breath of cotton blooms hung low like a sickly incense. Baptiste walked slowly, dragging his feet. It was the season of three-day chills. When he reached home it was good dusk.

Old Granny was sitting on the gallery, alone with the baby. She seemed surprised to see him and a little anxious.

"How come yo' done come back fum town?" she wanted to know. "How come yo' don't stay all night at Zuboff's, like yo' say?" She squinted at him suspiciously and puffed on her corncob

pipe. "How come yo' ain't gone an' git drunk, same as always?"

Baptiste smiled. One corner of his mouth turned up and the other down. "Where is the lil' mama?" he inquired. "What you got her a-doing now, old woman, with your hoodoo tricks and such?"

Old Granny looked at him, then veiled her eyes. She seemed withdrawn and mystic. Suddenly she spoke out, something indignant and venomous in her drawling, cool old voice. "Hit been mos' four week since dat baby come," she recited; "an' all dat time she a-pesterin' me to let her take a walk. Jest down by de gate. An' all in good time, I keep tellin' her. De ladies in town, *dey* minds what I say. Six week, an' *den* take a walk. But to-night . . . out she go. Jest like wild hosses was pullin' her."

Baptiste mopped his streaming face. The baby, naked but for a swab of flannel about his belly, lay on a pallet and stared at the moon. Now and then he squirmed, with a quick little wrench as of pain. Baptiste regarded him anxiously. "The lil' feller . . . is he sick?" he asked, the ever-present fear tight at his heart.

"Colic," old Granny grumbled. "Dey all has de colic. Dem dat is hearty."

A surge of pride, intense, unreasonable, poured into Baptiste's heart: a nice healthy baby with colic. Well . . . he liked it that his baby was just as other babies. And then a hot resentment flamed within him, a primitive ache to hear his mate a-crooning over a cradle. "The lil' feller got colic," he grunted, "well, why ain't she a-singing, then? She belong here, where the baby got colic."

Granny grunted behind the cypress-vines and slapped at the flies with her fan. She looked like one of the fates sitting there, the old tragic one with the shears. She pulled herself up and suggested coffee, and creaked across the floor in her flat bare feet. But Baptiste shook his head. "I b'lieve I go find

Clorinda," he said, dispiritedly. "I go find that baby's mama. He need her a-singing."

Down by the gate he looked. But no mutinous wife was walking in the shadows. The front yard was matted and rank with weeds, and the stench of the cotton blooms hung sickly sweet, head high. A plume of lilac brushed his face as if she had just passed; the pale mist of crêpe-myrtle trees closed languidly about him.

And then, suddenly, Baptiste saw her through some bushes. She was stealing, gliding soundlessly (blood of an Indian squaw!). She wore something bright in her hair, something bright and festive like a star. She had on shoes and stockings. . . .

He opened his mouth to call her, but as he did he saw that she was taking the path which led through the fields to the burying-ground; and a terrible thought came to him: had one of the niggers been spying? Did she know about the gravestones?

She began to run—Granny was right—as if wild horses were pulling her. Baptiste, keeping to the trees along the river, followed draggingly. In places the river was choked with scum and pinkish water-hyacinths, as if—with death in its heart—it had woven a shroud for itself and had strewn it with flowers. Above it hung an evil moon, a yellow witch in a mist that drew the cotton blooms unto itself and spilled them back to the earth. From remote and outlying cabins Baptiste could hear low snatches of song, and he knew that the niggers about the place were sitting in their doorways—half naked, and half asleep, and half crazy with the heat and the cotton scent. . . . Now and then there was chanting . . . and stealing shapes in the fields; for there is a night life that goes on among negroes as it does among beasts and insects—creatures that see in the dark and prowl and flit. . . .

Baptiste now saw Clorinda flash through the sugar-cane patch on the

edge of the burying-ground. He stole after her. Her slim arms, out-straying to the brambles, had a soft expectancy about them—Madonna-arms, rocking. There was hidden joy in her swift sure flight.

And now, ten feet away, white against the cedars, white against the bayberry bushes, white against the roses of the dead—Baptiste saw her go into Olaf's arms. The moon was a lover's moon by now, beginning to float and run; and in its path they stood with the soft breast of a pine tree pushed against them. They were just in front of the garlanded monuments, standing on the place that would yawn some day to receive unto itself sweet human flesh. . . . And it seemed to Baptiste's fevered gaze that one of the terrible angels was holding a flaming sword above their heads. . . .

He sank down presently upon the trunk of a fallen cedar, a movement that made a swishing sound like a wood creature stirring. He felt cold under his shirt, benumbed. He didn't know how long he had been sitting there when Clorinda stole away. . . . Once he had heard Olaf say, "To-morrow night . . . if he goes to town, you come to me. Get away from that old hag of a granny. I'll be waiting, girl, same as always." The sullen insolent voice of Olaf the tramp!

Baptiste got to his feet and straggled back to the house.

The following day Baptiste spent off in the woods and fields, making arrangements, perfecting his plans, a terrible woe in his eyes so that he had to return to the house at intervals and drink coffee, heavy and strong and black. During these intervals he avoided the baby—the little son that his saint had sent. And whenever it cried, Baptiste in agony would put his trembling fingers in his ears. 'Cose now, he conceded, the little saint had managed as well as he could; the little blue saint in the grotto whose business it was to look after him and who did it rather well, all things con-

sidered. Take those gravestones, for example: they, or one of them, would come in pretty handy; and who but his saint, with foresight rare, had led him to erect them? . . . But now, of course, there was business to do. And he alone must do it; a duty inevitable, according to his code.

Clorinda? . . . He shrugged his shoulders and dismissed her. She was after all a woman, a young woman and a fool. A few drinks and a few "Hail Marys" and he could in time forgive her. He even felt a certain sorrow for her, so radiant she had been. Well, she would say (she and Granny) that the river had swallowed Olaf—he was always slipping his evil body deep in its bilious slime. And Granny would remind them of what people have always said: that when a stranger drinks of the waters of the Cane he can never leave the land of Natchitoches. Yes, when they went to look for Olaf they would cross themselves and lament that the river had swallowed him up.

At twilight the heat was intense; and the big sullen moon, shoving a dusky shoulder over the edge of the swamp, brought with it a desperate booming of bullfrogs. The baby was fretful again, but now Clorinda sat on the gallery and held it in her arms, her eyes brooding dark in the gloom.

Baptiste got up presently and yawned, and moved off into the shadows. He slipped through the fields and was first at the tryst. And when he saw Olaf coming he stepped out into the moonlight with something hoofed and horned and forked about him. . . .

The Indian in Baptiste performed the deed with neatness and despatch, so that Olaf for an instant knew only a face before him—high cheek bones, thin straight lips, and comic eyes that were sad. The Spanish in Baptiste dug the grave and the French tossed a rose upon it.

But the something unaccounted for that made him what he was sent him dragging back to the house, his face the

color of leaves. Clorinda had gone to bed and had taken the baby with her. But old Granny was waiting for him behind the cypress-vines. She peered at him out of the darkness. "Lawd-a-mighty, man," she said, "I 'spec' I go make yo' some coffee."

Baptiste gave her a faint smile and his familiar hunch of the shoulders. But his voice when he spoke had lost its music. It was the old flat voice of despair.

"I thank you, Granny Loon," he said; "but me, I b'lieve not to-night. Not nothing, if you will excuse me. I feel—" He touched his stomach—"I feel . . . moved inside myself."

Above him down the rickety stairs there sounded a little wail—thin and strange and very, very young.

It is lazy and sweet along the Côte Joyeuse and on into the piney red-clay hills; for Time has been kind to Nat-chitoches. At the Resurrection season every year an Art Colony descends upon it with pallet and brush to paint its decaying witchery against the glory of massed crêpe-myrtles. There are little shops along St. Denis Street where you can buy flamboyant postcards, stating in wreaths of roses "This is the land God remembers."

How beautifully, indeed, He remembers! . . . A church still reaching its golden domes to the blue, wide summer sky; a river no longer willful since the Chamber of Commerce, smugly entrenched behind wrought-iron balustrades, has diverted its meanderings and confined it into a lake. "The Beautiful and Dammed," as the young artists call it.

The town itself looks on at all this pleasant exploitation like a little old high-born exquisite lady laughing up her sleeve. . . . At certain seasons of the year the breath of sweet-olive still blows delicately.

On a dewy summer morning the great bell in the domed cathedral, having just come back from Rome, began to toll. There were numbers of cars parked

along St. Denis Street and in front of the courthouse where, if you be so minded, you can still loaf and invite your soul. And people drawled to one another, "Well, I wonder who's dead."

A few of the idly curious about the coffee stalls began to count the strokes of the bell: "Thirteen . . . fourteen . . . fifteen—"

Now it is said that for each of these mellow golden dropping balls of sound (you can count up to twenty between them) you must pay one good dollar bill. Take a rich man, now: when he dies, say the wise ones, the tolling is greatly prolonged. Occasionally, if the deceased be poor, a hat will be passed around among his relatives, who contribute to the tolling-fund according to their pockets, the generosity of their hearts, and the amount of family pride they possess.

"Twenty-two . . . twenty-three . . . twenty-four—"

The loafers around the coffee stalls were becoming elated now. They began to speculate, "What you bet? I bet you the Mayor's dead."

To one side of the courthouse, in the shade of a giant magnolia, there was a little group of boys sitting astride a barrel and being cleverly painted by three young ladies in knickers. They were stunted, tragic-eyed little fellows, and curiously apathetic. But when the bell stopped tolling they crossed themselves and looked at one another in awe. "Heylaw, well . . . she's gone," they said. "Old lady Grabbo's dead."

Old Baptiste had passed on in the same manner many years before.

Up in the lazy red-clay hills the relatives had been gathering for hours to the bedside of Madame Clorinda (such was her title among them!). They came, some of them, driving shiny new Fords; others, whole families together, creaked along in wagons behind undersized scrawny old horses. Out at the Grabbo house everybody kissed everybody else and whispered in mournful

eagerness: "She's sinking. Yessir, the doc he say that she can't last out the night."

But the bloated old creature was three days a-dying, a death like that of a princess. And during this time of her soul's travail she talked incessantly of the monument which, it seemed, had been erected for her long ago in the family burying-ground. Her dim thoughts, fitful and already strange with eternity, were full of it: how that her husband, himself asleep this many a year, had bought it with his own in Natchitoches; how handsome it was, so that people used to journey miles to see it; how that every fine Sabbath afternoon she had walked through the fields with bouquets of waxy cape jasmine to lay among the grasses and the blowing buttercups—one for Baptiste and one for herself, in the place that would yawn wide for her.

Three days of this, and then she lay ponderous in death; and according to

her dying wish, word was dispatched to town to have the bell tolled sixty times, once for each of her years. Two at her head and two at her feet the tall white candles burned, while outside in the soft air that was languid and sweet with summer the negroes began to sway and rock; and her relatives, standing about in store-bought clothes as if bid to a marriage feast, drank coffee and said among themselves it had been a most beautiful passing.

And then something happened. There came riding a man on horseback. He was a distant cousin and he was one of the gravediggers, it seemed. His clothes were caked with mud, and buttercups stuck weirdly in his hair. He looked frightened (Holy Mother preserve us!) and he said that in digging the grave of the deceased beside that of her husband, in the Grabbo burying-ground, they had come upon a human skeleton cradled in what remained of a hastily-constructed old yellow-pine box.

VALENTINE TO ONE'S WIFE

BY JOHN ERSKINE

HEARTS and darts and maids and men,
Vows and valentines, are here;
Will you give yourself again,
Love me for another year?

They who give themselves forever,
All contingencies to cover,
Know but once the kind and clever
Strategies of loved and lover.

Rather let the year renew
Rituals of happiness;
When the season comes to woo,
Let me ask, and you say yes.

Love me for another year!
Here is heaven enough to climb,
If we measure, now and here,
Each delicious step of time.

CAN LABOR RULE?

The Political Problem of To-morrow

BY A. G. GARDINER

(Why was Ramsay MacDonald defeated? Will the Liberal Party ever recover? When and how will Labor return to power? These questions are in the mind of every observer of English politics to-day. No man is better fitted to answer them than the former Editor of the London *Daily News*, whose intimate knowledge and political sagacity give to his statements the weight of authority.—*Editor's Note.*)

THE year that has just closed will be a landmark in the history of British politics. In its first months it witnessed the consummation to which the democratic movement had been advancing for centuries. Executive power, which had descended from kings to barons and from barons to knights of the shire, and so on with the extension of the Parliamentary institution to the landed aristocracy, to the professional classes, and to the middle classes, had at last passed to Labor—to the manual worker, the miner from the coalpit, the engine driver from the train, the carpenter from the bench, the laborer from the docks. During the spring and summer the country watched the great experiment of a Labor Government with mixed feelings—hopes and fears, approval and disapproval—but on the whole with a general agreement that things might have been worse. At the start there had been some panic among the propertied class, and people anxious about their money had sought security by converting it into dollars; but this alarm subsided and the end of the parliamentary session in August was reached without catastrophe, with the Government still in power, with much good work and one conspicuous achievement to its credit, and with every prospect of remaining in office for a considerable time.

Then suddenly a storm sprang up in

the autumn, mainly over the proposal to guarantee a loan to Soviet Russia; an election followed, provoked by the Government's refusal to hold an inquiry into the charge that they had interfered with the administration of justice in regard to the prosecution of Campbell, the editor of a Communist paper, and the Government was swept from office by an anti-Socialist hurricane of almost unprecedented violence. Thus the episode ended as suddenly and tumultuously as it had begun. It stands at present an isolated incident in the story of the governance of England, but it sends its shadow over the future. It is an omen that means much. What does it import? What was the measure of its success or failure? Why did the Government come into existence? Why did it fall? What are the prospects of its revival?

When I had the privilege of addressing the Economic Society of New York in December, 1919, on the subject of the growth of the Labor movement in England I said that the advent of a Labor Government in the not distant future was assured. But if I had been told then that the prophecy would be fulfilled within four years I should have thought the forecast more than improbable. It was less than a generation since the political Labor movement had

come into existence. It began on that day in 1892 when James Keir Hardie, the Ayrshire miner, newly elected member for West Ham, was driven up to the House of Commons clothed in cloth cap, tweed suit, and flannel shirt, and accompanied by a band. The polite world scoffed at the vulgarity or shuddered at the outrage, according to its humor. But the event was historic—it marked the emergence of a new force in politics. It was a prophet who came—a prophet in “ill country clothes,” as Sir Philip Warwick once said of a certain new member named Cromwell—a mournful-eyed prophet, speaking in accents as rugged and uncouth as his garb. There had been miners in Parliament before, but though definitely representing their class they had preached no subversive doctrine and had accepted without qualification the Liberal view. But Keir Hardie inaugurated a political party which renounced the existing parties equally as representing capital, and aimed at transferring the executive power of the State to the working classes. It seemed the dream of a visionary, and Keir Hardie died without seeing the proletariat visibly nearer the Treasury benches.

But the War telescoped the years. It did more. It suppressed the Liberal Party, which, being involved in the War, was put out of action as a propagandist force and left the discontents in the constituencies to be exploited by Labor. When the War ended, Labor had become the second party in the State. It had been heavily recruited from the Liberal ranks, largely owing to the disruptive tactics of Mr. Lloyd George who wanted to make the Coalition of Liberals and Conservatives—set up during the War—a permanent institution. His purpose was defeated by the Die Hard Conservatives who succeeded in throwing Mr. Lloyd George overboard to scramble back on the Liberal ship if he could and, appealing to the country, won a decisive victory over both Liberals and Labor in 1922. But within twelve months the

Conservative Government committed suicide.

For forty years the underlying motive of the Conservative Party has been the re-establishment of a Protective system, but since the crushing overthrow of the Chamberlain crusade in 1906 the motive had been suppressed. The dead embers, however, were suddenly fanned into flame in the autumn of 1923. Encouraged by the obstinate depression in trade, the Conservative temper of the time, and the civil war raging in the opposition between Liberals and Labor, the Protectionists in the Government pushed their amiable but undistinguished leader, Mr. Baldwin, “over the top” to storm the Free Trade position and snatch the verdict that Chamberlain had failed to win. It was a grotesque miscalculation. The country rose to the defense of Free Trade. The Liberal Party was galvanized into life by the challenge to its cardinal doctrine, and the Labor Party took its stand on the same ground. In spite of the fact that Liberals and Labor fought each other ruthlessly in the constituencies, the Protectionist policy was routed from the field and Mr. Baldwin's gamble issued in the astonishing accession of Labor to office.

I say office rather than power. The Labor Party had not a majority of the House. They were inferior in strength to the Conservative Party, and they owed office to the fact that they were put there by the support of the Liberals. Mr. Asquith had given them that support on the simple and logical ground that the Conservatives, having appealed to the country on Protection and having been beaten, must abide the verdict of the electorate. They had lost the confidence of the country and of the House and could not remain in power. Whatever the new Government, it must be one which accorded with the decision of the country on the vital issue which had been raised. In these equivocal circumstances Labor



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THE PREMIER WITH MRS. BALDWIN AT CHEQUERS

took its seat on the Treasury bench for the first time in history. It has been suggested that, in pursuing the course he took, Mr. Asquith designed to establish himself in office. The failure of Labor according to this view of his intention would be prompt and indisputable, and on the break-up of the Government the King would have no alternative but to send for Mr. Asquith.

This idea of Mr. Asquith's motive could be entertained only by people who had no appreciation of his character.

There has never been in English political life a man of more disinterested and public-spirited character. He has stood aloof from the bargainings and vulgarities of politics with a certain proud scorn which has disregarded the cheap popularity that more artful men know how to cultivate and turn to profit. He has consistently erred on the side of reserve, and has borne contumely and slander with silence or at most with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. The one passion which has burned in

him steadily through all his public career has been his devotion to that great constitutional system of government which is the most splendid contribution his country has made to the thought of the world. His loyalty to that idea permits of no exceptions and, a situation having arisen in which constitutional practice demanded that Labor should have the responsibility of forming a government, no consideration of fear or of party strategy was allowed to compromise his action.

But it was obvious that in accepting office in these conditions the Labor Party were accepting it on probation and under severe restraints. Two courses were before them. They could use their opportunity to place before the country from the Treasury Bench the more advanced Socialistic theories they had propagated out of office, and having done so, seize an occasion—as Mr. Baldwin had done on Protection—to appeal to the country on the general ground of Socialism. Alternatively, they could pursue a moderate line, accept the capitalistic system in its broad aspects while making an academic disavowal of it, aim at winning public confidence in their capacity to govern, and accept the support of the Liberals with civility if not with gratitude. The pursuit of either of these courses would have been intelligible. The pursuit of both was neither intelligible nor possible, but that was what they attempted and the hurricane of October 29th was the consequence.

It is necessary here to take what in the film world is called a "close-up" of the Labor Party. It is customary, especially for the purposes of a panic propaganda, to regard the Labor Party as a movement dominated by Marxian Socialism. That view does not accord with the facts. Theoretic Socialism has never taken deep root in the English mind. The typical Englishman, whether of the working class or of the middle class, is little given to theorizing—he is

practical and empirical. He loves freedom in all its forms and is at bottom unalterably individualistic in his thought and sympathies. He may advocate state ownership of public franchises, and public control of common activities in which disinterested management seems necessary to the common welfare; but the doctrinaire philosophy of the socialization of industry for the mere love of the theory does not appeal to him.

This, I think, is as true of the mass of the Labor movement as of those outside the movement. That mass is made up to an overwhelming degree of trade unionists, whose chief interest in politics is as the instrument for the amelioration of their industrial and social conditions. They are anti-militarist and anti-imperialist, and they regard Free Trade not merely as a sound economic necessity of an island industrial people but as an element of that free unfettered intercourse of the world which is not so much a theory as a gospel. In all this they do not differ materially from the Liberal Party with which in the past they were politically associated. But attached to them are small but influential groups of theorists whose intellectual influence has imposed on the Labor Party, at least nominally, the doctrines of Socialism. The most important of these groups are the Independent Labor Party and the Fabian Society, of which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Sidney Webb are respectively the most conspicuous representatives. Unrelated to these movements, and springing out of the exceptional and highly combustible conditions of the Clyde, are the frank Communists who openly advocate revolution and the disruption—violent if necessary—of the whole existing society. This movement does not exist in any serious strength outside Glasgow and is so little representative of the Labor movement that at the last annual meeting of the Labor Party the Communists were excluded from the party tabernacle by an overwhelming majority of votes.

From this analysis of the constitution of the Labor Party it will be apparent that there was no insuperable obstacle to its holding office—with the support of the Liberals. That the trade unionists dominated the party was evident from the constitution of the Government. The fact that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald became Prime Minister was due, not to his theories, but to the exceptional place he had established in the parliamentary organization of the party. It was only by a bare majority that he was elected leader of the party, and there is no doubt that if there had been a trade-unionist representative available—of the necessary force and distinction—he would have been preferred. Indeed it was only by something like a piece of sharp practice that the supporters of Mr. MacDonald secured his election as against that of Mr. Clynes, who was the nominee of the trade unionists. Apart from Mr. MacDonald, most of those who held high office in the Government were trade unionists and men of quite moderate opinions who would, with entire content, have worked with the Liberals and within the Liberal scheme of things. That course implied a definite breach with the extremists of the Labor Party and an equally definite

willingness to contemplate an ultimate approximation between—even fusion of—Liberals and Labor.

The policy pursued by the Labor Government in all its main features was consistent with this idea. Of the two courses I have spoken of as being open

to the Labor Government—that of challenging and repudiating the capitalist system, and that of accepting it and modifying it—the latter was frankly adopted. It would not be too much to say that no less revolutionary ministry ever occupied office than that of Mr. MacDonald. It proceeded with extreme caution and even timidity. Its evident desire to win public confidence and avoid any extravagant departure led it to place itself in the hands of the Civil Service to a degree unknown in the case of any previous ministry. It is generally agreed that during 1924 the country was governed



International Newsreel

MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD

Assistant Secretary of Labor in the MacDonald government and the first woman Cabinet officer in British history.

by the permanent officials.

Even that most formidable of Socialists, Mr. Sidney Webb, was discovered in office to be as mild as any sucking dove. Not a hint came from him of that tornado of subversive legislation which he advocated for nearly forty years. As one of the officials of his department observed to me, "We like Mr. Sidney

Webb. He is a most excellent Minister. He always sees the objections to doing anything before they can be pointed out to him." So with Mr. MacDonald himself at the Foreign Office. That he was a most able Foreign Minister and that his share in carrying through the Dawes Plan was such as to shed luster upon his term of office is universally admitted. But it is true also that the Foreign Office officials never had a chief who relied more upon their advice and judgment, and it is notorious that they would have dreaded the return of the autocratic rule of Lord Curzon from which Mr. MacDonald delivered them. Mr. Snowden, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was, next to Mr. MacDonald, the most effective Minister; but the Budget he produced, so far from being revolutionary, was conceived in the true Gladstonian spirit and was welcomed by the Liberals as a triumph for their principles. I met one of Mr. Snowden's most considerable colleagues in the Cabinet at lunch the day after the Budget was produced and congratulated his party on so sound a Liberal achievement. He was not hurt. He was gratified. "Of course," he said, "Philip (Snowden) is a good Liberal—as I am."

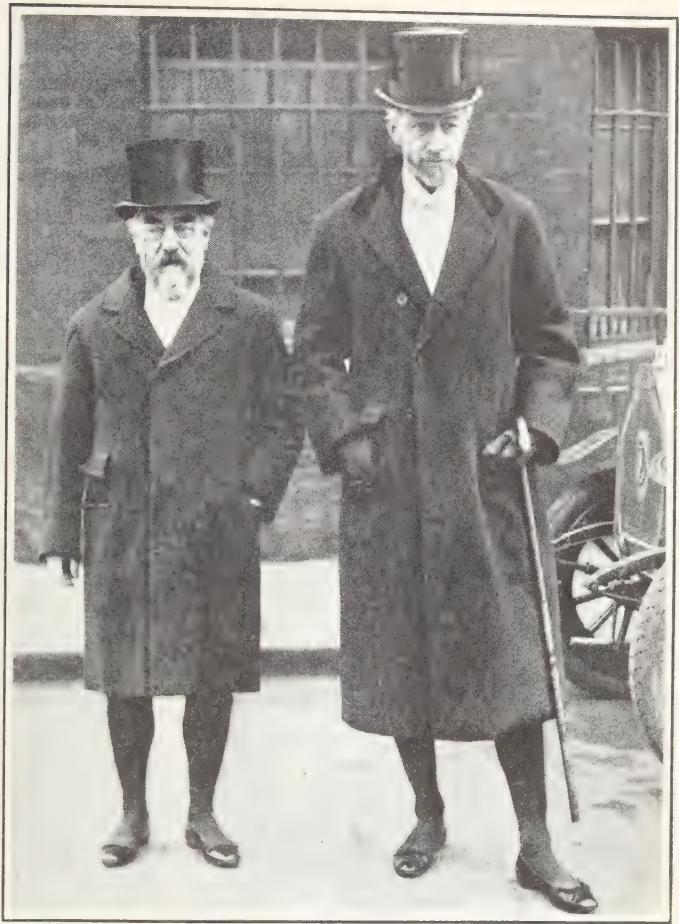
In no direction was anything done which could awaken the alarm of the most timid capitalist, and the criticism that was most frequently made by the Liberals was not that the Government were going too fast but that they were not going fast enough. They had in opposition aroused such expectations of drastic change that their excessive caution in office made them fair game for good-humored chaff. They were peculiarly vulnerable on the subject of unemployment. This great question had been the chief subject of domestic concern for four years, and the Labor Party had been unceasing in the criticism of successive governments because of their failure to find a remedy for it; but their own record in the matter was one of complete sterility. Only in one connection did they venture to introduce a

first-class measure. Next to unemployment the most urgent domestic problem was the lack of housing accommodation. The country is short of a million houses, and it is notorious that one of the chief causes of the Communism of Glasgow is the infamous conditions in which the working classes of that great city are condemned to live. Scheme after scheme had been put forward by the post-war governments for dealing with the housing scandal but they had been defeated by two things: the building rings which devoured every subsidy and made houses more costly than ever, and by the trade unions which would not permit non-union labor and who notoriously practiced restriction of output in the most flagrant and deliberate way. Mr. Wheatley, the Minister of Health in the Labor Government, produced a scheme which was at last to give the country cheap and plentiful houses. He was the one member of the Cabinet who represented the extreme attitude of the Clyde. An Irish Catholic of Glasgow, with all the Irish genius for the political game, he is like others of his colleagues himself something of a Capitalist but he belongs to the Left in opinions and he alone among his colleagues continued to talk Socialism, if not Communism, in office. His bill was a lamentable deal with the building rings, the immediate effect of which was to raise substantially the cost of building materials. It did not touch the crucial problem of non-union labor or the restriction of output, and though it passed into law it was and is likely to remain a dead letter.

What then, in sum, have we to say of the achievements of Labor in office? They had been admirable in the field of Foreign affairs and in finance: they had wisely modified the attitude to Russia, restored good relations with France, carried through the Dawes Plan and so started Europe on a more hopeful path; defeated the mischievous proposal to build a naval station at Singapore, cancelled the equally mischievous project of Imperial Preference; abolished

the Safeguarding of Industries duties and the McKenna duties (and with them the last items of Protection that were the legacy of the War), and produced a Budget which had been universally welcomed as a piece of sound finance and wise statesmanship. In all this there was no challenge to Liberal opinion, no hint of revolutionary purpose, and no indication that the second policy I have referred to was in mind. So far as action was concerned the Government seemed to be moving towards a sort of permanent understanding with Liberalism for the achievement of the ends they had in common. Why then did the crash come?

The answer to this question brings us to a personal issue. I do not think that in any quarter it would be seriously denied that the chief author and begetter of the election was Mr. MacDonald. There was nothing either in the Campbell case or in the Russian Treaty which would have prevented an accommodation if he had desired an accommodation. But for some reason still not clear he rode for a fall. He was the only member of his Cabinet who so rode. On the fatal night in the House when he was defeated on the Campbell inquiry, the air of the Lobby was thick with the wails and indignations of his colleagues at what they regarded as the infatuated way in which Mr. MacDonald was rushing on to destruction. One of the most important Ministers, as the evening wore on, said to a friend of



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“AS MILD AS ANY SUCKING DOVE”

Sydney Webb (left) “that most formidable of Socialists,” with Noel Buxton, Minister of Agriculture in the Labor Government, wearing knee-breeches for a royal levee at the Palace.

mine, “There are six hundred and fourteen members of this House who want to avoid a rupture and an election. There is one member who is determined to have both, and that is the P.M.” Men like Mr. Snowden and Mr. Thomas made no concealment of their feeling.

What was the motive working in Mr. MacDonald’s mind? It is a difficult question to answer, for there is no more obscure person in public life than he. I have known him pretty intimately for twenty-five years without ever getting behind his barbed-wire defenses. That, I think, is a common experience. There is a dark secretiveness in him that keeps

intimacy at bay. It is a secretiveness which, unlike that of Mr. Lloyd George, is not disguised by a gay, debonair appearance of frankness. He never laughs and when he smiles he smiles mournfully. He carries with him the gloom of the Highlands and comes into your midst with a claymore in one hand and the Shorter Catechism in the other. With the one he seems to cleave your body in twain and with the other he consigns your soul to everlasting torment. His friends are few but his antagonisms are many. There is in him a certain rancorous censoriousness which governs his public action. If you want to know what he will do on a given question it is advisable to know what is the position of some one else to whom he is personally hostile.

This genius of his for hostility is not limited to persons—it extends to parties. His fierce animosity towards the Liberal Party is sometimes accounted for by the fact that he began life as a Liberal and was hurt by the failure to secure adoption as candidate for Southampton thirty years ago. The hostility, however, did not prevent him from coquetting with the Liberals in 1913 when he was suspected by his party of being much too friendly with Mr. Lloyd George. But the War, and the ostracism he suffered during the War, broke whatever compacts they had in view, and when the tumultuous political seas that followed the War threw him miraculously to the head of affairs—the first Prime Minister in history who had reached that giddy eminence at one stride from the back benches—it was plain that he had no civilities to spare for the party which had put him in office. His colleagues, almost without exception, recognized the obligation and showed that they were prepared to accept the conditions which the obligation imposed. Not so Mr. MacDonald. His brusque, resentful attitude towards the Liberals was a subject of universal comment, and as the Session advanced it became evident that

he was less concerned with remaining in office than with discrediting the party which alone kept him there.

This fact, coupled with the continuous propaganda against the Liberals which his supporters were conducting in the constituencies, made a rupture imminent. Mr. Snowden, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Clynes worked ceaselessly to avoid it; but the proposal to guarantee a loan to Russia under conditions that the most elementary considerations of public policy rejected brought the relations of the two parties to a crisis. Mr. Asquith still held his hand and wrote a letter which showed that he was anxious to avoid overthrowing the Government. But Mr. Lloyd George had no such scruples. He had writhed under the humiliation of supporting another party in power and of being under subjection to a Minister with whom, in the days of his greatness, he had coquetted as a humble instrument of his strategy. He still cherished the hope of reviving the Coalition and returning to office with Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead as his colleagues, and he leaped at the Russian Treaty with a fury that stampeded the Liberal Party. The Liberal members, returning from the constituencies—where they had found their position being undermined by the party they were supporting at Westminster—were spoiling for a fight, and they found Mr. MacDonald in the mood to gratify them. He threw aside with almost brutal emphasis the olive branch that Mr. Asquith held out to him at the eleventh hour and that all his colleagues wished him to accept, and rushed headlong to the country. If he could not win a verdict for himself, he could at least crush the party which stood in his way to ultimate and unembarrassed power.

If that was his main calculation, as I think it was, he may be said to have succeeded beyond his wildest expectations. At the cry of "Bolshevism" the country rose in a wave of panic. With an irony

that was intelligible, if illogical, it visited its chief resentment on the party that had brought the downfall of the Government on the very issue of lending money to the Soviet Government. This resentment left the Liberal Party an almost pathetic derelict on the political waters, so negligible as to be alike useless for Mr. Lloyd George's purpose of restoring the Coalition, and incapable of exercising any moral influence upon a House of Commons as overwhelmingly reactionary in constitution as any in history. So far as one can see, Mr. MacDonald's strategy has completed the work of destruction which Mr. Lloyd George began with the election of 1918, and the illustrious party of Charles James Fox, of Gladstone, and of Bright is destined henceforth to be a supernumerary on the British stage. When the inevitable revulsion comes, Labor will be the acknowledged alternative to Conservatism. Mr. MacDonald has gambled with very precious things to win a party predominance, but it can hardly be denied that he has gambled successfully.

On the night of the poll I stood in the great hall of the Reform Club where the results were being announced and posted. As the astonishing character of the swing to the right became apparent a distinguished public man turned to me and said, "In three years there will be as violent a swing to the Left, and Labor will stand where Conservatism stands to-night." In the unstable condition of British politics it may be so. It depends on many things. It depends on the wisdom or unwisdom of the new Government. Its prospects are good. Mr. Baldwin has learned his lesson over Protection and clearly means to pursue an enlightened policy. He has formed a strong government, not of Die Hards but of able and moderate men, and if he can lift industrial depression and disembarass the country of the burden of unemployment, he may stave off the triumph of Labor for years. Moreover, Labor has far to travel before it can

hope to get a working majority of the House independent of other parties. It will never again, in its present temper, be put in office by the Liberals, and though the Liberals have been stricken in the House they will long remain a power in the country. Labor has captured the towns, but it has not yet made the shadow of an impression in the rural constituencies, and without support from these constituencies it cannot look for independent power.

Then, too, much depends on the development of Labor. There is a sharp cleavage in its ranks between the trade-union moderates (who are in all essentials Liberals) and the Communists—who are in close touch with Russia, speak of the Soviet as "the beacon light of the world," and have no use for the Labor Party except in so far as they can use it for revolutionary ends. The breach between the two schools would have been final if Labor had continued in office for another year; but the fall of the Labor Government has postponed the rupture. [That event cannot fail to come, however, for the feeling is bitter and the Communists will force the pace at all costs. When it comes, the main body of the Labor movement, stripped of its revolutionary element, prepared to work the existing system of society and to modify it in constitutional, if drastic, ways, will become the true inheritor of the Liberal movement and will absorb more and more of the vital force of that party. Then it will return to power—not as a caretaker of another party but in its own right. But it has to clear itself once and for all of Communism before it can hope to take office again. The constitutional motive is too deeply rooted in England to be overthrown. That was the lesson of the hurricane of October 29, 1924. It did not mean that the country is reactionary or even that it is opposed to the rule of Labor; but it did mean that the mere suggestion of revolutionary sympathies or purpose in any government is enough to sweep it out of existence.]

THE ALIENIST IN COURT

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M. D.

EXPERT journalists maintain that the substance of a story should be contained in the first paragraph. Hence I make the unqualified statement: Expert medical testimony is held in lower esteem after each notorious trial. It cannot go much further before it becomes valueless. Many believe it is now more iniquitous than virtuous, and that by it justice is oftener hindered and defeated than facilitated and promoted. This is a lamentable state of affairs. There is such a thing as expert knowledge and when a man is in straits, exalted or depressed, it should be possible for him to avail himself of it.

When one thinks he has struck oil or tapped a rich vein he seeks an expert; before he succumbs to the purchase of a Hemingway bureau, a Chinese print, a lacquer screen, or a Fragonard panel he submits them to an expert; before he invests his money, drinks the water of his well, or has his tonsils removed he consults an expert.

He is satisfied with his conduct and his neighbors, friends, and enemies approve it. When his purse, his life, or his sanity are at stake he can get only biased expert opinion!

If he is rich enough he can buy it and he can buy any amount or quality. That is what the public believes. It is an extraordinary state of affairs and it should be discussed with the utmost candor. One who gets his knowledge of medical expert testimony, particularly testimony as to mental states, from reading newspapers is justified in believing that it can be bought. It is bought, and if there is any good reason why it should not be bought it has never been set forth. It is scarcely to be expected that

physicians, distinguished or unsung, should give of their time and talent to state or individual without compensation. They have spent years of hard work, in behalf of those too poor to pay, acquiring knowledge which permits them to call themselves experts and which justifies others in so calling them. When the attorney who cross-examines him says "And, Doctor, you expect to be paid for your testimony?" he hopes a suggestion will reach and permeate the jury that the expert said what he said because of the money he expects to get and not because it is his conviction and belief.

When that part of the public known as the average individual reads the testimony of distinguished or prominent physicians, who are called by the plaintiff, and finds that it does not agree with the testimony of those equally celebrated and experienced who appear for the defendant, or is diametrically opposed to it—he concludes that half of them lied. Unfortunately, oftentimes the jury thinks so too, while the judge may be so confused by the inconsistencies and contradictions of the testimony that he instructs the jury to disregard it. In reality they may all be telling the truth.

On what subject, save that one cannot live by bread alone, is man agreed? Suppose one has a pain in the shoulder and after careful inquiry, unaided or aided, he concludes that it is a low-grade inflammation in the connective tissue due to persistent absorption of a small quantity of pus—that is, chronic septic infection. In his search for the source his tonsils are suspected and he asks a

specialist if they should be removed, who answers in the affirmative. The next one he consults tells him he sees no reason why they should come out. If the patient is in adequate funds he may get, let us say, a half-dozen opinions and there will be three for, three against operation. Are the first three lying or are the last three ignorant, or vice versa?

Suppose an investor consults financial specialists. Is there any likelihood that any two of them will give him the same list of securities? One will assure him that power-and-light stocks pay the largest and safest interest and are most likely to appreciate in value; another that the preferred stocks of the seasoned, standard industrials are safest and best; a third that the municipal tax-free bonds are the thing; and so on until he has had as many and as divergent opinions as the man with the painful shoulder. Yet no one would think of calling any of these financiers dishonest.

Do the experts constituting the Supreme Court of the United States agree in their decisions? They all have the same data before them upon which to base their decisions, and yet how frequently they disagree and no one marvels at their conduct. But when medical experts express divergent opinions, half of them are lying!

And this leads to discussion of the quality of medical expert testimony. Two physicians may have had equal advantage of education and experience with the sick, and yet only one of them is an expert witness. The other may not be capable of putting his knowledge before the judge and jury. One of the most pathetic exhibitions of what seemed crass ignorance I have ever witnessed was made by a man who had spent practically his whole life with the insane, and whose opinion of the variety and course of mental disease was held in esteem by his colleagues. He was called with me to give testimony in an important litigation. He could neither tell what he knew nor could he tell comprehensively that which he succeeded in saying.

Then there is the expert who is well qualified by nature but not by study. He has a commanding presence, a pleasing personality, and a fluent, expressive vocabulary. The quality of his testimony may be poor, but it is often given a weight that it does not deserve. The jury takes him at his own valuation.

Then there is the expert who is not an expert at all. The courts permit him to qualify as an expert merely because he is a physician and has seen a case similar to the one in question. What would one think of the judgment of a husband who insisted that his wife's thyroid be removed by the family physician who had once done the operation, when he could have the services of the arch-wizard of Rochester, the master-technician of Cleveland, or the surgical sage of Philadelphia?

Finally, there is the expert witness who is dishonest. Some day a Christopher Tietjens will furnish us the statistics of the number of dishonest persons in each country of the world and the proportion of dishonest to honest. Possibly he will work out man's moral coefficient; but until that is done the only way to cope with the dishonest medical expert is the way of the priest with the sinner: example, persuasion, and prayer. Should he not yield to any or all, publicity is the antitoxin which, though it may not cure him, will make him harmless.

The Alienist is the medical expert toward whom more scornful fingers are pointed than to all others. In fact it has come to such a point that sensitive individuals hesitate to call themselves alienists even though they have devoted their endowment and energies to study of the mind, normal and disordered, during the years of their maturity—for the word is redolent of venality, cupidity, crookedness. The medical profession is largely responsible for this. Should the American Medical Association define a standard of qualification based on study and experience for Alienists and insist that no one can qualify

as an expert without such study and experience, or if he did he may not obtain or retain membership in that powerful organization, the spurious alienist would go the way patent medicines went twenty years ago.

The hypothetical question is the curse of the expert witness. It assumes facts to be established and the expert is asked to answer the question on that assumption. A different set or number of alleged facts are assumed by the plaintiff and the defendant. How could the same answer be correct for both? Counsel for the plaintiff includes only assumed facts which he thinks favorable to the case, and counsel for the defendant does the same. Hence it is never a résumé of all the evidence. However, the hypothetical question cannot be abolished as it is the sole way in which expert opinion concerning a deceased testator can be obtained; but no good or adequate reason can be offered why the rules of evidence should not insist that the hypothetical question contain all the facts in the evidence. Then the expert may assume that they are true and answer the question intelligently, conscientiously, and truthfully.

Naturally the answers must differ as the hypothetical question differs. If the same hypothetical question were submitted to experts for the plaintiff and defendant, expert opinion would not be so contradictory as it is to-day.

In will contests lay witnesses are allowed to describe the actions and words of the testator as they observed him at the time he made the will and prior thereto; and then they are asked the question: "Do these actions, such words and scenes as you have described, appear to you to be rational or irrational?" And the witnesses answer "rational" or "irrational" according to their judgment. The jury knows exactly upon what the witness is forming his opinion, because he is confined to his opinion by his own recitation of the facts. The expert seldom has the privi-

lege of knowing the testator before his death, and he gives his opinion of the capacity of the testator to make a will, and to realize and comprehend its contents, from a hypothetical question made up of assumed facts and circumstances testified to by all the lay witnesses. He is not asked, "Do such facts and circumstances lead you to the opinion that the testator was rational or irrational?" He is asked, "Assuming all these facts to be true, was the testator capable of making a will and understanding its contents?"

The bulk of adverse criticism of medical experts has its source and dissemination in litigations over the testamentary capacity of individuals whose wills are offered for probate in the civil courts and in notorious criminal trials, where the defense of insanity is interposed, because in both courts equally well-known alienists, whose judgments and beliefs are contradictory, testify on each side of the case. But the greatest menace of expert testimony is in the daily routine of the cases that are tried in the civil courts, where doctors are called to substantiate or refute the testimony of litigants. In nearly every negligence case that is tried in New York City—and there are probably several thousands of them every year—we witness the same spectacle: a plaintiff exaggerating his or her injuries and sufferings, supplemented by the family doctor for corroboration. The expert may testify that the plaintiff's injuries are incurable; that in his opinion he may not last long. When, giving testimony two or ten years later, he is confronted with the former patient (now hale and hearty) it does not flabbergast him. He may have made a mistake but, like the batsman, he ought not to have more than three trials before he is struck out.

For years the officers of the courts have been trying to think of some way to overcome this gross imposition upon jurors. Sometimes, when the doctors disagree, the judge will appoint a doctor of his selection as a friend of the court.

This, however, is not controlling upon both sides, but his report is read to the jury and they undoubtedly give it valuation because it comes from an independent source, and the court doctor is subject to cross-examination by both lawyers; and while the independence of his judgment (as he is paid by the State) must have a good deal of weight with the jury, yet the judge is very apt to appoint a political friend whose professional standing and reputation may not be equal to that of the doctors who have testified either for the plaintiff or defendant.

If the doctors on both sides were allowed to describe what they found and to point out the significance of such findings, but were not allowed to give an opinion as to the permanency of the symptoms—the question of permanency being left to a doctor appointed by the trial judge from a list submitted to the courts by the American Medical Association—jurors would be able to arrive at a much more just conclusion than can be reached under the present system. Expert witnesses should either be done away with altogether in probate cases or they should be confined to the same rule that now prevails for lay witnesses, basing their opinions solely upon the facts which they narrate to the jury. The truth is when an equal number of doctors testify on each side and contradict one another, jurors frequently throw out their testimony altogether and decide for themselves the mental capacity of the testator to understand his will and dispose of his own property.

It is not for lack of plan or suggestion that the present method of facilitating justice through the aid of expert medical testimony, reprehensible as it is, is still in vogue. The whole world is agreed that it should be subject to revision and reformation but the difficulty of righting it is enormous, up to now insuperable. We can hope to accomplish it only after an intensive and prolonged campaign of public enlightenment as to what constitutes normality and abnormality of the mind.

I venture to say that I did not talk for several minutes consecutively to any man or woman in Europe last summer who did not ask, "Are those Chicago boys insane or are they just degenerates?" The words insanity and degeneracy must have a very specific meaning in the minds of many. In reality they are as difficult to define as the unpardonable sin.

Everyone who has read *Jane Eyre* knows that Mrs. Rochester was insane, and when everyone (save a few who have given the subject particular attention) says "is so and so insane?" he has a mental picture of Mrs. Rochester or someone similar he has known or read about. When people use the word degenerate they have in mind what Moses discussed in a certain verse of the XXth chapter of Leviticus. While one is waiting to meet one Mrs. Rochester he is likely to encounter a hundred insane, and it is very questionable whether Monsieur de Charlus and his unfortunate kind should be called degenerates.

Students of the mind know that sanity and insanity cannot be defined any more than morality and immorality. The law is very specific on the subject: "A person is not excused from criminal liability as an idiot, imbecile, lunatic or insane person except upon proof that at the time of committing the alleged criminal act he was laboring under such a defect of reason as (1) not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing and (2) not to know that the act was wrong." There is probably not one alienist in the whole world who would say that it is a fair or adequate way of determining insanity.

To pretend, as the law does, that a single test can be comprehensive enough to embrace all forms of abnormal behavior is absurd. A person may know the nature and quality of his act and be quite insane, and he may know the act was wrong and be very insane. Why should a woman afflicted with melancholia who kills herself and her children

pray to God to forgive her if she does not know the act is wrong?

It cannot be too strongly emphasized or too frequently repeated that insanity, so far as the man in the street, the observer, is concerned—is behavior, conduct. One may be as permeated with the insane idea as a rose is with perfume and still be quite sane to his valet, his wife, or his neighbor. It is when the insane idea conditions abnormal behavior that they and others who see or hear of his conduct suspect or are convinced that he is a lunatic. Moreover, the bizarre conduct must have a certain intensity, variety; and particularly it must be prejudicial to the welfare of the possessor: to those with whom he comes in contact, to the community or the country. In other words, it must have quality and quantity which prevent it from being offset, counterbalanced, or sterilized by what may be called conventional or normal conduct. For instance the casual observer walking in the wake of Samuel Johnson and noting how careful he was to tread squarely on every seam in the sidewalk, and with what determination he would return to tread on one that in a moment of distraction he had missed, might suspect the learned doctor of lunacy. But he would be quickly purged of the suspicion by meeting him at the King's Head in Ivy Lane, or by receiving an account of his daily labor from his faithful Achates. And one who has just risen from reading *Le Contrat Social*, convinced of the author's sense of sanity, might be fully justified in thinking that Rousseau was insane had he come upon him in one of his excursions to the country and seen him throwing a stone, in response to his obsession, at every tree he passed. On the other hand, if a member of one's family will take his food only when each mouthful is passed through the armhole of his waistcoat, it matters not how engaging his conversation or attractive his manners, his parents are justified of their profound concern.

The old saw about one swallow and

Spring applies particularly to insanity. No single test can be comprehensive enough to embrace all the varieties of abnormal behavior. So long as expert witnesses are obliged to keep within the rule of our statute in making answer to the question, "Was so and so sane or insane when he did so and so?" just so long will the testimony of that medical expert continue to be what it is now: contradictory. He should confine himself to narrative and description of the conduct of the individual whose sanity is in question, and he should not be called upon to say whether the individual is legally sane or insane. That is a question for the jurors and the judge. If they were told that a man had pain in the side, rapid and difficult breathing, cough and expectoration of mucus and blood, fever and flightiness, it would scarcely be necessary to tell them he had pneumonia in order to convince them that the man was not competent to do his duty as a wage earner, employee, or citizen. It really does not concern them that he has pneumonia, pleurisy, or influenza; they are merely called upon to decide whether he is well enough to discharge his duties.

If he be a genuine expert, *i.e.*, versed in the science that explains behavior, and be permitted time and granted favorable surroundings to observe or study the individual for whom it is being claimed that he is of unsound mind—the expert should be able to put his observations and his elicitations before twelve men in such a way as to permit them to have opinion and judgment of the matter.

A few states have what is called a state observation law under which a person charged with crime, and in whose behalf a defense of insanity is raised, shall be placed for varying periods of observation in a state hospital. The examiners are physicians who have had experience with mental disorder and they are assumed to be impartial. Their opinions and judgments cannot be influenced by fees for they

are paid the same whatever their report may be. Sometimes they agree, sometimes they do not; should a trial follow their report, the state and defendant may still hire medical experts to testify. It does not therefore cure the defects of the present system but is merely an improvement over the method in force in the State of New York and in the majority of the Union. What is needed is a radical cure and this can never be obtained until the legal test is abandoned which has been in operation for the past eighty years.

Our only hope for such abandonment lies through enlightenment of the public about insanity. It will not help us any to attempt to define insanity. It has never been done satisfactorily and there is no earnest that it is within human power to do it. It is no concern of the public that insanity is a disorder of the mind: it is the disorder of conduct that gives significance to insanity.

If legislators, teachers, preachers, hygienists, and publicists will co-operate to tell us specifically what normal conduct is, we shall have no difficulty in deciding who is sane and who insane. All those are sane whose conduct conforms to the standard; but they aver that it is impossible to define such standard, for conduct that would be normal, up to standard under certain circumstances, would be far from normal under others. For instance a man who had met a series of minor disasters and disappointments in his business or profession returns to his home on edge and depressed. He anticipates a good dinner and a sympathetic, understanding listener. Instead of that, the dinner is uneatable and his wife scornful. He not only loses his temper but throws his burnt pork chop, plate and all, in the fireplace, and possibly even meets his wife's taunts with a blow. It does not by any means signify that he is insane, though similar conduct under other circumstances would suggest it. In the same way, with her husband alone, a wife might come to the dinner table

dressed in nightgown and wrapper, her hair in curl papers and her face in make-up. It would be bad taste and poor judgment but not insanity, which it would be were she thus to present herself at a dinner party. Conduct must always be judged by the motives that inspire it and the environment in which it is displayed. In other words, the important matter is the nature and quality of the emotional disturbance which leads to the conduct. It is universally held that self-control is man's most godlike possession: mental disorder and disease undermine this inhibition and eventually destroy it. Morons and high-grade imbeciles lack this inhibitory capacity, or at least any considerable degree of it. The deficit is a part of their mental enfeeblement.

The chief recruiting station of criminals has a signboard bearing the legend "Morons." A moron has intelligence below that of a child of eleven or twelve years. If a normal child of that age does not know the "nature" and quality of the act he is doing (let us say, stealing a piece of pie from the larder) and does not know the act is wrong, how can we conscientiously punish him and what can we expect will come to him from the chastisement? Of course he knows what he is doing, and he knows it is wrong. So does the moron who, swayed by some special temptation or excitement, finds that the magazine in which his inhibition is supposed to be is empty and he commits a crime. The law says he is responsible. Alienists say he is not, or at least not all of the time. The question in these cases and in all cases in which insanity is suspected is: What was the nature and quality of the emotional disturbance which precipitated the overt act, and has the individual who committed it a diseased mind? The true test of responsibility must be the state of consciousness in conjunction with the emotional explosion.

We must abandon the belief, so long held, that insanity is disorder of the intelligence alone. "She is cognizant of

everything that goes on, she understands everything that is said, she is not insane, you know," is a remark that every alienist frequently hears even though the patient be as insane as Nietzsche was. The intellectual field of insane individuals is frequently the last to be affected, and the emotional field the first. The abnormal emotional state need not be continuous: at one time it floods the reason and submerges it; at another it merely sways it. Even fervent admirers of Signor G. Papini's *Life of Christ* admit that an abnormal emotional state disordered his consciousness in 1918 when he publicly lampooned the Lord and gloated in sacrilegious screeds. It would be absurd to say that he did not then know the difference between right and wrong: the emotional disturbance of his consciousness made him unmindful of the feelings of others and oblivious to everything save his determination to voice his burning belief.

Everyone knows that the dividing line between the normal and the abnormal mind cannot be definitely drawn. The alienist, when he is called upon to testify to an individual's sanity, should content himself with pointing out the abnormalities of that mind; then the judge and juror can decide whether he is sane or insane; so long as the decision must be made in conformity with the law, just so long will many insane be subjected to punishment and not to treatment.

About ten years ago my late colleague, Doctor Pearce Bailey, who was keenly alive to the injustice and inadequacy of the rule of our statute concerning insanity, proposed a plan which unfortunately has never been adequately discussed and, more unfortunately, still never tried. The question of responsibility was not to be raised until after the main issue had been settled. It would then be decided by the court, aided by a commission of three alienists appointed by the court to advise its conscience. If the convicted person were found to be

insane when the overt act was committed, he could be pardoned by the Governor or by a pardoning board and then sent to a hospital—there to remain so long as his insanity should continue. When he was alleged to have recovered he should be still kept segregated for such length of time as the commission of alienists who had counseled the court would recommend.

The only objection to the plan is that "influence" might determine the constitution of the commission of alienists. The judge should not have the privilege of nominating them. In a paper on medical expert evidence published a few years ago Mr. Justice Willard Bartlett wrote, "Such a thing is conceivable as that a judge might unwittingly appoint an incompetent official expert who were anything but representative of the best element in the medical profession. I should be sorry to have to be treated by the physician of several able judges whom I have known in past years, and yet I am certain that in each case his physician would have been the first any of these judges would select for medico-legal preferment within his power to bestow."

This disorder of the heart on the part of judges could be readily counteracted. Some official body such as the Academy of Medicine of New York, the State Medical Society, or the American Medical Association might furnish the courts with a list of men who were competent to make up such advisory board, and it could decide what should be their compensation.

This plan would undoubtedly result in reduction of criminality and in economy to the State, and it would quicken justice. It would also stop murder trials from being what they are now—a game between experts and attorneys and a stench in the nostrils of all decent men and women; least important of all, it would permit the medical expert to walk among his fellow men without consciousness that half of them think he is a liar and the other half a demi-god.

BROWNING IN PARC MONCEAU

A Story

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

MISS Melton had been experiencing Paris, experiencing it with pain.

If you have had the kind of early home training that is like a little white pinafore carefully buttoned and tied on your young consciousness, you are very apt to experience your Paris with pain. You have hitherto played with your idea of Paris as you have played with your Lear's *Book of Nonsense*, or you have believed that Paris was something like an essay in cities and that it could be interpreted in the terms of Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Ruskin or Mr. Macaulay . . . then you have gone to Paris and found that it was Paris. In that case, if you are an American you have said, "all right," and "come on"; but in some cases if you are English, you have gone away, or if you have stayed it is simply because you couldn't help yourself.

To be in Paris simply because one cannot help oneself is a joke very few English people would appreciate. That is why on spring mornings, in Parc Monceau, when all the rest of the world is *rendez vous-ing*, *quelle chanc-ing*, and *où allez-vous de ce pas-ing*, you will see one or two solemn English persons sitting about on the lilac chairs, trying to see the point to this joke.

That is what Miss Melton was doing.

It was spring of the year, Pippa passing, blue flashes running across, and God, as nearly as Miss Melton dared hope and as far through ivied trees and lilac *brume* as she could see—in his Heaven. The English girl at last left her chair and walked musingly in and out of the winding paths where the white

poetry of statues flashed through the rhododendrons, and the confetti of *Mi-Carême* still streaked color in the gravel. She never glanced at the Parc Monceau ducks, conducting their water promenade near the Roman-Paris effects of their habitat. What Miss Melton was doing was staring straight ahead of her, with an expression which in Paris is singularly out of place and very noticeable.

There is something about spring that widens everyone's vision to a good inch beyond its natural scope. So Gilbert Hodges was thinking. This sturdy St. Louisan often chose Parc Monceau as a short-cut to the metro station recently sprung up in the square of Boulevard Malesherbes. Now he came striding down the path, where the little marble-playing statue is curving its white fist for "first shot." Walking rapidly, Hodges was feeling the aforesaid widening of perception, and reveling in it. He took in everything, even the bunch of red and blue balloons waving near the gold-tipped lances of the park gates. He looked all around the little park, delighting in it as a French whole—ardent, alluring, amorous. Suddenly out of a wet sparkle of spring branches grew a face he knew.

They took the first five minutes standing, giving a résumé of what each had been doing since they last met. Hodges' eyes, resting on a kind of beauty it pleased him to term "Watts-y," grew suddenly concerned at indications of what had recently been Miss Melton's mood. For a moment he looked doubtful. His large gloved hand gathered up two of the little lilac chairs.

"Let's sit close to the lake and watch the ducks," he said.

"Why, it's—isn't it *bourgeois* to sit in these parks?" hesitated Miss Melton.

"Is it? We don't care if it is—I am *bourgeois*, aren't you?"

She took a furtive look at him. She had long ago sensed the American habit of extravagant statement—she knew that Hodges was "fooling"—but Miss Melton had not learned what is probably the most important lesson which anybody can learn—how quickly to join in another person's fooling.

The three other times Eleanor Melton had met Hodges had been at her cousin's studio gatherings, where the punch was subtle and the conversation deliquesced. Here the St. Louisan had first admired the "Watts-y" face, here learned to his horror how ill-adapted was the owner of it to her surroundings. This young Englishwoman had "come to Paris," she explained, "to get the modern point of view about art." Hodges, dismayed, had watched her fighting for self-control in an atmosphere where the point of view was certainly "modern," but where was little art, except perhaps in a nice technic of cosmetics on the women's faces. Beatrice Melton, Eleanor Melton's cousin, made her rooms in Paris a center of the aped Bohemia that is the Paris fad of ultra-sophistication. In spirit the younger Englishwoman had crept closer to the St. Louisan. Hodges had thought her a "nice" girl. He was a man who could understand her wretchedness. She had found unspeakable comfort in him, and he, hot and helpless against the things that had hurt her, knew it. That was why, as they settled themselves in the lilac chairs, he went straight to the point.

"Well, now"—his manner grandfatherly—"how goes it, any better?"

"Not—not much." She tried, as a woman will, to make her admission coolly noncommittal. She was even spirited enough to change the subject immediately, pointing out with her umbrella this and that reflection in the

twinkling lake. Hodges paid his tribute to that. "Improving" was his inward comment, "but it's hurting just the same."

"You don't get any more used to things?" he questioned. Her eyes, now that he saw them in the daylight, were, he feared, a little shallow. Earnestly he questioned their clarity.

"No . . . not exactly." Suddenly the girl threw out despairing hands. "Oh," she moaned, "I can't ever—I can't ever."

In the next few moments he had her full confession. Things were worse, if anything, than they had been. The men and women who came daily to the studio, dropping in singly or in couples, (gossiping, drinking, gambling), were—she hesitated for the right word—"dreadfully fast—anyway, sporty" . . . The other art students, her cousin's pupils, didn't mind—they called her "undeveloped," "hyper-sensitive," "abnormal"—"the things people say if they think you're decent," she reminded him quaintly.

"Don't they ever get shocks, too?" inquired Hodges.

Oh, they shook things off—went to the skating rinks or to tea at Colombin's—she couldn't shake things off, except sometimes wandering in the black forgetfulness of the Cathedral of Notre Dame: "And then," she faltered, "and then, I only" . . .

"You only shake it on," Hodges confessed for her. He himself had no opinion of Notre Dame as a place in which to forget sorrows. "A very superior kind of creeps these colored shadows give you," the Westerner soliloquized, "but they do give you the creeps."

Suddenly she turned and looked at him. He warmed toward the blue truth of her gaze. What if it were shallow—he was not sure that it was—only it lacked something of human comprehension . . . tolerance. "At my age, too," she was saying shamefacedly. She spoke as if to be twenty-six was to outgrow good taste. "I ought not to see things this



SHE HAD COME TO PARIS TO GET THE MODERN POINT OF VIEW

way. Oh, I ought to be able to adapt myself, but Paris makes one—so—so sensitive."

The St. Louisan coughed. So this was a "nice" girl's point of view. "When it doesn't make one—so—the reverse," he muttered.

Settling himself for a consideration of the matter, Hodges took to pinning down with his stick the little disks of confetti scattered in the gravel.

"I ought to be able to adapt myself," insisted the girl.

"Oh, I don't know," her friend considered coolly.

"But *I* know," with slow self-accusation. . . . Then, as if trying to explain herself to herself, "It's the way I've been brought up . . . the English point of view—the *highest*, you know."

"The—er—*what-est?*" he questioned. Then with energy: "My good gracious

—*woman!* You can't possibly think—" but Miss Melton was working it out her own way.

"I thought if one really knew the solemn things of life—and I do—I've nursed the sick and prayed with the dying in my brother's parish, you know—I thought if one knew the awfully solemn things of life that one was prepared for the World—but Life isn't the World, is it?"

Though a little aghast at the simplicity of the statement, Hodges agreed that it was not.

"Oh, I want—I want not to be 'narrow'," the girl breathed piteously. "That's what they all call me—it seems as if I couldn't bear it; but I can't help not liking—the things they like." She turned suddenly on him. "You seemed to think I might—you seemed to think I ought to get over such feelings?"

Her voice trailed hopelessly away but she had comfort in knowing that the man beside her understood. He was casting about for some way to help her. After all, much that she was thinking, feeling, was a mistake. Hodges, from the lofty tableland of a broad human sympathy, saw that. Still, he rather shrank from the associations into which this inexperienced creature had been thrown. How stupid the whole thing was, how unnecessary!

There were plenty of nice English people in Paris, her kind—gum-shoed professors, round-stomached clergymen, women with guide books and tea baskets. Why couldn't she have cast her lot in with that sort, getting harmlessly drunk on color and form in the Louvre, gambling with intellectual gold in the Bibliothèque Nationale, having orgies of imagination in the Musée Carnavalet? Also—Hodges mused further—there were the respectable French, the staid Parisians—wasn't it rather a fad of "nice" Englishwomen to affiliate with them? Hodges looked again on his companion. Miss Melton, he very much feared, was "too nice."

She, meanwhile, regarded her friend hopefully. "Ah, you think I *shall* change? You do, don't you?" she demanded, and there was such a lovely thirst for rakishness in her voice that the Westerner, suddenly all man, felt his hand stir to cover hers lying slender and nervous on her knee. "They won't change," she announced with conviction, "so I suppose I must."

All through this conversation the St. Louisan had been reminded of a picture he had once seen of Andromeda writhing away from vile sea monsters. Even with his opportunist's practicality he dared not say, thinking of such white lines, that there should be any "change"; yet a certain primness of the fine lips, that hint of shallowness in the clear eyes—these things made Hodges think that—yes, in some way, that the hard little experience on the rocks must have been needed by Andromeda. After Andro-

meda came safely out of it she must have been a bigger, finer girl. . . . He stared thoughtfully away to where a line of wedding carriages were stringing through the golden-tipped gates of Parc Monceau.

"Why, you don't have to swallow the whole thing, do you?" he demurred.

She was silent. It was very evident that in Paris, when it comes to swallowing, one could not tell how much or how little is sufficient. "I only suggest that you play the game," the St. Louisan argued. "Refuse to see the unlovely things—look for good in 'em! Play the game—get what there is out of it for you—your Paris—don't you see—not the other fellow's! Play the game," Hodges reiterated vigorously. "Be a—be a——"

"Be a sport?" the girl disconsolately questioned.

"*Exactly!*" with hearty emphasis. "Be a sport! The very angels in heaven are sports. Why, your old martyrs and saints and things were just that—sports. In a way you are a sort of sport, you know; you're the only Englishwoman I ever saw who knew how to treat an American. Only"—with a little tender drop in his voice—"only you're too straight-laced, you see—too thin-skinned. That makes you harder on things than—than you ought to be."

She sadly shook her head. She took a bunch of violets from her breast and broke their cord. As Hodges went on talking she scattered them in her lap and fell to arranging them anew.

"If you could only get to see this studio proposition differently—handle your cousin's crowd the way you're handling your flowers there—lightly, indifferently—sort of take them on your lap and teach them 'By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.'"

They sat in silence, she looking far away into lilac-and-gold spring distance, he industriously pinning down disks of blue and rose and purple confetti. At the idea of this candid, serious nature being thrown among the lax, roving type of homeless *poseurs* who think they "see

life" in Paris, Hodges fumed again. He went over in his mind certain things he had heard of Miss Melton's cousin's "crowd," a constantly shifting group of nonentities who, long past the harmless play of believing themselves to be undiscovered geniuses, were now abandoned to the eccentricities of misunderstood gods.

At last, disgustedly, he thought—hang it all, why couldn't she cut out the whole thing, choose her own friends, drop the cousin's crowd, go and live in some humdrum *pension*, and pike out for little old Modern Art by her lonesome?

Miss Melton seemed to feel her friend's impatience; her full voice trembled, her eyes seemed to him to ask not to be scolded.

"You see, I do care for Cousin Beatrice," she said slowly. "We played together when we were little; I love her, though I can't respect her—her ideas." Then, as if there were something quite shameful in the admission, "The board I pay her is—quite a good deal, you know; more, perhaps, than she could get from—from a stranger—so she can keep those—that pleasant apartment and buy expensive colors and canvases—and she likes to entertain. . . . If—" the English girl tried to meet her friend's uncompromising frown as she pleaded, "if I gave that up, took that away from her—whose circumstances are so different from mine—just because I am so—what you call 'thin-skinned'—wouldn't that seem as if I were an utter failure? *That* wouldn't be being a sport, would it?"

Not until then had Hodges dreamed how brave this little coward was.

The morning broadened as they talked. If Gilbert Hodges had ever had any other engagement he let himself forget it; it was enough for him, and it was apparently enough for Miss Melton, to sit there on the lilac iron chairs and let the curious human beads that string themselves along the paths of Parc Monceau slide by them. Sometimes these spots of color were men in blue smocks and wooden shoes, carrying baskets out

of which stuck the golden points of long loaves; or bare-legged, black-aproned lads; or little French shavers jumping along, looking like gnomes in their dark capes with the pointed hoods. Sometimes they wore the delicate white lace caps of Touraine, the stiff starched wings of Brittany, the huge buff hat of a French miller, or the long-ribboned and beaded headdress of a Paris *bonne*. But, whether it was a *cuirassier* flashing brilliantly against a background of tulips, or a little French child dressed like a doll, talking the rapturous small talk of a Paris baby, every colored shape—so it seemed to Gilbert Hodges—was strung on a long shining chain of joy of life. He looked at the girl beside him. Ah, she was loving it too, dreamingly, broodingly! Suddenly into his heart came a protectiveness for her, a longing that this chain should dangle no evil before her eyes.

At last there came, drifting like an autumn leaf down the spring-lit walks, the little old Parc woman with the inevitable blue tickets with their printed rules of "*sièges des promenades de Paris*," the inevitable "*Bonjour, Monsieur, Bonjour, Madame*," and the inevitable demand of a sou apiece. When this old woman had passed, intent upon her morning rounds, two young forms stole craftily out from a little bower of lilacs where they had hidden to escape the old woman. Hodges had long ago noticed these two young forms. He had seen them suddenly slip into hiding for the evident purpose of evading their chair responsibilities. Now they went directly back to their seats, commencing anew a series of passionate caresses, the sequences of which were divided by liquid sounds of young French voices tuned to spring morning.

While Miss Melton, struggling with abrupt short sentences, had been endeavoring to explain what kept her in Paris, Hodges had kept his eye on the two young forms amid the lilac bushes. They had huddled under the canopies of purple bloom, olive faces vivid with

youth, reckless eyes flashing. Now as they crept out he recognized in them two young French persons he had often observed in his rapid walk through Parc Monceau, seated invariably on the same seats, wearing the same clothes, kissing the same kisses.

The youth was a young scalawag of a soldier, one of the handfuls constantly marching in and out of Paris, seen flung in a coffee color against a brick wall or splashed at the end of a vista of chestnut trees. The little French maiden, whose poor garments were worn with so exquisite a grace, was probably a little embroideress or artificial-flower maker. How the two were sipping at their goblet of spring! In a consciousness at once

austere and sensuous the St. Louisan had his own appreciation of such sips—he glanced again at the two and felt gladness—gladness that youth was theirs, that they had found each other, that Parc Monceau, opaline bubble of Eden, ensphered them.

"Now—there—" he murmured to his companion, "that's what you'd call French naïveté, I suppose. They are certainly not self-conscious. Did you ever see such—such——?"

"Such 'letting nature have her way'?" quoted the English girl scornfully.

Hodges jumped. Retributive impulse flew into his eyes but was quickly veiled.

"I'd be willing to bet a dead cat you quoted Browning," he accused good-humoredly. Her lips curved in acknowledgement.

"My sister is one of the Browning High-Priestesses," confessed the St. Louisan, "that's how I know. He's umbrella and rubbers to her. My, how she gets over the mud with him! There's the thing about the 'Last Ride Together,' and the—er— 'Monument and thing-a-magig.'"

"You mean the 'Statue and the Bust'?" Her "nice girl's" didacticism was tempered by a smile so lovely in her pleasure at the Westerner's vicarious enthusiasm that Hodges was suddenly possessed with an idea. After all, was this unsophisticated creature so narrow, so unsympathetic in her straight-laced conception of life? Wasn't there plenty of humor



HE WONDERED IF HE OUGHT NOT TO DO SOMETHING

and tolerance in her if she could only learn (this prim Miss Andromeda, with the Watts-y profile) how to employ it? Like Perseus, he fairly hovered over her; like Perseus he sought for a way to help her.

"Browning," he apostrophized thoughtfully. He leaned over and picked up some of the little disks of confetti; now he sorted them in his clumsy gloved palm. After a few minutes Hodges laid a single pale-blue one on Miss Melton's hand. "What wonderful smashing thing wouldn't Browning have made out of Paris!" he mused. "All the causeways, bridges, aqueducts; and then—all the men. Now those two rascals, for instance. . . ."

"You think that's all wrong—idle, licentious; she ought to be at school and he trudging around with his regiment. You *know* you do." Gilbert Hodges bent stern eyes upon the Watts-y profile. "But," he said, "but—" impressively pausing.

Eleanor Melton turned her serious face to his. Where another woman might have been restive, bored, she was grave and interested. "But what?" she soberly asked.

"Ah—they are young," explained the man. His face softened. Then, as if talking to himself, "and it is spring. Browning would have remembered that first of all; and then he'd have gone and wiggled something like Pippa out of it—something gripping and world-strong."

Then all of a sudden Gilbert Hodges came to an abrupt halt, for he was conscious he had been talking a long time. Preaching! Some of the hundred little imps of satire and cynicism that lurk under the very pebbles of the Paris paths jumped out and peered at him. He cleared his throat and subsided. This new dumbness, however, though it burned into his brown cheek, lessened his sense of responsibility. After all, he thought, it was time to stop being serious.

"What you say is different from anything I ever heard." Miss Melton,

though she wore an air as of disloyalty to the English pulpit, acknowledged that, adding slowly, "They—they—the things I have heard and seen trouble me so."

"What if they do?" roughly. "Don't stop and fiddle with them, they are only crude oil—by-products—part of the things that go to the making of"—the Westerner paused, knitting his brows. "What's that kind of poem where there are wars and tragedies and kingdoms going to smash and heroes killing heroes?"

Miss Melton, with faithful pedantry, thought he must mean an "epic."

"Epic," agreed Hodges. "They are only the things that go to making a great human epic." Then he summed up: "What do they matter to you? They don't belong to you any more than you do to them. They're not to be taken personally," he broke off, wondering at a certain little prudish movement of the shoulders with which she interrupted.

"As for that," concluded Miss Melton resolutely, "You disturb yourself unnecessarily. I couldn't ever take such things *personally*." There was decided hauteur in the English girl's tones. To Hodges' despair she actually gave a little British sniff. "Fancy," she said loftily—"fancy there being any possible connection!" Again he thought he discerned the inevitable "niceness."

"There you go again!" he rebuked her. He growled like a big dog dragging at a chain. "And all because you've lived all your life in a little English village—a saucer of primroses and milk. For heaven's sake," urged Hodges, "don't think that just because you're not Bad-Bad-Molly you must be Good-Good-Susy; don't get to thinking that because your taste is cleaner *you* are different. Be human!" the St. Louisan commanded her sternly. "Realize that *au fond* you're not a bit better than that little kissing shopgirl over there!"

He looked to see her take in this idea as she had taken his others, deliberately, thoughtfully, but she drew back. It was

apparent that without his intending it, Miss Eleanor Melton had been stung as with insult. Hodges felt that what he had said certainly was not "nice." As she turned—eyes cold, stain of crimson in her cheeks—the man felt sudden dislike of her, a little chill creeping around his own heart. As an Englishwoman will do, she majestically faced him down.

"I *am* better!" severely. "Is it nothing to have had a careful upbringing, clean traditions, religious training? I," said Miss Melton superbly, "could not possibly sink to the sort of thing I have seen around me this winter." The words were clipped with such austere emphasis that to Hodges they seemed funny. The Westerner bit his lip, his eyes danced pitilessly.

"Then it is a case of Good-Good-Susy," yawning behind his big gloved hand. He smiled lightly at the prejudice in the haughty blue eyes. He was sure now about that shallowness. •As for the Watts-y profile, it was chance Watts-y-ness, nothing behind it.

"Poor old Paris—poor old Everything!" He passed the whole thing over, saying teasingly, "By the way, what is a season in London like? Do you know town life at all? I don't believe you do. I'm told that Mid-Victoria has gone to smash since the War."

"You do not really know the English," retorted Miss Melton augustly; and in that one sentence he told himself he could see the whole scope and scale of her present unhappiness. Suffered, had she? The Westerner pursed his lips unsympathetically. By Jove! she deserved it; almost he hoped she would have more of it—such everlasting British bumpiousness!

"You say I don't know the English," said Gilbert Hodges with stiff gentleness. Perhaps I don't—but I know Mr. Browning. I know you're no better than he, and I could trust him to go down into—er—well, yes—Hell, and bring up daisies and buttercups. Yes, ma'am, I know Mr. Browning; and by the Eternal First-Cause Pollywog, *he* knew the

Human! All you know," wound up Gilbert Hodges brutally, "all you know is stained glass and Raff's Cavatina!"

There was a few moments' silence.

Soon Miss Melton sat up very straight. After considering the handle of her umbrella for a thoughtful moment she buttoned the top button of her coat, fastening in the violets with a delicate air. Then she lifted her head coolly; the sun falling on her face could not take away the outrage in the eyes Hodges had mentally termed shallow. The thing, for Miss Melton, was over. After all, he had *not* understood—this, this *American*.

After a moment she rose. She spoke in a final tone as one who sees her mistake quite clearly:

"I must say good-morning."

"Oh!" said Hodges lightly, "so you cast me off then—me and Paris—*tous les deux*? Well!" Sighing, the tall Westerner also rose. He stood smiling down at her, quizzical disappointment in his brown face. "It's just as well," said Gilbert Hodges, "I leave Paris to-morrow; going over to your good little London—ahem—there's no use of my staying here, I haven't helped you any."

He half hoped to see her flash back in the rosy prim way in which he had so grown to delight. Instead, to Gilbert Hodges' enormous surprise, Miss Melton turned very pale. For a moment she did not speak, then her lips moved; she stared at him, evidently trying to control herself.

"Helped me," the girl repeated dully. "Helped me? Why, you don't—Oh, *helped* me!"

Once again Hodges thought he saw positive fear creep into her eyes. No, it was another blue—morbid, abandoned in its way, significant of things that as yet had not come into his estimate of her. Whatever emotion it was, it had its way with the English girl. It mastered her; involuntarily she put out her hand toward him; she tried to explain, to say something. Suddenly she threw herself down upon the little lilac chair, put her



"THEY HAVE BEEN QUARRELING," ELEANOR EXPLAINED BREATHLESSLY

two arms on the back and buried her face in them, sobbing.

"What?" asked Gilbert Hodges roughly. "What?"

The Westerner stared down at her for a moment; he looked around Parc Monceau. Dropping his chin into his collar, still looking at the weeping form, Hodges considered. Here was a delightful proceeding. Oh, my good gracious, yes—here was a nice thing for a man to face! "What?" he questioned her again, this time distracted, appealing. He wondered if he ought not to do something—get water, offer her a cigarette—under circumstances like this, any man, he was

sure, would do something. But Hodges had the feeling that because he was in Paris he could do nothing. If he had this girl home now—safe—safe in honest old U. S.—O Lord! Still uncomfortably hesitating, he stole another glance at the weeping figure.

Behind the girl's lack of dignity in abandoning herself to her grief, the St. Louisan felt another dignity, a dignity which commanded him as surely as words might to go away, not to stand there looking upon her struggling like this.

He paused at the upper end of the lake, tapping the make-believe Roman columns with a critical stick, muttering,

"That's what Paris does to some people—she's had nothing but a rotten little French breakfast; she's got the shocked moral sense and a perfectly ghastly loneliness. Yes, I say, perfectly damnable loneliness."

The St. Louisan cast about in his mind for another explanation. "Homesick, by Jove! *Homesick*—and little old England right across the Channel. She's waiting for some one to tell her what to do—and this the day of the independence of women!"

Hodges frowned up at the negative blueness of the French sky. He communed with himself for a few moments, then walked slowly on.

When he had completed the circle and crossed the picturesque stone bridge of Parc Monceau, the St. Louisan thought to look at his watch. For a moment he paused, half puzzled at his own indecision. He decided to let his luncheon engagement go. The girl with whom he had made it would bite her pretty lip for a moment, then fall to planning how she could make it uncomfortable for him when next they met. Meanwhile, here was another sort of woman, a very troublesome sort—a sort which for capacity for suffering—the Westerner shrugged his shoulders. "Thank heaven!" he communed devoutly, "Thank heaven for all the hard, keen, broad-shouldered, independent females! These "nice women—!" he scowled forbiddingly.

All the while the Westerner had been joyously conscious of the beauty of the spring day. Now it seemed to him that there swam a goldenness in Parc Monceau, a goldenness that floated all around, filtering dizzily up into the purple hazes, hanging in the young tree branches. Lifting a cluster of dewy rhododendrons to his face, he saw goldenness in the flesh-pink flower cups; listening to the song of a merle, he felt it ringing in his ears. Suddenly, like a child sent off into another room to await a surprise, Hodges wondered impatiently if it weren't time to go back now.

The St. Louisan thought he knew the

park paths pretty well, therefore he was surprised when the path he took on leaving the bridge, instead of leading him out to the lilac chairs by the lake rim, brought him out by the bench where the two little lovers sat. Hodges was even more surprised to find that the two little lovers were no longer occupied with kisses; he marveled to see them sitting straight up, resentful, flushed, yet with an air of being rather impressed as they reluctantly answered the questions of a tall foreigner who stood in front of them. The tall foreigner had her back to Hodges. She looked, he thought originally, like a "nice" woman. As the St. Louisan passed he stole a wondering glance at her; suddenly he came to an abrupt halt.

"What the dickens?" began the Westerner, commandingly. Then remembering himself, "I beg your pardon, what is it; can I do anything?"

The tall foreigner turned quickly on him. Relief gladdened her face. He noticed her gesture—impulsive, eager, commanding his help.

"They—they have been quarreling!" Eleanor Melton explained breathlessly. "He tried—he tried to leave her; she wouldn't let him—they were like two animals—I *had* to interfere. Oh, do speak to them, ask them—I can't remember my French!"

Gilbert Hodges turned his astonished look on the little French soldier, dramatically glaring back at him. The St. Louisan shifted his gaze only once; that was to smile reassuringly at the girl. Then he asked rapid questions in an authoritative voice. His French was disjointed and purely commercial, but he got to the point.

The little soldier threw his arm over the girl's thin shoulders and talked volubly, his eyes filling meanwhile with French tears. He explained that it had arrived at this: that he must go with his regiment out of Paris or be penalized. That would not do, even for "The Little"—The Little did not understand, of course; did women ever understand?

He appealed to Monsieur himself. Then the French tears vanished, up went the little catfish mustache in a superior smile. "What would you? They had had a pretty little struggle, *et puis alors*, Madame had interfered."

Hodges did not smile back. Instead he screwed gimlet eyes into the long-lashed, wine-colored orbs; he estimated the potentialities that lay back of the rabbit forehead, the olive softness of the emotional face. "Mademoiselle, then, has no home in which to await your return?"

"Ah, Monsieur, *figurez-vous*. Her people are—*comment dirai-je?*—people of prejudice; she is considered no longer as a daughter on account of me. Stupid, isn't it? It is true"—the little soldier twisted the catfish mustache meditatively—"It is true that one would say it is I who have the responsibility. The situation isn't brilliant for me, you see."

"Then you haven't married her?"

"*Mon Dieu!*"—the buff shoulders shrugged—"but what good would that be? We have no money, she would still be homeless. She can find. . . ." But here the young girl suddenly put her hand over his mouth. For the first time as she sat there enclosed by the arm that did not shield her, she spoke, looking with the calm eyes of a child straight at Eleanor Melton.

"That," she said with dignity, "is not for a girl who loves him as I do—for other girls, perhaps, but I am the same as his wife." The tired child's eyes looked with eager clearness into the older

woman's. "You understand, Madame," she said simply, "It is a great thing to feel like that. That a thing is yours to make something wonderful of it. But yes, it is like a song, like the *poésie*."

There was a quick little sound from Eleanor Melton. Hodges did not dare turn and look into the English girl's face, but he saw her hand go quickly out and touch the thin hand of Angèle; thus encouraged, the latter turned and smiled up into her lover's selfish face. "Therefore, Marcel, I will kill thee," she cheerfully announced, "but I will not let thee go."

Marcel of the catfish mustache ap-



SHE TOLD THE PRIEST WHAT SHE WISHED DONE

pealed once more to Hodges. He drew from out his dusty trouser pocket a tiny penknife. "You heard, Monsieur?" he magisterially inquired. "It is true. Regard then this knife—Well, I vow, women have always loved me like that." The French soldier lightly spat, concluding, "Oh, la la! but it is tiresome!"

The clatter of bells and hoofs in the Parc avenue, veiled by the delicate spring green, kept up a flippant comment on this state of things. Hodges saw his Parc Monceau soap bubble, in which the two young figures of love had clung to each other, expand into that duller, less opalescent sphere of reality in which responsibility, tradition, and duty had thrust severe presences. He dug his hands into his coat pockets and stood, walking-stick pointing up, wondering if something ought not to be done and if he ought not to do it? Vaguely he considered whether he had enough money with him to see it—this indefinite something—through? But quickly as his sympathies worked for little Angèle, they had not kept pace with Miss Melton's. The English girl had evidently decided upon something. Energy seemed to revitalize her former listless manner; she was suddenly galvanized into Briton purpose as she turned and faced her friend. For the life of him Hodges could not keep his mind from reverting to the single word "nice."

"Quick," pointing out of the avenue, "there goes a yellow taxi. Hail it, they're the cheapest!"

Smiling broadly at the Britonese, amused with this sudden turn of things, Hodges obeyed. Waving his stick, he hailed the yellow taxi; he stood by, and with increasing interest and a look of wonder, saw Eleanor Melton take the little buff-legged soldier aside and speak to him in French that came in soft tangles. The wine-colored eyes looked bright appreciation of her beauty while they showed whimsical appreciation of her being *Anglaise*. Marcel, however, had the true French air of luxuriating in his own politeness. He played his

little part with a sentimental swagger. He bowed to everything, he acknowledged everything, he agreed to everything. Eleanor Melton said very little to Angèle, but when she went and looked earnestly into the ardent face, the latter suddenly threw her arms round Eleanor's neck and breathed her secret to the violets on Eleanor Melton's breast. When the English girl turned back, Hodges saw the blur in her eyes.

The Westerner was struck by the mingling of timidity and assurance in her voice and manner. They had to have a legal marriage first, she said doubtfully. "But I don't know how to go about it."

"Will you give the *cocher* this address?" scribbling a name and number on her card. Then, noticing the St. Louisan's expression, this incomprehensive and "nice" young Englishwoman laughed nervously. "I know, I know," she said. "Of course he is Roman Catholic, but—he's my friend—I—I was going to him anyway after you went away, I—I—I—he is the only person in Paris that *can help us make a poem*."

Hodges did not look at her. His eyes were fixed on the taxicab whirling up to the curb. He set his teeth strong on the inside of his cheek. The Westerner had grown suddenly distrustful of things, distrustful of "nice" girls, afraid because of that spring goldenness still dazzling his vision which kept him from seeing straight, hearing straight. A *poem*! What could she mean, what—what did everything mean?

"A *poem*?" he stammered stupidly.

But it appeared that Miss Melton had no time to answer him. She was squeezing herself and the little French couple into the taxi, at the same time trying to flap down the extra seat for Hodges' use. The St. Louisan gravely relieved her of this effort.

"It—it is good of you to help me!" the "nice" girl said formally.

The yellow taxi had its hood down. The spring air touched their faces as they lurched into Boulevard Courcelles, then

whirled into one of the smaller streets. They trailed through a maze of narrow Paris thoroughfares until at last, in an obscure section, the taxi stopped before the low, arched entrance to a damp cobblestoned court.

As the little French maiden saw the numbershe stared, started, and whispered a scared, "Oh, *Mon Dieu!*"

Moisture broke on Marcel's rabbit forehead, the catfish mustache drooped a little, but the liquid eyes shot obedience to this generalship.

"How is it that you have known—Monsieur, Madame?" he marveled in a tone either truly awed or in pious pretense of it—which, Hodges could not tell. "This is the home of Father René, who prepared Angèle for the confirmation."

Marcel seemed slightly apprehensive at the thought. Once he looked around him nervously, once edged away as if to bolt. But Miss Melton, to Hodges' huge dismay, smiled seductively at him.

"I depend upon you, Marcel," she said sweetly. "You are not going to desert *me*?"

Marcel, quivering down to his dusty trouser legs, bowed loftily. "What? desert a woman like that, beautiful—appealing? *Jamais!*" The catfish mus-

tache soared once more, the liquid eyes gleamed their dramatic French loyalty.

Yes, the concierge knew Father René—but yes, he was at home at the moment. The concierge, it appeared, also knew Angèle. He put his head out of the door of his cavelike little apartment and

stared after her and her companions in bewilderment. The four climbed the steep, narrow stairs to the fourth *étage*, where they rang the little rattling old-fashioned doorbell and waited. Hodges spent the few moments talking kindly with Angèle, watching the amazement and wonder growing in her eyes.

Marcel was the only truly unconcerned one. Leaning against the wall, he took a half-smoked cigarette from behind one of his foxlike little ears and, relighting its blackened end, puffed at it delicately.

"*Tiens*—it's marriage then!" he observed sheepishly to Angèle. "They regard that as the end and aim of all things, the

English; whereas we French—we understand life better!" Then, realizing that this remark might give offense, the little soldier turned swaggeringly to Hodges to explain. "Is it not strange that the women cannot exist without marriage? As for me, I regard it as an inconvenience. But she is of a tenacity—this



"THE WAY IS ALWAYS DARK, EITHER UP OR DOWN"

little Angèle. Monsieur, your wife is not so serious, I take it—a little more of lightness! Ah, the women, the women!"

Hodges glared in such black displeasure that Marcel perceived some further offense where he had truly meant none.

"Pardon," he softly whispered. Then he struck an attitude and, trifling with the catfish mustache, regarded Miss Melton with unbridled admiration. "*Elle est assez gentille!*" he remarked sotto voce.

The St. Louisan, measuring the stairs behind them, began to consider a certain time-honored method of getting rid of objectionable acquaintances. His dark expression encountered an understanding look from the English girl. "Please, please," she implored, "I truly *don't* mind!" Then explaining: "Don't you see, it—it isn't really anything—it's only 'by-products'—you said so yourself—it's only part of the poem."

Hodges was dumb.

At last the door opened. Father René in black cassock, wearing his rosary, appeared on the threshold of his bare room. Behind him one could see a great image of the Crucified stretched in pallid reminder on the dingy wall. The priest looked calmly on the quartette before him. "I was in prayer," he gravely apologized, "therefore I could not open to you sooner!"

Suddenly he recognized Miss Melton's straight English gaze and smiled. Gilbert Hodges, rather awkward and embarrassed as he followed the party in, saw the girl smile back. The Westerner pondered on these two smiles. No one, he knew, but a "nice" girl could smile like that. It seemed to him that he had seen a white fire kindle itself in these two faces, as one mystical lamp of the spirit lighted the other.

"It's that kind of thing she's lived all her life!" grumbled the St. Louisan. "Consecrated smiling, I'd call it; certainly no ginger in it!" Then he bit a humorous lip.

After that Hodges, to his amused em-

barrassment, suddenly felt left out of it. The priest, in turn, commanded them all to be seated. He made the English girl sit by him, and Hodges watched his deep-set eyes, calm with understanding and control, take confession from the Watts-y face as authoritatively and paternally as if Father René and the young Englishwoman were not representatives of two age-long opposed forces.

She told what she wished done, the priest acquiesced. Only first, he explained, there must be a civil marriage to precede the marriage of the church—that was the law—he would see to it all. Angèle's family would care for her proudly—fondly, if she were honored with marriage. His dark eyebrows went up with his priestly shoulders at the announcement of the sum Miss Melton meant to provide for the two to start life on. Angèle and Marcel, sitting hand in hand like two happy and important children, did not hear the amount; Hodges did and all but sputtered.

"*Edition de luxe*, this poem!" growled the St. Louisan, "More expensive than the 'Ballad of my sporty cousin's studio'! Browning in half-calf—that's Marcel—and gold tooling—that's Angèle—and she insisted upon my getting that yellow taxi—they're the cheapest," she said. Rule Britannia!"

The priest turned to Hodges. "I had thought, Monsieur, your friend was English," he said significantly smiling, "but I now see that she does things in the American manner. You are very practical, you Americans." The Father René bowed respectfully; in his face was the benignly conjectural expression of that Parisian who has never seen the New World upon which he glibly comments.

The tall St. Louisan, the color a little deeper in his cheek, bowed in return, "We are all of the same blood this morning, Father," he said gravely. "Marcel, little Angèle there, Mademoiselle, you and I. It is spring, the *Mi-Carême* confetti still lies in rainbows on the ground, the fountains are playing, the tulips blowing. It is spring, it is

Paris, we are all lovers, all poets, and—yes, if you will permit me—we are all priests!”

Eleanor Melton turned wide eyes on the speaker. The girl's surprised gaze and the keen scrutiny of the foreign priest might have been too much for the St. Louisan but for the perfect sincerity with which he had said what had come into his head.

Hodges humorously told himself that from now on he would not be responsible for anything he might do. The St. Louisan felt the goldenness on Parc Monceau still permeating his being, and that keen gladness of a little boy who sees a yellow chicken peck its way out of the shell still made his head swim. The man was solemnly, senselessly happy, and it came to him that he wanted the priest to know it. And Father René, with a divination that would have been uncanny but for its dignity, smiled again. With a look of significant sadness his eyes traveled over the firm swinging ease of Hodges' figure as he and Miss Melton turned to go.

“Though we are ‘all priests,’ my children,” the priest said half humorously, “I am your senior, therefore your Father. So take my blessing.”

After that the St. Louisan and his companion had only to tear themselves away from the two little French storms of gratitude. This was soon done, for Marcel and Angèle soon forgot their benefactor in a new interest in life. They fell into each other's arms with that old naïveté they had displayed under the lilac bushes in Parc Monceau.

With Father René guiding them, the other two soon stood at the stair landing. Miss Melton, as she tore herself away

from her protégés, made some final low-voiced stipulations. The “nice” girl put her hand in Father René's. The priest held it for a moment, then he did a thing that seemed not strange: he took the slender hand and laid it on Hodges' arm. “Let Monsieur guide you, Mademoiselle,” he said gently. “The way is always dark, either up or down.”

The priest stood there, a tall grave figure at the top of the stairway, watching the two until they disappeared below. Downstairs out into the little damp cobbled court they passed.

Now that they had left their protégés behind them, now that they had nothing more to do, silence came between Hodges and Eleanor Melton. As they crossed the cobbled court neither of them spoke. The yellow taxi, waiting at the door, seemed to intensify their feeling of awkwardness.

Hodges tried to be gentle: there were many words tripping on his impatient tongue—he tried to follow some intuition that he must not immediately say them all. For this—Hodges told himself admonishingly—this was a “nice” girl! Lord help him! The goldenness of Parc Monceau was enveloping him; conscious that it was submerging him, he spoke blindly through it.

“Can't we have lunch, drive—anywhere? The—*the first ride together?*” he stammered, groping for his helper, Robert Browning.

She was silent.

“I—you see, I want to stay in the ‘poem,’” pleaded the St. Louisan. Then, twinkling in his old manner, “It's your poem, I know; you made it, your first one in Paris. But I”—wistfully—won't you let me stay in it?”

A NEW WAY WITH OLD MASTERPIECES

I—*William Shakespeare*

BY ERNEST BOYD

(This is the first of a series of six papers which will resurvey the great periods of English literature from Shakespeare to Hardy. It is an effort to rescue our great classic writers from that academic veneration in which they have been enshrouded and then neglected, and to show their enduring interest and appeal when sensibly approached.—*Editor's Note.*)

NOTHING but the spread of popular education could put culture so effectively upon the defensive as it has been ever since intellectual illiteracy was substituted for the beautiful old custom of making one's mark. As that education has been essentially literary, it is upon literature that its full effect has made itself felt. Consequently, it is without surprise, if not without embarrassment, that I find myself engaged in this meditation. Is there, I ask myself, any honest reason, apart from the educational superstition of the age, why normally happy men and women should be troubled by the immortal glories of literature? We accept so much on trust that one may well hesitate to complicate life by suggesting the innovation of cultural self-determination. The blessings of intellectual democracy, like those of political democracy, obviously consist in the vast weight of responsibility which is taken from the shoulders of the individual who, as the phrase goes, "instructs" his representatives to act for him. In return, his representatives act first for him and think afterwards.

Literature has its catchwords no less than politics, and "the instruction" from the people in this case goes back to the instructors in departments of English, to the schoolmasters, to the lecturers, and even to the critics, from whom it came. It is so clearly unnecessary to have read Shakespeare in order to talk about him, it is so demonstrably

impossible to read him under the conditions usually prescribed by educators, that many people prefer to leave him "marked as read." This risk they would not take with the latest novel in which synthetic gin and petting are mixed in the correct proportions, or with the most elusive psychological murex fished up out of the subconscious by the momentarily most popular exponent of the New Salaciousness. It is possible, thanks to the march of progress, to savor the prose of, let us say, Mr. Cabell or Ethel and Floyd Dell without having trembled at Marlowe's equally idiotic but mightier lines.

Almost as happy as the nation which has no history is the author who has no annotator—a state in which the defenceless dead rarely find themselves for long, unless they are worse than dead. Even then they may be resuscitated, like the author whose name is at the head of this chapter, and whom the French, for reasons best known to themselves, always refer to as "poor Will"—perhaps because they have seen him performed by actor-managers, or edited and bowdlerized (with an Introduction and Notes) by an English or American professor. Living authors and dead have commentators; some living authors enjoy the dubious honor of scholarly annotation, but the sign manual of classical glory for a work of literature is to live on at the hands of successive annotators. The commentator may be a learned critic or an articulate enthusiast.

The annotator is the teacher of literature who gets his notions of style from newspaper editorials but reads Shakespeare for his syntax, for his use of the supernatural and the split infinitive, or for his geography. If he were not a relatively recent acquisition of the human race, modern literatures would be as much the prey of the professional scholar as the literatures of Greece and Rome. Only here and there a few isolated amateurs would survive, who actually read with ease and for pleasure the text that launched a thousand grammarians. The obsolescence of a living author begins from the moment the pedant's ferule is pointed at him with instructive intent. People would probably cease to read at all if current literature were not too vast to be inclosed in college courses, and if almost every author alive to-day had not been ignored or denounced by his contemporary pundits precisely in the degree of his originality.

The first assurance which the average person suffering from modern education has a right to demand is that the immortal classics are not as depressingly perfect as our pastors and masters have insisted. Do they enjoy the suffrages of the hidebound pedant because they are as dull as he would show them to be? Are they so far superior to the books which he borrows from the drug store in his secret moments when he needs relaxation? Have they no points in common with those subversive volumes which his daughter tries in vain to save from his indignant innocence? Assuredly not. There is as much heresy in the works which no gentleman's library should be without as in the most recent batik-sided, large-paper, signed, *de luxe* edition of the civilized minority's idol of the moment. There is as much platitudinous wisdom as in a New Thought book or a syndicated editorial. There is nearly as much incoherence and fustian as in the works of those æsthetes who make no compromise with the public taste. But there is something more. Hence my charitable belief

that by facing English literature steadily and facing it whole, one may combine the vices of contemporaneity with the virtues of immortality.

Shakespeare in our time plays many parts: he comes in handy at college entertainments; he enables advocates of the theater of to-morrow to experiment beyond even their accustomed limits, and champions of the theater of yesterday (or the day before) to restore to the stage for a few nights the vestiges of a simpler and purer epoch. He is a recurrent malady with actors and actresses who have become stars by less strenuous undertakings, and he enables eminent elocutionists to demonstrate through a half century of virtuous theatrical life in small towns that the noblest achievements of histrionic art are not at all incompatible with a blameless and perfect domesticity. In England he has procured knighthoods for those who knew how to shape his rough-hewn ends to meet the requirements of admirers of "East Lynne." In general, wherever they speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, "poor Will" serves divers and exceedingly diverse ends. Societies invoking his name used to read his works—with such deletions as mixed company required—in the provinces before the brighter dawn of the movie era; professors edited him; experts on the Elizabethan playhouse gave him a prominence which he never enjoyed in those theaters which they have so meticulously described; Americans proved that he never existed; the Germans simply had him superbly translated, and still insist on performing him as successfully as if he were the author of a bedroom farce. The one thing that has almost never been achieved for him in English is the actual performance of his own work.

Inevitably he is still the greatest ornament of the stage, and even more inevitably he is the supreme glory of English literature. Only races tinged with dolichocephalism—this last of the great plagues—are notoriously blind to

his grandeur. The French, in particular, have recorded their convictions of him in terms reminiscent of Dr. Stuart Sherman's appreciations of Theodore Dreiser. Voltaire claimed to have been the first to discover him in France, but he finally declared that the author of "Hamlet" was "a drunken savage." In case this judgment be attributed to professional jealousy (for Voltaire was in the classical drama business himself) and in order that the word of an atheist should not stand alone against the reputation of a great English genius, let the eminently Christian Count Leo Tolstoy be heard: "All Shakespeare's characters speak a language which is not their own, but Shakespeare's, and always the same; pompous, bombastic and artificial, a language which not only could not have been spoken by the characters in these plays but could never have been spoken anywhere by any human beings." Wherefore the creator of Anna Karenina concluded: "the works of Shakespeare do not satisfy any of the demands of art, and moreover, their tendency is most immoral."

However, it is true that both these worthy men had the common misfortune to be barbarians, in the complete sense of that word; they were not English. What of "this blessed plot; this earth, this realm, this England," this "other Eden, demi-paradise," as William himself confidently called it? Are the records of British opinion more reassuring? David Hume was so magnanimous as to say of Shakespeare: "His total ignorance of all theatrical art and conduct, however material a defect, yet as it affects the spectator rather than the reader, we can more easily excuse, than that want of taste which often prevails in his productions." Ben Jonson's praise of him is unique amongst contemporary testimony, and against it may be set Robert Greene's: "An upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blanke

verse as the best of you." Even Dryden, who may claim credit for the earliest effort to rescue Shakespeare from neglect, had his doubts, and felt it his duty to rewrite "The Tempest" for the stage. On the first of March, 1662, Mr. Pepys went to see "Romeo and Juliet," and his diary records: "It is a play of itself the worst ever I heard, and the worse acted that ever I saw these people do." At "A Midsummer Night's Dream" he saw "the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life. I saw, I confess, some good dancing and some handsome women, which was all my pleasure." After two attempts his verdict on "Twelfth Night" was that it was "silly, one of the weakest plays that ever I saw on the stage."

Nearly eighty years passed before "Romeo and Juliet" was again revived in London, and then by David Garrick, the man who was to do most for Shakespeare before he was finally canonized and thrown to the professors. Garrick profited by the prevalent indifference to set a precedent for all subsequent actor-managers worthy of the name. "I have," he wrote, "brought 'Hamlet' forth without the grave diggers' trick and the fencing match," without what he termed "all the rubbish of the fifth act." He also did some repair work on "Romeo and Juliet" in order to improve the fifth act—with the result, as a first-nighter of the period reports, that he "rendered the catastrophe the most affecting in the whole compass of the drama." Evidently fifth acts were Shakespeare's weakest point. Garrick was encouraged by the creation of a Shakespeare Club of earnest ladies who bespoke each week some play by their (now) "immortal poet." Editions of Shakespeare's works began to follow one another, edited by eminent hands—Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hammer, Warburton, and Johnson. For one hundred years after his death only six editions of his collected plays appeared, but in the next fifty there were twenty-three.

At once this evidence of appreciation

caused apprehension; it seemed as if an Englishman of genius were really going to be taken seriously, contrary to the laws of nature, so to speak. Thus the good Mrs. Barbauld, in a letter written in 1776, declared, "I am of your opinion that we idolize Shakespeare rather too much for a Christian country." He was advancing from the stage to the library, with consequences which were to justify this dear lady's fears, but in a sense which she can hardly have anticipated. Very soon "mystical Germans," in Gilbertian phrase, were to arise and call Shakespeare great without qualifications; Huns like Lessing, whose æsthetic necessities knew no law of the dramatic unities, and who, as Coleridge says, "proved to all thinking men"—even to Shakespeare's own countrymen—"the true nature of his apparent irregularities." A real turning point was reached almost simultaneously with the bi-centenary of Shakespeare's birth. In the year of grace 1818, Dr. T. Bowdler made his own name immortal by publishing an edition of the works "in which those words and expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a family."

At this point "poor Will" may be observed in such circumstances as might seem to guarantee his place in the affections of all weak and finite mortals. Inferior persons have emended and patronized him, the ladies have discovered him, and the moralists have denounced and bowdlerized him. In the literary market place to-day one alone of these factors would make an author irresistible. Nevertheless, having parsed him and studied footnotes on him, most of us take the rest for granted. When at intervals the David Garricks and Mrs. Siddonses of the moment clear out some "rubbish" from his plays—and from their theaters, incidentally—and give us one of those hectic Shakespearian revivals, we are happy when fond memory brings a nod of recognition to phrases preserved from

our oblivion by constant editorial and oratorical usage. Those who have not enjoyed to the last drop the resources of popular education, who have not been "taught" English literature, are deprived of even that flicker of familiarity with the great. Those who have enjoyed it strive without much difficulty to forget it, and are unmoved when John Masefield and others cry out in their anguish:

There is no theatre in London set apart for the performance of Shakespeare. There is no theatre in London built for the right production of Shakespeare. There are not in the empire enough lovers of Shakespeare, or of the poetical drama, or of poetry, to take the British stage from the hands of ground landlords, and make it again glorious with the vision of the pageant of man. . . . Man's true empire is not in continents or over the sea, but within himself, in his own soul. Here in London, where a wordly empire is controlled, there exists no theatre in which the millions can see that other empire. They pass from one gray street to another gray street, to add up figures, or to swallow patent medicines, with no thought that life has been lived nobly and burningly and knightly, for great ends, and in great passions, as the vision of our great mind declares.

It would seem, then, as if Shakespeare had in him all the elements which should endear him to the plain people, and none of the dreary virtues with which the mandarins of literature endow the objects of their jealous idolatry. Shakespeare idolatry, however, is a strange cult; a thoroughly Judaistic æsthetic which says: "Thou shalt have none other gods before me," but at the same time inculcates that Jewish suspicion of image-making to which Mr. Masefield alludes in his meditation upon the capital of the British Empire. Thus a twofold phenomenon is created by this curious religion: one is asked simultaneously to worship Shakespeare and to join in the conspiracy to make him unintelligible, unenjoyable, and inaccessible. To this end it is essential that he shall be annotated more than any other

writer in the world, that he shall be hedged about with fictitious virtues, and that he shall never be acted as he wrote. So remarkably has this been achieved that people of a naturally credulous disposition will hardly believe Shakespeare can do anything that their favorites of to-day can do. He can offer humor as healthily elementary as that of the Marx brothers; he can wave the flag—British, it is true—with the effective gusto of Mr. George M. Cohan; he can psychoanalyze as subtly as Marcel Proust. He can portray girls as sweet as any in the pages of Ethel M. Dell and more fascinatingly wild than the flapper heroines of the jazz age. He can combine James Branch Cabell's all-too-human imagination with the austere beauty of the poetry of Robert Frost. In brief, he is everything that is denounced to-day in the popular objects of his academic champions' wrath, together with all that they have never noticed in living genius and have rarely extracted even from his own works. Shakespeare, in other words, is much more entertaining than his classroom champions indicate, and the reproaches of his more candid friends have this quality in common with St. Augustine's *Confessions*—they "Make the reader envy his transgressions" as Byron succinctly put it.

On the one hand he is rendered inhuman by the Bardolators, who resolutely refuse to know anything of his life and ideas because whenever a fact stares them in the face it upsets their conception of him as the incarnation of a syndicated newspaper sermon. On the other hand he is abused by reformers and by exponents of the Higher Illiteracy, who have no use for the humanities in education, who prefer a ton of Freudian theory to an ounce of Shakespearian practice. "What a crew they are," cries one of these indignant Moderns, "these 'Saturday to Monday' athletic stockbroker Orlandos, these villains, clowns, drunkards, cowards, intriguers, fighters, lovers, patriots, hypochon-

driacs, who mistake themselves (and are mistaken by the author) for philosophers; princes without any sense of public duty, futile pessimists who imagine they are confronting a barren and unmeaning world when they are only contemplating their own worthlessness. . . . Search for statesmanship, or even citizenship, or any sense of the commonwealth, material and spiritual, and you will not find the making of a decent vestryman or curate in the whole horde. As to faith, hope, courage, conviction, or any of the true heroic qualities, you find nothing but death made sensational, despair made stage-sublime, sex made romantic, and barrenness covered up by sentimentality and the mechanical lilt of blank verse."

Compare that outburst with this: "Each book, with its bewildering mass of detail, is a ferocious argument in behalf of a few brutal generalizations. To the eye cleared of illusions it appears that the ordered life which we call civilization does not exist except on paper. In reality our so-called society is a jungle in which the struggle for existence continues, and must continue, on terms substantially unaltered by legal, moral, or social conventions. The central truth about man is that he is an animal amenable to no law but the law of his own temperament, doing as he desires, subject only to the limitations of his power. The male of the species is characterized by cupidity, pugnacity, and a simian inclination for the other sex. The female is a soft, vain, pleasure-seeking creature, devoted to personal adornment, and quite helplessly susceptible to the flattery of the male."

The one is the comment of an ultra-modern dramatic critic on Shakespeare, the other is an indictment of Theodore Dreiser by an ultra-conservative professor. The American novelist has been made by such indignation as this, but his opponents are chary of applying similar tests to the classics. Yet Carrie Meeber and Jennie Gerhardt, whose weaknesses excite the scorn of Dr.

Stuart Sherman, are not of that type which Shakespeare so often described, in language which I prefer to that just quoted:

. . . Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirit looks out

At every joint and motive of her body.

O! these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give accosting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every tickling reader, set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity

And daughters of the game. . . .

The mandarins who have so keen an eye for the ribaldries and the disconsolate veracities of contemporary fiction evade these issues when presented in Shakespeare. William had a low sense of humor which impressed the Dr. Bowdler hereinbefore mentioned, but his successors gulp hastily when they come to such passages and murmur soothing nothings about the coarseness of the age. But they do not explain why Spenser before him, and Bunyan immediately after him, were not infected by the spacious atmosphere of Elizabethan frankness. Mr. Frank Harris, whose autobiography is not permitted to contaminate this simple American civilization, is outraged by the freedom of Shakespeare's "salamanders," those dreadfully free young women, like Helena and Beatrice, whose technic and language are essentially in the tone of our latest flapper fiction. "All's Well that Ends Well" begins at once with a conversation between Helena and Parolles which will remind the American reader of to-day of a studio party in Greenwich Village. What a professor calls "the sacred boldness" of this emancipated and shameless creature is in the latest tradition, which disturbs the guardians of our morals and provides endless occupation for societies that specialize in vice. Like her contemporary type, Helena protests—

I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest
That I protest I simply am a maid.

But her pursuit of the male is as Dreiserian as her physiological meditations are authentic Floyd Dell. For all that, there are more eager patrons for *Flaming Youth* and *Janet March* than for "Much Ado about Nothing."

While this side of Shakespeare's works is ignored or explained away, much academic praise is lavished upon his platitudinous "philosophy" and his smug homilies:

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly.

The suspicion that the "worthy master William Shakespeare" was a middle-class English humbug becomes irresistible on reading such lines as these, which have all the conviction of a politician's endorsement of Prohibition. He even went so far as to complain—in 1600 or thereabouts—that servants were not what they used to be:

O good old man! how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat but for promotion,

And having that, do choke their service up

Even with the having: it is not so with thee.

Presumably the working classes had become demoralized, as usual, by high wages in munition factories during the war with Spain.

The familiar sweet accents of Edgar Guest are discernible in

If ever you have look'd on better days,

If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast,

If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,

And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:

It is no wonder that Bernard Shaw has said "if nothing were left of Shake-

speare but his genius, our Shakespeare-olators would miss all that they admire in him." His statesmanship generally remains about the level of after-dinner political oratory:

The heavens themselves, the planets, and
this centre

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:

Again—

Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees;
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

So far as general ideas are concerned, Shakespeare can stand comparison with any of the choicest platitudinarians who adorn the councils of Democracy or engage the plain people of these States through the far-scattered wisdom of syndicated editorials. There is no serious reason why people who like that sort of thing should not get it from the wood, so to speak, rather than encourage the bootlegging of the obvious—that synthetic fustian which is retailed in journalistic phials with deceptive labels. He can say these things so much better. We have heard it all before, but it sounds well when we hear:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

As soon as the music of his craft possesses him, Shakespeare forgets his role as the well-connected bourgeois who has seen better days; he never ceases to talk platitudes when he tries to be serious, but the words carry him

away into admissions that surge up out of the depths of his being. One yawns listening to the attempted profundity of Hamlet's "To be or not to be," for "poor Will," if he had small Latin and less Greek, had not much more philosophy. Seriously serious people, like Emerson, have not been deceived by his ability to give his public "what you will." Emerson regretted "that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement." But out of that profanity and obscurity of his life come all that enchants the ear in his writings. What is the pseudo-philosophy of Hamlet's soliloquy on death beside Claudio's terrorized cry in "Measure for Measure"?

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round
about

The pendant world; or to be worse than
worst

Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed wordly life,
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

As a very solemn and very Early Victorian art critic, Mr. Ruskin, pointed out, in none of Shakespeare's thirty-seven five-act plays in blank verse is there a single hero—which is probably the best commentary upon life that can be drawn from his writings. He has been congratulated by the professors upon his knowledge that we have each of us our station in life and should stay there; that the bee is a model for all right-thinking citizens; that Calvin Coolidge is the ideal man:

. . . spare in diet,

Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the
blood. . . .

that "our remedies oft in ourselves do lie"; that the qualities we should look for in our rulers are such

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.

Very naturally the writer who could turn out this sort of thing by the yard, and do it much better than his contemporaries, "the Elizabethan blank-verse beasts" to whom Charles Lamb was addicted (in the words of Bernard Shaw) as he was addicted to gin—the writer who could do this would flourish in the theater. Anatole France has pointed out that verses spoken in the theater are always padded out with redundant and meaningless lines, which are put in to fill up the intervals while the audience is digesting the words that are significant. Too much sense would overstrain the minds of the playgoers. Hence the enduring success of those Shakespearian plays—"Richard the Third," "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "As You Like It," and "Much Ado about Nothing"—all of which lend themselves to exploitation by actor-managers and are cheerfully butchered to make a theatrical holiday from the usual trivialities. Works like "Troilus and Cressida," "All's Well that Ends Well," and "Measure for Measure" are rarely seen, as the records in England show, although doubtful rubbish like "Pericles" is included in the repertory of two of the chief exponents of Shakespeare in the modern British stage.

Thus dramatic criticism prior to the rise of the Modern Drama with Ibsen, Shaw, and the rest was not a criticism of plays (as it has since become) but of acting. Between these two stools of criticism Shakespeare has fallen to the ground, where the pedants have him at their mercy. Meanwhile his merit is diminished by the revival of the cult of the Elizabethans, whose violent, sanguinary, and obscene ranting enjoys a reflected glory from Shake-

speare's preëminence. He should be read, therefore, if only as an antidote to the æsthetic posturings of the devotees of Marlowe, Webster, Tourneur, or even the occasionally poetic but never dramatic Jonson, Marston, Middleton, and Chapman. "Titus Andronicus" is a specimen of Shakespeare's contribution to The Tragedy of Blood; it is one of his worst plays, but it is a masterpiece beside Webster's bedlamite "Duchess of Malfy," Marston's delirious "Antonio's Revenge," or Cyril Tourneur's "The Revenger's Tragedy" (compared by Swinburne to Æschylus) with its eighteen violent deaths and its slaughterhouse atmosphere of lust and crime.

Shakespeare must not be read because he is the brightest star in the Elizabethan pleiad, as the enthusiasts insinuate (from Charles Lamb and Swinburne to their echoes, Mr. T. S. Eliot and Rupert Brooke), but in spite of that. That "golden age" of the British theater was actually a period when the foul, the extravagant, and the horrible flourished—thanks to the hocus-pocus of blank verse, in which the record of bombastic futility was achieved. It was a period when the British theater was in a state of barbarousness compared with which the theater of France and Spain stood in the same relation as the American bathroom to a Tudor cesspool. It was, however, into this uncouth society of ranters and brawlers that Shakespeare came to learn his trade as playwright and from which he was gradually to emancipate himself—though never entirely.

The modern man can, therefore, enjoy him on condition that he be regarded as a natural genius handicapped by the conventions and conditions of an age when brawn was more respected than brains. Shakespeare does not open up the glorious world of Elizabethan literature but rather closes it by showing us the best that the times could produce. He has no message for mankind and his humor is frequently so

feeble that a bad burlesque show is brilliant in comparison. Where he is unintelligible it is rarely worth while to decipher him, for the actual defects in the text have long since been repaired and the rest is merely the arid diversion of professors. If he is irresistible it is because he is a musician of words so lovely that the English tongue is forever illuminated by his use of it. Into the mouth of a savage he can put such lines as—

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight
 and hurt not.
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instru-
 ments
 Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes
 voices,
 That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again: and then, in
 dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open and show
 riches
 Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd
 I cried to dream again.

At the same time his attitude is essentially that of the man or woman of this skeptical age of transition, so terrifying to timorous minds. Shakespeare is hedonistic and happy in disillusion; he is Hamlet and Falstaff, both figures that admirably represent the point of view of the civilized minority to-day. In the most wonderful love poetry in the world he has expressed just that combination of sensualism, passion, and cynicism which peculiarly irritates the stern mentors of our latter-day morals. He can write to his mistress:

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are
 dun;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her
 head.
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;

And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress
 reeks.

I love to hear her speak; yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the
 ground:
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

The tone of disillusioned intensity is exactly in the key of the verses written to-day by a generation from which the standard bearers of tradition retreat in order to annotate another edition of the classics—Shakespeare for preference. His own defiance of such tests as are applied—if not to him, to all in him that lives again in contemporary literature—is expressed in such phrases as

No, I am that I am, and they that level
 At my abuses reckon up their own:
 I may be straight though they themselves be
 bevel;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not
 be shown;

Orthodox Shakespeareology demands a note of deferential, reverent agnosticism in the appreciation of "poor Will." By strenuously ignoring the facts one has all the more indignation left for the faults of contemporaries. "Others abide our question—thou art free," was Matthew Arnold's apostrophe; and while these Colossi bestride the narrow world of traditional pedantic criticism, we petty men who do not take our Shakespeare sadly peep about to find reasons for that conviction which we share with him:

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

Because he was of men all-too-human
 and of English poets the greatest, he
 has his place in "the wide world dream-
 ing of things to come."

THE LOST KINGDOM OF PRESTER JOHN

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

SOME years ago, having missed a steamer connection, I found myself condemned to spend several days in Aden, that sun-scorched rock at the lower left-hand corner of Arabia which is one of the chain of watch dogs that guard Britain's sea-road to the East. Running short of funds, I presented my letter of credit to a famous Indian banker, Cowasjee Dinshaw by name, who has rendered financial services of one kind and another to most of the royal houses between Suez and Singapore. As there was some delay in obtaining the currency in the required form, Mr. Dinshaw courteously suggested that I wait in his own apartments which, as is the custom in the East, were above his business premises.

The room in which he left me was a revelation of Oriental luxury: the floor strewn with priceless Persian carpets, the walls hung with Kashmir shawls and Indian embroideries, the massive teakwood furniture carved by cunning Chinese craftsmen; and *objets d'art* in gold, silver, ivory—most of them, I gathered from the inscriptions, gifts from grateful sultans, emirs, and maharajahs—scattered everywhere, so that the place resembled a museum rather than a drawing-room.

In a vain attempt to keep out the terrific heat of midday every door and window had been tightly closed and, as a consequence, the atmosphere was stifling. So, hoping to get a breath of fresher air, I unbolted and threw wide the ponderous iron-studded door which gave upon a broad lattice-inclosed gallery. As the door swung open I received one of the shocks of my life for, standing on the opposite side of the threshold, not four

feet away, was an enormous Nubian lion. The great beast was so close that I could feel its fetid breath upon my face. For a single startled instant I stared incredulously into that majestic leonine countenance with its smoldering eyes and frame of tawny hair. Then I crashed shut the door and leaned against it panting, while from beyond the sturdy panels rose a deep, reverberating roar which seemed to shake the house to its foundations. When my host entered the room a moment later he found me helping myself—with a hand that shook a little, I imagine—from a convenient decanter.

"I'm sorry that you were startled," he said solicitously, "but Menelik doesn't like strangers, though with members of the family he's as gentle as a kitten. The Emperor of Abyssinia sent him to me as a present a year or so ago, when he was only a cub, in recognition of a little favor I was able to do him. But he's getting too large to have around the house much longer and I'm afraid that I shall have to get rid of him, though I hate to do it because the children are so fond of him."

The next day as my steamer skirted the coast of Africa I could discern quite clearly a wall of purple mountains rising against the western sky. Beyond that mighty rampart, I knew, lay Abyssinia. Then and there I determined to avail myself of the first opportunity which offered to visit that mysterious and little-known land. A country whose ruler expressed his gratitude by gifts of lions—just as European monarchs reward those who serve them with gold cigarette cases and jeweled scarf-pins and decorations—was, I argued, bound to be interesting. And the strange stories that

reached my ears from time to time during the years which followed, of the great black empire hidden behind the ranges—stories as fantastic as were ever conceived in the brain of a novelist—served still further to whet my curiosity and stimulate my imagination.

I had been told that in visiting Abyssinia I should enjoy the unique experience of drawing back the curtains of time for a dozen centuries, of passing at a step from the modern world into the Dark Ages. Word-pictures had been painted for me of a land where feudal nobles rode abroad followed by retinues of squires and men-at-arms, where men went into battle carrying spear and shield, where priests in golden crowns danced before the Ark of the Covenant to the clash of sistra and the throb

of drums, where warriors ate raw steaks cut from the flanks of living animals and washed down their sanguinary meal with goblets of mead, where the Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" was still literally observed, where the hands and feet of criminals were hacked off by public executioners in the market place, and where the trees bore human fruit. So I set out on my journey hopefully. Hope was all I had. There was no certainty, but I knew that if romance and adventure persisted on an earth which is fast becoming utterly prosaic, they must be found in this mystery-enshrouded land.

Two weeks to a day after the gilt Virgin of Notre Dame de la Garde had lost itself to view amid the mists above

Marseilles, there rose out of the Gulf of Aden a slender yellow band—the coast of French Somaliland. I have seen that shoreline many times but it never fails to bring me a thrill of mystery, of anticipation. A low, treeless, sandy coast, it is nevertheless the seaboard of the Africa of Speke, Burton, Baker, Livingstone, Stanley, and Gordon; of Mahomet Ali, Cetewayo, Lobenguela, Tippoo Tib, Menelik, Raisuli; of explorers, slave traders, gun runners, and ivory hunters; of nomad, pygmy, cannibal, and bushman. To any man with a spark of romance or adventure in his soul it spells starlit nights on the desert, the wind on the high veldt, quaint byways in ancient Arab cities, the clamor of the dim bazaars, canoe journeys down jungle-bordered rivers, the full moon above a forest clearing, the feel of the



SENESCHAL OF THE LATE EMPEROR MENELIK

He combines the old and the new by carrying a shield and a pair of field-glasses.

hot sun on one's back, the snarl of camels, the smell of sweat-soaked leather, the creak of saddle gear.

Our port of debarkation was Djibouti, the port of French Somaliland and the gateway to Abyssinia—a collection of low buildings, white and rectangular as so many pieces of cut sugar, scattered along a yellow foreshore upon which the great combers rolling in from the Indian Ocean break in thunder and lacy foam. On a little rise above a U-shaped bay a bougainvillea-smothered bungalow, which I rightly assumed to be the palace of the governor, peered seaward from amid a small cluster of acacias—this solitary patch of verdure affording the only relief to eyes dazzled by white-washed walls and sun-drenched sand. Behind

the town, beyond the broad semicircle of orange-and-black desert which hems it in on the landward side, range upon range of purple mountains piled themselves against a hot blue sky with the unreality of a backdrop in a theater.

It is slightly less than eight hundred kilometers by the Franco-Ethiopian Railway from Djibouti to Addis Abeba, the capital of Abyssinia, and owing to the predilection of the Somali and Danakil tribesmen for raiding the line and stealing the rails and telegraph wire (which makes it unsafe to operate the trains at night), and to the fact that to reach the Abyssinian plateau the train has to climb eight thousand feet, the journey occupies three days. At Daounlé where a concrete pillar and a small hill-



THE EMPRESS AND PRINCE REGENT OF ABYSSINIA

fort mark the boundary between French territory and Ethiopian, the hot and dreadful desert that is French Somaliland is left behind and thence onward the journey is one of unrelenting interest. It is an amazing country. Torn and twisted by convulsions of Nature, its barren ridges covered with thick blankets of volcanic scoria through which run deep, long furrows, it looks as though the Devil had attempted to plough this African inferno but had given up the task in despair.

Twelve hours after leaving Djibouti our train came to a halt before the rather pretentious station of Diré-Dawa, a pleasant little town situated in the midst of a prosperous coffee-growing section and the nearest point on the rail-

way to the important city of Harar. The scene of confusion which marks the arrival of the semi-weekly train at Diré-Dawa is indescribable. It is a cross between a Dublin riot and a Democratic national convention. As the train came to a stop it was engulfed by a mob of jostling, shouting Abyssinians (nearly every man armed with a rifle or a spear) come to welcome relatives and friends, to obtain employment as porters, or from idle curiosity. Half-a-dozen burly fellows, who claimed to be porters from the local caravanserai, invaded our compartment and, ignoring my orders to clear out, began tossing our luggage through the windows to their fellow-brigands outside. But just as I was about to resort to more drastic measures I heard above the tumult the *thwack*, *thwack*, *thwack* of rhino-hide whips falling upon bare shoulders, and the next moment a tall, dignified Abyssinian, wrapped in the white *chamma* which is the universal dress of the country, and carrying a rifle, two knives, a revolver, and an enormous sword, and followed by a detachment of soldiers who were distinguishable as such only by the red-green-and-yellow rosettes upon their khaki helmets, appeared at the carriage door. He was, he explained in halting French, the vice-governor of Harar, who, it appeared, had been notified by telegraph from Addis Abeba of our impending arrival. This official, to whom everyone paid the utmost deference, promptly took us in charge and, preceded by a long line of porters bearing on their heads our luggage, and surrounded by a cordon of soldiers who literally cut a pathway through the milling mob with their whips, we set off on foot for the hotel a quarter of a mile away, for there are no wheeled vehicles in Diré-Dawa.

The second day's journey took us along the foot of the Tchertcher Mountains to the suspension bridge which spans the mighty chasm through which thunders the Hawsh, that strange river which traverses half of Abyssinia only to

die in the sands before it can reach the sea. To the north the great peaks of Assabot and Afdam rise in purple majesty against a cloudless sky. Twisting in and out through gloomy glens and over lonely gorges, the train toils slowly upward, now breaking through vegetation that brushes the sides of the cars, now crawling timorously along a narrow shelf cut from the face of the cliff, "with a drop into nothing below you as far as a beggar can spit." That night we spent in the rest-house at Hawsh, inappropriately named, however, for rest was made impossible by the barking of hyenas and the eerie laughter of jackals scavengering just outside the compound, while occasionally, from beside the river, came the bass voice of a lion.

As we approached our destination the traffic on the dirt highroad which parallels the railway enormously increased—droves of donkeys laden with the products of farm and forest, long strings of pack mules, interminable files of swaying camels, natives afoot and on horseback and astride of gaily caparisoned mules, the sun glittering on the tips of their spears and the barrels of their rifles. The throngs along the tracks steadily became denser, for the arrival of the semi-weekly train is distinctly an event in Addis Abeba, until we were running through a lane formed by human beings, all clad in spotless white. So tranquil was the demeanor of the people (despite their show of weapons), so peaceful the setting that I began to wonder how much truth there was in the grim, fantastic stories I had heard. But these doubts were quickly resolved when, leaning from the carriage window as we were forging slowly through the outer precincts of the city, my attention was arrested by a curious wooden framework, not unlike the children's swings erected in public playgrounds, its gaunt outline silhouetted against the crimsoning sky. As we drew nearer I could discern, hanging from the cross-bar, a rope with a noose at its end. Those who swing from that beam do not do so for pleasure.



THE FAVORITE MOTOR CAR OF THE ABYSSINIAN REGENT

Two of his ministers are in the rear seat; the guards are armed with American machine guns.

I have seen all, or nearly all, of the world's capitals, but not one of them is more picturesquely situated, to my way of thinking, than Addis Abeba. Built on the slopes of a great green valley, hemmed in on every side by tremendous mountains that sweep up range on range to meet the sky—so completely is the city embowered in eucalyptus trees that comparatively few buildings are to be seen, the only ones which catch the eye from afar being the octagonal church of St. George and the wall-encircled collection of palaces, offices, barracks, and tables atop of a commanding hill which is the *gibbi* of the Empress and the seat of government. Everything else is hidden beneath a mass of gray-green foliage.

Addis Abeba is one of those places of which it is almost impossible to draw a satisfactory word-picture. Certainly it is like no other African town that I know, though it is vaguely reminiscent of certain other cities without actually resembling them. Thus its vast market place

inevitably reminds one of the *maidans* of Tehran and Kermanshah; the narrow, tortuous, ill-paved streets, lined with the stalls and booths of Indian and Arab merchants, are suggestive of India and Mesopotamia; the dense groves of eucalyptus, the stretches of brilliant greensward, the winding roads, the gorgeous gardens recall Montecito in California; the white villas of the Europeans are those common to the Mediterranean; but the *tukuls*—the mud-walled, thatched-roofed huts of the natives—are distinctly African. Straggling over an enormous area, possessing few substantial buildings and none of any architectural merit, destitute of pavements, sidewalks, water, lighting, or sewage system, it looks like a city that has gradually expanded to its present proportions from a military encampment. And that is precisely what it is. For Addis Abeba—the name means “the New Flower”—is a new city. Thirty years ago there was no such place.

In 1896, just before his great conflict with the Italians, the Emperor Menelik was encamped in the Entoto Hills near the site of the present city. Charmed by the superb situation, the numerous trees, the abundance of water, and the peculiarly happy climate, he announced that if in the forthcoming struggle victory alighted upon his banners he would return here and establish his capital. After the decisive victory at Adowa, pursuant to his promise, he came back to the spot that had captured his fancy and there established the imperial residence and the seat of government. The chief beauty of the place, its trees, was soon threatened with extinction, however, by the hordes of soldiers who accompanied the ruler and who, with the improvidence so characteristic of the African, began cutting them by the wholesale for building purposes and firewood. But Menelik, who was no ordinary African ruler, saved the situation by a wholesale introduction of eucalyptus or blue-gum trees, commanding that they be planted by everyone, everywhere, thousands and thousands of them, and that cutting was to be strictly regulated. On the Abyssinian plateau these trees grow with remarkable rapidity, sometimes as much as twelve feet in a year, so that in a surprisingly short time what promised to become a treeless, barren hillside was transformed into a forest, the foliage of which lasts the whole year round.

Abyssinia is a trying country for those who despise the colored races. It is no place for a Southerner or for an Englishman who has lived in the East. Those who purpose to visit the country must be prepared to lay all racial prejudices aside, or at least to keep them under cover, and to accept the fact as gracefully as possible that in Ethiopia the Ethiopian is "the top dog" and is perfectly conscious of that fact. The country belongs to the natives; all power is in their hands; the white man is merely an immigrant and, from the Abyssinian standpoint, not a particularly desirable one. Extremely proud of their inde-

pendence, savagely resentful of anything savoring of European interference (as the Italians learned to their cost), the Abyssinians have kept themselves free of all foreign influence by steadfastly refusing to grant concessions to foreigners or to contract foreign loans: Abyssinia being the only country in the world, with the possible exception of Afghanistan, which has no national debt.

Though the Abyssinians are noticeably dark, often black, it should be remembered that they are not negroes—if by negroes is meant people of Hamitic descent, such as the tribes of Equatorial Africa. Though in many cases there is an obvious admixture of negro blood due to intermarriage with the negroid tribes along their borders, the Abyssinians are of Semitic descent—Caucasians, like the Jews, whom in feature they strikingly resemble. The universality of this misconception was amusingly illustrated some years ago by a visit paid to the Emperor Menelik by a young Haitian of good family—a full-blooded negro. This enterprising young man conceived the happy idea of securing the support of the Ethiopian ruler for a program for the general amelioration of the negro race. To him it seemed extremely appropriate that the greatest black man in the world should become the honorary president of the projected organization. The old emperor is said to have listened patiently to the Haitian's plan, finally replying with that dry humor which was characteristic of him: "Yours is a most excellent idea, my young friend. I heartily approve of your scheme and I wish you the greatest possible success. But in asking me to accept the presidency of your society you are knocking at the wrong door, as it were. For you evidently do not realize that I am not a negro at all; I am a Caucasian."

Of the curious sights which constantly cause the traveler in Abyssinia to rub his eyes and wonder if he is dreaming, the most curious are those connected with the administration of justice, which, in that fantastic land, frequently

assumes the most astonishing forms. One day while riding in the outskirts of the capital I came upon a pair of pedestrians strolling down the middle of the road. Wrapped in the white *chammas* worn by Abyssinians of all classes, they were sauntering in such close proximity to each other that they appeared to be the most intimate of friends. Not until the sharp clatter of my pony's hoofs, as I approached from behind, caused them abruptly to take to the side of the road did I discover that their intimacy was, as it were, enforced: the bond which held them so closely together being not friendship, as I had assumed, but a foot or so of stout steel chain.

"A policeman taking a prisoner to jail, I suppose," I remarked to my companion, an Englishman who had lived in Abyssinia for years.

"Not at all," was the matter-of-fact answer. "A debtor and his creditor out for a stroll.

"In Abyssinia, you must understand," he explained in response to my expression of astonishment, "judgments and foreclosures and similar legal proceedings are quite unknown. Here the law is a short-cut to justice and not a detour to avoid it, as is frequently the case at home. When a man owes a debt and either can't or won't pay it, the creditor applies to a court, which 'gives him the hand' of the debtor. In other words, instead of applying for an attachment against the property of the man who owes him, the creditor adopts the more

direct method of attaching the delinquent's hand—to his own. From then until the debt is settled—usually by the debtor's relatives or friends—the two wander about like Siamese twins, the right hand of one linked to the left hand of the other."

The penal code of Abyssinia is frankly based on the Mosaic law and very drastic are its penalties. Highway robbery is punishable by the loss of a hand

or a foot—"If thine right hand offend thee, cut it off" say the Scriptures—while for murder or manslaughter the penalty is death, usually by hanging. As all death sentences must be approved by the Prince Regent before being carried out, it frequently happens that a number of criminals are executed at the same time. After one of these periodic jail-cleanings, therefore, every gallows in the city has a ghastly tassel swinging from it—even the gnarled



THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE IN ADDIS ABEBA

branches of the giant sycamore that stands before the Church of St. George are heavy with their human fruit.

But the death penalty does not always take the form of hanging, for, according to the "eye for an eye" doctrine, should the family of the murdered person demand it the murderer must be handed over to them to die the same death that he inflicted on his victim. In such cases if the murderer used a knife he dies by the knife; if a rifle or revolver, he receives a fatal dose of lead; if he choked his victim to death, he is himself

strangled. An example of this poetic justice occurred while I was in Addis Abeba, a native having been sentenced to death for having shot a Greek. As the deceased had no relatives to avenge him, the condemned man was conducted by soldiers to the spot in a dry river-bed where the crime had been committed and there the tragedy was reenacted, the murderer this time being the victim.

A literal observance of the Mosaic Law is sometimes not without its difficulties, however, as was exemplified by an amusing case which occurred during the reign of Menelik. A man engaged in trimming a tree fell from the branch on which he was seated and, though himself uninjured, broke the neck of another passing underneath. Though it was obviously an accident, the relatives of the dead man nevertheless demanded the infliction of the death penalty which, as I have remarked, is imposed for manslaughter as well as murder.

"So be it," announced the emperor when the case was brought before him for final decision. "If they insist upon having the life of this man their demand must be granted, for such is the law of the land. But mark you, they must take it according to the law. The accused shall take his place beneath the tree where the accident occurred and a member of the dead man's family shall climb the tree and fall upon him. I have spoken."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the relatives accepted blood money, an alternative which is permitted in such cases.

There is an informality about the administration of justice in Abyssinia which is in striking contrast to the complicated and ponderous legal machinery of more highly civilized lands. Minor civil actions are tried in what might be described as *al fresco* courts, which form a picturesque feature of street life in Addis Abeba and other Abyssinian towns. These singular tribunals are not held in a courtroom or hall of justice, but instead the court sits in a shady spot beside the road, in the open market place,

or as Robin Hood sat in judgment beneath the greenwood tree. Still more extraordinary from our point of view, there are no regularly appointed judges in such cases, for any passerby may be called upon to act in such capacity; nor are there any professional lawyers in the country, every man arguing his own case.

Owing to a curious chain of political events there is to-day what amounts to a dual government in Abyssinia. The titular ruler is the Empress Zauditu, a daughter of the late Emperor Menelik, who was given the imperial crown in 1916 upon the deposition of the youthful Emperor Lij Yasu (her nephew and a grandson of Menelik) who was overthrown by his infuriated subjects because of his leanings toward Islam. The real power, however, is in the hands of the Prince Regent, Ras Tafari Makonnen, who is also the Heir Apparent—Zauditu having been forced to divorce her husband and to agree never to remarry before she was given the throne. Though she lives in the strictest seclusion, rarely receiving foreigners, she exercises by virtue of the Menelik tradition a not inconsiderable influence, being regarded as the leader of the reactionary element while Ras Tafari is the standard bearer of the party of progress and reform. This means, of course, two sets of advisers and courtiers, and it also results in a vast amount of intrigue and considerable friction. Though Ras Tafari has the loyal support of the more progressive Rases and chieftains, he also has numerous and powerful enemies, a fact which caused his advisers to oppose his tour of Europe in the spring of 1924 on the ground that his opponents would avail themselves of his absence from the country to precipitate a revolution. But Ras Tafari solved the difficulty by inviting his enemies to accompany him, an invitation which they did not dare to decline.

Though it has been my privilege to have known many rulers, some of them rather intimately, I can recall none who so looks and acts the monarch as Ras

Tafari. Somewhat below medium height, slenderly built, with a full black beard, a clear olive skin, and the saddest yet most penetrating eyes I have ever seen, he is, as a friend of mine remarked, "a black replica of Jesus of Nazareth." Always friendly, always sympathetic, with a keen sense of humor and a quick appreciation of a joke, I can no more imagine him encouraging familiarity than I could the late President Wilson. During the numerous occasions on which I was invited to the palace we discussed pretty nearly everything from baseball to bolshevism. Only once was I embarrassed. In discussing his proposed visit to the United States—a visit which was abandoned because the Department of State failed to send him an invitation—he asked me bluntly how colored visitors were received in America. Now Ras Tafari, though not black, is indeniably colored in the ordinary meaning of the term; so, remembering the attitude of certain elements of our population (notably the Ku Klux Klan),

I sidestepped an embarrassing subject by upsetting my coffee cup, thereby bringing that particular line of conversation to an end. Months later, in the illustrated papers I saw pictures of the Ras riding down the Champs Elysées with the President of France and visiting King George at Buckingham Palace. We are a curiously narrow-minded and intolerant people in many respects, we Americans.

Before leaving America I had been told at the Department of State that it is customary for visitors to Abyssinia to take gifts to the country's ruler. Now, though I have been so fortunate as to receive gifts from royalty on various occasions, I had never before found it necessary to myself make presents to the Lord's Anointed. A cigar or cigarette case was out of the question, for I had been informed that at the Ethiopian court the use of tobacco was frowned upon. However, I found later that this is no longer so, the Ras providing his guests with excellent Egyptians and



AN ABYSSINIAN OUTDOOR COURT—WITHOUT JUDGES OR LAWYERS

Notice on the sign the Ear of Justice, the Scales, and the Book of Judgment.

Havanas; but things were not always thus, for the Emperor Theodore commanded that those found using tobacco should have their lips cut off. Field glasses, phonographs, cameras, watches, motion-picture outfits, and the like—all these the Ras already possessed, I assumed. In fact, the storerooms of the palace are piled to the roof with the gifts that have been sent him by European governments or brought him by visitors. So after looking over the field I decided on a Thompson sub-machine gun, a marvelous little weapon with a rate-of-fire of a thousand shots a minute, yet so compact that it can be carried in an ordinary suitcase. When I spoke about it to friends on the General Staff they assured me that it was the last word in automatic weapons.



SOMALI AND DANAKIL TRIBESMEN WATCHING THE TRAIN

On the occasion of our first reception at the palace, after tea had been served I motioned to one of the chamberlains who advanced bearing the case containing my gift and the packages of ammunition. Ras Tafari appeared extremely gratified and interested, requesting me to explain the uses of the weapon and to demonstrate its mechanism. It was quite evident from the keen interest I displayed that I had been fortunate enough to hit on a gift that really pleased him. Imagine my astonishment then, when some weeks later, upon going to the palace for a farewell audience, I found a guard of honor drawn up at the entrance, every man armed with a Thompson machine gun!

"Where on earth did you get them?" I asked the Master of Ceremonies. I supposed that the one I gave the Ras was the first of its kind ever seen in Abyssinia."

"Not at all," was the complacent answer. "He received a consignment of them nearly six months ago. His Highness has agents in Europe and America whose business it is to send him the latest inventions in firearms."

Because he wished to see something of the interior of Abyssinia, the Ras arranged a *safari* into the western hinterland. As it is used in Africa to-day, the word *safari* applies to any sort of an expedition. You can go on *safari* in automobiles or ox-carts, afoot or on a camel, horseback or astride a mule. We used one of the Ras's hunters—there are less than a dozen cars in the whole empire—until the engine ran out and the bugle began; there we exchanged the popular modern means



SOMALI WOMEN FROM THE PROVINCE OF SHOA

of transportation for the four-footed conveyances which have been used in Africa since traveling began. There is no space here for the story of that *safari*, barring a single episode—our remarkable reception by the monks of Addis Alam.

Addis Alam, a most charming little village in the western hills, is the seat of one of the largest monasteries in Abyssinia, where dwell some two hundred monks and priests under a bishop or *abouna*, a charming old gentleman of ninety-six who had been a friend and adviser of all the rulers of Abyssinia as far back as the Emperor Theodore. Within an hour after our tents had been pitched beneath the spreading sycamores outside the town he came to call upon us, bringing the traditional gifts of sheep, wild honey, and *tej*, the latter a highly intoxicating drink fermented from honey, being identical, it is claimed, with the mead of the ancient Saxons.

Be it understood that Abyssinia is a Christian country. Not only that, but the Abyssinians were practicing the creed of the Nazarene when our ancestors were worshipping Thor and Odin, the nation having accepted Christianity fully three centuries after the Cruci-

fixion. They have a church of their own in Rome, a monastery in Jerusalem, and explorers in the Libyan Desert have discovered Ethiopian monasteries and religious records of extreme antiquity.

I had mentioned to Ras Tafari my disappointment at missing the Dance of the Priests, one of the most curious and colorful religious pageants in the world, which is held in the capital once yearly at the Feast of Maskal. Picture my surprise and satisfaction then when I was informed by the *Abouna* that, acting upon the suggestion of the Prince Regent, the ancient ritual was to be performed the following morning for our special benefit.

The spot selected for the dance could not have been improved upon: a level stretch of brilliant greensward before the monastery church—a curious, cubical structure, its outer walls decorated with elaborate floral designs or primitives illustrating episodes in the Scriptures. Upward of two hundred monks participated in the procession which inaugurated the ceremonies. And what a procession! I have witnessed many picturesque scenes in the quarter-century I have spent in quest of the un-

usual, but none of them equalled this in magnificence of costuming, in gorgeousness of color. At the head of the cortege, beneath a scarlet parasol borne by an attendant, paced the *Abouna*, an old, old man wrapped in an ample cloak of purple satin, his white beard and snowy headcloth recalling the patriarchs of Scripture. After him in single file passed ten young monks clad in robes of silk, of satin, and of velvet, heavy with silver-and-gold lace and literally incrustated with jewels, each wearing on his head a massive golden crown and accompanied by an attendant carrying a gorgeous umbrella. They symbolized, I was told, the Ten Commandments. And after them came an interminable procession of monks and priests, some in garments of amazing colors—burnt orange, emerald green, turquoise blue, crimson, violet, vermillion—and others, the neophytes I imagine, in spotless white with veils over their faces; some bore golden crucifixes set with jewels and others wandlike “prayer sticks” of ebony and silver, and all of them carried silver sistra like those used by the ancient Egyptians, which they clashed in tinkling chorus. After twice completing the circuit of the church—the doors of which had been thrown open so that we

could glimpse the Holy of Holies, within which stands the Ark of the Covenant—they formed in two long lines facing each other and the dance itself began. The music was provided by a number of enormous drums, the shape and size of barrels, whose leathern ends when smitten with a sweeping motion of the hand gave forth a sound like distant thunder. Slowly the two ranks approached each other, the monks swaying their bodies from the hips, clashing their sistra, and chanting in Geez, the sacred language. Louder and louder swelled the chant; faster and faster shook the sistra, clashing like the castanets of Spanish dancers; deeper and deeper boomed the thundering drums, more ecstasied became the movements of the dancers, the ritual attaining its apogee in a series of falsetto cries like the whoops of dance-crazed Indians.

And so we left them to their ancient rites—unchanged, no doubt, since the priests of Solomon danced before the Ark of the Covenant in the Great Temple—and rode slowly down the verdant hill-slopes toward the dark forest that lay beyond. Long after we had disappeared amid its trees there came to us, adown the wind, the thunder of the drums of Judah.

MONOTONE

BY DANIEL KELLEY

THE stone has broken with the last slow drop
 Of the eaves water; the bent leafless tree
 Has fallen in the wind from off its pop;
 The dream, by long neglect, grown mute in me.

The stones will go where there is wall to mend;
 The wood be cut up for the winter fire;
 Since in this life use never comes to end,
 Remembrance may, in sleep, again inspire.

Touching these things, hereafter, none will guess
 The bit of stone once drank the sweet of rain.
 The black log bloomed in far-off loveliness;
 And my heart sang, not utterly in vain.

THE ELDER BROTHER

A Story

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

LAST week my landlady said in the midst of the evening meal, "You must see to it that you are early to your dinner to-morrow night, Josef Vitek, for I have a great treat in store for you."

Now hearing my landlady talk thus I felt sure that she was planning some brave dish, and so to plague her I answered:

"I am not sure that I shall be here at all. My Greek friend is to celebrate his name-day and he has said something to me about a feast."

"His name-day!" cried my landlady in scorn, for she cares little for my Greek friend. "And what unmannerly thing is that, I should like to know? In Alsace we have no such foolishness."

"Nor in my country, either . . . But it seems it stands in place of a birthday. And it falls upon the day called after the saint a man is named for."

"Do not tell me," my landlady cried out, "that such a stupid lout is named for a saint!"

"Well," I retorted gravely, "since he is a Christian what else is left? . . . You would not have him named for the devil?"

At this my landlady put two hands upon her hips and wagged her old head from one side to another. "Christian, indeed! Then why does he not have a birthday like decent folks?"

"Perhaps he does," I answered. "That I do not know. But is there anything to prevent one having a name-day, too? . . . And think how many, being named for the same saint, feast upon the same day? It is almost as good as

Easter or Christmas. . . No, I do not agree with you: for my part I think it is a good arrangement. And what is more, I should say that any excuse for feasting serves a good turn."

"To hear you talk, Josef Vitek, one would fancy that you were worn down to a shadow with lean living. . . . I do not know what sort of outlandish fare your Greek friend can provide you, but if you are willing to risk it I suppose there is no more to be said."

I looked at my landlady out of the corner of my eye. Her face was very red and in a moment I thought she might have wept from her disappointment and anger. Yet the longer her vexation, the more happily I knew she would smile in the end, so I said:

"I know some of the things he will serve me: broth of chicken with a taste of lemon and little bitter-sweet olives in the Greek fashion. And like as not, lamb baked with eggplant. And rice fried in butter. And in the end a curd of goat's milk."

"And you call that a feast? Lamb and bitter olives and goat's-milk curd? . . . Shall I tell you what you would have at my table? Well then, a roast duck with noodles for one thing. And a batter pudding with all manner of preserves in the center for another. To say nothing of nuts and raisins and little red apples with your coffee. If you can match that anywhere in San Francisco, well and good. But for my part I would not trade so much as the little red apples for anything you have named me."

Now my landlady had named everything that she knew was my delight and there was so much sorrow bound up in her anger that I put up my finger as if an idea suddenly had come to me, and I replied:

"Now that I think on it, my Greek friend's name-day is a week from to-morrow! So I shall have both feasts!" And I threw back my head, laughing.

With that my landlady gave me a merry box on the ears and cried out gayly:

"Josef Vitek, you are a trial and no mistake! Fancy what a scare you gave me! Here was I, with a duck all dressed and ready for to-morrow's roasting, and noodles freshly rolled and cut into thin strips, and a guest all invited! Well, that which ends happily ends best."

"A guest!" cried I. "Now that is as it should be. And pray what is his name?"

"His name! Do you not think that one man at my table is worry enough? Besides I have only a single duck. Nay, this guest which I have invited is a woman. Not just any woman, mind you, but one who has a rare gift. For if everything is as it should be with her, at the end of the meal she can look into your teacup and tell you whatever the future has in store for you."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Can it be that you are asking a gipsy to sup with you?"

At this my landlady's face grew red again. "Do you think I am quite a fool, Josef Vitek? I have not lived a decent life these many years to end by sitting at the same table with a thieving witch."

"Well," I answered, "I am glad of that. But in Bohemia we have gipsies for such traffic. Although there was once an old woman in Polna, where I was born, who could tell marvelous things with a strand cut from your hair . . . In a teacup, did you say? Yes, come to think of it, gipsies look at your palm or they spread out cards before them."

"As my guest can do also if she has the mind for it. Indeed, there are no end to the pleasant things she can tell you, any way she chooses."

"If they be only pleasant things then it is well," said I. "But I remember that once my mother sent the strand from a lock of my sister's hair to the woman I told you of. And she sent back word: In less than a twelvemonth the child will die. And so it was."

"Well, what better can one expect from one who tells a fortune from a strand of human hair?" demanded my landlady. "For my part I should say that such a creature was in league with the devil. Doubtless she bewitched this sister of yours. And you must know, Josef Vitek, that there are such things as vampires."

"Vampires!" I repeated. "And what are they, pray?"

And with that my landlady told me so many stories concerning them that I forgot to eat the apple tart which she had set before me and I had to run all the way to my evening baking.

I was so late to my task that all my comrades were at their places when I entered, short of breath from my running, and my Greek friend who worked beside me looked up and said:

"What is the matter, Josef Vitek? One would think that you had seen your grandfather's ghost."

"Well," I answered, laughing, "and if I had, I should certainly not run from it. For, as I remember, my grandfather was a kindly old man and his ghost would be a very gentle ghost, I am sure. But," I went on, recalling my landlady's tales, "I could not have run faster if I had met a vampire."

At this my Greek friend turned pale. "Hush, Josef Vitek!" he cried. "It is not good for a Christian to so much as mention such creatures. For you must have heard the dreadful things they do."

"Ah, then you have them in Greece, too! And are they the same sort that my landlady talks of: lost souls who

rise up from their graves at midnight to drain the heart's blood from a man?"

"Yes," whispered my Greek friend, "they are the same in every country. And the worst of it is, you could not guess it if you saw one. At midnight, did you say? . . . Josef Vitek, they may rise from their graves at that hour but when they return is another matter. They are abroad at all seasons and they are always very beautiful, so that a man loses his heart to them. . . ."

"Can you mean," asked I, "that there are no ugly ones, nor any men among them?"

"If there are I have yet to hear of it. I have a friend who has great knowledge of them. He is a seventh son and has the gift of discerning things that others cannot see. If one can trust his report, their lips are always red and their eyes two burning coals. And when all other wiles fail they let down great strands of blue-black hair to lure a man with its perfume. And they have little sharp white teeth."

"Barring the little sharp white teeth," said I, "they have a pleasant sound."

"They have, indeed!" replied my Greek friend, turning away with a shudder.

And with that I whipped off my coat and began to toss from the mixing pails enough dough for my first kneading.

All night as I plied my trade I thought about fortune tellers, and seventh sons, and vampires with little sharp white teeth, until these things were all mixed up in my mind like the very dough which finally I pushed into the oven. I wondered what this friend of my landlady would be like: an old gnarled witchlike creature or something dark and flashing in the manner of a young gipsy? And I watched my Greek friend going about his tasks with the bitter smile that is usually on his red lips turned to grave silence.

All this made me solemn also, but in the end I said to myself:

"Josef Vitek, do not be a fool!

There are no such things as vampires abroad. This landlady of yours is full of such old-wives' tales. And as for your Greek friend, he is a sly dog and has stooped to many a trick to give himself a laugh at the expense of another. Even now he is probably thinking, 'What sport to watch this simpleton from Polna swallow however large a dish of lies I set before him!'"

And I went home in the early morning light, misty as it usually is in San Francisco, whistling gayly; so that my landlady, meeting me at the threshold, said:

"That is right, my son. Be happy while there is time for it. For no one knows what is in the future."

To which I replied, laughing:

"But to-night, at your table, I shall learn everything."

"So much the more reason," she answered, "that you sing now at daybreak."

"But I thought this friend of yours told only pleasant things."

My landlady looked at me and shook her head. "When you are as old as I am, Josef Vitek, you will learn that bitterness lies at the bottom of every sweet cup."

"If there is only sweetness at the beginning," I said, "I shall be content."

To which she made answer:

"So think we all until the draught is drained."

Now this friend of my landlady who told only pleasant fortunes was neither a gnarled old witch nor a brown gipsy. She was very beautiful, with flashing eyes and bright red lips and hair as sleek and shining as the wing of a blackbird.

Her name was Elena and when she looked into my teacup she said:

"Josef Vitek, there is much sweetness in store for you. . . . And a tear or two!" And she smiled in a curious way that hid her teeth.

But teacup fortunes were not to her taste, so she called to my landlady for a deck of cards.

"Now, Josef Vitek," she commanded, "shuffle these cards and cut them three times and make a wish, and then we shall see what we shall see."

To shuffle the cards and to cut them was no great matter, but when it came to wishing there was much time wasted; for at once a flood of wishes crowded in upon me and, try as I would, I could not tell which to decide upon.

"Come, now," said my landlady impatiently, "you are holding everything back! There must be a thousand things a youth like you can wish for!"

"That is just it!" I cried. "A thousand things to wish for and only one wish!"

But in the end I said to myself, "Josef Vitek, if you wish just to be happy you will do well. For to be happy is to get every wish no matter how many." And I laughed to myself, thinking how clever I was, and straightway I cut the cards three times.

Then Elena spread out the cards before her and from the beginning she began to see marvelous things: journeys by land and water, pieces of money, an envious friend, and much feasting. I kept my counsel until she named this last circumstance and at once I cried out to my landlady:

"See, this is the name-day of my Greek friend which has turned up in the cards. Now if that is not wonderful I should like to know what is!"

To which my landlady replied:

"Not a bit more wonderful than the envious friend. If he is not that heathenish Greek, then I have never heard a fortune told in my life."

As for Elena, she kept on sorting and discarding and turning up cards, and all the while finding astonishing things. But when it came to the matter of my wish she shook her head, saying:

"Sometimes your wish seems in your hand and then it vanishes. . . . No, I have never seen quite the like of it before—to come and go in this fashion!"

"Well," thought I, "nobody can be

always happy!" And I remembered Miriam whom I had loved. And I sighed as I had done that first evening when she had let me buy her a sweetmeat in the Greek coffee-house where she had danced.

As I sighed, the woman before me threw away the cards and looked straight into my eyes so that I felt a pleasant chill run over me. And she said again, smiling her discreet smile that concealed her teeth:

"Josef Vitek, give me your hands palms upward. For your real fortune is withheld from the cards as it was from the teacup."

So I gave her my hands palms upward, and she bent them back with her cool touch, and again that pleasant chill ran over me, and again she turned two burning eyes upon me as she said:

"You have a cold heart, Josef Vitek. And there are many women who will weep because of you. But there is one woman that stands out from all the rest: she shall sit at table with you one night as I do here. And she shall hold your hand thus and her heart will beat fast, as mine does!"

With that she brought my hands up to her breast and I felt the beating of her heart, and at once the pleasant chill which had swept me changed to fire and I felt my cheeks burn as I heard my landlady saying in a cold voice:

"Come, drink your coffee, Josef Vitek! . . . We have had enough of fortune telling for one evening."

Now as soon as my landlady had spoken thus I remembered that it was time to go to work and I rose from the table. And at once Elena rose also, saying:

"If you are going in my direction, Josef Vitek, I shall walk with you."

At these words my landlady frowned, motioning me with her head against the invitation. But I thought to myself, "What concern can it be of hers whom I walk with to my work? I am no goose to be herded hither and thither!"

So I answered without looking at my landlady:

"Whatever is your direction is mine!"

And I waited while she covered herself in a cloak colored like a flame.

We went out into the night, but my landlady did not so much as follow us to the door. I felt ashamed to see her treat a guest so, and at the foot of the stairs I said to my companion:

"My landlady never follows anyone to the door at night. The chill air is not good for her."

"Night is for youth, Josef Vitek!" she replied. And I felt her hand touch mine.

I felt her hand touch mine and it was as if Miriam had touched me, only with a difference: this touch set me shivering. Yet I did not feel cold. And while I was still pondering this strange circumstance, she said:

"Josef Vitek, which way shall we walk?"

"Wherever you will!" I answered, scarcely knowing what I said.

We turned our steps in the opposite direction from what should have been my course. But somehow my night's task at the bakery where I work seemed very far away, like a tale that had been told. And presently we stood upon the top of a hill in a little public square with a plume of cypress trees upon its crest. And San Francisco lay before us, twinkling its thousand eyes.

Then Elena said to me softly, "Josef Vitek, you are a cold youth and no mistake . . . Come closer."

But instead of obeying her, I drew back as if a cold wind had touched me. And with that she gave a toss of her head as one does who is displeased and her blue-black hair fell in a dark shower over her shoulders. Her blue-black hair fell in a dark shower over her shoulders and a strange perfume filled the air and I heard her say again:

"Come closer, Josef Vitek, there is nothing to fear!"

And at that moment I felt two burning lips against my throat.

I came home at my appointed hour, in the chill of morning, and as usual my landlady was waiting for me at the head of the stairs. Her face had a stern look and she said coldly:

"Josef Vitek, already your Greek friend has been here asking for you. He came almost at daybreak and there was nothing to do but lie concerning you. So I said, 'He is sleeping now after a night of pain.' And he went away with an unsatisfied look upon his face as if he knew that I had deceived him. If he comes again I shall bring him to you."

And having said her say, she went into her room, closing the door.

As for me, I went into my room also, and my heart was very heavy. For in all the time I have lived with my landlady she had never spoken so coldly to me. Yet in my room everything was as it always was—a plate of fruit on the table before my bed, and a little mound of spice cakes near it such as are my delight, and the coverlet turned down. And I thought:

"She must love you still, Josef Vitek, or she would not put apples and spice cakes upon your table. She must love you still, Josef Vitek, or she would not tell a lie for you."

And I remembered my mother, almost as I had last seen her on that day I fled my country—standing in the door with an Austrian officer opposite her, saying, "No, my son Josef Vitek is not here. . . . Only this morning he went out into the fields with his father"—while all the time I was peering at her from a huge chest in which she had once stored her linen.

And thinking it all over, I said aloud to myself, "My landlady is not my mother and my Greek friend is not an Austrian officer. And the lie that was told this morning was not to save me from fighting for an enemy. But it was told to spare me unpleasantness, and in that they were both alike. . . . Yes, Josef Vitek, there are beautiful lies just as there are beautiful women." And as I said this I shut my eyes and the vision

of that public square, plumed with cypress trees, rose before me and I smelled the strange perfume of unbound hair.

As I stood there a knock came on my door, and before I could answer my Greek friend pushed his way into my room.

Yes, before I could answer, my Greek friend pushed his way into my room and his little glinting eyes traveled from the cap upon my head to the untouched bed, and he said bitingly:

"Ah, Josef Vitek, and have you been in such pain that you could not rest except upon your two feet?"

I drew myself up proudly. "I have not been in pain at all, my friend. . . In fact, everything has been as it should with me. You see, my landlady was mistaken."

At that my Greek friend smiled a knowing smile. "Josef Vitek," he said, "there are three things that keep a man from his daily task: being sick, or drunk with wine, or under the spell of a woman Now your own testimony sets at naught the first circumstance, and the testimony of my eyes sets at naught the second. There remains only the third excuse . . . Well, we are all human, Josef Vitek, and you are young in the bargain. I was once so myself."

And for a moment a shadow crossed his face and I knew that he too was thinking of Miriam, for had he not loved her also? . . . As for me, I felt the hot blood rising to my cheeks and the laughter of my Greek friend filled the room.

When my Greek friend had departed I threw myself on my bed, but my sleep was filled with strange dreams; so I awoke at my appointed time feeling as tired as when I had first lain down. And instead of going into my landlady's kitchen for the evening meal, I tiptoed out into the night, thinking:

"To-morrow she will be better humored. . . Besides, I must be beforehand to my task, to make up for my absence. I shall not even take time

to eat." For, if the truth were known, I did not feel hungry.

But it seemed that I was not to go to my task that night, for as I turned the first corner whom should I see but Elena, standing with her flame-colored cloak blowing in the wind. And suddenly I felt cold all over and my teeth chattered and I said to myself, "I must go round-about before she sees me!" But ere I could retrace my steps I felt her eyes upon me and I heard her voice say:

"Ah, Josef Vitek, so there you are! And whither do you go at such an early hour?"

"To my task," I answered as coldly as I could in spite of my beating temples.

"To your task, Josef Vitek? . . . To your task? . . . On such a night as this, with the moon just rising and the stars waiting to be fanned into a flame? . . . Come, this is not a night for *work*, Josef Vitek!" And as she spoke my night's task seemed very far away, and yet a voice within me made me answer:

"What are a rising moon and flaming stars to me, who must labor and sweat? . . . A man must eat, and unless he be a rich man or a king, he must earn it."

"Be a king, then, for to-night, Josef Vitek!" she cried, touching me with a finger that burned in spite of its chill. And at that moment all my strength went out of me and I felt my resolution fall as a ripe field before a shining sickle.

On that night we did not climb upward to the public square with its crest of plumed cypresses, but instead we rode out to the sea; for the air was clear and there was no mist to chill us. And we sat in the yellow sand with the perfume of lupines mingling with the wet smell of the ocean, while far off in the west, hanging above the water, the evening star burned so brightly that even the moon could not shame it. And again Elena's teeth flashed in the dusk, and again she let down her blue-black hair, and again her two lips burned my throat. And again I forgot everything

that was or ever had been. For it was as if the sea crept in and covered us.

When morning came Elena rose, shaking the sand from her tangled hair, and she left me without a word. And with her going it was as if the sea fell back also, uncovering me, and I remembered everything that was or ever had been. I thought of my native village and my landlady and my nightly task. But the thing that I thought of more than any of these was the monastery near Polna where once I plied my trade as baker. And I recalled the rose garden in which the pious men walked in the noon sunlight and where the bees grew heavy with sweetness, and the hush and peace that fell on the old gray walls at evening, and the tinkling of bells. Yes, I once had plied my trade in such a place even before I knew that trade perfectly, for my good mother had said, "My son Josef is but a lad—and where better can a lad be than in the shelter of a holy place? Perhaps, who knows, he may end it by being a holy man." And remembering her hopes for me, I wept, burying my face in the sand.

Thus I lay until noon, and then I rose and went back to the crowded town and to my lodgings. But my landlady was not at the door to greet me, neither were there apples nor spice cakes upon my table; and the coverlet had not been turned down.

Again I rose from sleep at the appointed time, thinking to be beforehand to my task, and again I went out softly so that I might escape the ill-humor of my landlady, and again Elena stood upon the corner waiting. And again when she spoke to me and touched me with her cool fingers I felt my resolution fall as a ripe field before a shining sickle.

And thus the days passed, with my nightly task at the bakery where I work growing farther and farther away, like a tale that had been told. And in all this time I saw nothing of my landlady: for in the morning she was not on hand to greet me and at night I stole out without breaking bread at her table.

Only my Greek friend came with news from my comrades, and yet I cared for no word he uttered. It was as if nothing in life mattered except the coming of night and Elena in her flame-colored cloak. Not even when he said to me, "Josef Vitek, you cannot go on thus forever . . . presently you will return to find your place taken at the bakery," did I feel the least uneasiness. If the truth were known, I but laughed at him, and the next day he said:

"If you do not work, Josef Vitek, how shall you live? . . . Who will pay your landlady if you earn no money, and where will you find lodgings?"

"Once I thought of these things," I returned, "but what are food and lodgings to me now?"

And looking at me sharply, he said:

"Josef Vitek, you are talking like one already dead. It must be that a woman has bewitched you . . . Come, is she more beautiful than Miriam?"

"She is different," I answered. "When Miriam was near I felt a *sweet* pain in my heart."

He turned away with a hard laugh and presently he said:

"To-morrow is my name-day, Josef Vitek. Have you forgotten that you are pledged to my feast?"

"I cannot come without Elena," I answered.

"As you will," returned my Greek friend. "At a name-day feast there is always room for whatever guests come at the eleventh hour."

So he departed with my promise. But once he was gone, I thought:

"What will Elena say to a feast? Perhaps she will not like the idea."

And I was disturbed. But that night when I told her of it, she said:

"A feast, did you say? And will there be men there?"

"Yes," I answered, remembering my Greek friend's last name-day, "scores of them."

A strange ravenous look came into her eyes and her lips smiled a discreet smile, concealing her teeth.

"Come let us make haste, Josef Vitek!" she breathed softly. "For if there is one thing I like above anything in the world, it is a feast."

And with that her lips grew fuller and more red.

Truly, in spite of many faults, my Greek friend is a brave giver of feasts. Even if my landlady had been minded to provide fare for threescore guests she could not have done better. For the most part it was all as I had prophesied: broth of chicken with a dash of lemon, little bitter-sweet olives, lamb baked with eggplant, and at the end a curd of goat's milk. Only there was chicken as well, fried in sweet butter, and sea bass for those who wished it. And with every course strange and warming drinks: mastica, and mavro-daphne, and retzina, and cognac. And between the courses melancholy music to which the men danced, holding one another's hands in a long line, with the women sitting at the snow-white tables looking on. Yes, between the courses the men danced together, and Elena at my side said:

"What a strange custom! Do you do thus in Bohemia?"

"Nay," I answered, "in my country we dance to gay music with the skirts of our partners flying in the breeze."

"Then let us dance together, Josef Vitek," she cried, "when all this sad gliding is finished."

"As you will," I replied. And as soon as they had finished I threw a coin to the musicians and I called to them:

"Can you not play us a gay tune? Come, play us a gay tune and *we* shall dance for you!"

With that the feasters broke into a laugh and clapped their hands and the head musician, striking his bow against the strings, began a wild tune that set my pulses leaping. I looked down into Elena's eyes and I said:

"Are you ready? Are you ready to dance with me, knowing nothing of a single measure which I shall tread?"

For answer she rose, pressing her body against mine, and I heard her say between closed teeth:

"Dance, Josef Vitek! Dance and leave such things as measures to Greeks and fools!"

So we danced, and to this day I cannot say what steps were traced by us. For we were like two leaves blown in the wind and I could not even say who led or who followed. But at once I thought:

"It is thus that witches upon broomsticks dance!"

And I felt the hot breath of Elena in my face and I said to myself:

"Josef Vitek, this is not a gay dance! This is not a gay dance for there is something terrible in it!"

And thus we whirled and leaped and swayed and presently the music stopped and I heard the company crying out their pleasure. And with that we stood still. . . . We stood still, with the company crying out their pleasure, and presently a press of men swept us toward our table and I felt the hand of my Greek friend upon my shoulder, and I heard his voice saying:

"Come with me, Josef Vitek, for I have something to say to you."

And though I was loth to leave Elena even for a moment, I went with him and stood apart.

"Josef Vitek," he said, "such dancing and such a woman are not for you."

I felt the blood warm in my face. "You are right!" I answered in my pride. "But for that matter there is not a man among us who can measure up to her."

He looked at me sharply and this time he laughed. "Josef Vitek, you are a child and no mistake. . . . At your age all men are fools!"

I was about to speak when a laugh like silver broke in upon me. Elena stood at my elbow.

"At his age, did you say? . . . Tell me, pray, at what age then are they wise?" And she threw a glance of fire at my Greek friend and I felt my heart grow cold.

She threw a glance of fire at my Greek friend and his little eyes became two points of flame, and he reached over to a near-by table and poured amber wine into an empty glass and gave it to her. She held the glass almost to her lips, then dashed it to the floor. "Give me red wine or nothing!" she cried.

An ugly look came over the face of my Greek friend and I saw him set his teeth together. Yet he did as she commanded, and presently she stood before us, sipping at red wine in a strange manner which left me shuddering. And as she stained her red lips further with the last drop, she said to my Greek friend:

"Let *us* dance together!"

To which he replied:

"I dance only in the fashion of my country."

"And I," she answered, "in the fashion of any who will pay the piper!"

With that my Greek friend tossed a coin upon the platform where the players sat gossiping and at once they caught up their instruments and began a slow melancholy tune. Then Elena and my Greek friend stepped out upon the floor and she danced in *his* fashion with little snakelike glidings, until she seemed herself just such a creature intent on charming whom she would. And as the music quickened my Greek friend leaped before her like some spellbound thing, and her black hair tumbled in a dark shower about her shoulders, and her smile became wider and wider until I saw her teeth unguarded for the first time.

I saw her teeth unguarded for the first time and I turned away shuddering: *for they were small and sharp and pointed!*

They sat all night, Elena and my Greek friend, at a table which had no third seat; while I stood in a far corner of the room—sick with dread and envy and I know not what. And all night long Elena sipped red wine, and my Greek friend, wine the color of amber. And neither turned eyes in my direction.

And at dawn Elena rose, slipping on

her cloak of flame, and my Greek friend followed after her. They halted for a moment before the door and I thought:

"Shall I warn him against her? Shall I tell him what manner of woman she is to drain the heart's blood from a man?"

But almost at once I grew bitter and I said to myself: "Has he no eyes of his own?"

And so I let them go together out into the dawn.

For myself, I turned my steps in the direction of my lodgings. The morning air was dank and misty and I felt sick and weary and full of strange confusion. At one moment I longed again for Elena and in the next I hated her. And in the moments that I hated her I thought of my Greek friend, wondering what was to become of him and whether I had done right to let him go thus without protest. But always, in the end, bitterness had its way and I would mutter:

"Does a man who is despoiled warn the thief?"

Thus I came to my lodgings, still at odds with myself. And no landlady stood upon the threshold to greet me. And my room was clean and cold and unadorned, so that I thought of my cell back in that monastery near Polna where I had once plied my trade. Yes, in the gray morning light it seemed as if it might well be that very place, except that here there was no peace. And shivering, I lay down to wait the appointed hour for me to go to my task.

I rose at evening, still sick at heart, and I went softly out into the dusk lest my landlady should hear me. And as I turned in the direction of the bakery where I work—whose shadow should cross my path but the shadow of my Greek friend! For a moment I drew back, but he said quickly:

"Ah, Josef Vitek, I have been waiting for you! . . . Come, let us go to our task together."

I felt my heart beat fast, but there

was nothing to do but go with him and thus we walked in silence, and I thought:

"Is he laughing, Josef Vitek? Or does he repent the wrong he did you?"

And looking at his face, as fast as a shuttered house, I could not answer.

But when we reached the bakery, entering the narrow wash-room where the men gather, I felt his hand upon my shoulder. I felt his hand upon my shoulder in the fashion of an elder brother, and at that moment every one pressed forward full of questions concerning my absence, and I heard my Greek friend say:

"Do not bother him! Cannot you see how pale and spent he is? For a week or more he has been in the hands of the devil. Yes, for a week he has been in the hands of the devil and it is only by a miracle that you have him with you to-night."

And suddenly, looking at my Greek friend, I understood everything, and I said to as many as could hear me:

"Comrades, he is only half right. . . For a week or more I *have* been in the hands of the devil. But it was not a miracle that saved me. Instead, I was saved by nothing so truly as by this friend of mine, himself."

And with that my Greek friend broke out into his old laugh, half bitterness and half scorn, but his fingers gripped my shoulder in a way which told me that my words had pleased him.

When morning came my Greek friend walked back with me to my lodgings, and I thought:

"Yes, he has become like an elder brother, indeed. Even now he will not trust me to danger. I might be a child in my first week at school."

And the thought pleased me because I had always fancied this Greek friend of mine a man without affection. And walking home in the cool gray dawn, I said to him:

"Did you not mark her red lips last night when you danced with her?"

"Yes," he answered.

"And her eyes like two burning coals?"

"Yes."

"And her blue-black hair with its perfume?"

"Yes."

"And at the end, her little sharp white teeth?"

"Yes."

"Then, did you not fear that she would drain your heart's blood?"

My Greek friend shook his head. "There is little wine in a cracked jug, Josef Vitek."

At that moment we both looked up and I felt my Greek friend's hand in mine: a cloak of flame was billowing in the morning air and Elena stood waiting on the corner near my lodgings.

For a moment my heart beat fast. And I heard my Greek friend say between his teeth:

"Courage, brother!"

And we passed her swiftly and her taunting laugh floated after us.

My Greek friend halted at the foot of the stairs to my lodgings and I said farewell to him. But he did not go at once. Instead I saw him standing, as I mounted upward, like the keeper to some forbidden gate.

I entered the house and at the door to my landlady's room I stopped and beat upon it.

"Who is there?" I heard her cracked voice call out.

"It is Josef Vitek," I cried back.

"Well?"

"I have come home again," I said, and I went swiftly to my room.

I went swiftly to my room and laid myself down, closing my eyes. And presently I heard the door open gently. I lay quite still, pretending I was fast asleep; and between my half-opened lids I saw my landlady creep gently in and place spice cakes and red apples and grapes upon my table.

As she left again, closing the door softly, a single tear dropped upon my pillow. And I gave a happy sigh and fell into a deep sleep.

A BOY IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Recollections of My Father, General Grant—Part II

BY JESSE R. GRANT

In Collaboration with Henry Francis Granger

WE were living in Washington, on I Street, when father was nominated and elected eighteenth President of the United States. He was then forty-seven years of age, the youngest man to hold that office.

Of the campaign before that election I recall but one circumstance. I accompanied father upon a brief tour through New York State. At Utica we met Horatio Seymour, father's political opponent. To my amazement father shook hands with him. I stood watching, round-eyed in fascinated horror. I do not recall that anyone had ever spoken to or before me of Horatio Seymour. My impressions of him had been formed by the cartoons of a fiercely partisan press. I believed him to be a terrible man. And through the consternation that held me in mingled terror and perplexity there filtered the first words of Mr. Seymour's greeting—words which but added to my bewilderment:

"I fear you will have slight cause to remember me as your political opponent, General, but I am very glad to have this opportunity to meet you."

I recall nothing further of that tour, not even of the stop at Utica.

Of father's first inauguration my memory holds but one incident—that a man of very considerable weight stepped upon my foot. I remember the exact place, too; the northwest corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventeenth Street. I am certain that I could put my foot now, fifty-four years after that

event, on the same spot and in the same position. It is now a larger foot.

All my life I had been accustomed to frequent movings, and the habit—if it is a habit—still clings to me. I have never yet lived in any other home as long as I lived in the White House. But while I have no recollection of the actual moving from I Street to the White House, I remember that I was very unfavorably impressed by the dingy, shabby furniture and carpets in this new home.

There has been little change in the interior arrangement of the White House since then. The only change, beyond refurnishing, of which I have knowledge is the remodeling of a very ugly staircase mounting from the west end of the main hall—the only way for the family to the back living rooms. The President's offices then occupied about one-third of the second floor over the East Room. For several years my own room was on the northwest corner, but later I transferred to the room across the hall on the southwest corner. I was seldom in either except to sleep. My days were filled with outside interests and my evenings spent in the library with father and mother.

The small boy has no perspective. The things of his immediate concern fill his life and are momentous or trivial in the degree that they interest him. Of the undercurrents moving about me, as of the matters of greatest public interest, I grew to understanding only with advancing years.

The earlier years of my life in the

White House were to me, then, not eventful. I attended school but not with great regularity. I gathered around me a new company of boys who lived in that section of Washington and we became great friends. The White House lot was our playground in good weather and the big airy basement, or ground floor, was reserved for rain and storm. I never considered that my position as my father's son entitled me to any special consideration, and I know that no playmate ever accorded me deference because of that fact. They flocked to the White House because there was the largest and best playground available. And mine was the life of an ordinary freckled-faced small boy in good health and fine spirits, who adored his father and mother, his two brothers and sister, and was in turn much loved and petted by them.

Willoughby Cole, whose father was Senator from California, became my dearest chum. He lived near us on I Street and later the family moved to a home not far from the White House. Later still we were roommates at Cornell University and we kept up our brotherly intimacy to the day of his death, several years ago. I have never known a more even-tempered, more lovable character—never once did we have an off day. I saw his father, ex-Senator Cole, when he came East last year: a fine looking man one hundred years of age—hale and hearty, too.

Again, as at Vicksburg and City Point, the Army had been "father's army," the White House was now "father's house." This acceptance helped to complete my abstraction in my own affairs. The constant stir, the coming and going of all sorts of people, the frequent pageantry of formal and semi-formal gatherings were but life as I had always known it and of little concern to me compared with my personal interests.

There were delightfully odd characters among the old White House employees. I often think of one old colored man whose name I have forgotten but whose

Sabbath personality will never fade from my memory. By title he was the Furnace Man. I saw him first one Sabbath day in the White House library, attending to the open coal fires, and for a long time I imagined he came on duty only on the Sabbath. Several times each Sunday in the early fall before the furnace was started, throughout the winter, and in the raw days of early spring he would come to the library, always dressed in a double-breasted frock coat thrown open to display a massive gold—or gilt—watch chain, and carrying a shiny plug hat and a gold-headed cane. On week days the Furnace Man was indistinguishable, but on Sunday he was a personage.

And there was another—Albert, our coachman. Albert was not of the established White House retinue, for we brought him with us. The White House stables were not as large as those on I Street but Albert was just as busy keeping them perfectly clean. He apparently never left them. If anything could have made Albert unhappy I imagine it would have been a day away from his horses. I do not recall that he suffered such an affliction during the ten years he remained with us, and Albert was the most thoroughly contented man I have ever known. He was pleased with everything, including himself. Father had bought from Brewster a great heavy carriage, and the event of the day for Albert was when he reined up his four-in-hand with it in front of the White House. The four wonderful horses dancing and chafing at their bits, the gleaming harness, the great polished carriage, and Albert—his white teeth glistening through the smile that all his struggle for dignity could not banish from his ebony face—made a picture which held every eye. And in some mysterious way Albert could stop the prancing and fretting of his horses at will. The moment mother appeared the dancing four would stand like statues.

At the end of father's second term as President mother sent for Albert.



PRESIDENT AND MRS. GRANT AND JESSE

From a photograph taken before the veranda of their cottage by the sea in 1872.

"I have recommended you to Mr. Hayes as an excellent coachman, Albert, and he wants you to remain with him," she said. "I want to tell you this because I have often scolded you."

"La! Mis' Grant," broke in Albert. "Albert never minded yo' scoldin's. Dey jes' went in one yeah an' come out t'other."

"You rascal!" said mother.

Many years later I last saw Albert. His wool had turned to cotton then, but time had not withered the smile on his wrinkled black face.

"Sho, Misto Jesse, Mis' Grant certainly did like me as a driver," he said proudly. "Why, th' las' word she said to me was, 'Yo' rascal!'" And Albert laughed at the memory even as the tears ran down his black face.

The first four years I knew Albert he

had my unbounded admiration, and ever since he has commanded my unbounded respect. What is finer than a faithful, competent, contented man?

It was in the early days at the White House that the only sorrow I ever knew there came to me. I possessed all the normal small boy's fondness for a dog and acquired several in rapid succession, only to have each in turn die. Over each demise my grief was bitter.

Then some one presented me with a magnificent Newfoundland. When this dog came father called up the White House steward. He asked no questions, made no accusation.

"Jesse has a new dog," he said simply. "You may have noticed that his former pets have been peculiarly unfortunate. When this dog dies every employee in

the White House will at once be discharged."

"Faithful" was the name I gave this dog and he, with one or two more I acquired later, lived during the remainder of our stay in the White House. Faithful never had a press notice; to the outside world he was no better known than was John Smith's dog, but he lacked no attention. I have never owned a dog more deserving.

Other than dogs I had few pets in the White House. At one time I was filled with the desire to keep pigeons, but it appeared that at an earlier time Tad Lincoln had been fired by the same ambition and the caretakers of the Treasury and other public buildings were still striving to exterminate the hardy survivors of Tad's breeding. For me pigeons were taboo. But I still had my pony, Rebbie, only now I was outgrowing him and he was loaned to a succession of smaller boys until, his work done, he was retired to end his days in idle comfort.

The steward, to whom father spoke in reference to my dogs, was the source of much mingled vexation and amusement to mother. He did not remain long in that position and I do not remember that I came into close contact with him, but for years afterward his eccentricities and self-satisfied gaucheries were recalled with amusement. He was a worthy man—to this undeniable fact he owed his appointment. During the war he had been an excellent Quartermaster Sergeant, and father

argued from this that he would make a desirable steward. For a long time father supported his choice staunchly. I recall one conversation between father and mother apropos of some delinquency of the steward.

"If the steward had enough forethought to do so-and-so it would have been so much better," said mother.

"But, Julia," smiled father, "if he were as wise as that he would not be a steward. You must not expect a Roscoe Conkling in that position."

To the ex-sergeant the White House table was a sort of super-mess. His idea of quality found expression in quantity. To him the *pièce de résistance* of a dinner was, necessarily, either roast beef or a turkey, and improvement upon this could be effected in but one way—by a larger roast or a bigger bird. When the wearisome sameness of his cuisine aroused mother to protest he would respond

cheerfully in increased quantity.

Then one day mother insisted that the table must be improved.

"Improved, Madam!" exclaimed the ex-sergeant. "Why, we have been living on the pinnacle!"

Shortly after that father found another position for the ex-sergeant.

But although my pets were comparatively few, my other interests were multitudinous. It was in the early days of my life in the White House that I became interested in stamp collecting.

Boys never change. I am convinced that the first cave boy was a collector.



HANNAH SIMPSON GRANT
Mother of General Grant.

The mania for stamp collecting came upon me with the thrill of a great discovery and for a time it held me in a fervor of enthusiasm that overshadowed every other interest. No one had ever imagined such a stamp collection as I would gather!

Then I came upon the advertisement of one Anthony J. Foster, of Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts. This advertisement offered a large assortment of foreign stamps for five dollars. I had never possessed five dollars at one time, and to me it was a vast sum. It did not occur to me that there was any possibility of acquiring such wealth except by saving it. So I said nothing of my ambition to anyone, save to a cousin of my own age. He and I at once decided that there would be no more candy or soda water until we were possessed of that assortment of stamps.

And at last, at the cost of much self-denial and after an interminable time, the five dollars was amassed and on its way to Boston. Then, with impatience that reckoned not of distance or train schedules, I looked for the arrival of the stamps, and in my anxiety and fear I consulted my staunch friend Kelly.

Kelly was a big-bodied and bigger-hearted member of the Washington police force, detailed on special duty at the White House. In my eyes Kelly, next to my father, was the greatest man in Washington.

"Sure, ye better tell your father about it, Jesse," was Kelly's advice.

And so I took my trouble to father.

"What do you wish me to do, my dear boy?" asked father, displaying nothing but sympathetic interest.

I had been thinking about this too.

"I thought you might have the Secretary of State, or the Secretary of War, or Kelly write a letter," I suggested.

"Hum-m," mused father. "A matter of this importance requires consideration. Suppose you come to the Cabinet Meeting to-morrow and we will take the matter up there."

Promptly on the hour I presented myself at the Cabinet Meeting. Hamilton Fish of New York was then Secretary of State, and William W. Belknap of Kentucky, Secretary of War—both great friends of mine.

"Jesse has a matter he wishes to bring before you, gentlemen," said father.

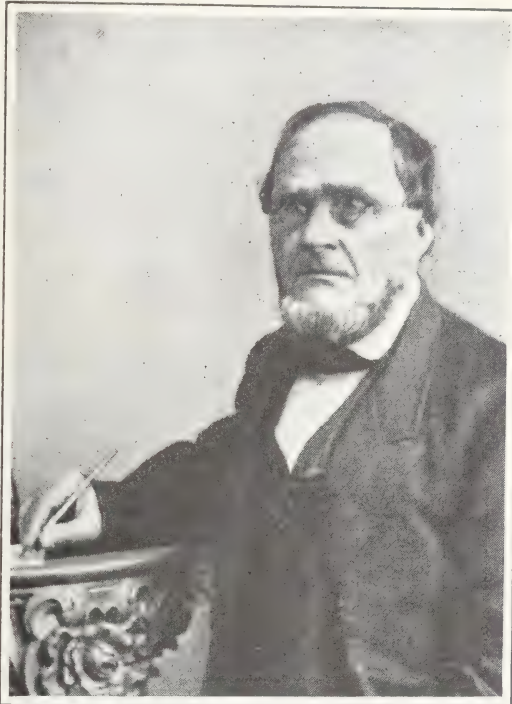
Breathlessly I told my story,

ending with the suggestion that either the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, or Kelly write a letter.

"This is plainly a matter for the State Department to attend to," said Mr. Fish.

To this Mr. Belknap promptly took exception, declaring it his intention, as head of the War Department, to act at once.

There followed a general debate in which the other Cabinet members stood solidly for Kelly. I shall never forget



JESSE ROOT GRANT

Father of the General, after whom the present biographer, his grandson, was named.

with what interest I listened to impassioned speeches in which Kelly's virtues, his power, and influence were extolled. He was declared to have wider powers than the Constitution bestowed upon either the Department of State or of War, and his personal ability and influence were proclaimed to be greater than that of the Secretaries who sought to usurp his prerogatives. Then the question was put to vote. Mr. Fish and Mr. Belknap voted for their respective Departments but the rest of the Cabinet voted for Kelly. Then the decision was formally announced and I went downstairs to find Kelly.

I can see Kelly now as he sat doubled over at a small desk, writing that letter on the stationery of the Executive Mansion—so headed at that time—the sweat standing out on his forehead, his great fingers gripping the pen.

At father's suggestion I made a copy before mailing the original letter. It read:

I am a Capitol policeman. I can arrest anybody, anywhere, at any time, for anything. I want you to send those stamps to Jesse Grant at once.

(Signed) *Kelly.*

Capitol Policeman.

A dozen times the following day I was about making anxious inquiry for the reply to Kelly's letter. In due time the stamps arrived. As I remember, that five-dollar assortment exceeded our expectations. For a considerable time after its arrival my cousin and I were philatelists to the exclusion of all else. One of us conceived the idea of writing to the American Consuls for specimens of the stamps of the country to which they were accredited. These requests often fell on fertile ground and many Consuls were kind enough to send us full sets.

But my joy in these receipts was considerably dampened by mother's insistence upon my writing a personal letter of thanks to all who responded. I think the drudgery of compliance with this re-

quirement had considerable to do with my subsequent loss of interest. Or perhaps the disease ran its course. Certain it is that we lost interest and the collection was forgotten. I suppose it is now among the books in the White House library.

My Grandfather Dent lived with us from the close of the war until his death. When we were in the White House this dear old gentleman was still a staunch Jacksonian Democrat and would brook no argument upon politics, or, for that matter, upon any other subject. His pronouncements were not debatable. He and father were devoted to each other, and I am sure father never opposed or sought to convince him, however widely at variance their views. Grandfather Dent was wont to explain, in strict confidence, "The General is really a staunch Democrat, but he doesn't know it."

Grandfather Dent held a daily reception in one of the rooms of the office portion of the White House, and all the prominent people of the day who had business there would drop into grandfather's room for a chat before leaving. And grandfather's courtesy was unailing. He always rose from his chair in greeting each newcomer and he was ever a pleasing and attractive companion.

Of the tales Grandfather Dent told, those of particular interest to me were the incidents of his several trips East from St. Louis in the real pioneer days. Always in telling of these journeys Grandfather Dent would end up by saying:

"Yes sir! In those days only gentlemen traveled, and a journey was an event. What happens now? You jump in a train and are whisked through the country, and you meet all classes! Why! A damn Yankee bagman offered me a cigar!"

That was always the close of his story. I never saw any flaw in this dear old gentleman, but I can now see that he was not a progressive.

One trip which we often took during those years was to the home of Grandfather and Grandmother Grant, who then lived in Covington, Kentucky.

Father's mother, who had been Hannah Simpson, was a woman of remarkable vitality and keen intelligence. It was father's opinion that his sagacity—or, as he was wont to say, "such as I possess"—was an inheritance from his mother. But while remarkably active and keenly interested in every problem of the day, never once did Grandmother Grant visit us at the White House. All of father's frequent efforts to induce her to come to us met with refusal. And so we often went to her. Never were such ginger-snaps as Grandmother Grant made. She lived to be more than eighty-five years of age, her death occurring but two years before father's.

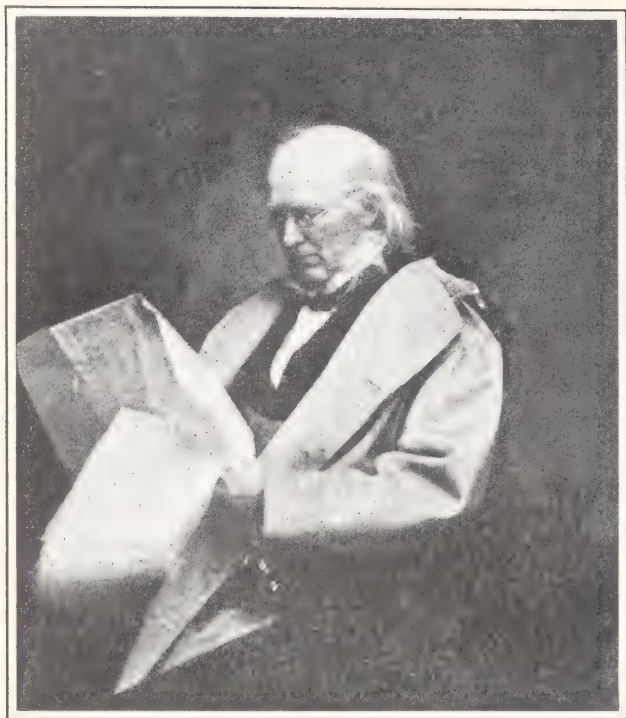
But although grandmother would not accompany him, my grandfather, Jesse Root Grant (after whom I was named) frequently visited us at the White House. Small boy that I was, my sincere affection for my two grandfathers was tinged with amusement when they were together.

Grandfather Dent was a courtier, with all the *savoir-faire* of the Old South; while Grandfather Grant—at heart no less kindly and considerate, and never repellent—was by nature a taciturn, self-contained man. Perhaps the single infirmity which he would acknowledge intensified his natural reserve. With advancing years he had grown deaf. To me this was a curious deafness, for I was his confidant and knew that he commonly understood much that he was not expected to hear. But to Grand-



"I COULD HAVE DRIVEN THE FRENCH OUT OF PARIS"

General Phil Sheridan (left) with General Custer (seated at right) and other Federal Officers.



HORACE GREELEY

This photograph of the distinguished editor-statesman, and the other pictures here reproduced, are from the collection of Frederick H. Meserve.

father Dent this deafness was the infirmity of extreme old age, and he always treated Grandfather Grant as one feeble and vastly his senior.

Grandfather Grant would come into a room to find Grandfather Dent ensconced in an easy chair before the fire. Instantly the latter would spring to his feet.

"Accept my chair, Mr. Grant."

Grandfather Grant would never hear. Stepping as spryly as the other he would seize the stiffest, most uncompromising chair at hand and draw it up to the fire. He always sat stiff and straight, never lounging in his chair. And Grandfather Dent would hover anxiously over him, urging upon him the more comfortable seat, which Grandfather Grant would never accept.

Often I have heard Grandfather Dent say to mother, in effect:

"You should take better care of that old gentleman, Julia. He is feeble and

deaf as a post, and yet you permit him to wander alone all over Washington. It is not safe; he should never be allowed out without an attendant."

And Grandfather Grant, who was supposed to hear nothing, would say aside to me:

"Did you hear him, Jesse? I hope I shall not live to become as old and infirm as your Grandfather Dent."

To-day the thought of Grandfather Grant brings back a disappointment through which I came to a happiness that remains one of my dearest memories. I was more than nine years old before I attended school. This to Grandfather Grant was reprehensible neglect upon the part of my parents. Often grandfather protested to father, only to meet the quiet assurance, "School

must come soon enough." But one day, apropos of the old school question, Grandfather Grant said to me:

"When you can write me a letter, Jesse, I am going to give you this gold watch." And he drew from his pocket the enormous hunting-case watch he had carried for years.

Under the stimulus of this promised reward I applied myself so diligently that a month later I wrote a letter to grandfather, reminding him of his promise. That first letter brought a reply but not the expected watch.

"You are still too young to own so handsome a watch, Jesse, but as soon as I am convinced that you will not play quoits with it, you shall have it."

A year later I still remembered grandfather's promise and mentioned to father that I thought I would again write to grandfather about it. It was then but a few weeks before Christmas.

"I would not write," said father. "Wait until you see him again."

And father at once went to Galt's and purchased a small gold watch. He brought this watch home before dinner that evening and exhibited it to mother and Nellie, pledging them to secrecy.

"This is Jesse's Christmas present," he explained.

Then, when we were at dinner, father drew the watch from his pocket and handed it to me.

"Here is your watch, Jesse."

"Why Ulys'!" exclaimed mother. "You said that was his Christmas present."

Father turned to me with his slow, understanding smile:

"Jesse doesn't want to wait until Christmas, and neither do I," he said.

I have received many gifts during the years that stretch behind me, many others from father and mother; but not one, not even the gift of Rebbie, brought and held the thrill that came with this present which father could not keep until Christmas. It brought me then something far sweeter than satisfaction in the gift, something I felt without understanding—and it remains with me now in understanding, a joy that can never fade.

As I turn back to those boyhood days some disconnected, fragmentary incidents flit across the field of memory.

There was, for example, the time when Horace Greeley came to dine at the White House, with one trouser leg stuffed in the top of his boot. Boots were no novelty to me, for many

statesmen wore them, but I glimpsed that caught-up trouser leg before we went in to dinner, and there followed for me an interminable period of anxious debate. What should I do about it? Should I call Mr. Greeley's attention to it or should I quietly pull down that trouser leg? In my uncertainty I did nothing. But when dinner was over and our guest gone, I spoke to father about it. "What should I have done?"

"You did quite right, my boy," said father. "If you had pulled that pants leg down you would only have put Mr. Greeley to the trouble of tucking it up again."

And I recall one memorable afternoon—although I cannot fix the exact date—when General Phil Sheridan, back from his assignment as military observer for the United States in the Franco-Prussian War, came to the White House to make his report to father. We were in the library—father and mother, General Sheridan, and I.

Much of the talk was technical, dealing with military maneuvers, causes, and conditions beyond my capacity to follow. Then came a question and an answer which I have never forgotten:

"What was your strongest impression of the whole situation?" asked father.

General Sheridan hesitated, a slow smile spreading over his face.

"One thought came to me and remained, growing stronger as I studied conditions. That was, that given either your army, General, or Lee's, I could have driven the French out of Paris and the Germans back to Berlin."

A GROUP OF EPITAPHS

BY COUNTÉE P. CULLEN

FOR JOHN KEATS, APOSTLE OF BEAUTY

NOT writ in water, nor in mist,
Sweet lyric throat, thy name;
Thy singing lips that cold death kissed
Have seared his own with flame.

FOR PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR, NEGRO LAUREATE

Born of the sorrowful of heart,
Mirth was a crown upon his head;
Pride kept his twisted lips apart
In jest, to hide a heart that bled.

FOR JOSEPH CONRAD

Not of the dust, but of the wave
His final couch should be;
They lie not easy in a grave
Who once have known the sea.
How shall earth's meager bed enthrall
The hardest seaman of them all?

FOR AN ATHEIST

Mountains cover me like rain,
Billows whirl and rise;
Hide me from the stabbing pain
In His reproachful eyes.

FOR AN EVOLUTIONIST AND HIS OPPONENT

Showing that our ways agreed,
Death is proof enough;
Body seeks the primal clay,
Soul transcends the slough.

FOR A MOUTHY WOMAN

God and the devil still are wrangling
Which should have her, which repel:
God wants no discord in His heaven;
Satan has enough in hell.

THE CREATIVE SPIRIT AND ART

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

DESPITE all reluctance to rob numerous grave people of a cherished topic of conversation, I venture to declare that American "materialism" is not the sole enemy of American art. As a matter of simple fact, no enemy of the arts is preventing them from enjoying various degrees of progress; and as for materialism, they progress not only despite it but sometimes, as we shall see, because of it. Incidentally it might be observed that even were the case otherwise, art possesses no magic power by which it could transmute this materialism with one swift gesture.

There are, however, two obstacles which just now prevent progress from being much more rapid, and they come logically within the domain of art for consideration. For these hamper all efforts made by the organized forces of art to quicken the creative spirit widely, and they hamper them from within.

The first of these two obstacles is the cult of degradation. It would be interesting but very dangerous to say where this cult probably had its origin. One might speculate on the subject for a decade and always be wrong. But from whatever hands its members received the torch, they do not now hold it high, but low, in order that no sewer may escape them.

Now a man's desire to explore a sewer may be greatly to his credit. Certainly, not one hindrance should ever prevent him from exploring a sewer to his heart's content. He may even be praised for wishing to clean out a sewer. But when he begins to take pride in feeling at home in a sewer, and when his friends become evangelistic in proclaiming that a sewer is the one

great haven where the unfettered should come to rest, there might reasonably be some question about the man's spiritual health and about his relation to artistic progress.

Without the slightest musty sentimentalism over America, it must be said that this cult seems exotic among us. We may not be the least bit better than any other people on the face of the earth, but we have plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and we have accumulated only a limited amount of sordidness; we have not been in America long enough to have it otherwise. But those of the cult of degradation laugh at the thought of anything invigorating or wholesome in America. Life is not even a bad dream; it is just chaos. Life is not even a good joke; it is just gray dirtiness. Life is not hell for the unfortunate; it is hell for everybody. And art in America! Bah! So they turn in hope to Europe, as all of us do when art comes to our thoughts. But how interestingly they reason! In Europe, they argue, there has been a great art. There has been also no little dirtiness of one kind or another. So if we will but import the dirtiness, great art will necessarily follow. In the meantime no subterranean passage at home must be left unoccupied if it will help a man to feel debased.

Now it is strictly on the basis of art that I have a quarrel with this cult. Inevitably its adherents must produce much bad art themselves; for one of the conditions on which good art is produced is that the artist shall find a relatively disinterested significance in the material he treats. As soon as he grows too eager to use his material as propaganda,

his artistic relation with his material ceases to be an honest one. So we have ramping pagans overemphasizing in their stories their particular dogmas of morals. We have anemic, pimply whippersnappers professing to write the great American novel or play or poem, or paint the great American masterpiece, by bringing into high relief the sordidness in which they find their greatest comfort. Their fellow cultists slap them on the back in congratulation and turn to a mystified public to proclaim that, at last, real artistic genius has appeared in America.

In this turning to the public with the propagandist's zeal lies the chief injury which the cultists do to the cause of a more virile national art. They are understood and perhaps properly evaluated by their fellow workers in the artistic field. But with the public the case is different. People may be wholly unlettered in the ways of art and yet be in possession of a perfectly sound emotional outlook upon life. So when they see this work of the cultists they feel its essential dishonesty as certainly as they feel the difference between Abraham Lincoln and a ward politician. Before it they experience nothing of the disinterested exaltation which one enjoys before a work of art that has been conceived in high honesty. When they venture to protest they are told that they "don't know art when they see it"; they are made to understand that the sewer is sacred ground. People who regard it in any other manner are narrow. So the artist in the rough who is everywhere in the public—the one who is the forerunner of the man who will do the "great American" art if it is ever done—turns away sadly or contemptuously. Men who feel something of the mighty struggle, the desperation, the experiment, and the romance of American life in the large will not enlist when they are appealed to in the interest of an art which they feel to be not only degraded but dishonest.

See, then, how this cult of degradation

makes the way hard for every honest experimenter in art. Some one must always blaze new trails. Some one must explore seemingly arid fields. Some one must make incursions into the sewer, even—when he feels sure that art is lighting his hazardous path. But who will be inclined to give any experimenter a fair chance when those who unshrinkingly proclaim themselves to be the only true experimenters always round up in the same dirt of life? For the interested public the simplicity of the adventure becomes too great! Always there is temptation to look behind experiment for a motive that is not the artistic one. So the honest crusader, when he does appear, is always confronted with a public predisposed to disregard his honesty of intent. He is treated as though all "new" art were necessarily inconsequential, often nasty, and always abnormal.

The second obstacle to a widely quickened spirit of artistic expression is the museum habit of mind; that is, the habit of scrupulously associating art with some kind of inclosure for exhibition purposes. How this habit of mind has become well-nigh universal in America is not difficult to see. Our national culture is a creation, not a growth. In order to have any art at all ready to hand, we had to huddle it together in strategic places. Then we began to educate the people in the appreciation of art—by means of examples from the museum. Naturally enough, most people thought of art as something remote from the everyday world; few people—few towns, even—could afford a museum.

This habit of mind, the natural outgrowth of a righteous zeal in the interest of art, has come to be an unbelievable force in causing art to be regarded as extraneous to life. One important artist, whose passion for years has been to have many people enjoy art and produce art, has gone so far as to advocate the closing of museums to all except artists and students of the history of art, in

order that the people might come to think of art aright. Of course the danger would be that they might cease to think about it at all. Yet there is much ground for his contention. A young man goes from a small town, or from the country, to see some art. He enters the museum, an able custodian in brass buttons sells him a catalogue, and he plunges into the maze of form and color. Once in ten thousand times he will be so much of an artist at heart that not even this overwhelming array can daunt him; in the other nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cases he will be suffocated, confounded, or filled with an inferior resentment. But he does not come to town often; this is art that he is seeing; it is in a museum; and for social reasons, if no other, he ought to like it. Everywhere about him he sees people who do.

And should he tour Europe he would see the galleries there in precisely the same spirit. He finds art only in conglomerate huddles. He looks at it not to lose himself in rapt contemplation, not to be lifted from the routine of his daily life into disinterested ecstasy but to identify, as a schoolboy identifies flowers for a lesson in botany. So he returns from this supposed liberalizing experience more confirmed than ever in his habit. He probably did not think of numerous chateaux and village churches, when they flew by him on his journeys, as art at all. Art is something for exhibition purposes at a fixed price per person.

Now this habit of mind would not be so harmful if it resulted only in the regarding of art as a part of a museum. But the converse is just as true. It regards things outside a museum as not being art. Outside a museum there is no label to guide one. If the museum-minded person were to come upon an unlabeled Tintoretto in a dingy cabin in Snake Hollow or on Bristle Ridge, he would be unable to say whether or not it was a work of art. Should any

question at all concerning it arise in his mind, it would be as to whether or not this picture were an original or a copy. Probably the simple question of his liking it would not arise; and if it should do so he would be obliged to give himself an evasive answer. How is he to know? Certainly no one would expect him to be attracted by it as a child is held rapturous by anything which affords a high degree of emotional integration.

This is the artistic habit of mind in America outside the larger centers. And sometimes one need not go outside the larger centers to find it! It makes of the so-called cultured classes a group of passive appreciators. It influences institutions of higher learning so that most of them do not attempt to offer courses that unfold the creative spirit and make art vital by making it a matter of participation, but instead, courses in the appreciation of museums. It influences the man in the street so that he bewilderingly observes, "Well, I like to go round and look at that picture once in a while—just stand and look at it. But I don't know whether it is a work of art or not." Its entire influence, so far as the uninitiated are concerned, is to make art seem remote. Art springs from somewhere, to be sure; but not from anywhere close to their own daily lives.

Not that I would belittle the museum! Would that we had numberless additional ones, and that they might be better than any we now possess! Their function could be extended without undue effort so that some of them might serve chiefly in showing the people how they could use artistically such modest materials as they may have at their disposal. But thus far their influence upon the creative spirit has been most properly that of an historical record, and as a workshop for the initiated. This influence, though definite, is restricted to a relatively small number. And sometimes it has not been so efficacious in moving people to new

and vigorous expression in art as in determining social supremacy at the dinner table. Art is sought as a hallmark of culture, as something fine to be busied with, as a cudgel to be used in commanding respect. Small wonder that so many think seldom and little of a widely disseminated art impulse such as might help to convert men's spirits and the world into something of which we need not be ashamed!

When we turn to consider the arts which have stimulated the creative spirit importantly, we find that they are the ones which have least encountered these obstacles and have been looked upon by a great many people as a normal activity which has sprung from some yearning of everyday life. Conversely, the ones which have appealed little to creative-minded persons the country over are the ones that have been very consciously thought of as art, as something removed.

It was, for instance, long taken for granted—and in most rural communities is still taken for granted—that the study of art meant the study of painting. Sometimes it included sculpture, but not often and not importantly in the art schools which young ladies attended in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century; for sculpture requires the study of the nude, and the schools might have been closed—certainly if they were connected with colleges—by the irate parents of these young ladies had the word gone abroad that they were doing nude figures. Painting was more simply managed, as anyone can see by referring to the catalogues and illustrated circulars sent out by the less cosmopolitan and more academic schools of that time. In the numerous “art departments” where it was taught, it rarely developed any strong virtues or any robust vices that would cause people to take it seriously. It was “just art.”

As a result of this feeling and practice and the only half-open doors to young ladies who wished to enter the more

“masculine” fields of academic study, the young ladies painted pictures. Go to the attics of tens of thousands of Middle Western homes to-day—and in many instances to the stuffy, unused parlor—and you can collect carloads of such paintings. Go to the dingiest household in the seclusion of the Ohio or Indiana hills and you will find there the same kind of “art.” That family had no daughter in an art school, but “an artist” painted pictures in the show window of the largest store in the town not far away, and allowed everyone who would to observe him at his work. He painted his picture upside down in order to mystify still further his public who stood outside the window. When he had finished he flopped the picture gracefully over on the easel, and there stood a noble deer looking across a silvery lake at mountains which stood up as regularly as inverted ice-cream cones. And the public bought his “works of art” at one dollar and fifty cents a picture, frame included.

Those who view the dusty highways of life from a comfortable office in the top of a skyscraper are always in danger of forgetting that just such trivialities in education have given the rural and small-town Americans—and that means most Americans, even yet—whatever background of artistic tradition they possess. When it is remembered that these communities have provided that middle-class life so often appealed to in the name of art, it can be understood why the mythical but very real average American has never looked upon art as a matter of life and death. And when he is often helped by the cult of degradation to see that art is not only trivial but unwholesome, his relatively sound prejudices direct him elsewhere for emotional experience.

Two arts, however, have established a right foundation for rapid and permanent growth. These are architecture and the drama.

By good fortune all of the preliminary requirements for an architectural renaissance

sance in America have been met. We have had the necessary material prosperity to encourage both business and individuals to build to their liking; we have had a sufficiently long period of training in the fundamentals as they are taught in other countries; we have developed powerful and efficacious schools of structural engineering; and as parts of the most vigorous universities and schools of technology, we have at last many high-grade schools of architecture. So we have everything happily working for an architecture which is sound in tradition, yet which springs from the necessities and the temper of American life. Men want buildings and they want them high; but they also want them good-looking. They intrust their ideas to an architect who proposes a towerlike skyscraper which, despite all the scoffing of Europeans at the characteristic American skyline, must in its recent developments be regarded as an object of beauty and majesty. Singularly enough, the American business man seems to feel little of his universal genius when he contemplates building; he is usually ready to give the architect something approaching a fair chance. These same business men want houses in which to live. Frequently one man and his family must have three or four! Here again the commercial genius stands ready to recognize not only the competence but the necessity of the architect's advice. So the architect has ridden on the tide of material prosperity to a position where he can actually express idealism in his work.

Fortunately, too, he does not restrict himself to planning skyscrapers and mansions for millionaires. He designs school buildings and hospitals for cities and towns; he designs chapels for villages—though none too frequently; and he places his services at the disposal of tens of thousands of farmers and modest laborers who would build and who have come to think a little about building as beautifully as possible. Sometimes the

architect has gone so far as to override the politician and design beautiful government buildings! His way is not a triumphal procession, of course. Yet he occupies the position of an idealist who makes the materialist like idealism, and who makes him pay for it. His dream is not too far separated from the materialist's life. There it is, vast and brilliant, towering to the skies.

And best of all, the architect's evangelization is reaching every corner of the country, so that architecture is becoming more and more a normal part of everyone's thinking. Not only hundreds of thousands of readers, but millions see periodicals each month which print drawings and elevations of all types of houses which might interest a prospective builder. These plans, to be sure, are not always the best possible ones; and if all of the readers were to adopt them when they built, the uniformity would be noticeable. But these matters are more or less beside the point. The people are thinking architecture; and from all of this thought there must spring more and more houses which are not only habitations but in some slight degree works of art. Daily their occupants may look upon them—must look upon them; and around them must center all the most intimate associations of a lifetime. This, in truth, is making art a part of the life of the people. Incidentally it is developing among the people a feeling for the one art that helps all the others to attain the architectonic significance without which art remains only a kind of fancywork.

The record of the drama, the second art that has so rapidly come to be looked upon as a normal kind of activity in America, is scarcely less encouraging. No one could deny that the career of the American people has been dramatic in the sense that it has been adventurous, picturesque, full of demands for resourcefulness, and—it must be said without shrinking—full of demands for the kind of "acting" that will get a

man "by." Yet in the main, only producers of plays of no high social standing, and such vivid interpreters of American life as Buffalo Bill, dared to think of this material as the stuff of which drama is made. The sophisticated commercial theater oscillated between burlesque and "imported masterpieces"; the sophisticated college communities read Shakespeare, and occasionally, if the religious denomination in control were not too hostile, performed "The Merchant of Venice." Youth is always ready to become dramatic; but because the theater so frequently scandalized the people—notably in the smaller centers—who turned to it for amusement, there was often an open hostility toward anything that pertained to stage production. When we reflect that students in American colleges were disciplined for having gone to see so recent a play as "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," we may appreciate how slowly denominational colleges relinquished their hold on the dramatic inclinations of their students. And today I know of at least one vigorous college where Shakespeare is the only playwright who has the honor to be represented on the college stage.

Nevertheless, some of the colleges did begin to think of drama as something that might have a place outside the recitation room. And American colleges are so constituted that if the champion of a new cause can only prove that some other college has espoused it, no matter where or under what circumstances, he can enlist virtually all of them. So, under the pressure of the dramatically inclined students, institutions of learning began to accept the drama as a matter of some importance. They were cheered on their way sometimes by finding that some college professor had actually written a play that would "work" on the stage—such as, for instance, William Vaughan Moody's "The Great Divide."

So those few who persisted in asking why we might not have an American

drama found themselves supported in an unexpected quarter. Here were bodies of young instructors and students in colleges and universities who saw in the writing and producing of plays more than a mere opportunity to laugh at local celebrities who appeared in the glare of the footlights.

In this college movement for a drama of national life many tireless men and women have given their intelligence, their utmost energy, and their long-suffering patience. Professor George P. Baker has done more, unquestionably, than any other college man of his time. He also bears the distinction of being, so far as I know, the most maligned man who ever attempted to do anything for American art. When he decided to try the experiment of play production in an important way he was railed at by commercial producers, he was denounced by the professional critics, he was sneered at by his academic colleagues. Some of his critics found it so difficult to express an adequate contempt for him and his work that they had to draw upon the resources of foreign tongues. Newspaper reporters in New York and elsewhere manufactured interviews in which he was made to say the most absurd things imaginable about play production and playwriting. Men who had never seen one of his performances or read one of the plays written by his students, glibly made sarcastic remarks about this man who was "trying to make dramatists by formula." It became the thing to do; it revealed one's superior artistic standing. Most of all to be regretted, some of those who were privileged to be guests at his "Workshop" performances did not see the serious significance of what he was attempting.

But he persisted. And now, after fifteen years of fighting for what often must have seemed a lost cause, few men could have greater satisfaction in the fruitage of their labors. We have, as a direct result, a number of young playwrights who have higher standards of

technic and clearer vision of what the dramatist may attempt than they otherwise could have had. This, I believe it should be said to his credit, has been his smallest contribution. We have, in the second place, a group of professional producers who are less unready to believe that something may sometimes be learned. We have—and this seems to me to be his greatest contribution—an entire nation dotted over with his disciples, and with the disciples of other college men to whom he gave comfort when they were less strategically situated than he was, who have undertaken all sorts of dramatic experiments. Go to New Mexico, to Minnesota, to Kansas, to Illinois, to California, to New York State, to Dakota, to North Carolina, to Texas—and you will find his followers in new centers of dramatic activity. Their followers, in turn, are taking the drama—a better drama than otherwise would have been possible—to small towns, to church festivals, to consolidated rural schools. One of his students has been directing the production of plays—good plays—at county fairs; and he has had success. Men and women who never before had seen a play worth seeing (and probably none at all) have, right at their own agricultural fairs, caught something of the significance of drama.

Now when we see how such work as this—and Professor Baker is only the most distinguished pioneer in a large and oddly company—must inevitably carry new and direct interest in the drama to all sorts of people in many places, it is not difficult to understand why young men and women are everywhere attempting to express the life they know, really dramatic life, in the form of a play. Not only that; they are producing these plays, and the very people about whom they write are discovering that there is something dramatic and evaded in their own lives. It was about the plays written by one such group of young men and women and acted before the mountaineers of their

own state that one of the dramatic critics of New York recently said, "He (Professor Frederick H. Koch, who directed the work) is probably doing more to develop an American drama than all the producers and importers in this city."

Other subsidiary activities have grown from this community experience—masques and pageants and interpretative historical processions. And related to this movement, in spirit if not in origins, is the interesting career of the non-academic Little Theater, by means of which not only young actors but young playwrights have encouragement in a kind of theater which is not commercial yet which is more and more nearly approximating the best commercial producers' standards of skill.

This, to be sure, is a simplified presentation of the case. No one believes that an American drama is made. There is much groping, much floundering; but there is also much intelligent effort which promises something in twenty or fifty or a hundred years. In the meantime, whatever may be the explanation, it is possible to say that the center of the theatrical world has been shifted to America. Certainly no one who has been in London recently can say that it is any longer there. We have begun to think drama, to feel drama; drama has become a passion; it seems to be a very normal means of expression. And when any art is thus looked upon it develops a substantial vigor which can never be found in the art that is looked upon as an exotic.

This singling out of two of the arts for specific mention does not imply that the others are not without life. Poetry, which stands next to these on the right groundwork for a national growth, has become one of the important arts among us with such unobtrusiveness that we are in danger of forgetting its vigor. A dozen years ago so few persons read contemporary poetry that most publishers shunned manuscripts of verse as though they were books of perdition

—which, financially, they usually were. To-day a young poet may have the good fortune to sell ten thousand copies in one year. And the young who are expressing themselves in verse with sincerity and beauty, and often with distinction, are numerous. If anyone inclined to be skeptical of all things contemporary should wish to see whether or not we are more fortunately established to make progress in poetry than we were twenty-five years ago, let him turn back to the magazines, the weeklies, and other periodicals then current, and spend an hour among the undistilled conceptions and jaded adjectives; then let him read the verse, not of those whose place has been accepted in American letters for many years, but of the young poets who have appeared within a decade: Edna St. Vincent Millay, Du Bose Heyward, Hervey Allen, Elinor Wylie, Muna Lee, Herbert Gorman, Joseph Auslander, Maxwell Bodenheim, Robert Hillyer, Foster Damon, Allen Crafton, Eloise Robinson, and others that can be omitted only with unfairness. Or if he wishes to get the perspective of a longer period, let him turn back, for instance, to the *Forget-Me-Not* books of 1826 or 1828, read there the verse of such young writers as Longfellow, N. P. Willis, George D. Prentice, and James G. Percival, and determine whether we have not in a hundred years come to a more genuine practice of the art of verse. Some one may protest—some one always may—that we need more writers with breadth

of vision. To this it may be replied that the conditions are now beneficent, and if they remain so for a time, the impartial laws of chance will give us poets with all variety of outlook. The important matter is that we have arrived at the stage where poets, and all sorts of non-commercial magazines of verse, can actually get a hearing.

An excellent case could be made for the other arts. Painting is still looked upon as something exotic; but with such interesting enterprises as "circulating libraries" of paintings in New Mexico and elsewhere, added to the distinguished work of many American painters, painting will gain in favor. So will music, although we have the distinction just now of hearing the best performers in the world and of doing far less in musical composition than in several of the other arts—possibly than in any of them.

But architecture and drama point the way, because they have induced artistic stirrings among the people who most need art and who, in turn, will make artistic expression most robust. This problem of building the arts upon the life of the country as it is must be faced by all of the arts. When it is faced frankly the provincial-minded politician need not be concerned whether the young American artist goes abroad to study or remains at home. With many at work in the required high fervor of spirit, American art—which is only another way of saying good art—will everywhere be more in evidence.

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN

A Novel—Part IV

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

XIV

ST. MALO guards those seas which lie on the west of Cape de la Hague, in the gulf which Normandy and Brittany make together. They were part of his bishopric of wild waves, their islets are crowned with the ruins of his monasteries; and in legend he himself sits upon the Ortac Rock, watching the fisher craft go by, lifting for them his intercessions against the storms.

On a May morning the colorless sky hung low over St. Malo's sea, and a great stillness and cold held everything. There was no life upon the water, no wind, only a great stillness and cold.

Far away in the southwest, where sky and sea were woven together in mist, an eye shone—flashed—and disappeared. Daniel, sitting on his bag on the second-class deck, asked a sailor what it was.

"That?" said the sailor—"that's the Casquet light."

"A lighthouse?"

The sailor looked at him commiseratingly.

"Never heard of the Casquets?"

Yes—he had heard his mother speak of them.

"That's where the boats go down," said the sailor—"there's a current pulls from them rocks, and in a storm the raft goes into them like moths into a candle."

He went off about his work, leaving Dan staring into the fogs with their golden eye. Now he could distinguish a tall purplish column—that must be the

lighthouse . . . he could see the rocks beneath it now, the rocks on which it stood—huge, smooth, helmet-shaped rocks, like the heads of some monster coiled under the sea. . . . The Casquets were falling away into the east, as the *Cesarea* throbbed past them through the calm sea . . . the sky was turning red behind them, and they and the column of the lighthouse were purple against the glow. The orange light winked in a crimson-and-purple sky. Color had suddenly taken possession of the sky, and ran out over the sea . . . the sea was blood-red—the Casquet rocks were black. The orange light became smoky, furious . . . it seemed to fight the kindling sea and sky . . . it gave one last flash upon its pedestal, and went out.

A town lay asleep between two horns. On the end of each horn was a castle, which also seemed asleep, and behind the town rose a wooded land with one high tower above the trees. The decks were crowded all round Daniel—people pushed about him, swinging bags and cases against his knees. Bells rang—sailors cried "By y'r leave"—great coils of rope ran out into the sea; voices shouted from the harbor side and from a little boat riding beside the buoy. Grasping his ticket in one hand, the handle of his bag in the other, he slowly pushed and jostled his way ashore.

This was Guernsey, and a fine place it looked—houses, churches, streets, and castles too. But in the cold

morning hour of sunrise and moonset it seemed foreign and unfriendly. The tall houses with their steep French roofs were not the houses of home . . . and yet it was here his father had met his mother—in a little house in Bordage, she had told him. . . .

He was on the quay, following the stream of people towards the turnstiles. A great crane was hoisting luggage from the hold of the *Cesarea*—he must wait here for his box. He felt a sudden warm attachment to his box, for it was all that he had of home with him. It held everything he had in the world, except a few clothes in his bag—it was a part of Daniel Sheather in a strange land.

Ah, there it was—he sprang forward to claim it, then did not know what to do. He asked a porter how he was to cross to Sark—where was the Sark boat? Confusion started—the porter said there was no boat to Sark that day, another porter said there was—nobody seemed to know. A little paddle-steamer was pointed out to him as the Sark boat, and one of the porters was for carrying his box on board; but in the end the Noes had it, for her Old Man was reported to be over at Pleinmont at his sister's wedding.

"But there will be a motor-boat crossing to-night, for visitors have arrived for the Bel-Air and are to be fetched," said another porter.

It seemed as if Daniel would eventually reach Sark, though it was just as well he was not in a hurry. His box and bag were left on the quay, and he set off into the town to find a meal.

He ate his breakfast in a little shop in Hauteville Street, and then set out to see the town. It did not interest him much. He saw that it was beautiful and restful and sunny, but his heart was sick for Newhaven Bridge and the weedy, mussel-smelling mouth of the Ouse; for the little tilted rows of slate-roofed houses that swarmed over the lower slopes of the Downs; for the street—start of the great white road that led up the valley towards home.

He went into the Town Church and sat there for a while—but even the church was foreign. He was tired after his long journey and dozing night on the second-class deck and, uncomfortable as he was in his hard pew, he fell asleep. He woke to find himself being shaken by the verger, who told him that Church was not the proper place to go to sleep in.

Well, where else was he to go? What could he do till four o'clock, when the motor-boat started? He wished he had never come to this unfriendly place where even the Church refused him a lap to sleep in. He would be happier at home, even with Belle living just across the road as Mrs. Munk and the mistress of the Crown. At least he would have his family at home—here no one seemed to care. Cousin Philip had not even answered his mother's second letter, saying that her son was crossing by Wednesday's boat—someone might have come over to meet him in Guernsey, to tell him how to get to Sark. There lay Sark, a dim distant land, beyond the nearer coasts of Herm and Jethon.

The day had grown very hot at noon, and at four o'clock the stones of the Albert Pier were warm with the sun. A white motor-boat bobbed on the tide, and the men within her shouted to one another in an outlandish tongue. They were loading her with crates and packing-cases and some luggage which had been brought down to the end of the pier. She must be the Sark boat, and Daniel asked if he could cross in her. In a few minutes she was chug-chugging out of the harbor, past the lighthouse and Castle Cornet into the Little Russell.

Daniel sat tired and silent on his box, watching the calm beauty of the sea roll past him and the castles of the rocks. Sark was coming out of the sea; it looked like a sea-monster, sleeping on the tide. They drew nearer, and its flanks broke into bays; passing under



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

THE FISHERMEN'S LANGUAGE WAS A FOREIGN ONE TO DANIEL

l'Etac, the bays broke into caves and creeks and pinnacles—the island of Brenière stood out, fierce and eaten with caverns. . . .

"You never been to Sark before?" asked the boatman in charge of the engine.

Daniel shook his head.

"You go to see friends?"

"I'm going to stay with my uncle Philip le Couteur. Do you know him?"

"I know him? Oh, my Gar! Yes."

"Do you know if he's expecting me?"

"Oh, yes, he is expecting you. He say you come along some day."

Young Sheather looked up at the towering cliffs carrying their seamed brownness up against the glitter of the dustless sky. Could anyone live on this desert place—hard, fierce, scored, and scaley as the hide of a dragon?

"Are there houses on the top?"

"Oh my Gar, yes! Plenty houses," and the boatman laughed.

The boat dodged her way through the deep channels into the harbor. The tide just allowed her to creep in. Daniel climbed up the green oozy steps on to the quay. He looked round in vain for some signs of a greeting. A few boatmen and fishermen were leaning against the harbor walls, and a cart had come down from the hotel to fetch the visitors' luggage, but no one seemed to have come to meet Daniel Sheather. He felt chilled and lonely. This island was unfriendly—a strange land, though the land of his birth.

He went up to an old man and asked him if he could tell him the way to Philip le Couteur's house; but this led only to a fresh balk. The old fisherman could speak no language but his own: the harsh, disfigured remnant of the speech his Norman ancestors had left him—as they had left him their red hair and sea-blue eyes. It was a foreign language to Daniel, though he must have often heard it; indeed, must have spoken it as a child. Luckily a younger man came to help him, and he gathered that the *Pêche à Agneau* was at the

remotest end of the island, across the Coupée in Little Sark.

"How am I to get my box there?"

Nobody seemed to know. But everybody seemed very much amused—they seemed to relish the prospect of Dan being left in the Creux Harbor with the big corded box he wanted to carry to the *Pêche à Agneau*.

At last it was discovered that La Belle Hautgarde had sent their mule cart to fetch stores which the *Philip Carré* had brought over. The great lurching mules came through the tunnel in the midst of the discussion, and after a good deal of argument with the driver it was arranged that Daniel should be taken in the mule cart as far as La Belle Hautgarde, from which it would not be difficult for the le Couteurs to fetch his box.

He accordingly drove off. With a great clatter and clank of hoofs and wheels the cart went through the tunnel—and then suddenly the landscape melted . . . fierce brown cliffs, rocks, columns, and caves gave place to gentle banks smothered in cowparsley, campion, and bluebells. Trees bowered overhead, their leaves spattered with filtering sunlight. A soft air blew, thick with the scent of flowers.

Then he began to remember: scents became familiar—that scent of evening and flowers and warm sweet grass . . . he remembered thatched roofs with queer crinkled edgings of tiles . . . cows with sleek, mouse-colored skins . . . an avenue of trees . . . a windmill. . . . He had forgotten the cliffs of Sark, the barriers which, as a child, he could have seldom or never seen, but he had remembered the heart—the deep lanes, the trees, the flowers, the daily sights of the child who had played with the lobster's claw. . . .

The road narrowed. The island narrowed. Sark was only six feet wide. On either side the cliffs fell away, down into sinister bays, hundreds of feet below. Dan was frightened at last—he grasped the sides of the cart as it

lurched over La Coupée and then up the steep hill beyond it into Little Sark.

Once more the island spread and the fields were full of trefoil, cropped by cows. Thatched roofs ran alongside the lane. They had come to La Belle Hautgarde, and Dan must dismount and go on his own legs to the Pêche à Agneau.

"What about my box? Where can I leave it?"

"Leave it—where should you leave it, if not here?" asked the driver, who had deposited the box in the lane. "The sons of Philip le Couteur will come and fetch it some time."

"But is it safe?"

"Yes, it is safe. We are honest in Sark—we are not English."

Dan did not know whether he ought to take offence at this last remark, but he had not much spirit left and, risky and grotesque as it seemed to leave his box lying in the road, he submitted to the inevitable and walked off to find as best he could his way to his uncle's house.

Perhaps the driver was right in his distinctions between Sark and England, for the box was still lying unharmed and apparently unnoticed in the lane when Daniel and two of his cousins called for it after supper. Dan and they were still in the stage of suspicious investigation—Peter was not unlike his English cousin, with his black hair and eyes, though instead of Dan's flat Saxon features he had the sharp nose and chin of the Guernsey-diluted le Couteurs; but Helier belonged to the Norman type of his Hamon mother, and had thick curly red hair and blue eyes and a ruddy freckled skin. Luckily, both boys could speak English fluently, though the Saxon drawl and the French clip nearly built Babel out of the conversation.

"There your box—it is safe," said Peter. He seized one end and swung it up—Dan laid hold of the other and could scarcely lift it. This was humiliating.

"Let me," said Helier, and swung up the other end. They both swung the box to their shoulders and signalled to Dan to come round to the side and take his lesser share of the burden.

"We carry it like a coffin," said Peter, and they both laughed.

The Pêche à Agneau was only a couple of furlongs from La Belle Hautgarde, below the brow of the hill, looking out nearly west towards the Moie de la Bretagne. Like most dwellings in Sark it was a collection of small separate cottages gathered round a well. Philip le Couteur and his family lived in one cottage, Eugene le Couteur and his family in another, and the third cottage was inhabited by a daughter who had married back into the Hamons and whose husband was in partnership with Philip and Eugene. There must have been more than twenty souls in that little desolate group of houses on the cliff edge, and it was not surprising that accommodation was scarce and Daniel had to sleep in the same room as his cousin Peter.

He found the mass of his cousins exceedingly confusing; they were so numerous that they seemed to have exhausted the supply of Christian names on the island—Eugene and Philip le Couteur each had a son called Philip, and the community also contained three Eugeues and two Peters.

Add to this a strong family likeness, born of generations of intermarriage (which did not seem, however, to affect the hardness of the stock), an incomprehensible speech, and the complete promiscuity of all three families, and the result was bewilderment for poor Daniel.

However, they had given him an excellent supper of fish, bread and butter, and *gâche*—a soft sweet cake full of currants which he liked very much. When supper was over and the box had been fetched home they left him to himself and the welcome freedom to go straight to bed.

XV

He woke early, to find the room full of sunshine and stir. The stir came from the sea, which moved in a solemn roar over the rocks below. He sat up and listened to it—how the murmur swung!—as the wind drove it landwards and then let it fall back into a sigh. His heart quickened with a love of the sea . . . after all, had not his fathers sought their bread upon the waters for many generations? . . . He slipped out of bed and began to dress quickly and noiselessly. The sea was drawing him out to it—he must go down to it, close enough to smell it, to feel its spindrift on his face. It was queer that the sea had never stirred this emotion in him before.

He ran out of the house as soon as he was dressed. His footsteps rang on the cobbled stones of the courtyard, in the midst of which the well was wreathed in climbing roses. Round it the little houses and barns, their thatched roofs sprouting with stone-crop and scabias and colored mosses, had a charming look of Arcady asleep; but Daniel had ceased to rest in the rustic beauty of the island's heart—he wanted the edges—salt and rough, seamed, worn, cavernous, spiked, and deadly—the workshop of the sea.

He found a path that wound over the brow of the cliff, and then stopped short above a slide of rock. The descent looked easy—the rocks were granite, rough, and easy of foothold, and were moreover broken up into blocks and ledges. He let himself down, and as he had a strong head, found little difficulty in the scramble. He was soon only a few feet above some flat rocks full of pools into which the sea was breaking.

Looking down from above he could see the rich green life of the pools, their purple fringes of seaweed and their great red-and-green jewels, which he supposed must be sea-anemones. Below the slabs the tide was roaring, sending up lashings of foam. He would swing

from his hands and let himself down—it wasn't much of a drop.

It was more than he thought—a matter of seven feet. He was now well below the level of high tide and the rocks were covered with thick greasy seaweed—the *vraic* which makes a livelihood for the lonely men of Pleinmont. . . . His feet slithered on it and he found it best to crawl about from pool to pool. His throat tightened as he looked down into those little gardens of the sea—their rocks, their trees, their flowers, their tiny inhabitants swimming in their alleys. He had never seen anything so lovely, so complete—he forgot that he had come out to watch the splendor and fury of the waves below. This was fine—he could mess about here all the morning, but he supposed his uncles would want him to do some job or other with the boats. My! but they'd have to teach him a few things—if he was to work in a boat; he who had always worked in a bar!

The waters of the little pool swirled suddenly as the sea poured into them. It was a pity the tide was coming in. . . . Losh! but it had come in a good way since he'd been on the slabs . . . things moved quicker here than at Burling Gap . . . He'd better . . . But he couldn't. He had dropped off the rock, which now curved outwards above him, shutting off his escape that way.

He looked round for other ways but could see none. The sea was all round the slabs, breaking over them—there was only the way he had come, and that was impossible from below. What a fool he had been! He might have realized that the rock curved inwards at the root. . . . Perhaps the tide would fall back before it reached him. No—for the seaweed was above his head, hanging from the eaves of the rock seven feet above the slabs.

He felt his skin go rough, and then cold and sweaty. He found himself shouting for help, but the sea was drowning his voice in a great roar. He was afraid, mysteriously, of more than

death. There was something horrible and malevolent in this submerging coast—the very smell of brine and seaweed was sinister with its hint of corruption. . . . “Help!—Help!” he could not die here—he would die anywhere but in this place.

A loud laugh sounded from the rock above.

“Peter!”

“You cry ‘help’?”

“For God’s sake get me out of this.”

“Idiot!” Peter laughed again. “You be drowned if you stay there.”

“I can’t get up.”

“I cannot get down. I go to fetch a rope.”

“But won’t the tide be up before you’re back?”

“Oh, my Gar, no!”

He walked off with maddening delirium.

“Peter, don’t leave me here!” Dan called after him foolishly, but Peter did not stop to listen.

Once more he was alone, and once more the horror was like a hand upon his throat, choking the breath of his body. His tongue parched and his eyes swam. He tried to think of other things—far off homely things of the Ouse valley, of nature cloaked and veiled and decent—but they were as shadows on glass and could not hold his mind’s eye from its terror, from the dreadful strange things all round him, from nature indecent and exposed, shocking and horrifying him as he crouched there on his rock.

Peter returned just as the slabs were coming awash. He brought with him a rope and two Philips, and they soon had Daniel up beside them among the pink stars of the thrift. He was trembling all over, which amused them very much, and the next moment was violently sick, which amused them more than ever. Their English cousin was very funny—Oh, my Gar, yes!

Daniel was rather ashamed of himself and of the terror he had shewn. He

did not like the way his cousins laughed at him—the way they had of saying for days and weeks afterwards, “You go down to-day to Rouge Caneau? You like it down there on the rocks.” But he never could bring himself to look upon his terror as quite unreasonable; during the next few weeks he felt it again more than once—down in the bays, below the high-tide level, among the hanging seaweed and cold slipperiness of the rocks.

But he was not always afraid, for there was also the warm flowery heart of the island with its farms and its windmill and its ilex-sheltered lanes. There was the loveliness of the Dixcart Valley, where the ferns stand four feet high beside the stream; there were the marguerites pouring over the edge of the cliffs, and the foxgloves making purple flame at Les Orgeries and on the headland which the English call the Hog’s Back and the islanders call Château des Quenévés. The coasts were lovely too—as long as you kept away from their roots—with their columns of rosy rock, their promontories like horned beasts, and above all with their distant view of islands and the golden coast of France.

Daniel soon learned to know this new complete little country—to know with thoroughness its five or six miles of road; with less assurance its twenty-five miles of coast. He was right in thinking that his cousins would want him to help them in their boats, and he learned to be useful quicker than either he or they had expected. Fundamentally adaptable and with seagoing blood in his veins, he soon learned, in spite of his initial terror, to handle a boat whether propelled by oars or engine. His uncles owned quite a little fleet—a cutter, two large motor-boats, a small motor-boat, and several rowing-boats. They used these for fishing, taking goods and passengers to and from Guernsey and even Jersey, and also for taking visitors on pleasure trips round the island and to visit those caves

which could be reached only from the sea.

Daniel was happy enough on the sea—for those were the days of summer calm, when the teeth of the coast were harmless as the teeth in the jaws of a sleeping animal. He loved the soft, wind-driven glide of the boat over the still waters of Havre Gosselin, he loved the gentle rocking beyond La Pêcheresse, or those moments at anchor off La Genetière when he and his cousins let down the lobster-pots to the bed of the sea, or drew them up after old-man lobster had had time to fulfill his certain folly, and would be found sitting gray and disconsolate in his wicker prison.

His uncles never went a-fishing. Philip had charge of the Guernsey trade and went to and fro about five days out of seven, either with goods or passengers; and Eugene, who was about ten years older and had been beaten by the winds into still older looks, nowadays spent most of his time on land, attending to the farm with his son-in-law Hamon, though he was fond of boasting the exploits of his seafaring days.

XVI

The summer rose to the solstice and all the island smelled of hay and flowers, with heavy smells of brine upon the coast. Daniel was not unhappy. His transplantation had been in some degree effective and his old sorrows no longer seemed so actual to him—they belonged to another life, to another landscape. Besides, his work in the boats absorbed him, drawing his thoughts away from the past and fixing them in the present moment with its demands and pre-occupations.

His English correspondence was not of a kind to hinder much the good work of forgetting. His family were not letter-writers, and neither, for that matter, was he. He heard once from his mother and once from Len, with scrawls and scratches inclosed to Uncle

Dan from Leslie and Ivy. His father did not write at all, nor did Ernley, nor did Belle. The country of the Ouse Valley soon began to live for him only in a few stilted phrases in stiff handwriting on cheap notepaper. By this means he heard that Belle and Ernley had come back from the long honeymoon which had followed their marriage in London—a marriage that had taken place before Dan left England and only a few days after their reconciliation. He could now, if he liked, picture Belle at the Crown—but the picture was again only a shadow on glass. He was like a man standing with his back to a fire-lit room and staring out of a window through which he sees sea, sky, and islands bright in sunshine; only now and then the movements of those behind in the room become reflected like ghosts in the pane—what he really sees are the sea, sky, and islands outside in the sun. This did not mean that he never suffered for Belle, for the thought of her often troubled him very much. After all, he was still inside the room of his love for Belle and only looked outside, through the window, at the sea, sky, and islands of Sark. None the less, he had turned his back on her and saw only her shadow reflected dimly in the new landscape that filled his horizon.

Other events in the Ouse Valley troubled him still less, though they were events which would have disturbed him considerably if they had not, as it were, happened behind him. Apparently, under his father's unguided rule—for Chris only lounged and scoffed and Kitty only scolded—the George was going quickly along those evil ways Daniel had so often preached against in the old times. "He have those wicked men from Lewes giving horses' names to the sailors," wrote his mother, "and the sailors such fools. We shall have the police upon us." He searched her letters in vain for any of the tenderness which had been his first comfort in his sorrow, and which had flickered intermittently through the month that had

gone by before his leaving for Sark. But even this lack did not trouble him much.

Later in the summer Daniel was promoted to going out with the visitors. He would take charge of the engine while one of his cousins steered, for though he was growing daily more expert and familiar with the coast, his sea-lore did not extend to the navigation of those crooked channels which were the avenues of the caves—with their treacherous stud of rocks, the “*grunes*” and “*demies*” of stealthy disaster.

Daniel liked the visitors. They were a relief after the le Couteurs’ rather primitive companionship. It was good to meet these people with their English talk and their English ways. The visitors liked him too, for his adaptable humility and pleasant manners—they gave him tips, sometimes very handsome ones, so that during August he was able to send a pound home every week. The le Couteurs did not, like Dan, approve of the visitors in their hearts. They feared lest any of them should want to settle down on the island—“and we have more English.” Already several of the farms handed down from the original Forty Tenants were in English hands, and the local families were being driven more and more to the edges, into the second estate of the fishermen, who were unrepresented in the *Chef Plès* and therefore powerless to withstand the invader.

Autumn came and the visitors went. The seas and caves were a playground no longer but a business of storms and fogs. First came the equinoctial gales—a smashing of wind against the cliffs, with rain like knives. The sea no longer foamed only at the edges where the great *baveuses* slobbered the tides—it was a boiling whiteness as far as l’Etac.

The le Couteurs pulled up their boats. There might be some occasional fishing in calm intervals, but no real business. The Guernsey steamer came only twice

a week, and sometimes she was unable to land her cargo and mails. The outer world seemed to recede immeasurably far.

Then, at the passing of the equinox came the fogs. These were more terrible than the storms. The storms were at least a spectacle, but the fogs were one continual white blindness on the land. Those were days in which sight, touch, and smell were sunk in one clammy salt whiteness, and the only sense which lived was sound.

There was not much for him to do in those days—no work in the boats and very little on the farm, and all the crowd of them to do it. His uncles and cousins smoked and snored beside the fire, and Dan sat with them, bored and lonely. Sometimes he played with Alice Hamon’s children—funny little things, with their queer French talk: they amused him, and when he played with them he felt at home. But you could not be always playing with children.

What else could you do? You could go to the Bel-Air and get drunk. It was not a very good thing to do, but you did it sometimes because there was nothing else. Dan was not really fond of drinking, but it was easy to drink too much *armoniac*—it soon made his head heavy and then light. Then a strange thing would happen—he would change. He would cease to be Daniel Sheather of the George at Bullockdean and would become Daniel le Couteur of the Pêche à Agneau, yarning and quarreling in debased Norman French, discussing Sark politics, “*le seigneur*,” “*le ministre*,” and disparaging England and Guernsey. Some buried local instinct would revive, stripping him of all his years in the Ouse Valley, of all his line of Saxon forefathers, leaving him only his inheritance in the Norman Isle. His very face would change—his features would appear sharper, his eyes brighter, as his mother’s blood quickened with the drink that had fired his mother’s father. He was good company

then, was Cousin Daniel—Oh, my Gar, yes! When he had slept off his excitement and awoke a Sussex man again, he would feel ashamed. He would reproach himself not only for these transient disloyalties but for the whole slow system of his forgetting. There was no good pretending that he felt either for his home or for his people the same as he had felt when he first came out to Sark.

At Christmas he had some letters which brought him back to Bullock-dean for a day or two. His mother sent rather spiteful good wishes to her brothers at the *Pêche à Agneau*, but no present to her son, for she had reason to believe, she said, that "good things sent to Sark never arrive there." His father, on the other hand, came out of his retirement to the extent of a gorgeous Christmas card of painted tale, adorned with two clasped hands and verses about "the heart which yearns for thee at this glad tide." Len and Emmie sent cards too, and the ghastly fruit of Ivy's first brush-painting lessons at school. His family was prolific in its seasonable wishes, yearning hearts, and memories of his bright eyes, but it withheld the more satisfying gift of news. This was unexpectedly supplied by Jess Harman. She had not written to him since he left home, and he had seen very little of her during the weeks before he came away. But now on this first Christmas of his exile she wrote him a long letter, full of news. That letter nearly stopped his Norman drift. Not that Jess's pen was agile enough to bring before him all the life of the Ouse Valley, colored and lit up to dazzle his eyes. She revived his ardor by the simple process of feeding it with facts—long strings of facts. Each sentence contained a separate and independent fact. Since he had left England Dan had never had such a string of news.

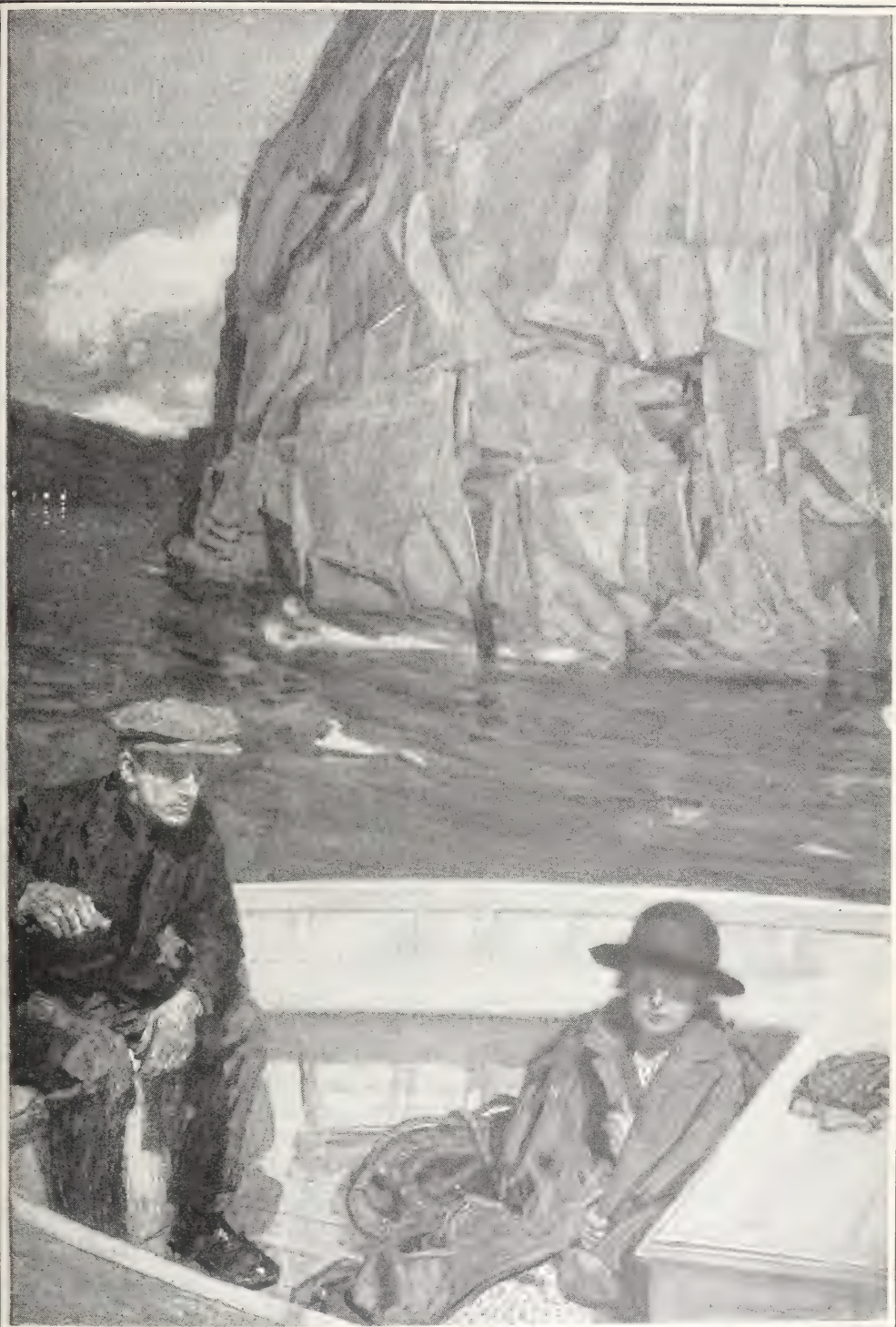
"Old Gadgett is dead. Maudie gets twenty-five shillings a week now. Auntie has bought a new bonnet. She has given her old one to the old gypso women that sells clothes-pegs. Mrs.

Penny has sent Susie to school and looks after Miles herself, so I do for the Rector now. I get fifteen shillings a week. I have bought a silk jumper. Mrs. Pont has had the face-ache. Mrs. Ernley Munk has a dear little baby girl. I should like to be her nurse, but she has a proper one. It was born in Brighton in a nursing home. They have visitors at the Crown for Christmas. They are going to make their own electric light. We are having White-Wilcox in C. for Christmas. The ladies' choir will help them out."

XVII

The winter passed, vanishing slowly through a succession of fogs, and once more the seas began to sleep and men to work. There was only what might be called one winter casualty—an Englishman who had taken a house near the Clos Jaon in May, and had so loved October, with the pale lights on Derrible and the yellow calms of the sea, that he had vowed Sark to be a heaven one could be happy in all the year round. The result was that early in February he had been thrown aboard the Guernsey steamer, rolling on her paddle-boxes beside Les Burons—accompanied by such of his personal belongings as did not miss the deck and fall into the sea—and in April had sent for his furniture to be brought to the Gallic civilization of Jersey.

The le Couteurs had the contract for the removal, as he preferred to take the bigger risks of the quicker way rather than the involved and age-long process of sending by Guernsey and the English mail. All three motor-boats were required—the big *Allonette* and the new two-cylinder *Philip Carré*, as well as the little *Baleine*. Uncle Philip was to have been in charge of the party, but he had a bad attack of rheumatism shortly before the day fixed for sailing and delegated his command to his eldest son, Philip Junior. This very much pleased the cousins—"We have a good time in



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

WHAT HAD MADE HIM SO MAD AS TO BRING THIS GIRL AWAY?

St. Helier," said Peter to Daniel. "Oh, my Gar, yes!"

On a fine soft morning of late March the run was made. The wild hyacinths on the cliffs were as blue as the sea, and the gorse in the Dixcart Valley was like a mirror of the rising sun. Daniel was in the small boat with his cousins Peter and Eugene, carrying packages and crates of china and soft goods. He had been eagerly looking forward to the run, after the long imprisonment of Winter with all its dullness and introspection. It was good to feel the motion of the boat, running out like a hare into the Déroute. He was looking forward to seeing Jersey, too. For nearly a year he had seen her dim whale-like shape lying in the south: and he felt that it was high time that he set foot on her shores.

They were to land at Gorey, for Mr. Cleeve's new house was at La Rigondaine, so the little merchant-fleet of the le Couteurs steered straight on the Dirouilles and then on La Coupe by Rozel Bay. The Jersey coast spread out before them in a panorama of sands and cliffs and woods, while inland the sun was glittering on the glass-houses.

The crossing had taken five hours, and there followed three more hours of unloading and packing the stuff into the vans waiting to take it to La Rigondaine.

"Too late to go home," said Cousin Philip cheerfully.

"There will be a moon to-night," said Ernest Hamon.

"We go back to-morrow," said Philip. "I have not been in Jersey for twenty month. I want to see the place."

"I want to see St. Helier," said young Eugene.

"We go and have a drink first," said Philip.

They went and had some drinks at the Rozel Inn. Dan was beginning to feel excited at finding himself in a town, with inns and shops, though in point of size Gorey was not much more than twice as big as Bullockdean. His cousins began to talk about St. Helier,

which sounded almost metropolitan.

"Let us go there," said Eugene and William. Ernest Hamon thought it better not. "He has a wife," said William. They all laughed. In the end Ernest went with them, and Daniel found himself in a railway train for the first time in a year.

It stood in relation to other trains very much as Gorey stood to other towns; nevertheless the experience was exhilarating after so long an abstinence. He had drunk a couple of brandies at the inn, and brandy was stronger than *armoniac*. He sat in the little jogging train, watching the first stars appear in the gray sky through the smoke of his cousins' pipes. The coast was beginning to light up—the lighthouses were kindled and great eyes shone solemnly across the narrow tides of Grouville Bay from the Ecureuil and the Azicot. There were other lights, too, out at sea, and the coast of France twinkled afar off, with lighthouses and beacons and the dazzles of towns. Then at last they were in St. Helier, with the harbor and the pier and the castle and the streets and the trams, all alight and joyful.

They went first of all to an eating-house and had supper—a wonderful supper of steak and kidney pudding such as never was seen at the Pêche à Agneau, where in winter one lived continuously on the ormers picked up under Saignie and Tintagev, with a little tough mutton on Sundays. There were some Breton sailors who knew Philip and Helier, and they came and sat at the le Couteurs' table. It was they who suggested that afterwards they should all go and dance.

Daniel had only a very dim idea as to where they actually went. The Bretons knew the way and led them in and out of a multitude of little alleys, by wharfs and warehouses and marine taverns till they came to a kind of hall where a great many people were dancing to a mechanical orchestra. There were sailors of all kinds from the ships in the harbor,

fishermen, a few townsmen, a soldier or two from the barracks, who vanished soon and suddenly at a rumor of the military police, and an inadequate number of women and girls.

These were in great demand, as the male dancers were so much in excess of the female. Some of the men were dancing together—Daniel noticed a big, dark, solemn-faced Breton dancing with a sailor off one of the Great Western Railway Company's boats. His cousins at once deserted him in pursuit of partners, and he sat down on a bench against the wall, feeling rather forlorn and shy.

The air was full of dust and noise, the scraping of feet, the clack of tongues in French and English and the four various patois of the four largest islands. There was a bar at the end of the room and most of the partnerless men were drinking there. One of the Breton sailors who had come with the *le Couteurs* signalled to Daniel and offered him a drink. He could speak no English and Daniel's nearest approach to French was a lame following of his cousin's bastard Norman, so there was not much conversation; but Dan had his first glass of absinthe, which had the effect of making him think he could dance.

Evidently the other understood the language of a tapping foot and a dark eye roving in the direction of the dancers. Two girls had come up by then, pretty pale creatures, arm in arm. The Breton stood them both drinks, and in a few minutes had paired off with one of them, leaving the other with Daniel's arm round her waist.

"You want to dance?"

"Eh?"

He stared at her stupidly. He could hardly realize that he had been spoken to in English.

"You want to dance?"

"Yes—I should like to."

"You come on then."

She was a little soft thing—soft and light—and it was quite easy to swing her round in spite of his not knowing the

steps. But he had an uneasy consciousness of bumping her about rather badly, owing to his defective steering. When the music stopped they were both breathless and glad to sit down.

"How did you know I was English?" he asked.

"I guess."

"Do I look English?"

"No—but I hear you speaking to your friends and you speak different."

"How do you know I speak different?"

He had spoken only the Sark patois, which she, being a Jerseywoman, would scarcely understand.

"Because I know how they speak in Sark. My father came from Sark. I am a Falle—though here we call it Fälla."

"Oh, you know Sark?"

She shook her head.

"I was never there, but my father was there. I was born in Jersey—in the parish of St. André. My name is Rose, after my mother, who die when I was a baby."

"Do you live with your father?"

She shook her head again.

"No, my father is dead—he die last summer."

There were tears in her eyes and Daniel felt sorry he had asked the question. It was a relief when the sudden bray of the mechanical orchestra drowned all possibility of further talk.

They danced together the whole evening. He had no one else to dance with, nor apparently had she, and rather than be alone she submitted to his clumsiness. His cousins had found partners and were lost. He gave her two more drinks at the bar, but they did not seem to affect her as they affected him, perhaps because she had not had so many already. He felt bemused and unsteady. After a time it made him giddy to dance, and they sat down together hand in hand. His cousin Eugene came up to him.

"We meet to-morrow at Gorey Pier—eight o'clock—see?"

"Where are we going to spend the

night?" asked Daniel, making a feeble snatch at reality.

Eugene laughed.

"I leave that to you."

Daniel half understood. He looked at Rose Falla, and then angrily at his cousin, but Eugene stepped back among the dancers and was lost. Dan was furious. How dare that Sarkie swine insult him and his girl? He must have seen that she wasn't that sort . . . then suddenly he realized that, after all, Eugene had a certain justification. After all, only one sort of girl was likely to come to a low-down sailors' joint like this. This girl looked young and gentle, but she could not be so ignorant as to imagine she was in a respectable place. She must have come deliberately, knowing what it was. In fact, she must have come for the same purpose as the other girls—to pick up a man, that was it—and he was the man she had picked up. He was a fool not to have realized it. It wasn't at all the sort of thing he wanted. He rose unsteadily to his feet.

"I'm going out. I'm going home."

She stared at him, and at his rough words he saw the tears come back into her eyes. At once he grew more gentle.

"Don't be angry. I'm not saying anything against you—but you must let me go. I—I've never been with a girl."

"Nor I with a boy."

For a moment they stood facing each other in a corner of the noisy, crowded room. Then he exclaimed:

"But why are you here?"

She began to cry in earnest.

"Why are you here?" he repeated, raising his voice so that she could hear him above the jangling din of the orchestra.

"I come with my friend Simone."

"But why?"

"Because I must live."

His indignation nearly sobered him. But the fire of his absinthes and cognacs was still in his head, driving thought and action together. He took her by the arm and pulled her towards the door.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Outside. I can't talk to you properly in here."

"You aren't angry with me? You won't leave me?"

"Don't you want me to leave you? I should have thought you did."

She wept—"No."

He had shepherded her out into the road which ran by the sea and guided her to a seat against the wall of some marine stores. Here they sat down again, he still holding her close to him for warmth, for the air blew keenly.

"Now tell me why you've come here—you aren't that sort—and why don't you want me to go?"

"You mustn't go. If you go I've no one."

"But your friend?"

"She's found a boy—she doesn't want me."

"But where's your home—where do you live?"

"I live with Simone—the last two days. They turn me out of my room in La Planche because I have no money. Simone still work where I used to work."

"You poor little thing—are you out of a job? Have you no one to take care of you?"

"My father die after a long illness that take all our money, and we not able to pay the insurance, so I get nothing. Then I work for Madame Etienne, in the bodices, but trade is bad and she have to send away many girls. I go and Simone stay. I can get nothing. I have to go out of my room. For two days I have nothing but bread and tea. Then Simone say I come to her, but she have not enough money for both, as she get only half-time at Madame's. So she say I get a boy to take care of me. That is the only way. She say I come with her here to-night and find a nice boy. She say she will find me a nice boy. She say some boys very nice and gentle and kind and not like the others."

Tears choked her breathless flow of

words, and he melted into a furious pity.

"You poor little soul! What a life for you to start on! What a shame!"

"I always been good till now."

"Why, you'd never stand the racket! Simone's a bad lot. You must promise me never, never to go back to that place."

"How can I promise? If you leave me I must go back and find another boy—a rough boy, not like you. When I see you so quiet I felt so glad and I thought I not mind so much. But now you will not have me and I must go back."

"Go back? By God, you shan't!"

His brain was still fiery with drink, and he saw himself as this poor little thing's protector, rescuing her from an evil life, establishing her in ease and virtue. He would save her. There was only one thing to do—take her right away—take her back with him to Sark, to the *Pêche à Agneau*. Alice Hamon would look after her, she could help in the house and on the farm. So cognac and excitement smoothed out his plan. He saw no difficulties in the way—beyond a sudden vision of his six cousins standing between him and the boat, saying "You no bring her—oh, my Gar, no." He would have to get her across without his cousins' knowing it—that was all . . . He could take her over himself in the little *Baleine*. He could manage the *Baleine* by himself—she was such a small affair. He stood up, dragging his companion to her feet.

"You're to come with me."

"Where?"

"Home. I'll take you over to Sark."

"But—but—"

"I tell you it's the only thing to do. I can't leave you here by yourself or with a girl like Simone. If you come to Sark there'll be plenty of work for you to do in my uncle's house."

"But we can't start now."

"Yes, we can—we must, or maybe that swine Eugene ull stop us. The moon ull be up in half an hour, and the

sea's as calm as a lake. I've got a little boat we can easily manage ourselves. Come along at once."

She was evidently of a yielding disposition. Dan hurried her along the sea-road out of the town, too fuddled and elated either to feel fatigue himself or be conscious of hers. They would have to reach the harbor before it was light, and they would have to do the whole distance on foot, as the trains had long ceased running. Nevertheless he was not dismayed.

Rose clung to Daniel's arm, her feet dragging. As long as he led, she would follow. Already he was princely in her sight; and when either fatigue or tears or bewilderment seemed likely to overwhelm her she would lift her swimming eyes to his face and love his short defiant nose and English mouth, and his eyes which were wild with drink and moonlight.

They crossed the desolation of Samarès Marsh and came to Grouville and the golf-course, from which they could see the lights of Gorey Harbor and Mont Orgueil. Daniel wondered if he should have much difficulty in getting hold of the *Baleine*. There would of course be a watchman on the harbor. Perhaps he would not acknowledge Daniel's right to her. He must not let him know he was going to sea . . . he would pretend he was hungry and that he and his companion had come for a feast—he knew there was food on board, some biscuits and tinned beef.

"Hullo. *Qui va là?*"

"Le Couteur—*pour la Baleine*."

"What do you want her for now?"

"We're hungry, and she's got food on board."

The watchman came out of his hut, sleepy and grumbling, to undo the gate for the English le Couteur and his girl.

The sea was plopping against the quay, and out beyond the bar Daniel could see the little white horses galloping from France. He found the three le Couteur boats beside the steps and, helping Rose Falla through the big

Allonette and the *Philip Carré*, he reached at last the little *Baleine*. Here they found a tin of beef and biscuits under a bit of sacking and, crouching together in the bottom of the boat, they ate their meal with a hunger that surprised him, for hitherto he had not thought of food except as a pretext for getting on board. Rose's thin shoes were now in pieces, rags of kid held together by mud. Her little face was dabbled with sweat and her clothes were sticking to her. She was worn out after the dancing and her tramp from St. Helier, and though the food revived her a little she still lay huddled at his feet while Dan prepared for their stealthy putting to sea.

He unknotted the salt, sticky rope that held the *Baleine* to the *Philip Carré*. Gosh! But his cousins would be mad when they found out what had happened. Never mind—he would be over in Sark before they could make any fuss. He took the paddle and silently manœuvred his craft under the quay walls. He would not start his engine till he was well away.

The moonlight, gleaming between the piles, fell on Rose Falla's face, showing him for a moment its dreadful whiteness.

"Are you afraid?" he asked.

"Oh, no—not afraid. I often go to sea with my father."

That was good—she would be able to help him. He ought to make Sark easily. The sea was calm, and both wind and tide were in his favor. He had passed the green light at the harbor's end, steering by the spar-buoy at the Azicot. The moonlight was almost dazzling on the water, and he could see all the rocks standing up out of it, and the spar-buoys at Les Arches and Les Guilmots. For the first time he began to feel a little afraid, as the sea-wind cleared the fogs from his brain. But he reassured himself—they were quite safe in a boat like this, nothing but a converted rowboat of the shallowest draught. He needn't start her engine till they were out past the five-fathom line.

The lights of Gorey Harbor now seemed far away—he was able to see the north side of Mont Orgueil, with the red light of the Archirondel Tower shining on Havre de Fer. He was surrounded by *demies* and *grunes* and the roar of water. The *Baleine* drifted between two rocks and he saw the points of another beneath her. This both terrified and reassured him, for he knew that though her course was dangerous yet her draught was shallow. He would be all right in another ten minutes and could start the engine. What was that red light which had appeared round the point? It might be Le Fara, which they had passed on their way to Jersey.

He had started his engine and drew a tiny ribbon of foam with him out to sea. Almost impudently the little *Baleine* ran out into the mightiness of La Déroute. The wind blew keenly and there was a big movement under the surface of the waves, which gleamed with phosphorescent patches. But the rocks had been left behind and Daniel had lost his fear—or rather it had been changed. He no longer felt uneasy about the physical risks of his adventure, but for the first time he saw that it bristled with dangers of another kind. The sea wind had blown him sober and he began to see his madness soberly.

He looked at Rose Falla crouching for warmth beside the engine, and he wondered what had made him so mad as to bring this girl away. The folly of the voyage was nothing to the folly of bringing her with him. What should he do with Rose Falla? He couldn't keep her in Sark if his cousins would not take her in—and was there anything in his whole experience of them to give him even a reasonable hope of their doing so? Moreover, how did he know she had told him the truth? She might have friends, relations in Jersey, who would have the law of him for taking her away like this. He was properly in for it! . . . That was the sort of thing you got for drinking too much and going to bad places. It served him

right. He'd been well brought up, so there was no excuse. Neither was there any way of getting out of it as far as he could see. He could not put back for Gorey now. He must go on and hope for the best—and in that hour of sober disillusion the best he could hope for seemed that they should hit something and go, the pair of them, to the bottom of the sea.

XVIII

Daniel and Rose did not go to the bottom, but, not very surprisingly, the *Baleine* did. She went aground long before it was light on some outlying rocks half a mile from the Paternosters, and for three hours he and his companion sat drenched and silent, watching the dawn break behind the eastward mystery of France. Rose saw that her deliverer's mood had changed; that he no longer gloried in his championship, that apprehension and regret had taken the place of daring and indignation. But she would not complain. She crouched beside him on the inhospitable seaweed, her arms thrown over his knees—a drenched, dragged, exhausted Andromeda still unrepentant of her Perseus.

At about eight o'clock they were taken off by a steam yacht on her way to Guernsey. The yacht gave them breakfast and the almost terrifying luxury of a hot bath. It dried their clothes and overwhelmed them with amiable inquiries. It was apologetic for its ruthlessness in taking them on to Guernsey when they wanted to go to Sark, and paid their fare home by the steamer from St. Peter Port.

Rose was delighted with the yacht and its motherly behavior. Her native hardness recovered quickly from endurances that would have smashed an English girl—on the voyage across to Sark in the little paddle-steamer she laughed and chatted gaily. She was no longer the terrified victim of the dancing hall or the collapsed heroine of the Wreck of the *Baleine*. She was a joyful

and prattling child with queer little adorable gleams of womanliness. He saw that she must be even younger than he had first imagined, probably not more than eighteen. Her skin had the living freshness of youth, her eyes its emptiness, her mouth its expectation. As he realized her youth he lost the consciousness of his own and began to feel himself old. He was clear-headed and he saw that for better or worse he had appointed himself this girl's protector, and from the decision made when he was drunk there was no appeal now that he was sober. He would have to see her through. . . . Whatever happened, she must not go back to Jersey and to the inevitable life that awaited her there. Somehow he would have to persuade his uncles to keep her, though his chances, already poor enough, had been almost finally ruined by the loss of the *Baleine*—a catastrophe which he knew the families at the Pêche à Agneau would not accept in the spirit of resignation.

No wonder that Rose Falla found him a glum companion; but she was still undismayed. Restored in mind and body, it did not occur to her to fret or even wonder about the future. She did not imagine that this masterful being who had torn her from the dance room at La Folle, swept her out to sea, and had been at least instrumental in bringing about her two hours of fairyland on the yacht, should not be omnipotent in his own domain.

"I love to go to Sark. I love to see Sark. It is my father's place. You know where he was born? It is called La Moinerie."

They were sailing close under the red cliffs of Saignie, and he showed her the jut of Tintagev between Port du Moulin and Pegâne Bay; and above it, he told her, was the Pêche à Agneau where he lived.

"Oh, how lovely—you look out over the sea. Oh, I shall be happy, and I shall learn to talk in my father's way. We will talk together."

He wondered if his cousins would already be home. Probably they would, if they had not wasted too much time at Gorey looking about for him and the *Baleine*. As the *Helper* chugged into the Creux Harbor he saw the *Allonette* and the *Philip Carré* anchored under Les Lâches. So they were back. . . . He looked anxiously round on landing, but saw only two De Cartarets who had come down to fetch stores for La Fregondée. He felt inclined to ask them about his cousins, but on consideration refrained. They stared after him and his companion, and their merriment told him that they foresaw his discomfiture.

Rose was no longer tired on this second walk together. She was delighted with the flowery heart of the island, richer and wilder than the heart of Jersey. She pulled handfuls of bluebells from the banks, laughing and singing to herself in the spring warmth of the afternoon. As they walked over the Coupée into Little Sark, Dan found himself wondering if even his cousins could be harsh to this beautiful singing thing with her hands full of flowers.

He need not have worried. There was but one thought in the le Couteur mind, one reproach on the le Couteur tongue—for the loss of the *Baleine*. Dan might have brought the whole female population of St. Helier in his train without causing half the uproar they considered due to the disappearance of their smallest motor-boat. The *Baleine* had been only an ancient rowboat fitted with a second-hand engine, but the le Couteurs talked often as if she had been a liner.

"Vagabond!" shouted Uncle Eugene.

"Vagabond!" shouted Uncle Philip.

"Oh my Gar!—you make the all the Carrés laugh at us," shouted his cousin Helier.

"You were drunk — vagabond!" shouted Uncle Philip. In the midst of all this commotion Rose Falla's

presence passed almost unnoticed. Alice Hamon gave her some tea and *gâche*, and she had slunk away to bed in the children's room before Dan had had to do more than give a perfunctory explanation of her.

But the next day the storm had in a measure subsided, and in a clearer atmosphere the le Couteurs were able to fix their attention on this secondary point of folly.

Rose had been very bright and smiling at breakfast, which she had helped prepare. Afterward she had cleared the cups and plates away, and finally gone off with Alice Hamon to help her make the beds. Then Uncle Philip turned slowly to Daniel and asked:

"What you bring her here for?"

Young Sheather did his best to explain, glozing the fact that he would never have brought her at all if he had been sober. At the end of his harangue Uncle Philip merely shrugged his shoulders.

"I thought you bring her for a wife."

"A wife! Good Lord! But I do not know her."

"There is no need to know a wife. You get plenty time to know them afterwards."

"But anyhow, I'm not in a position to marry. Besides, I don't want to."

"Then what are you going to do with her?"

"Can't she stay here? She could help Alice—make herself useful in the house or on the farm."

"She cannot stay here."

"But why not? There's plenty of room for her."

"There is no room. We do not want her."

"But she can't go back to Jersey. She's absolutely alone, I tell you—not got a relation or a friend worth anything. She'd have gone to the bad if I hadn't taken her. It would simply mean her ruin if we sent her back."

"Then why do you not marry her?"

Daniel lost his temper.

"That's not the way we do things

where I come from. I'm damned if I'll marry a woman I picked up at a dance hall—whom I know nothing about."

"You say she is a Falla."

"But, even if—I mean I want to know more about my wife than who her parents were."

"You want a lot, as Englishmen always do. You are lucky to have the chance of marrying a Sark girl. Most girls would say they do not want to marry an Englishman."

"She may say so."

"Oh, my Gar! She will not."

"But I couldn't keep her anyhow. I'm not in a position to marry."

"You earned sometimes thirty shillings a week last summer."

"I sent a pound a week to my mother."

"Then you must give up sending a pound a week to your mother, who has her own husband."

Daniel was exasperated.

"Damn it all! What makes you so anxious for me to get married? It won't do you any good."

"Yes, it will," said Uncle Eugene, "If you marry you will not be an Englishman any more—you will live here all your life and become one of us. *So we get your mother back again.*"

"The devil you do! Well, I tell you I'm certainly not going to marry if it means chaining myself down to this damned island. Not that it means anything of the kind—I could take my wife over to England to-morrow if I wanted."

"In the *Baleine*," said Uncle Philip, and everybody laughed.

"Well, I don't choose to get married. I brought this girl over here because I thought you'd be humane enough to take her in and let her have a chance of a decent life. I never dreamed of marrying her, or dreamed that you'd want me to."

"We don't want you to," said a young Philip—"but we cannot have her here. We are already too many in the house."

"And how many less should we be if I married her?"

"We should be two less. You would go and live at La Colinette, or at La Ville."

Daniel absolutely failed to understand his uncles' and cousins' train of reasoning. They imagined, no doubt, that if he married they would get rid of his uncongenial presence in their house and at the same time bind him irrevocably to their island. He guessed that they were pleased that he should have found a woman in Jersey instead of Guernsey, and especially pleased that she had Sark connections. There were still Falles at La Moinerie, who would probably acknowledge her as a kinswoman.

His own mind was made up. He could not marry this girl whom he scarcely knew, who had attracted him only by her helplessness. His heart was still loyal to Belle, or rather to the shadow of Belle. Besides, anyhow, he did not want to marry—not unless he fell in love again . . . which was unthinkable.

He rose moodily and went out. He was sick of his mother's family. They seemed equally immune from ordinary human decency and ordinary human motives. Bah! they were savages—a thousand years behind the inhabitants of the Ouse Valley. He'd half a mind not to stick 'em any longer, but clear out and go home. His father would be glad to have him back at the George, and he felt that now he could face Belle at the Crown. . . .

He strolled across the back of Little Sark, down to the granite fierceness of its southwest coast, where the old mines stick their broken chimneys through the bushes above Rouge Peirier. For two or three hours he lounged among the buttercups, sucking an empty pipe, staring from the golden ground into the fiery blue of the sea, with its white slobber at the *baveuses* and at the foot of Bretagne Uset. He was angry with his cousins, angry with Rose Falla, angry with himself. In the last lay the sting of it all—he knew that everything was his own fault. Because he had

forgotten his good English ways he had landed himself and this poor little girl in a proper muddle. Not that she would have been much better off if he had left her where she was or if he'd never met her at all; but at least she wouldn't have been hurt so badly as she must be hurt now when he told her she would have to go back to all he had made her flee from. He could see that she liked him, was a bit gone on him, in fact—also that she liked being at the *Pêche à Agneau* with the children and the big cousins. It would be dreadful to have to tell her that she must leave it all. . . . What a fool he had been! He might have realized that the last thing in the world his cousins would understand was an act of disinterested kindness. . . . No, no—hang it all! He must be honest with himself and confess that he would never have brought her over if his head had not been full of their horrible French drinks. So help him, he would never drink again! But that good resolution wouldn't do much for him now—nor for poor little Rose, either.

For one dreadful moment it struck him that it was his plain duty to marry her in order to save her from a wicked life. But immediately he remembered that her situation in this respect was not of his making, but of her own. After all, he could not forget that she had deliberately consented to go with her friend to the dance and “find a boy.” She had not had the moral strength to stand up to so monstrous a suggestion. That wasn't the sort of woman he should care for as a wife.

It suddenly struck him as a possible solution of his difficulty that the Fallas at the *Moinerie* might consent to treat Rose as a relation and take her in. He resolved to ask them anyhow, and tramped over to the *Moinerie* before going home. Another thing that had struck him was that the *le Couteurs* might actually put poor Rose on the Guernsey boat if he wasn't back in time to stop them.

The *Moinerie* proved as inhospitable

as the *Pêche à Agneau*. Helier Falle was nothing but a name to the present occupiers, as the old man was the wife's father and came from Alderney. After all, it was rather a lot to ask of them—to receive a wholly unknown young woman into their house at the request of a half-unknown young man. Only his desperation could have made the idea seem possible, he realized as he walked away.

The afternoon was now well advanced, and Dan knew that he must walk quickly if he was to be home in time to counter any plot of his cousins with regard to the Guernsey boat. Leaving the *Moinerie* lane he plunged cross-country to the mill, and soon found himself on the *Coupée* road, facing the dipping sun. He had come nearly as far as *La Belle Hautgarde* when he noticed a dark figure swimming in the sun's rays. It swam towards him up the golden river of the road, and then suddenly was clinging to him with little panting sobs of relief and fear.

“Oh, at last you come! at last you come!”

The flower of her face was wilted with crying and the little hands that clung to him clutched and trembled, the fingers digging into his flesh like thorns.

“Oh, at last you come and save me! You won't let them send me away.”

“Rose, my dear, don't cry so—tell me what's happened.”

Fearing either interruption or observation from *La Belle Hautgarde*, he led her into a field, down towards *Les Petites Côtes*. She poured out her tale but he scarcely listened, for he knew what it must be. His cousins had told her she could not stay, that she must go back to Jersey . . . then he suddenly wondered if they had told her of the alternative he had refused. At the same moment he heard her say:

“They say you will not marry me. But you will marry me if it is to let me stay. I will not believe that you bring me over here and then let me go back again. Oh, I will make you a good wife.

I will keep your house clean and I will cook and sew. I will never ask you for anything. You cannot bring me here and then let me go back. For I love you! I love you!"

She threw her arms round him as they stood in the tall buttercups above Les Petites Côtes, and he felt her warmth and sweetness like the sun on grass. Her face was hidden in his neck and her hair flowered golden round his lips—he knew that his arms were holding her and that he was hugging her close in protective pity. How in God's name was he to send this poor little soul back to the hideous life that awaited her in Jersey? If she went to the bad her guilt would be on his head. He had a hateful vision of her on the streets of St. Helier, down at the port with the sailors, at the Lock Hospital. . . . Oh, it was horrible! It was unthinkable—and the guilt would be his. No! No! He could not. He could not marry a woman who was not Belle—he could not bind himself to the Norman island, as he inevitably must bind himself if he married under such conditions. And yet . . . the quivering of her heart against his made him almost sick with tenderness, and his flesh had not so long lost its memory of Belle that he could remain unmoved by the softness of her face against his throat, the softness of her hair against his mouth.

"Oh, you won't let them send me away. I love you so! You are so kind to me! I will make you so happy—you cannot imagine."

No, he couldn't. Yet was his happiness anything that mattered very much now? If he sent her away he would not be happy either—and she, she would be in the double hell of destitution and disappointment. Over his own happiness or unhappiness he had not much power either way—only Belle had that—or rather, even Belle had not that now. Only God had that. . . . Dan thought of God. He felt ashamed. Since he had come to Sark he had left undone so

many things that he ought to have done and done so many things he ought not to have done—perhaps God was giving him a chance to make up for his neglect of the good ways he had learned at Bullockdean, and at the same time was punishing him for it by depriving him of them forever. Standing there among the buttercups with Rose in his arms, Dan felt an almost passionate desire to do the right thing as he had been taught. After all, to put himself first and let everyone else go to pot was just being like his cousins—"duty" was a word he had learned in the army. He would be more of an Englishman in binding himself to Sark by marrying Rose than if he had refused to bind himself and let her suffer for his freedom. And they would not be bound forever—when he had put by a little money, they could go home. . . . After all, it was a poor prospect never to marry. All men should marry and if they can't get the girl they want, they must marry the girl they can get—that's all.

Meanwhile Rose stood motionless in his embrace, waiting for her lord's word, while his thoughts wandered from Sark to Bullockdean, from earth to heaven, from heaven to the British army, from duty to comfort, from the abstract to the practical, and finally back to her straits. He looked down at her but could see nothing beyond the flying anthers of her hair and the curve of her ear as she hid her face. Dragged by an uncontrollable impulse in which pity, though dominant, was not alone, he stooped and put his lips to her ear, just under the teasing hair.

With a little shudder she drew herself upright and he saw her face, tear-stained and full of joy.

"Oh," she murmured—"tu m'aimes."

Then suddenly at those words his mother's tongue was in his mouth, and he was gabbling words of love in his mother's language—rough, salt-sounding words between which his kisses flowed like the tide between rocks.

(To be continued)

THE LION'S MOUTH



ON DINING OUT FREQUENTLY

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

TO confess that one is an almost professional diner-out is, in this critical age, to put oneself in the unenviable position of being smiled upon. It is as though one naïvely admitted some wrong. Why, I do not know.

Now it is delightful to dine out with some degree of regularity; for it is taken for granted that one dines with one's friends. To be with our friends constantly is a charming occupation. If one dined repeatedly only at restaurants the case would be different; for an existence in restaurants is a miserable makeshift for the life worth living. It must be taken for granted, then, that when a man confesses that he dines out frequently he does so in the sanctity and seclusion of the various homes of his closest acquaintances, and sees little, after all, of the passing show which takes place nightly in the noisy cafés and cabarets of a city like New York.

"We can never get you," is a remark which a so-called popular bachelor often hears. That is hardly fair; for if anyone really wishes to capture a certain person's companionship—given, of course, a mutual desire—the thing may be accomplished. I for one have never been denied the particular society I sought and craved. I have always found it possible to meet the men and women I languished for, even in a thun-

dering and sundering metropolis. It takes no little skill, I must admit; yet it can be and is done. One simply does a little work. For, make no mistake about it, friendship—yes, even friendship in these rushing days of the new order—is a laborious business, since everyone worth while is always exceedingly busy. There must be seeking and planning and deft maneuvering.

My own experience has taught me that the casual invitation—no matter how sincerely extended—is, in great cities, hardly the one likely to be accepted. A little form and ceremony are necessary. When people ask one to "drop in any time" it is as though one should take seriously the cry of the merry-go-round barker who invites "each and all to take a ride." There must be something personal in any call for companionship. It is not enough to let the desired evening take care of itself. The telephone has been a great asset in business; it has become a nuisance and a menace in social life, and I cannot think it was intended to be a short-cut to the other fellow's privacy, the rude intrusion that it has become. If a letter is sent through the post or importantly by hand, a charm goes with it; for there is no obligation on the part of the receiver to answer it in the next second. One likes to fondle, to ponder one's invitations. One likes, humanly enough, to consider them, to study them, to take them to one's heart as it were. A written excuse always sounds more sincere, for one thing, than a spoken one; and we all know the story of the distracted, "dated-up" gentleman who finally, to the importunities of an anxious would-be hostess who, wishing to

know when he *could* come, mentioned successively each day in the week, exclaimed, "For God's sake, make it Monday!"

That is no spirit in which to give or to receive a bid for dinner. Failure hangs over the ceremony before it has begun. It is doomed—and rightly enough—to catastrophe; for the unwilling guest is as impossible as the horse led to the trough. Resentment is in the air. The amenities are all wrong.

Now, dining out is an art. It is not learned in a day; and as the right guests at a table are as important as the food and drink—if not more so—care must be taken in their selection. The hostess who gives no thought to the placing of those around her board is a social fool. She does not deserve even a modicum of success. For when people are to be intimately with one another for two hours, imprisoned at an inelastic table, there is a serious aspect of the situation which requires foresight and a profound knowledge of human nature. Many dinners fail because there has been no set plan, no diagram made of spiritual needs and antipathies, no mental catalogue of an evening of close proximity. Conversely, the perfect hostess never experiences failure because she *thinks* her dinners before she eats them. She has a photographic panorama of her guests, placed so or so; and though her cook may go back upon her, those assembled at her table will not.

Because a few dinners prove to be only dinners (and not the happy functions they should become) one learns, as the years go on, to be more wary in accepting hurried calls here and there. That is an evidence of advancing age, let us admit; but it is likewise a sane putting on of the cloak of wisdom, which is but the armor of self-defense. In youth we go anywhere; for youth is essentially experimental. And, looking back, who can say truthfully that those early associations around a formal table were as happy as the chosen, culled evenings of one's middle life? Ah! there

are compensations in growing old; for one selects, later on, where previously one rushed headlong into anything. And the frequent diner-out learns the lesson—well worth learning—of the charms of dining out infrequently. Wasn't it Thoreau who said that he never read accounts of accidents, since all were vain and harrowing repetitions after a while? And the professional diner-out comes to see how tragic dinners repeat themselves and he smiles as he remains at home some bitter night, having received—and rejected—no less than four invitations. He knows that his loneliness is self-imposed—which is quite another thing from the loneliness that creeps over one who imagines he has lost his popularity.



PROGRESS

BY ARTHUR T. HUGG

ONE day God looked down pityingly on a hot, unprotected little earth-knob and scattered a handful of maple spores across its barren surface.

The hard ground discouraged many. Only a few attempted to grow and most of these were beaten down by the great storms or shriveled and parched by the terrific heat, so that when five years had elapsed only three small trees remained: tough, supple little saplings which fought the elements and held grimly to life—not so much from a desire to live as from a determination to live against odds.

And God saw their struggle and said, "You are doing very well, young trees, and I will ease your troubles and multiply your strength that you may do the work I have laid out for you."

Encouraged, the trees sank their roots deeper and found a stratum where nourishment and moisture abounded. In ten years their trunks, thick and sinewy

and coated with tough bark, no longer bent under the ice and the storms whistled impotently through their branches. Their abundant foliage carpeted the hot earth with grateful cooling shadows, so that grass and flowers grew in the once barren soil and birds and wild things came there for rest and for protection.

And twenty years more came and went, and the stately maples had become a landmark and a guide-post throughout the country. Travelers marked direction and measured distance by "The Maples" and pitched their tents in the shade with silent thanks to Providence for such a resting place along the hot, dusty trail.

During the next ten years a town sprang up. Wayfarers, charmed by the beauty of the place, decided they would go no farther. Streets were laid out and homes and stores erected. A railroad was put through and the little town began to thrive. They called it "Mapleville," and the three old trees looked down on the industrious community and were well pleased. "This is our work," they said. "This is what God intended us to do."

And fifty years more went by, and Mapleville still flourished. The early settlers were getting old but the younger generation, inheriting the energy of their pioneering forebears, went on enlarging and improving with energy and enthusiasm. An interurban line augmented the efforts of the railroad. Electric lights dangled here and there from newly set posts at the street corners. The First National Bank was erecting a new stone front—the first in town.

At the corner of Main and Second streets, where the bright-red gasoline station marked the end of the business district and the beginning of the residential suburbs—a miniature park, centering both thoroughfares, slowed down vehicular traffic and sent it circling to the right. And here the three patriarchal old maples stood, with gnarled branches interlocked, and nodded approval at the town's activities—three

genial old great-grandfathers looking kindly and tolerantly down on the childish enthusiasms of their progeny.

Two men sauntered over to the park and stood with hats shoved back and cigars uptilted.

"I tell you, mayor, we can make this a wonderful spot right here—a corner Mapleville can be proud of." The speaker gestured pridefully with his cigar.

"You're right we can," agreed the other, "and what I say is, we'll run the asphalt forty-foot wide straight through. Them three old trees has stood in the way of this town's progress long enough."



WHERE ARE THE RAKES OF YESTERYEAR?

BY PHILIP CURTISS

I WAS mulling over a plot for a novel the other day when suddenly I had a deep shock. I realized that I had lost an old friend.

The tall, silent, brooding type of hero whose only fault was a secret love for John Barleycorn—he has completely disappeared from the literary world. The Volstead law has eliminated him from the novelist's paint box—not because it has made him impossible but because it has made him so universal that he no longer measures up to the epic type. As well might you try to make a hero out of the whole Republican party or the entire contents of the Yale bowl. The hard drinker to-day in American fiction is as undistinctive as a blond in Sweden. So far from his being an outstanding figure, everybody in the book—and in every book—is drinking just as hard as he is.

My poor, pale, obsolete hero with your tall, lean, slightly tragic figure, your impeccable manners, your perfect breed-

ing, and your fatal fondness for Scotch! Is it possible that you have gone the way of the tavern fireplace, the comic farmer, the fainting heroine, and the clubman who said "By Jove!"? I fear you have, although you were the idol of my boyhood, and had I been writing only a decade ago you would still have been worth thousands a year to me. I, for one, can shed a tear over your demise while at the same time I pen your obituary and try to reconstruct your charm for an age that knows you not.

"Walton Chalmers," I think, would have been the name of my stillborn hero, although simply as "Chalmers" would he have been known in the book. Fifteen years ago in a proper novel not even fiancés called each other by their first names until they went off on their honeymoon. Except that the author occasionally wished to break up his rhythms, there was no real need that the characters should have any first names at all. The hero addressed the heroine as "Miss Montieth" the night he proposed, and when he dared breathe out the name "Betty" it was a pretty sure sign that she was already his.

It is hardly necessary to say that Walton Chalmers was an aristocrat. All the people with whom he associated in the book had plenty of blue blood but Chalmers's was by all odds the bluest, although at the time our story opens it was beginning to get a little bit thin.

Equally, of course, his family was in straitened circumstances. To be sure they still kept the old butler and the old coachman and the old mansion on High Hill. They still belonged to the same old clubs and still went to Europe on the same old steamers. They still dressed for dinner every evening, but it was all very tragic. In fact it was just the kind of tragedy that I should like to read more of to-day. I have always loved books in which people suffer bravely in dress suits and limousines. The kind of tragedy that I *don't* like is the modern kind—the present-day type

of novel in which a young author goes to New York and starves to death.

So here's the locale. Now for the plot. To begin with, as they used to do it fifteen or twenty years ago, Walton Chalmers would start the book under a cloud. The heroine threw him down on the very first page. "No, Mr. Chalmers—I am sorry—I could never think of you—like that." The first time she had no particular reason for passing the mitten. She secretly thought him the most charming man she had ever met. She merely did it on general principles, to get the action started, and she certainly succeeded, for the direct result was to set him drinking. So after that, whenever he proposed she had as good a reason as she could possibly need.

You must not, however, attach too much blame to Betty Monteith. It was not the first time that Walton had taken a drink. Oh, dear no! Drink was, in fact, the curse of the Chalmerses. Every Chalmers inherited it from a previous Chalmers, and so each one of them in turn was entirely absolved from personal responsibility. *Somebody* must have started it *sometime*—just as a good idea. But that was no concern of Walton's. The plain old ways of his ancestors—those were good enough for him.

Thus when Chalmers began to drink in Chapter Two of the novel it was entirely against his personal desires and his better judgment, and there was where Betty made her fatal mistake. With the fine intolerance of her rigid society she supposed that Walton was drinking because he liked it. On that theory she threw him down and—well, what could Walton do?

For all practical purposes Betty and Chalmers now began to live in separate worlds—worlds which crossed only at rare and dramatic moments. Betty continued her round of dinners, house parties, and balls—and apparently did it with a smiling face. She heard of Walton only by rumors, and the rumors were very dark whispers indeed. For

Walton had run true to type and sunk immediately back into the only career in which he could ever attain any true charm. He practically locked himself in his old family mansion and at intervals of fifteen minutes pulled the bell. When the old, old butler answered with the bottle and siphon he shook his head sadly. *He* knew the curse of the Chalmerses but he still brought the bottle and that was all that Walton cared.

In the few old exclusive clubs that Chalmers still allowed himself it was just the same story. Even men who were seasoned drinkers themselves tried to reason with him. They tried to divert him—begged him to chuck everything and take a yachting cruise around the world; but all to no purpose. Walton's only answer was to reach out and sign another blue check.

Weeks and months went on with this sort of thing. The gay private mansions which Betty frequented saw nothing of Walton—but right at this point was where I struck my first snag. I saw how utterly impossible it would be to put Walton Chalmers into a modern novel. For where, at the present day, could Chalmers find a club in which he could *get* a drink and where could he find a private house in which he *couldn't*? If Walton were determined to drink his head off and if Betty were determined to stick to her social duties it would be inevitable that they must meet practically every night!

And where, in a book of to-day, would be all the dim furtive tragedy with which, ten years ago, I could have subtly surrounded my hero? Instead of being silently outlawed, whispered about, and quietly edged out of decent society he would be the most popular man in town. Or rather, he would be a complete nonentity. With all the flappers, all the college boys, and all the young matrons of literature standing toe to toe and going him drink for drink, he would be the most conventional and least dramatic character in the story. I can visualize right now a scene in

Chapter Eight in which Betty would find Walton standing as usual in a far corner of the country club—pale, silent, and reserved—and would hail him with honest anxiety, "What's the matter, Old Horse? Aren't you drinking this evening?"

My personal belief is that if Walton Chalmers should find himself in a present-day novel his first act would be to sign the pledge. Or else he would go and look for that man who had offered the yachting trip. He would inevitably find, as I do myself, something hopelessly vulgar and hopelessly sophomoric about the inebriety of our newest fiction. The dignified, stately canons of drinking which ruled in the Chalmers era seem to be quite unknown to even the most dark-circled young novelists of the post-war period. The two schools are actuated by absolutely opposite ideals. In Walton Chalmers' time the ideal of the true drinker was to consume the greatest possible amount of liquor and show the least possible signs of it. In a present-day story the sole ambition of all the characters seems to be to get as rowdy as possible on a quantity of liquor that would have been rather trifling in 1899.

It would be entirely idle to inquire which of these ideals is the more immoral. One can merely point out with some humor that in each case the author succeeds in demonstrating the exact opposite of what he set out to prove. The modern novels, written to show forth—or rather to gloat over—the licentiousness of the present age merely succeed in demonstrating that, as sinners, the young people of our day are most clumsy amateurs. The men of '90 and even 1905 would have smiled in contempt at a set of persons so inexperienced that they forgot their morals, to say nothing of their manners, on nothing but five or six cocktails and a half-bottle of sherry. On the other hand the Victorian novels, created in true moral purpose, merely proved rather pointedly the astounding quantities of liquor that

a man like Walton Chalmers could consume without doing himself any permanent harm.

For, whether or not the authors of twenty years ago intended to have it that way, they certainly did manage to give the impression that such men as Chalmers became most effective when they were drinking the hardest. They reached peak production only on the verge of D.T.'s. It was always when their eyes were most bloodshot and their faces most pale that men of the Chalmers school came out and won the steeplechase in Chapter Nine or horse-whipped the villain in Chapter Eleven. It was only after a quart of Green River that these versatile heroes could sit down at the grand piano in the gathering twilight and play Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" rather better than the composer himself. In those very moments in which Walton Chalmers's friends would seek out the old family mansion to remonstrate with him, he would sit by the hour over his bottle and talk whole pages of sheer cynic brilliancy—a combination of Emerson, Poe, and Henry James. At parting his friends would shake their heads solemnly and mourn, "Ah! what a genius that man would be if only—!" Yet by the obvious facts of the case the very best thing they could have done would have been to mind their own business and leave him alone.

And say what you will, Walton Chalmers did drink like a gentleman. In his darkest moments, when perfectly terrible rumors were coming out of the clubs, he never broke up the furniture, he was

never noisy, he never borrowed money, he never mused up the foyer, and he never took off his clothes. All he did was to sit solemnly in an armchair and drink and drink and drink.

So lived and died Walton Chalmers, and now he is gone. A figure sentimentalized and idealized, I will grant you, but my quarrel with his successors is exactly the same. Searching even my earliest recollections of the golden age, I have to confess that I recall no actual figures like Walton Chalmers. There were no members of my own clubs who were both sots and genuises. The aristocrats were not drunkards and the drunkards were bores.

But equally vain and equally disappointing have been my searches for the Roman orgies which form the groundwork of modern fiction. Hoping to write some day a pleasant, chatty little volume on "Vice In All Ages" I had bright hopes of the new generation. Its promises seemed so big. My efforts, however, to see a new-generation party at which something actually happened have had much the same results as my efforts to see a good moving picture or hear a good radio. It has always happened last night or is going to happen next week. When I arrive there is little else but loud noise and static.

Take it all in all, for the thrills of sin without any of the consequences, one can do little better than stick to the printed page; and for a good quiet hour in a mellow atmosphere of wrongdoing, I recommend my old friend Mr. Walton Chalmers of the vintage of 1900.



SHALL BUSINESS RUN THE WORLD?

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

DO you think this would be a better world if people spoke their minds more freely? Or do you think the main effect would be increased expenditure for police?

There is a good deal of complaint that speech is not free enough, especially in the newspapers and periodicals. Those institutions, one hears, discuss only safe topics and those in a manner acceptable to Business; they do not like to say anything or suggest anything that is not acceptable to Business: that is because their primary concern is not a diffusion of truth but the infusion of money. You must not blame them for that. If they do not make money they cannot live, and if they are not alive they cannot say anything. So, reticence on unprofitable subjects is just a natural condition—the same sort of condition which makes a clam open or shut its shell according to the state of the tide.

Doctor Jacks of Oxford observed in the December *Atlantic* that "religion is being presented to the world to-day in forms which are quite inadequate to the problem it has to solve." Which is probably true. Would it not be profitable then to get up a great discussion about the forms in which religion is being presented and whether they are adequate, and if not, what forms would be adequate? Perhaps so. But when a publisher of various periodicals was asked the other day, "Won't you please get up a big discussion in your magazine as to whether there is more of the spirit of

Christianity in the Catholic Church, the Methodist Church, Harvard College, the Standard Oil Company, or the Steel Trust," what did he say? He said, "Excuse me, if you please! The last time I started a discussion on religion in our magazine it cost me three hundred thousand dollars."

All the same, the discussion proposed would be interesting if the participants were able enough, and if any of them had a true notion of what the spirit of Christianity really is. And these five powerful corporations just named—have they all got some of it? No doubt they have, all of them. You may agree with Doctor Jacks as above that religion is not being shot into us to-day out of the right kind of machine guns, or you may agree with Mary Austin in the December *Century* that the real mind of Christ is not taught in the churches; but when one comes to think about it he must realize that even the most secular of those corporations named has touched the hem of Christ's garment and felt the virtue that comes out of him. They are all in some measure Christianized. So in our time is industry in general, and science and education are going to be when they get round to it, and one has good hope even for the ecclesiastical corporations. They cannot escape the spirit of which there is so much in the world and more coming.

How much good would more discussion do us? You observe who it is that always calls for more discussion—more

talk about everything? It is the talkers. They are good at talk and it seems to them that free discourse will save the world. No doubt free discourse does help. No doubt in a democracy there is great virtue and value in the courageous discussion of public affairs. When it seems bad for business we may not get enough of it, but still it always goes on by word of mouth between man and man and in small companies. In the late election public discussion seemed to do almost nothing. What the newspapers printed seemed to have no great effect. The mind of the people seemed to work independently of them all. Some money was spent that may have done something, but not nearly enough to win the election. It was not bought. The public mind reached its conclusion apparently in private, but it reached it.

The newspapers and the other periodicals do better than they get credit for. They lie low, but they bide their time, and when occasion offers they blurt out everything they can get hold of. There are so many of them, and all competing more or less for the news and all new knowledge! They are the very sails of civilization; not indeed the wind that moves it, but the sails that catch the wind. Where else do you go to find out what is in the air? If there is a man who knows a new thing, some newspaper or some periodical tells about him and what he knows. If there is a book that has a valuable idea the reviewers usually impart it to us before we see the book. Admitting that print can become a nuisance, still it is a wonderful thing, and the free competition in the sale of it is very valuable. What the reputable papers and "the quality" among the magazines won't print because their constituents are too fastidious to bear it is meat for the more adventurous publications—the very thing they want. A good many persons are prone to stop their paper or magazine when it hints something which is contrary to their views and disturbs them. But that is the very time to go on. We need to

be disturbed. There is more, far more, to learn than we know, and we do not learn anything very important except by processes which disturb what we know already. When the *Freeman*, lately deceased, started publication some writer in the *Sun* expressed hope for it because he said it made him mad in seven different ways. The hope indeed failed, but it was well grounded. No great improvement in life can be accomplished without infuriating the folks who like life just as it is. But their very fury helps. It is the resistance of the air that makes the aeroplane rise, the resistance of the water that makes the ship hold her course when the sails fill. Resistance is valuable; but refusal to know, to observe, to consider is not valuable at all. The newspapers do much to save us from that by insisting that we shall take notice of what is going on. We may not like the headlines they use in that service or the sort of news they thrust upon us, but we do take notice.

What is happening in the world just now? Is there a wave of reaction? The election of Mr. Coolidge with so great an emphasis has been generally interpreted to mean that Business is taking charge of the country. The defeat of Ramsay MacDonald in England seems to have very much the same significance. Herriot's hold on France is thought to be precarious. The British in Egypt had evidence that the Egyptians were getting out of hand and have gone back to authority to save the situation. A tragical series of discourses is running in the *New York Evening Post* about the effects of what is held to be an over-dose of self-government in the Philippines. Authority seems to be looking up a bit all over the world. Perhaps it is necessary that it should, but it is a modified authority. Baldwin's new government in England is a Tory government to be sure, but one with the die-hards left out of it. It would not be safe to call it a backward-looking government. It has to go on where MacDonald left off, and if it is to stay in power it must not scandalize the

Liberals. Certainly here Mr. Coolidge's government is not felt to be backward looking. The bitter-enders are mostly out of it. Mr. Coolidge as an elected President with a big majority back of him is expected to be more progressive in international matters than he has been while operating as Mr. Harding's legal successor. He shows nothing of the temper of the men who fought Wilson in the Senate. Great Britain may not submit the friction in Egypt to adjustment by the League, but she is likely enough to submit to the League the story of her proceedings and the reasons for them. As to our adventure in the Philippines, the story that is being printed may lead to an investigation and some action by Congress. Progress comes by waves, and the crest of one wave has gone by and we are wallowing a bit in a trough. But there is no convincing evidence yet of a relapse in the direction of the good old way.

The imposition of authority is always a matter of nice judgment. There must be authority, but there must also be the largest measure of free will consistent with order, not always immediate order but certainly eventual order. More or less organization is necessary to modern industrial life. A considerable degree of order is necessary to organization. A considerable degree of free will is necessary to progress, and unless progress goes on the great aim both of authority and organization is defeated.

Mr. Wilson's great fight at Princeton was in support of the opinion that the college ought not to be controlled by Business. That same contention is likely to raise its head from time to time in most of the colleges. The way Business imparts money to the cause of education in this country is something astonishing. Its motives are usually unselfish. Business has money and it has pretty well discovered that it must do good with it or suffer. Its favorite way of doing good with it is to spend it on education, and especially in the construction of buildings. Education nowa-

days has more wants than an opera singer. Business is very useful to supply the means to provide for all these wants, but when it has done it the critics, especially the young ones, are sure to say that it is working for its own pocket and mainly in the interest of Business. Of course it is working according to its lights, and its lights are not always identical with truth, but still it is rash to wish to break Business of its current concern about education. It seems a case where the tares, if they are tares, had better be left to grow up to the wheat. And assuredly the confidence of Business in Knowledge implies a confidence that Business can stand this light.

When Business gets to running things too much there is sure to be a reaction and a more or less violent surge towards something else; for of course, Business does tend to think itself the whole of life, and of course it is not that. Mr. William Allen White has written a book about Mr. Wilson—a very interesting book, interesting especially as a study in heredity—disclosing the tremendous qualities from the Scotch-Irish stock that were in him, and the very strong religious bent of his mind. Mr. White exhibits him mainly as a Calvinist, a Presbyterian. Now heaven knows what it means to be a Calvinist, but whatever else Calvinism implies, it certainly implies determination that material concerns shall not rule or thwart the concerns of the spirit, nor organization dwarf the individual in man. Mr. Wilson had that in him deep down, ineradicable, never to be compromised. Mr. White pays due attention to his faults but applauds the spirit that was in him. It drove him to the accomplishment of many things which are all but universally conceded to be valuable even to Business, and finally brought him to be an impassioned leader in a war against materialism entrenched and defiant. The thing that Mr. White does not tell about Mr. Wilson was how much he got out of the invisible world. According to his Calvinistic lights he was always trying

to hitch his wagon to it; always conscious of something else beyond visible facts; always prayerful and addicted to retirement into that Kingdom of God that was within him. He would doubtless have agreed that though there must be material combinations for spirit to work through, nothing can finally save the world but religion—not mere organized mundane religion as such, but spirit; the link between the visible and invisible worlds; something that will affect the wills of men, modify their aspirations, clarify their perceptions of what is really valuable. By mere authority it is not possible to make marriage successful, or check the deterioration in quality that goes with mass production, or put into factory work something that will feed the soul; but by faith all wonders can be done.

How contemptuous of human opinion is Destiny in its selection of leaders in time of crisis! When there are certain necessary things to be done, someone is prodded into the limelight who can do those things. The qualities which qualify him for that service count. The rest of him may be anything. Most people are slow to realize that. In a great leader they want all-round perfection of character and abilities. They almost never get it. They get only such abilities and such character as are necessary to the job.

Now again that question about Business and whether it is to run the world. That is nowadays a real question. Who shall run the world anyhow? The churches? No! The politicians? They are not over good at it. Science? Science knows something and it is rather more open-minded than the churches; it really is progressive, and it certainly is a factor—and a great one—in the management of the world, but it is by no means to be trusted to tackle the whole job. It still misses too much; is too opinionative, too confident of its own omniscience. Who is running the world as it is? Business more than anything else. Who is really reconstructing

Europe? The governments? No, the bankers; and the bankers are Business.

There is no objection to Business managing the world if it is the best force to do it, but it cannot do it successfully except as it is spiritualized. Is it becoming spiritualized? Perhaps it is. Sometimes it seems so. The *New York World* the other day quoted a Hindu philosopher in a discourse about Business, and especially the American business man. He made a distinction between him and the business man of Europe. He spoke of his quick decisions, of his "hunches" not based so much on facts as on intuition. What does it mean, he says, this "hunch," this impulse? And his answer is: "It means that the business man has listened to a voice from within him—that he has hearkened to some mysterious guiding and counseling force that is deeply hidden in his being; it is some spirit that urges him, commands him to act as he does, for the best. It means that he has recognized a 'superhuman' intelligence at work in his own soul."

There may be more truth in that than most people realize. When we talk to-day about Business we are talking about something different than was covered by the same word thirty, or twenty, or even ten years ago. The War was not in vain. The world is becoming spiritualized. Business shows it. Science shows it. Education and the churches are aware of their great need of it. All the great departments of human activity are working nowadays to save the world. If they can be sufficiently spiritualized they can do it. The leadership among them will go where the capacity for that leadership exists and minor faults and imperfections will not hinder it. If Business has that capacity in the greatest degree, let it go to Business. It is no time to be scared by names. But if Business is to manage the world it must be Big Business: very big, indeed—comprehending all things. It seems to be in the saddle; let us see what it can make of the job.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

IN the third competition of the Short Story Contest, the Judges for the first time rendered a unanimous decision, and for the first time awarded First Prize to a story by a little-known writer. The story was "Redbone," by *Ada Jack Carver* (Mrs. J. B. Snell), of Minden, Louisiana, who has to her credit the winning of a second prize in a story contest held some time ago by the *Southern Woman's Magazine* and a second prize in a scenario contest held by the *Chicago Daily News*, but has never before contributed to HARPER's or, so far as we are aware, to any other magazine of national circulation. Professor Bliss Perry, when he turned in his vote as a Judge, described "Redbone" as a "singularly fascinating story . . . novel and rich in its setting and atmosphere and superbly dramatic in its close . . . nothing less than a masterpiece." Because it is a genuine satisfaction to us that the Short Story Contest should have brought out such an unusual story by a new writer, we are glad to give "Redbone" the position of honor in this issue of the Magazine.

The first article of the month comes to us from one of the most astute of British publicists. *A. G. Gardiner* was for seventeen years the editor of the *London Daily News*. He is the author of several volumes of brilliant political portraits (such as *Prophets, Priests and Kings* and *Pillars of Society*) and, more recently, of full-length biographies of Sir William Harcourt and George Cadbury. Last July he contributed to HARPER's an important article on Anglo-American relations from the English point of view. He has known British politics at first hand for a generation.

The notorious case of Leopold and Loeb focused public attention upon the peculiar status of the alienist in American law. Now *Dr. Joseph Collins*, the distinguished New York neurologist who invaded the field of

criticism with that much-discussed book, *The Doctor Looks at Literature*, steps forward to express a frank and vigorous opinion on this grave problem of the alienist. What he says will command attention.

The second story of the month is the work of *Edwina Stanton Babcock*, a familiar HARPER contributor, whose "Wavering Gold," published in the January issue, won a second prize in the second competition of the Short Story Contest.

Shakespeare would at first seem hardly a modern subject, but that may be because we seldom hear him discussed by critics whose point of view is so refreshingly unorthodox as *Ernest Boyd's*. This article is the first of a series reassessing the masterpieces of our literature. Mr. Boyd is an Irishman who resigned in 1920 from the British Consular Service, spent two years on the staff of the *New York Evening Post* and a further period as adviser on foreign literature for Mr. Knopf's publishing house. He is now engaged in critical writing for various journals.

To those whose demand for the entertainment of travel exceeds their supply of vacations we recommend *E. Alexander Powell's* account of that extraordinary kingdom where debtors and creditors walk the streets chained together. Major Powell is a distinguished war-correspondent, an indefatigable traveler, and the author of many books recounting his adventures in every quarter of the globe.

Charles Caldwell Dobie, of San Francisco, a frequent HARPER contributor, is one of the ablest short-story writers in the United States. "The Elder Brother" won honorable mention in the second competition of the Short Story Contest; a forthcoming tale by Mr. Dobie, "The Hands of the Enemy," was awarded a second prize in the third competition.

Jesse R. Grant, in the second installment of his boyhood recollections, tells some delightful stories of the days when his father was President.

Rollo Walter Brown, formerly professor of English at Carleton College, believes that the creative spirit is the thing which makes life worth while for the individual and for the community. In December he indicted the church for its failure to set free this spirit in mankind; this month he turns his attention to the arts. (His remarks about Professor George Pierce Baker, by the way, were written before Professor Baker's recent appointment at Yale.)

Sheila Kaye-Smith, author of *Joanna Godden* and other masterly novels of Sussex life, needs no further introduction.

The poets of the month are *John Erskine*, professor of English at Columbia University, author of many volumes of prose and verse, and co-editor of the *Cambridge History of American Literature*; *Daniel Kelley*, a new contributor from Terre Haute, Indiana; and *Countée P. Cullen*, one of the youngest and most gifted of the colored poets of Harlem.

New York, Detroit, and Norfolk, Connecticut, are represented in the Lion's Mouth in the respective persons of *Charles Hanson Towne* (editor, novelist, poet, and expert impersonator of Mrs. Fiske); *Arthur T. Hugg* (manufacturer of iron windows); and Philip Curtiss (author of *The Gay Conspirators* and other books of thrills and humor).



The delightful painting by Robert Henri reproduced on the cover as the second of our series of modern masterpieces was completed only a few months ago and at this writing has not yet been publicly exhibited. It is one of several studies of Irish types painted by Mr. Henri on a little island off the west coast of Ireland where he sojourned last summer. Of Mr. Henri's position in the front rank of American artists there can be no question. Born in Cincinnati in 1865, he received his training first at the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia and later in France, Spain, and Italy. His work is represented in most of the principal art museums of this country, and he has won an

imposing series of honors, including the Harris Prize of the Art Institute of Chicago, the Carol H. Beck Medal of the Pennsylvania Academy, and the portrait prize of the Wilmington Society of Fine Arts.



We have received a quantity of letters about William G. Shepherd's article on hunting down the myth of John Wilkes Booth's escape. We wish there were space to quote them all. Several of the letters take issue with Mr. Shepherd for attaching importance to the dissimilarity between the handwritings of John Wilkes Booth and David E. George. One reader sends us examples of her ability to write two utterly different hands. "No," she concludes, "I still believe that forty years' experience would enable Booth to write as another person if he wanted to. It is to be understood that for many years he would decidedly want to conceal his identity and in that time the newer style would become fixed."

Mrs. W. H. H. Stevens, of Towanda, Pennsylvania, writes that in the spring of 1865, when she was a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl, she received a letter from Dr. Joseph Stevens, post surgeon of Camp Stoneman (whom she afterwards married), saying that "he had just seen the body of Booth lying on the deck of the monitor *Montauk* 'wrapped in a piece of old sail'; that 'unshaven' it presented a very 'different appearance' from the handsome man he had been accustomed to see on the stage." Unfortunately, Doctor Stevens's letter was destroyed many years later.

Here is another letter on the same incident of the Booth article:

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Washington, D. C.

Dear Harper's—

I have just read with much interest Mr. Shepherd's article on John Wilkes Booth, published in your November issue, and note one error, the correction of which may—or may not—have value. Mr. Shepherd refers to the important fact—or assertion—that the War Department did not summon any civilian, or associate on the stage, to identify the body of Booth when it was brought to Washington. About 1876 I spent a week or ten days with several members of the Ford opera troupe in the mountains of West Virginia, where Ella—one of the celebrated Chapman sisters (the

other, Blanch, was then the wife of Harry Ford)—told me that she and several other members of her troupe had been arrested and forced to identify the body claimed to be that of Wilkes Booth. She said that while the features were past recognition, she had identified the body by some peculiarity of the teeth, and that she was satisfied that it was the remains of John Wilkes Booth.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM NELSON PAGE.



Mrs. Orrie B. Pressey, of Belmont, Massachusetts, writes that sometime in the late sixties, when she was a child living on a large farm in southern New Hampshire, seven miles from Haverhill, "a strange man came to our house and asked to be taken in for the night. There was no hotel in the town and travelers had to look about for board and lodging. . . . The man stayed in our home several days. He gave his name as John Harrington, and seemed to have some business that took him away each day or a part of each day. We thought he was an agent of some sort. . . . I remember this Mr. Harrington as a fine-looking man of good height and dark hair. Maybe he had curly hair."

Mr. Harrington, Mrs. Pressey goes on to say, repeated many things for the entertainment of the family, most of them poetry; taught a small sister to recite "We Are Seven"; gave to an elder sister a copy of Jean Ingelow's poems; and acted and recited in the sitting room "what must have been parts of Shakespeare's plays. I was too young to take it in, but Father always said the man must have been an actor.

"We gave the stranger our 'spare room' which was across the hall from the room my parents occupied. Mother, always a light sleeper, was kept awake at night by Harrington 'talking in his sleep' as she called it.

"But the strangest part of all came in the conversations with my father, for this man told father that John Wilkes Booth never was captured but was still living. 'I am as sure Wilkes Booth is living as I am of my

own existence' was the startling assertion made."

John Harrington left Hampstead, New Hampshire, without leaving anything to pay his board bill except the copy of Jean Ingelow's poems. Mrs. Pressey says her father "had seen Edwin Booth in Boston and sometimes fancied he could see a resemblance, enough for the two men to be brothers."

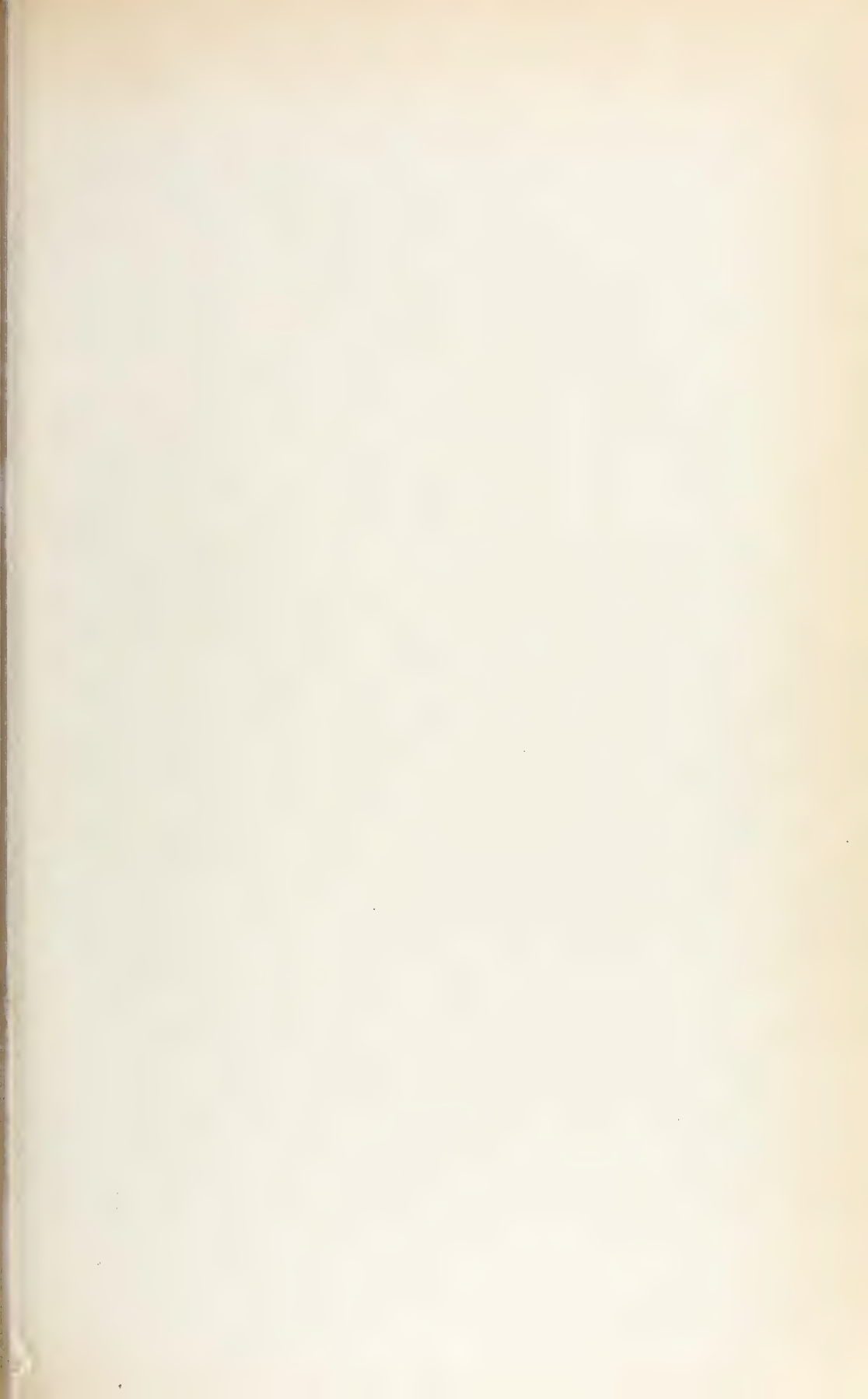
Could this man have been John St. Helen?

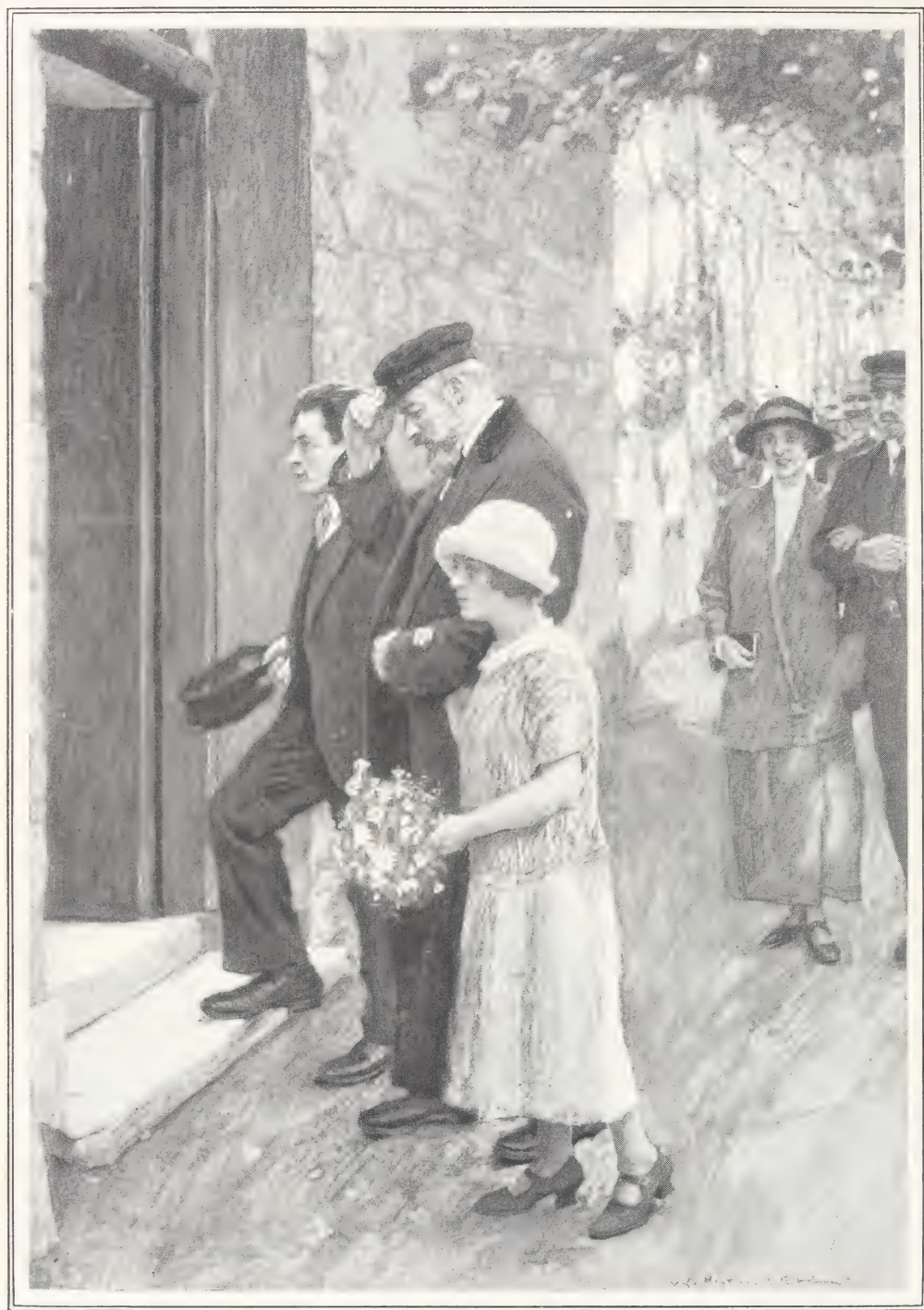


The Editors wish to call particular attention to the new series of articles beginning in this issue in the department "In the Financial World," which is printed among the back advertising pages. These popular discussions on investments and finance are written especially for HARPER'S MAGAZINE by *Paul Tomlinson*, of the Princeton University Press. Mr. Tomlinson's first article describes and analyzes the five different classes of bonds and their relative security and desirability for the small investor.

Only a few years ago bonds were held chiefly by banks, trust companies, and insurance corporations, and only by the largest of individual investors. To-day in America there are over a million small holders of this type of security. The head of the house is no longer the sole member of the family who is concerned with the investment of money. Many a family circle nowadays includes two or three investors, and that means frequent discussions in the home on all sorts of financial topics.

In view of this increasing interest in the purchase of securities of all kinds, the Editors feel that the Magazine's readers will appreciate and may profit by the articles which Mr. Tomlinson will write each month. The series as a whole will present a complete home-educational course in the care and investment of savings for the person of moderate means.





Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

Illustration for "The George and the Crown".

THEY WALKED INTO CHURCH ON EITHER SIDE OF UNCLE EUGENE



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SHALL I REMAIN IN THE CHURCH?

A Minister's Dilemma

BY FRED EASTMAN

I AM on a hilltop overlooking Oyster Bay. The last of the autumn leaves are swirling about and a late Indian-summer haze hangs over the landscape. Thirty-eight years old and facing the ardest battle of my life thus far, I have come here to get perspective, hoping that something of the peace of this wide expanse of hills and water may find its way into my spirit.

I am writing down my thoughts for much the same reason as that given by the man who was caught talking to himself: he said that he wanted to hear what he had to say. Perhaps, too, others facing a similar struggle may find some help in observing mine.

It is a favorite spot for thinking. Yonder across the bay is Sagamore Hill, Roosevelt's old home. About me on this hill is an old family cemetery and towering above me is the tall granite monument to Captain John Underhill, a bronze eagle perched upon the apex. The wings of the eagle are spread ready to fly, but he is held back by the weight of stone fixed to his feet. Behind me in

the valley lies my first parish in a quiet little village.

The battle centers in this question: Shall I continue as a minister of the Church? There is no use in trying to state it academically or impersonally. It is real and personal. I will set it down in all candor and simplicity.

Thirteen years ago I entered the Christian ministry, having been duly graduated from college and theological seminary and ordained by a Protestant denomination. The Church to me then was the organization of God, the supreme channel for blessing mankind. It was dedicated to the task of bringing justice and righteousness and brotherhood to prevail among men. It was the sublime organ of the Spirit which would keep echoing in human hearts the angel chorus of peace on earth, good will among men. It was the visible arm of the Creator and Governor of the spiritual universe, and it was extended to help His weak and erring children. It was the instrument which God had commissioned to bring light out of darkness

and order out of the chaos of our human affairs. With all of the energy and enthusiasm of youth I plunged into its ministry.

My ears were ringing then with the challenging appeals of prophets like Doctor Charles E. Jefferson and President Kenyon L. Butterfield. They were urging the need of the Church for young men who wanted their lives to count in heroic Christian service—young men who “loved adventure and difficulty, who could work alone with God and suffer no sense of loneliness.” We were needed to carry a message, not from McKinley to Garcia but from God to man through the Church. Would we volunteer? We did.

To-day, after thirteen years of rather strenuous labor, I am looking at the Church again. And my mind is filled with questions. Is it after all the organization of God or just a very human institution, aiming, like other institutions, at growing bigger? Is it His supreme channel for blessing mankind, or just the favorite channel of publicity for the multitudinous organizations which are seeking to influence public opinion, and also, incidentally, to raise money? Is it seriously concerned with peace on earth, or just peace among the Nordics? Is it the visible arm of God extended to His weak and erring children, or is it the dead arm of the past thrust into the present? Is it divinely commissioned to bring light out of darkness, or is it the collective effort of the complacent and the self-satisfied to resist the light and sanctify the chaos?

Ringings in my ears to-day are not the voices of prophets but the din of a myriad denominational secretaries and financial agents. Once the cry was, “For God’s sake, save the world!” Now it seems to be, “For God’s sake, raise the budget!” I have heard little in the churches these last years about saving souls, but much about campaigns for more and ever more numbers. There is an idea abroad that if we can just accumulate more noses in the Church and

raise more cash, all will be well. What we may do to the human beings who live behind the noses seems to be a matter of secondary importance. Once Christ called men, individual men, and sent them out to labor and die for his cause and with power to accomplish the impossible. To-day the Church which claims his name organizes committees and the committees pass resolutions and go home. We do not feel that we can accomplish anything without having a majority. Some folks, as Gerald Stanley Lee has said, can never understand how Jesus of Nazareth accomplished so much without being on a committee.

What has brought me to this pass? Certainly not ill health or indigestion for I was never in finer fettle. A certain succession of spiritual experiences lie back of my pilgrimage to this hilltop. I will record only as much of the outward circumstances as is necessary to make the spiritual reactions understandable.

Upon leaving the seminary and receiving ordination I spent fifteen months making social surveys in various sections of the Middle West. The purpose of these surveys was to determine why the rural churches were declining and something of the relation between country life and the country church. I saw communities, dozens of them, starving socially and spiritually. I saw young people leaving the farms as fast as they could get away. I saw families breaking up and moving to town or other sections of the country. I saw tenant farmers taking their places, robbing the soil, and then giving place to even poorer tenant farmers. I saw schools deteriorating and whole neighborhoods disintegrating.

And I saw the Church, not as it should be, but as it actually was. Thousands of little church buildings were scattered throughout those rural districts. They had been planted there and were still being planted by short-sighted denominational agencies who had only one formula for ministering to human needs—and that formula was to put a little one-celled denominational church into the

neighborhood and hire a one-cylindere minister to keep it chugging along a few inches ahead of the other little churches. The vast majority of the typical churches studied were served by absentee, part-time ministers who lived in towns where they did not preach and preached in the country where they did not live. Out of every ten of those churches one was dead, two were dying, two were sinking, one was in a state of coma, three were growing slightly, and one was just being born. It was not unusual to find a community of a thousand souls in which seven or eight little starved churches were trying desperately to gain a foothold. I remember especially a village in Kentucky, with its eleven hundred population and eleven churches. I sought out the exhorter of the hard-shelled Baptist group which had been responsible for building the eleventh church building. When I asked him why it was that his congregation could not worship with one of the other ten, he gave the only convincing answer I have ever heard for denominationalism. It was something like this: "We Primitive Baptists don't believe nothin'. We don't know nothin' to believe. We thank the Lord we ain't all pumped up with the pride of larnin' and we pray the Lord to make us more ignorant than what we be." In another section I asked a farmer what the multitudinous churches in his community were doing. He replied, "Oh, just holdin' meetin's and takin' collections." Further study confirmed his judgment. The chief aim in life for many of those churches seemed to be to keep from dying out. Usually the collections did not meet the meager bills or pay the microscopic salary of the preacher who came once a month; so annual strawberry festivals and oyster suppers were held. What those little churches owed to the lowly oyster and the humble strawberry has never been computed.

Out of those months of study my chief impression was that the Church's energies and efforts were being wasted and her spiritual powers debilitated by com-

petitive denominationalism. There were at that time nearly two hundred different denominations of the Protestant Church in America and I saw a goodly number of them in operation—from the blue-stocking Presbyterians and high-church Episcopalians to the sect which called itself Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit-Predestinarian Baptists.

That experience did not alter my faith in the Church. Rather it made me all the more eager to be in a church of my own, a church that would write over its door the motto: "I came not to be ministered unto but to minister." An opening came—here in the valley back of this hill. It was a tiny church with only twenty-two members upon the roll and seven of them no longer discoverable. The population of the community was about one thousand. There were three other churches, but two of them were practically dead and the total membership of all four was less than one hundred. Newcomers—business men of New York—were moving into the neighborhood, buying up some of the old farms and turning them into estates. These newcomers were eager-minded and neighborly folk. They were used to doing things in a big way. A few of them had expressed a willingness to co-operate with their rural neighbors in building up the community, including a church or two. They had formed a Neighborhood Association and were already tackling such matters as roads, library, and public-school improvement. The opportunity to work with such a nucleus and to put into practice the theory of a ministering church as the spiritual leavener of community life was just the call I wanted.

Five happy years followed. The church and the Neighborhood Association grew and waxed strong. One of the other churches united with us and the village attained something of a reputation as a population that had learned to work together. We organized. How we organized! We organized the babies into a Cradle Roll. We organized the

boys and girls into Scouts and clubs of a dozen different varieties. We organized the young people into dramatic associations, bands, and choruses. We organized the adults into committees for the regulation and betterment of every conceivable form of activity—from exterminating tent-caterpillars and mosquitoes to town planning and education in eugenics. We built buildings and planned parks. We conducted fairs and baby parades. We established a community workshop. We engaged a musician to develop our latent musical talent, if any. We overdid the organization business, of course, but we had a glorious time together and part of the fun was in pulling along with us or riding roughshod over an occasional cantankerous deacon who couldn't understand what all the shooting was for.

As I look back now over those five years my deepest impression is one of the essential goodness of my people. I do not mean righteousness, but kindness and responsiveness to the faith that was put in them. The more they worked together the more their differences dissolved and their prejudices melted away. While this is the deepest impression, there is another which also abides. One of my most poignant memories is the remark of a wise woman at the close of a church service which had been devoted largely to an appeal for more community activity. "It is all very well," she said, "and it may be good sociology, but I came to church for spiritual food and you didn't give it to me."

She was right. I had become so immersed in community service that I had forgotten the needs of the individual soul. Yet there is this much to be said in defense of such a program. Some individual souls can be reached only after the barriers of prejudices and grouches have been broken down by some kind of community assault.

There, for example, was the barrier of misunderstanding between our village people and our wealthy summer residents. It was the Boys' Band which

blew down that barrier. The band came into existence by a kind of spontaneous combustion in an old barn that we had taken over as a recreation hall. When they began they couldn't tell a musical note from a fly-speck. A few weeks later, through the native genius of one of the village boys who trained them, they could play "Home, Sweet Home" and "My Country, 'tis of Thee." Inspired by these accomplishments they began to serenade about the village and were so well received that they then invaded the estates of the wealthy. A warm summer's night would see fifteen or twenty boys, followed by fifty or sixty smaller ones, crunching up the gravel walk and arranging themselves in a circle in front of some mansion. Then harmony would break loose. The owner and his wife would come to the door and greet the young visitors, usually inviting them in. The band and the camp followers never refused such an invitation. Crowding into the drawing-room they would render their repertoire with a gusto that shook the pictures upon the walls. A speech would then be called for and the host would do his best to respond, although beads of perspiration might be seen standing upon his forehead. If at the conclusion of the speech refreshments were not served, the band's repertoire would be repeated. Funny as they were, those serenades did more to bring the rich and the poor together in something akin to understanding than any sermon which could have been preached. That band was as effective as Joshua's trumpet in blowing down the walls of class prejudice.

Another evidence of the spiritual value of community co-operation is vivid in memory as I think back over those years. I had been trying to persuade a number of old-timers in the village that the church was taking on a new lease of life and needed their personal attendance and support. Everywhere I met the same answer, "I ain't good enough." Somehow in spite of their record of weakness and ineffectiveness, the churches

still stood, in the minds of these old-timers, as institutions which demanded righteousness of their members. Perhaps one reason for their small membership was the fear of being called hypocrites. In order to get these diffident ones into the church for at least one trial, I sent a postcard broadcast through the community. The card read:

SINNERS' SERVICE

The morning service at this church next Sunday will be for sinners only. Will the saints and righteous people please stay away?

The church was packed. When I laid before them an appeal to forget their sins and work together to build a community building to furnish the village with clean recreations, every sinner in the crowd pledged his co-operation. And it was done reverently.

And yet when all is said and done, my critic was right. I was wasting most of my substance in riotous organizings. I was helping to make the earthquake, wind, and fire—forgetting that the voice of God is not to be found in these but in the gentle stillness of the human spirit. He only knows how many people came to my church hungry for spiritual bread and received a stone. I am not repudiating my five years of ministry in this village, but I am wishing wistfully that it had been a wiser and a deeper service.

Then came the War. Most of our multitudinous organizations were converted into war auxiliaries. I found a place in Red Cross work and gave up the parish. After the War I was rather eager to secure some position in one of the national organizations of the Church, where I could develop on a larger scale the social and non-denominational work which I had so much enjoyed in the parish. The opportunity came, I thought, when a secretaryship was offered me in one of the great home-mission boards.

It was a board with a long and honorable history. It was manned by Chris-

tian ministers whose ability and consecration were beyond question. Their slogan as a board was "To make America Christian for the friendly service of the world." They raised and spent millions of dollars each year. Their missionaries were scattered from the Arctic Circle to the West Indies and from New England to the Mexican border. Their program included evangelism, education, and social service. They were establishing and maintaining churches, schools, and hospitals. Surely the chance of working with such an organization was a rare one. I plunged into the work with a joyful heart and with all the enthusiasm and energy of which I was capable.

It was my task to prepare the literature, the stereopticon lectures, and the rest of the propaganda whereby the public in general, and my denomination in particular, was to be educated concerning the work of the board. The vision of being able to shape the actual field work in accordance with my parish experience soon vanished, for every effort had to be concentrated on creating propaganda for promoting and financing the work as it was. I accepted that fact and did not question its justice. If I could not teach from my own experience, I could learn the experience of the missionaries and tell the Church what they were doing. The more I traveled among the missionaries, the more I came to believe that they were about the finest and most self-sacrificing body of men and women I had met. Their work lay chiefly among the great underprivileged populations of America—the Alaskans and the Indians, the Immigrants and the Southern Mountaineers, the Porto Ricans and the Spanish-speaking people of the Southwest, and various smaller groups. These vast populations constitute nearly one-third of the population of America, and everyone who has traveled among them knows that they have not had American standards of living or education or protection. Their children do not have a fair chance at life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The social and spiritual needs of the majority of them are desperate.

Roosevelt knew this. He, more than any other President, endeavored to secure for them a square deal. Once after an extensive tour of the Indian reservations he came back with this tribute to the missionaries upon his pen:

I spent twice the time out here I intended to, because I became interested, and traveled all over the reservations to see what was being done especially by the missionaries. For it needed no time at all to see that the great factors in uplifting the Indian were the men who were teaching him to become a Christian Citizen.

Had he made a similar visit among the great immigrant colonies around our industrial centers, or to Porto Rico, or to the Mexican border, or to Alaska, he would probably have returned with a similar tribute to the missionaries there. For they, more than any other one group, are endeavoring to instill into the youth of these populations the fine ideals of Christianity which were our heritage from the founders of this nation. America, to the home missionaries I met, is not a place or a population; it is a certain set of ideals about God and liberty and justice. It is this set of ideals which they are living and teaching in the difficult places of our land.

So intent was I upon writing up these missionaries and educating the churches to a larger and more sympathetic support of them, that fully three years went by before I realized the expenditure of mission money was in no way compatible with the appeal upon which it was raised. That realization came with something of a shock and the spiritual experience which has resulted from it has brought me to this hilltop to wrestle with my question.

In brief, the situation is this: a goodly proportion of the money raised upon the appeals of the needs of these home missionaries among the Alaskans and Indians, the Immigrants and the Southern Mountaineers, and among the pioneer

country churches and city churches is being spent in the form of home-mission aid to the multiplicity of small competing rural and village churches in the older and more settled sections of the United States. The proportion varies in different denominations but all the major denominations are guilty of the practice. Not less than twenty thousand little rural churches are being kept alive by annual grants of home-mission money. The total amount of home-mission aid going to these twenty thousand or more rural churches is about \$4,240,000 every year. Of this amount more than \$3,000,000, or seventy-one per cent, goes to churches which are directly in competition with other English-speaking Protestant churches. In this reckoning the accepted standard of one Protestant church to every thousand population is counted as normal and justified. Thus the home missionaries on the real frontiers are bearing the burden not only of their own work but are being used to bring in the sheaves for the competing rural churches as well.

Let there be no misunderstanding here. This practice is not a calculated crime on the part of the mission boards. It is deep-rooted in denominationalism itself. The boards are the victims of the denominational system. The worst that can be said against them is that they have been willing victims. The system in my particular denomination was such that the home-mission money passed from the contributors to local treasuries, which had full authority to spend as much of it as they felt they needed for their local work. This category of local work included the aid to the small competing churches of their own denomination. When these local treasuries had made such appropriations, the balance was sent to State treasuries. When the State treasuries finished with it the residue, if any (and sometimes there was none), was sent to the national board to maintain the home missionaries on the frontiers. What wonder that the

ational board rolled up debts and was continually obliged to curtail its work! The system made mockery of the slogan "To make America Christian." It perpetuated denominationalism and all its attendant evils which every intelligent Christian deploras.

For the next two years I labored in season and out endeavoring to reform his system. I made myself a nuisance with practically all the denominational leaders. Some sincerely disagreed. A few were sympathetic. But those who held the power would have none of the reform. It was not "expedient."

Elmer Davis wrote an article for HARPER'S MAGAZINE some months ago in which he pointed out that political parties, in order to obtain majorities, avoid all controversial issues, however important for human welfare. They straddle every important question and appeal to the voters on both sides. It is the same in the churches. Ecclesiastical politicians know how to straddle. Whether they learned the trick from lay politicians or vice versa is a question for historical research. The fact itself is patent to every observer of church organizations and conventions. Every ecclesiastical politician whom I met could give a convincing talk on the evils of competitive denominationalism. He could cite instances from his own observation of the un-Christian effects of such economic and spiritual waste in small towns, but when it came to taking action which would pull the bottle of home-mission aid away from these suckling churches—that was another matter. Such action would involve unpleasant controversy. Any denominational leader who tried it would lose prestige with the local and State leaders whose power in the churches depended not a little on the amount of financial aid they could distribute to the weaker churches. Just as the national political bosses must keep in the good graces of the local bosses, so the ecclesiastical leaders must protect the prestige of their State and district subordinates.

Not all denominations have the complicated and dangerous financial system of home-mission expenditure I have described. Some have a definite percentage arrangement whereby fifty per cent, more or less, of home-mission money is retained in the local district treasuries and the balance is forwarded to the national treasury. And in my own denomination a reorganization has given the outer semblance of a more responsible promotional and financial system. But the real evil remains: competing denominational churches in small towns are being aided by home-mission money, and the money was not contributed for that purpose. And this evil is common among all of the major denominations.

Convinced finally that the reform could not be effected from the inside, and unwilling to stay on a job where I could not attain peace of mind, I resigned. So here I am, a minister without job or income, sitting in a graveyard ruminating sadly upon whether or not I ought to try to stay in the ministry of the so-called Christian Church. If some church will have me as its pastor, do I really want to tackle its problems again?

Chief among the arguments against it—as I see them from this hilltop—are its institutionalism, its lack of vital power, and its killing effect upon the creative spirit. The church to-day is a big machine. As an institution its function seems to be that of every other membership organization: to get more and ever more members—to expand, to grow big, to be a majority. As the head of an institution, the task of the minister—whether in a local pastorate or in a secretaryship—is to make his institution grow, to get joiners, to raise budgets, to keep his columns full, his card indexes up to date, and his committees in line. A minister may be a prophet of the Most High, he may be as spiritual as any saint, but if he can't raise the budget and control the majority he will soon find himself on the outside looking in. My own danger is not so much that

I shall be unable to perform the institutional functions of the minister as that I shall use up my energies in them and have little left for the more spiritual functions. I shall grow so enthusiastic over a building project, or over making a record for numbers and visible results, that I shall neglect the individual spiritual contacts. William James recognized the same sort of temptation in his day and registered his conviction in words that rise from some recess in my memory and haunt me like ghosts:

As for me, my bed is made: I am against bigness and greatness in all their forms, and with the invisible molecular forces that work from individual to individual, stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monuments of man's pride, if you give them time. The bigger the unit you deal with, the hollower, the more brutal, the more mendacious is the life displayed. So I am against all big organizations as such, national ones first and foremost; against all big successes and big results; and in favor of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way, under-dogs always, till history comes after they are long dead and puts them on the top.

There is evidence aplenty of the Church's lack of spiritual power. It has fallen victim to its own numbers. In the early days of the Christian era it was recognized that the normal Christian experience was one of new life, increased power, revived courage, and a sense of fellowship with God that made men fearless. The New Testament tells us that when the enemies of Peter and John saw the *boldness* of those two disciples "they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." "Ye shall receive power," he had told his followers, and they had received it. The early Christians didn't worry about being a majority. They mastered majorities. "I can do all things through Christ," wrote Paul. The whole history of the Early Church is a history of

heroism, of joyous martyrdom and triumphant crucifixions; it is the story of the incredible power of a few little men, on fire with great ideas and dominated by a burning inner passion, marching along, overturning kingdoms and lifting empires off their hinges. In contrast with that picture the Church to-day, with all its wealth and numbers, seems impotent. There are strong men in it, brilliant men, and here and there a great preacher. There are hosts of pious people in its membership. But what has become of the power? It has been sacrificed to numbers—and to budgets. Somehow the idea has grown up in the Church that if we can just get enough votes and sufficient cash we can save the world. But the evidence thus far at hand seems to indicate that the world is not going to be saved by cash or by votes. There must be a revival of that spiritual power which swept those early Christians out of their old habits of life, their sins, and their weaknesses, and lifted them to a plane of strength which made one or two of them the equal of a multitude.

The third argument against continuing in the ministry of the Church is the killing effect which the institutionalism of the Church has upon the creative spirit. Most young ministers whom I have known began their ministry with a genuine creative urge back of their professional training. Some of them wrote, others painted, and a few were composers. They knew what it was to dream dreams of creative achievement with their natural talent. I have been asking them lately what has become of that creative urge. With one accord they have shaken their heads and declared that they have had to sacrifice it to attendance upon committee meetings and general repair work on the Church machine. "I have ceased to be a creator," said one of them, "I have become a mechanic." The creative urge of the minister to-day, like the eagle poised upon this monument, is held down by the stony weight of institutionalism.

On the other hand there are arguments or staying in the ministry. I have supposedly been trained for it in college, seminary, and university, and have spent thirteen years in it. The spiritual task which first challenged me is still calling. It is the task of bringing human beings into fellowship with God and of bringing His spirit to move through them upon the chaos of this world, to the end that order may come out of disorder, growth out of stagnation, and beauty out of ugliness. The world is not going to find salvation from its social and economic ills until it is redeemed spiritually. No system of human society—democracy, monarchy, or despotism—can provide the fundamental necessity for peaceful living: mutual good will. Good will is a spiritual thing. Men's spirits must be made right. Thus far there has been no more potent force for making their spirits right than religion. The conviction that there is a God Who made this universe and Who controls it, that He has a purpose for it, that men may enter into fellowship with Him and His purpose, that the human soul is precious in His sight, that the spiritual forces of the universe are more powerful than material forces and will in the end triumph—this conviction is the spiritual ferment which changes selfishness into service and hatred into good will. If the men in the ministry, consecrated to the task, cannot find the way to spread this ferment, who can? For me to abandon the task would be desertion, weak and cowardly.

What would Roosevelt have done in a similar situation? One thing is certain: he would have been two-fisted about it. When he found politics rotten he rebelled, but he didn't get out of politics. A few years ago I conducted a short-story contest among rural ministers. I asked each of them, first, to consider Roosevelt—his energy, his honesty, and his doughty championing of unpopular causes; and second, to imagine him in their parishes. They were then to write a story picturing Roosevelt as a country

minister, digging into their problems. Forty-nine stories were submitted in that contest. Every one of them portrayed Roosevelt in a fist fight before he had gone far into the work of a country pastor. Most of the fights were of the knock-down-and-drag-out variety.

But after all, the real question is not what Roosevelt would have done but what Christ would do. Doubtless it may be answered that he would have been too wise to have been caught in such a dilemma. That is true. Moreover, there are other factors in the situation. He was not married, he had no children to support. He had a power beyond the measure of man's mind. This much, however, we do know: he did not leave the synagogue—the synagogue left him. He drove the money-changers from the temple but he did not desert the temple. They had their revenge on him at last, but his final plea to his Father was, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Contemplation of that sublime figure sheds a light upon the way. If I follow in His steps I shall stay in the Church unless the Church will not have me. I shall scourge the money-changers and the institutionalists and the denomination-alists as I have opportunity and a scourge, but I shall cling to the spiritual purpose which constrained me to enter the ministry. That much seems clear. Is there a place in the Church for me? A place for one who wants to be an individual rather than a cog in a machine, who has learned to care more for spiritual values than for denominational prestige, more for the individual soul than for the institution? If no such place beckons, what then? Well, the Church at best is but one channel for realizing a purpose that is at once spiritual and creative. If no place in the Church is open to me I will find some other channel. I can ask the light to lead me on. One step enough. And if I go down from this hilltop ready for that first step, my pilgrimage and struggle here have not been in vain.

THE MIRROR OF DEATH

The First of a New Series of Father Brown Detective Stories

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

JAMES BAGSHAW and Wilfred Underhill were old friends and were fond of rambling through the streets at night, talking interminably as they turned corner after corner in the silent and seemingly lifeless labyrinth of the large suburb in which they lived. The former—a big, dark, good-humored man with a strip of black mustache—was a professional police detective; the latter—a sharp-faced, sensitive-looking gentleman with light hair—was an amateur interested in detection. It will come as a shock to the readers of the best scientific romance to learn that it was the policeman who was talking and the amateur who was listening, even with a certain respect.

“Ours is the only trade,” said Bagshaw, “in which the professional is always supposed to be wrong. After all, people don’t write stories in which hairdressers can’t cut hair and have to be helped by a customer; or in which a cabman can’t drive a cab until his fare explains to him the philosophy of cab driving. For all that, I’d never deny that we often tend to get into a rut; or in other words, have the disadvantages of going by a rule. Where the romancers are wrong is that they don’t allow us even the advantages of going by a rule.”

“Surely,” said Underhill, “Sherlock Holmes would say that he went by a logical rule.”

“He may be right,” answered the other “but I mean a collective rule. It’s like the staff-work of an army—we pool our information.”

“And you don’t think detective stories allow for that?” asked his friend.

“Well, let’s take any imaginary case of Sherlock Holmes and Lestrade the official detective. Sherlock Holmes, let us say, can guess that a total stranger crossing the street is a foreigner, merely because he seems to look for the traffic to go to the right instead of the left. I’m quite ready to admit Holmes might guess that. I’m quite sure Lestrade wouldn’t guess anything of the kind. But what they leave out is the fact that the policeman who couldn’t guess might very probably know. Lestrade might know the man was a foreigner merely because his department has to keep an eye on all foreigners. Some would say on all natives too. As a policeman I’m glad the police know so much: for every man wants to do his own job well. But as a citizen I sometimes wonder whether they don’t know too much.”

“You don’t seriously mean to say,” cried Underhill incredulously, “that you know anything about strange people in a strange street. That if a man walked out of that house over there you would know anything about him.”

“I should if he was the householder,” answered Bagshaw. “That house is rented by a literary man of Anglo-Roumanian extraction who generally lives in Paris, but is over here in connection with some poetical play of his. His name’s Osric Orm; one of the new poets and pretty steep to read, I believe.”

“But I mean all the people down the road,” said his companion. “I was

thinking how strange and new and nameless everything looks with these high blank walls and these houses lost in large gardens. You can't know all of them."

"I know a few," answered Bagshaw. "This garden wall we're walking under is at the end of the grounds of Sir Humphrey Gwynne, better known as Mr. Justice Gwynne—the old judge who made such a row about spying during the War. The house next door to it belongs to a wealthy cigar merchant. He comes from Spanish America and looks very swarthy and Spanish himself, but he bears the very English name of Buller. The house beyond that—did you hear that noise?"

"I heard something," said Underhill, "but I really don't know what it was."

"I know what it was," replied the detective; "it was a rather heavy revolver fired twice, followed by a cry for help. And it came straight out of the back-garden of Mr. Justice Gwynne—that paradise of peace and legality."

He looked up and down the street sharply and then added:

"And the only gate of the back-garden is half a mile round on the other side. I wish this wall were a little lower or I were a little lighter; but it's got to be tried."

"It is lower a little farther on," said Underhill, "and there seems to be a tree that looks helpful."

They moved hastily along and found a place where the wall seemed to stoop abruptly, almost as if it had half sunk into the earth; and a garden tree, flamboyant with the gayest garden blossom, straggled out of the dark inclosure and was gilded by the gleam of a solitary street-lamp. Bagshaw caught the crooked branch and threw one leg over the low wall; and the next moment they stood knee-deep amid the snapping plants of a garden border.

The garden of Mr. Justice Gwynne by night was rather a singular spectacle. It was large and lay on the empty edge of the suburb, in the shadow of a tall dark

house that was the last in its line of houses. The house was literally dark, being shuttered and unlighted, at least on the side overlooking the garden. But the garden itself, which lay in its shadow and should have been a tract of absolute darkness, showed a random glitter like that of fading fireworks, as if a giant rocket had fallen in fire among the trees. As they advanced they were able to



"AND NOW, WHO ARE YOU?" ASKED BAGSHAW

locate it as the light of several colored lamps entangled in the trees like the jewel fruits of Aladdin, and especially as the light from a small round lake or pond, which gleamed with pale colors as if a lamp were kindled under it.

"Is he having a party?" asked Underhill; "the garden seems to be illuminated."

"No," answered Bagshaw, "it's a hobby of his and I believe he prefers to do it when he's alone. He likes playing with a little plant of electricity which he works from that bungalow or hut over there where he does his work and keeps his papers. Buller, who knows him very well, says the colored lamps are rather more often a sign he's not to be disturbed."

"Sort of red danger signals," suggested the other.

"Good Lord! I'm afraid they are danger signals," and he began suddenly to run.

A moment after, Underhill saw what he had seen: the opalescent ring of light, like the halo of the moon, round the sloping sides of the pond was broken by two black stripes or streaks which soon proved themselves to be the long black legs of a figure fallen head downwards into the hollow with the head in the pond.

"Come on," cried the detective sharply, "that looks to me like—"

His voice was lost as he ran on across the wide lawn, faintly luminous in the artificial light, making a bee-line across the big garden for the pool and the fallen figure. Underhill was trotting steadily in that straight track when something happened which startled him for the moment. Bagshaw, who was traveling as steadily as a bullet towards the black figure by the luminous pool, suddenly turned at a sharp angle and began to run even more rapidly towards the shadow of the house. Underhill could not imagine what he meant by the altered direction. The next moment, when the detective had vanished into the shadow of the house, there came out of that obscurity the sound of a scuffle and a

curse; and Bagshaw returned, lugging with him a little struggling man with red hair. The captive had evidently been escaping under the shelter of the building when the quicker ears of the detective had heard him rustling like a bird among the bushes.

"Underhill," said the detective, "I wish you'd run on and see what's up by the pool. And now, who are you?" he asked, coming to a halt. "What's your name?"

"Michael Flood," said the stranger in a snappy fashion. He was an unnaturally lean little man, with a hooked nose too large for his face, which was colorless like parchment in contrast with the ginger tint of his hair. "I've got nothing to do with this. I found him lying dead and I was scared; but I only came to interview him for a paper."

"When you interview celebrities for the press," said Bagshaw, "do you generally climb over the garden wall?"

And he pointed grimly to a trail of footprints coming and going along the path towards the flower bed.

The man calling himself Flood wore an expression equally grim.

"An interviewer might very well get over the wall," he said, "for I couldn't make anybody hear at the front door. The servant had gone out."

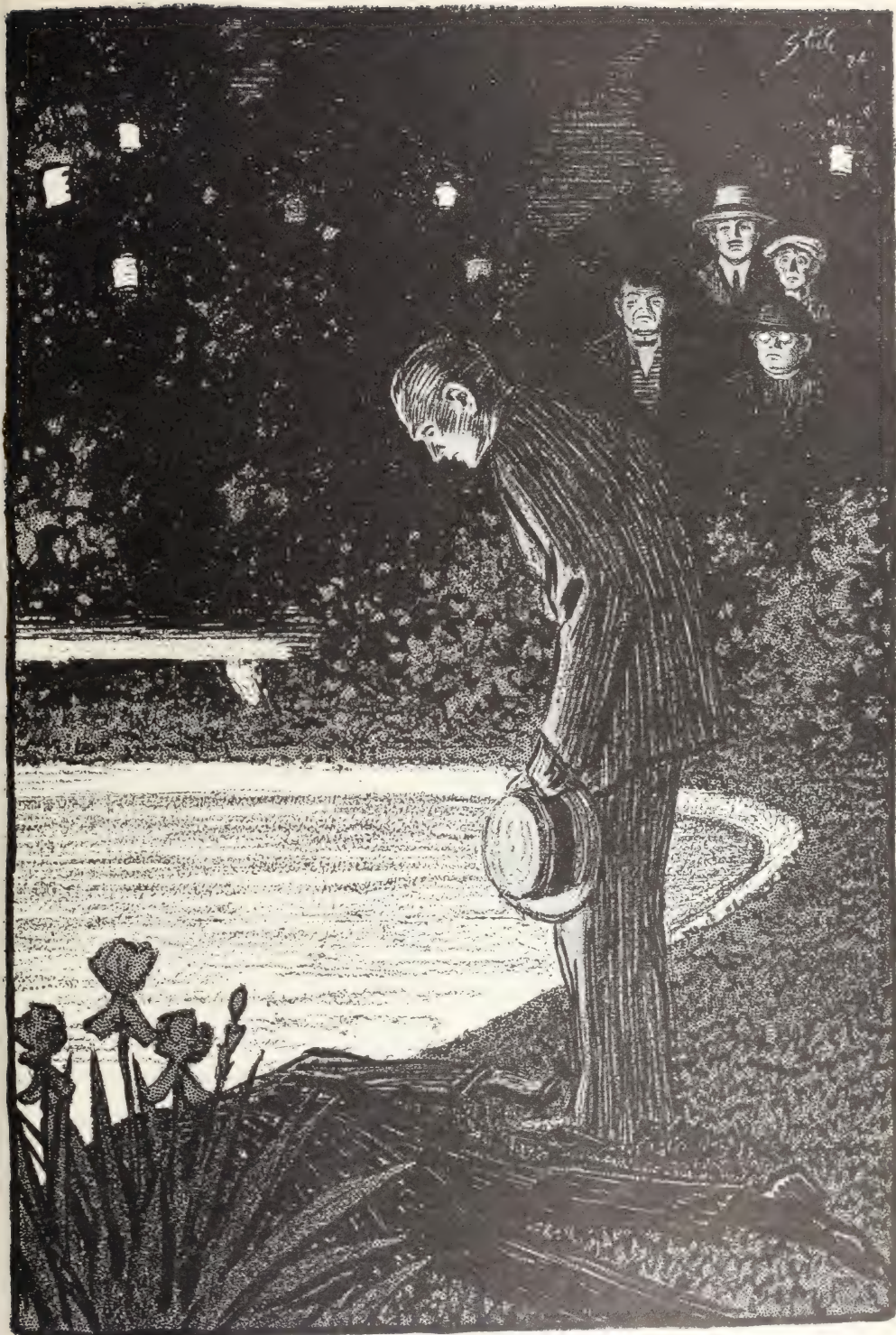
"How do you know he'd gone out," asked the detective suspiciously.

"Because," said Flood with an almost unnatural calm, "I'm not the only person who gets over garden walls. It seems just possible that you did it yourself. But anyhow the servant did—for I've just this moment seen him drop over the wall away on the other side of the garden, just by the garden door."

"Then why didn't he use the garden door?" demanded the cross-examiner.

"How should I know?" retorted Flood. "Because it was shut, I suppose. But you'd better ask him, not me; he's coming towards the house at this minute."

There was indeed another shadowy figure beginning to be visible through the fire-shot gloaming—a squat, square-



Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

UNDERHILL STOOD LOOKING DOWN AT THE MACABRE FIGURE

headed figure wearing a red waistcoat as the most conspicuous part of a rather shabby livery. He appeared to be making with unobtrusive haste towards a side door in the house, until Bagshaw hallooed to him to halt. He drew nearer to them very reluctantly, revealing a heavy yellow face with a touch of something Asiatic which was consonant with his flat blue-black hair.

Bagshaw turned abruptly to the man called Flood. "Is there anybody in this place," he said, "who can testify to your identity?"

"Not many even in this country," growled Flood. "I've only just come from Ireland; the only man I know round here is the priest at St. Dominic's Church—Father Brown."

"Neither of you must leave this place," said Bagshaw; and then added to the servant, "but you can go into the house and ring up St. Dominic's Presbytery and ask Father Brown if he would mind coming round here at once. No tricks, mind."

While the energetic detective was securing the potential fugitives his companion, at his direction, had hastened on to the actual scene of the tragedy. It was a strange enough scene; and indeed if the tragedy had not been tragic it would have been highly fantastic. The dead man (for the briefest examination proved him to be dead) lay with his head in the pond, where the glow of the artificial illumination encircled the head with something of the appearance of an unholy halo. The face was gaunt and rather sinister, the brow bald, and the scanty curls dark gray, like iron rings; and despite the damage done by the bullet wound in the temple, Underhill had no difficulty in recognizing the features he had seen in the many portraits of Sir Humphrey Gwynne. The dead man was in evening dress, and his long black legs—so thin as to be almost spidery—were sprawling at different angles up the steep bank from which he had fallen. As by some whim of diabolical arabesque, blood was eddying out

very slowly into the luminous water in snaky rings—the transparent crimson of sunset clouds.

Underhill did not know how long he stood staring down at this macabre figure, when he looked up and saw a group of four figures standing above him on the bank. He was prepared for Bagshaw and his Irish captive and he had no difficulty in guessing the status of the servant in the red waistcoat. But the fourth figure had a sort of grotesque solemnity that seemed strangely congruous to that incongruity. It was a stumpy figure with a round face and a hat like a black halo. He realized that it was in fact a priest; but there was something about it which reminded him of some quaint old black woodcut at the end of a Dance of Death.

Then he heard Bagshaw saying to the priest:

"I'm glad you can identify this man, but you must realize that he's to some extent under suspicion. Of course he may be innocent, but he did enter the garden in an irregular fashion."

"Well, I think he's innocent myself," said the little priest in a colorless voice, "but of course I may be wrong."

"Why do you think he is innocent?"

"Because he entered the garden in an irregular fashion," answered the cleric. "You see, I entered it in a regular fashion myself. But I seem to be almost the only person who did. All the best people seem to get over garden walls nowadays."

"What do you mean by a regular fashion?" asked the detective.

"Well," said Father Brown, looking at him with limpid gravity, "I came in by the front door. I often come into houses that way."

"Excuse me," said Bagshaw, "but does it matter very much how you came in, unless you propose to confess to the murder?"

"Yes, I think it does," said the priest mildly. "The truth is that when I came in at the front door I saw something I don't think any of the rest of you have

seen. It seems to me it might have something to do with it."

"What did you see?"

"I saw a sort of general smash-up," said Father Brown in his mild voice—"a big looking-glass broken and a small palm tree knocked over and the pot smashed all over the floor. Somehow it looked to me as if something had happened."

"You are right," said Bagshaw after a pause. "If you saw that it certainly looks as if it had something to do with it."

"And if it had anything to do with it," said the priest very gently, "it looks as if there was one person who had nothing to do with it. And that is Mr. Michael Flood, who entered the garden over the wall in an irregular fashion and then tried to leave it in the same irregular fashion. It is his irregularity that makes me believe in his innocence."

"Let us go into the house," said Bagshaw abruptly.

As they passed in at the side door, the servant leading the way, Bagshaw fell back a pace or two and spoke to his friend.

"Something odd about that servant," he said; "says his name is Green, though he doesn't look it; and there seems no doubt he's really Gwynne's servant, apparently the only regular servant he had. But the queer thing is that he flatly denied that his master was in the garden at all, dead or alive. Said the old judge had gone out to a grand legal dinner and couldn't be home for hours; and gave that as his excuse for slipping out."

"Did he," asked Underhill, "give any excuse for his curious way of slipping in?"

"No, none that I can make sense of," answered the detective. "I can't make

him out. He seems to be scared of something."

Entering by the side door they found themselves at the inner end of the entrance hall, which ran along the side of the house and ended with the front door, surmounted by a dreary fanlight of the old-fashioned pattern. A faint gray light was beginning to outline its radiation upon the darkness like some dismal and discolored sunrise; but what light there

was in the hall came from a single shaded lamp, also of an antiquated sort, that stood on a bracket in a corner. By the light of this Bagshaw could distinguish the debris of which Brown had spoken. A tall palm with long sweeping leaves had fallen full length and its dark-red pot was shattered into shards; they lay littered on the carpet along with pale and gleaming fragments of a broken mirror, of which the almost empty frame hung behind them on the wall at the end of the vestibule. At right angles to this entrance, and directly opposite the side door as they entered, was another and similar passage leading in

to the rest of the house. At the other end of it could be seen the telephone which the servant had used to summon the priest, and a half-open door—showing even through the crack the serried ranks of great leather-bound books—marked the entrance to the judge's study.

Bagshaw stood looking down at the fallen pot and the mingled fragments at his feet.

"You're quite right," he said to the priest, "there's been a struggle here. And it must have been a struggle between Gwynne and his murderer."

"It seemed to me," said Father Brown, modestly, "that something had happened here."



"I THINK HE'S INNOCENT,"
SAID FATHER BROWN

"Yes, it's pretty clear what happened," assented the detective. "The murderer entered by the front door and found Gwynne; probably Gwynne let him in. There was a death-grapple; possibly a chance shot that hit the glass, though they might have broken it with a stray kick or anything. Gwynne managed to free himself and fled into the garden, where he was pursued and shot finally by the pond. I fancy that's the whole story of the crime itself; but of course I must look round the other rooms."

The other rooms, however, revealed very little, though Bagshaw pointed significantly to the loaded automatic pistol that he found in a drawer of the library desk.

"Looks as if he was expecting this," he said, "yet it seems queer he didn't take it with him when he went out into the hall."

Eventually they returned to the hall, making their way towards the front door—Father Brown letting his eye rove around in a rather absent-minded fashion. The two corridors, monotonously papered in the same gray and faded patterns, seemed to emphasize the dusty and dingy floridity of the few Early Victorian ornaments: the green rust that devoured the bronze of the lamp, the dull gold that glimmered in the frame of the mirror.

"They say it's bad luck to break a looking-glass," he said. "This looks like the very house of ill-luck. There's something about the very furniture—"

"That's rather odd," said Bagshaw sharply. "I thought the front door would be shut, but it's left on the latch."

There was no reply; and they passed out of the front door into the front-garden, a narrower and more formal plot of flowers having at one end a curiously clipped hedge with a hole in it like a green cave, under the shadow of which some broken steps peeped out.

Father Brown strolled up to the hole and ducked his head under it; a few moments after he had disappeared they

were astonished to hear his quiet voice in conversation above their heads, as if he were talking to somebody at the top of a tree. The detective followed and found that the curious covered stairway led to what looked like a broken bridge overhanging the darker and emptier spaces of the garden. It just curled round the corner of the house, bringing in sight the field of colored lights beyond and beneath. Probably it was the relic of some abandoned architectural fancy of building a sort of terrace on arches across the lawn. Bagshaw thought it a curious *cul de sac* in which to find anybody in the small hours between night and morning; but he was not looking at the details of it just then. He was looking at the man who was found.

As the man stood with his back turned—a small man in light-gray clothes—the one outstanding feature about him was a wonderful head of hair, as yellow and radiant as the head of a huge dandelion. It was literally outstanding, like a halo; and something in that association made the face, when it was slowly and sulkily turned on them, rather a shock of contrast. That halo should have inclosed an oval face of the mildly angelic sort; but the face was crabbed and elderly, with a powerful jowl and a short nose that somehow suggested the broken nose of a pugilist.

"This is Mr. Orm, the celebrated poet, I understand," said Father Brown, as calmly as if he were introducing two people in a drawing-room.

"Whoever he is," said Bagshaw, "I must trouble him to come with me and answer a few questions."

Mr. Osric Orm the poet was not a model of self-expression when it came to the answering of questions. There in that corner of the old garden, as the gray twilight before dawn began to creep over the heavy hedges and the broken bridge (and afterwards in a succession of circumstances and stages of legal inquiry that grew more and more ominous) he refused to say anything except that he had intended to

call on Sir Humphrey Gwynne but had not done so because he could not get anyone to answer the bell. When it was pointed out that the door was practically open, he snorted. When it was hinted that the hour was somewhat late, he snarled. The little that he said was obscure, either because he really knew hardly any English or because he knew better than to know any. His opinions seemed to be of a nihilistic and destructive sort, as was indeed the tendency of his poetry for those who could follow it; and it seemed possible that his business with the judge, and perhaps his quarrel with the judge, had been something in the anarchist line. Gwynne was known to have had something of a mania about bolshevist spies, as he had about German spies. Anyhow, one coincidence only a few moments after Orm's capture confirmed Bagshaw in the impression that the case must be taken seriously. As they went out of the front gate into the street they happened to encounter yet another neighbor—Buller the cigar merchant from next door, conspicuous by his brown shrewd face and the unique orchid in his buttonhole; for he had a name in that branch of horticulture. Rather to the surprise of the rest he hailed his neighbor the poet in a matter-of-fact manner, almost as if he had expected to see him.

"Hullo, here we are again," he said; "had a long talk with old Gwynne, I suppose."

"Sir Humphrey Gwynne is dead," said Bagshaw. "I am investigating the case and I must ask you to explain."

Buller stood as still as the lamp-post beside him, possibly stiffened with surprise. The red end of his cigar brightened and darkened rhythmically but his brown face was in shadow; when he spoke it was with quite a new voice:

"I only mean," he said, "that when I passed two hours ago Mr. Orm was going in at this gate to see Sir Humphrey."

"He says he hasn't seen him yet,"

observed Bagshaw, "or even been into the house."

"It's a long time to stand on the doorstep," observed Buller.

"Yes," said Father Brown, "it's rather a long time to stand in the street."

"I've been home since then," said the cigar merchant. "Been writing letters and came out again to post them."

"You'll have to tell all that later," said Bagshaw. "Good-night—or good-morning."

The trial of Osric Orm for the murder of Humphrey Gwynne, which filled the newspapers for so many weeks, really turned entirely on the same crux as that little talk under the lamp-post when the gray-green dawn was breaking about the dark streets and gardens. Everything came back to the enigma of those two empty hours between the time when Buller saw Orm going in at the garden gate and the time when Father Brown found him apparently still lingering in the garden. He had certainly had time to commit six murders, and might almost have committed them for want of something to do; for he could give no coherent account of what he was doing. It was argued by the prosecution that he had also the opportunity, as the front door was unlatched and the side door into the larger garden left standing open. The court followed with considerable interest Bagshaw's clear reconstruction of the struggle in the passage, of which the traces were so evident; indeed the police had since found the shot that had shattered the glass. Finally, the hole in the hedge to which he had been tracked had very much the appearance of a hiding-place. On the other hand, Sir Matthew Blake, the very able counsel for the defense, turned this last argument the other way, asking why any man should entrap himself in a place without possible exit when it would obviously be much more sensible to slip out into the street. Sir Matthew Blake also made effective use of the mystery that still rested upon the motive for the murder. Indeed, upon this point the

passages between Sir Matthew Blake and Sir Arthur Travers, the equally brilliant advocate of the prosecution, turned rather to the advantage of the prisoner. Sir Arthur could only throw out suggestions about bolshevist conspiracy which sounded a little thin; but when it came to investigating the facts of Orm's mysterious behavior that night, he was considerably more effective.

The prisoner went into the witness-box chiefly because his astute counsel calculated that it would create a bad impression if he did not. But he was almost as uncommunicative to his own counsel as to the prosecuting counsel. Sir Arthur Travers made all possible capital out of his stubborn silence but did not succeed in breaking it. Sir Arthur was a long gaunt man with a long cadaverous face, in striking contrast to the sturdy figure and bright birdlike eye of Sir Matthew Blake. But if Sir Matthew suggested a very cocksure sort of cock-sparrow, Sir Arthur might more truly have been compared to a crane or stork; as he leaned forward, prodding the poet with questions, his long nose might have been a long beak.

"Do you mean to tell the jury," he asked, in tones of grating incredulity, "that you never went in to see the deceased gentleman at all?"

"No," replied Orm shortly.

"You wanted to see him, I suppose. You must have been very anxious to see him. Didn't you wait two whole hours before his front door?"

"Yes," replied the other.

"And yet you never even noticed the door was open?"

"No," said Orm.

"What in the world were you doing for two hours in somebody else's front-garden?" insisted the barrister. "You were doing something, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Is it a secret?" asked Sir Arthur, with adamant jocularly.

"It's a secret from you," answered the poet.

It was upon this suggestion of a secret

that Sir Arthur seized in developing his line of accusation. With a boldness which some thought unscrupulous he turned the very mystery of the motive, which was the strongest part of his opponent's case, into an argument for his own. He gave it as the first fragmentary hint of some far-flung and elaborate conspiracy in which a patriot had perished like one caught in the coils of an octopus.

"Yes," he cried in a vibrating voice, "my learned friend is perfectly right. We do not know the exact reason why this honorable public servant was murdered. We shall not know the reason why the next public servant is murdered. If my learned friend himself falls a victim to his eminence and the hatred which the hellish powers of destruction feel for the guardians of law, he will be murdered and he will not know the reason. Half the decent people in this court will be butchered in their beds and we shall not know the reason. And we shall never know the reason and never arrest the massacre, until it has depopulated our country, so long as the defense is permitted to stop all proceedings with this stale tag about 'motive' when every other fact in the case, every glaring incongruity, every gaping silence tells us that we stand in the presence of Cain."

"I never knew Sir Arthur so excited," said Bagshaw to his group of companions afterwards. "Some people are saying he went beyond the usual limit and that the prosecutor in a murder case oughtn't to be so vindictive. But I must say there was something downright creepy about that little goblin with the yellow hair which seemed to play up to the impression. I was vaguely recalling all the time something that De Quincey says about Mr. Williams, that ghastly criminal who slaughtered two whole families almost in silence. I think he says that Williams had hair of a vivid unnatural yellow; and that he thought it had been dyed by a trick learned in India, where they dye horses green or blue. Then there was his queer stony

silence, like a troglodyte's; I'll never deny that it all worked me up until I felt there was a sort of monster in the dock. If that was only Sir Arthur's eloquence, then he certainly took a heavy responsibility in putting so much passion into it."

"He was a friend of poor Gwynne's, as a matter of fact," said Underhill more gently. "A man I knew saw them hobnobbing together after a great legal dinner lately. I daresay that's why he feels so strongly in this case. I suppose it's doubtful whether a man ought to act in such a case on mere personal feeling."

"He wouldn't," said Bagshaw. "I'll bet Sir Arthur Travers wouldn't act only on feeling, however strongly he felt. "He's got a very stiff sense of his own professional position. He's one of those men who are ambitious even when they've satisfied their ambition. I know nobody who'd take more trouble to keep his position in the world. No; you've

got hold of the wrong moral to his rather thundering sermon. If he lets himself go like that it's because he thinks he can get a conviction anyhow, and wants to put himself at the head of some political movement against the conspiracy he talks about. He must have some very good reason for wanting to convict Orm and some very good reason for thinking he can do it. That means that the facts will support him. His confidence doesn't look well for the prisoner."

He became conscious of an insignificant figure in the group and cheerfully changed the subject.

"Well, Father Brown," he said with a smile, "what do you think of our judicial procedure?"

"Well," replied the priest rather absently, "I think the thing that struck me most was how different men look in their wigs. You talk about the prosecuting barrister being so tremendous. But I



MR. OSRIC ORM, THE POET, STOOD MEDITATING ABOVE THE GARDEN

happened to see him take his wig off for a minute and he really looks like a different man. He's quite bald, for one thing."

"I'm afraid that won't prevent his being tremendous," answered Bagshaw; "you don't propose to found the defense on the fact that the prosecuting counsel is bald, do you?"

"Not exactly," said Father Brown good-humoredly. "To tell the truth, I was thinking how little some kinds of people know about other kinds of people. Suppose I went among some remote people who had never even heard of England. Suppose I told them that there is a man in my country who won't ask a question of life and death until he has put an erection made of horsehair on the top of his head, with little tails behind and gray corkscrew curls at the side, like an Early Victorian old woman. They would think he must be rather eccentric; but he isn't at all eccentric—he's only conventional. They would think so because they don't know anything about English barristers; because they don't know what a barrister is. Well, that barrister doesn't know what a poet is. He doesn't understand that a poet's eccentricities wouldn't seem eccentric to other poets. He thinks it odd that Orm should walk about in a beautiful garden for two hours with nothing to do. God bless my soul! A poet would think nothing of walking about in the same backyard for ten hours if he had a poem to do. Orm's own counsel was quite as stupid. It never occurred to him to ask Orm the obvious question."

"What question do you mean?" asked the other.

"Why, what poem he was making up, of course," said Father Brown rather impatiently; "what line he was stuck at, what epithet he was looking for, what climax he was trying to work up to. If there were any educated people in court who know what literature is they would have known well enough whether he had had anything genuine to do. You'd have asked a manufacturer about the condi-

tions of his factory; but nobody seems to consider the conditions under which poetry is manufactured. It's done by doing nothing."

"That's all very well," replied the detective, "but why did he hide? Why did he climb up that crooked little stairway and stop there; it led nowhere."

"Why, because it led nowhere, of course," cried Father Brown explosively. "Anybody who clapped eyes on that blind alley ending in mid-air might have known an artist would want to go there, just as a child would."

He stood blinking for a moment and then said, apologetically, "I beg your pardon; but it seems odd that none of them understands these things. And then there was another thing. Don't you know that everything has for an artist one aspect or angle which is exactly *right*? A tree, a cow, and a cloud—in a certain relation only—mean something; as three letters, in one order only, mean a word. Well, the view of that illuminated garden from that unfinished bridge was the right view of it. It was as unique as the fourth dimension. It was a sort of fairy foreshortening; it was like looking *down* at heaven and seeing all the stars growing on trees and that luminous pond like a moon fallen flat on the fields in some happy nursery tale. He could have looked at it forever. If you told him the path led nowhere he would tell you it had led him to the country at the end of the world. But do you expect him to tell you that in the witness-box? What would you say to him if he did? You talk about a man having a jury of his peers! Why don't you have a jury of poets?"

"You talk as if you were a poet yourself," said Bagshaw.

"Thank your stars I'm not," said Father Brown. "Thank your lucky stars a priest has to be more charitable than a poet. Lord have mercy on us, if you knew what a crushing, what a cruel contempt he feels for the lot of you, you'd feel as if you were under Niagara."

"You may know more about the ar-



SIR ARTHUR TRAVERS MADE CAPITAL OUT OF OSRIC ORM'S STUBBORN SILENCE

tistic temperament than I do," said Bagshaw after a pause, "but after all the answer is simple. You can only show that he might have done what he did without committing the crime. But it's equally true that he might have committed the crime. And who else could have committed it?"

"Have you thought about the servant Green?" asked Father Brown, reflectively. "He told a rather queer story."

"Ah," cried Bagshaw quickly, "you think Green did it after all?"

"I'm quite sure he didn't," replied the other. "I only asked if you'd thought about his queer story. He only went out for some trifle, a drink or an assignation or what not. But he went out by the garden door and came back over the garden wall. In other words, he left the door open but he came back to find it

shut. Why? Because somebody else had already passed out that way."

"The murderer," muttered the detective doubtfully. "Do you know who he was?"

"I know what he looked like," answered Father Brown quietly. "That's the only thing I do know. I can almost see him as he came in at the front door, in the gleam of the hall lamp; his figure, his clothes, even his face."

"What's all this?"

"He looked like Sir Humphrey Gwynne," said the priest.

"What the devil do you mean?" demanded Bagshaw. "Gwynne was lying dead with his head in the pond."

"Oh, yes," said Father Brown.

After a moment he went on. "Let's go back to that theory of yours, which was a very good one though I don't quite

agree with it. You suppose the murderer came in at the front door, met the judge in the front hall, struggled with him and broke the mirror; that the judge then retreated into the garden where he was finally shot. Somehow it doesn't sound natural to me. Granted he retreated down the hall, there are two exits at the end—one into the garden and one into the house. Surely he would be more likely to retreat into the house. His gun was there; his telephone was there; his servant, so far as he knew, was there. Even the nearest neighbors were in that direction. Why should he stop to open the garden door and go out alone on the deserted side of the house?"

"But we know he did go out of the house," replied his companion, puzzled. "We know he went out of the house because he was found in the garden."

"He never went out of the house because he never was in the house," said Father Brown. "Not that evening, I mean. He was sitting in that bungalow. I read *that* lesson in the dark, at the beginning, in red and golden stars across the garden. They were worked from the hut: they wouldn't have been burning at all if he hadn't been in the hut. He was trying to run across to the house and the telephone when the murderer shot him beside the pond."

"But what about the pot and the palm and the broken mirror?" cried Bagshaw. "Why, it was you who found them! It was you yourself who said there must have been a struggle in the hall."

The priest blinked rather painfully. "Did I?" he muttered, "surely I didn't say that. I—I never thought that. What I think I said was that something had happened in the hall. And something did happen; but it wasn't a struggle."

"Then what broke the mirror?" asked Bagshaw shortly.

"A bullet broke the mirror," answered Brown gravely. "A bullet fired by the criminal. The big fragments of falling glass were quite enough to knock over the pot and the palm."

"Well, what else could he have been firing at except Gwynne?" asked the detective.

"It's rather a fine metaphysical point," answered his clerical companion, almost dreamily. "In one sense of course he was firing at Gwynne. But Gwynne wasn't there to be fired at—the criminal was alone in the hall."

He was silent for a moment and then went on quietly. "Imagine the looking-glass at the end of the passage before it was broken, and the tall palm arching over it. In the half light, reflecting these monochrome walls, it would look like the end of the passage. A man reflected in it would look like a man coming from inside the house. It would look like the master of the house—if only the reflection were a little like him."

"Stop a minute," cried Bagshaw, "I believe I begin—"

"You begin to see," said Father Brown. "You begin to see why all the suspects in this case must be innocent. None of them could possibly have mistaken his own reflection for old Gwynne. Orm would have known at once that his bush of yellow hair was not a bald head. Flood would have seen his own red head and Green his own red waistcoat. Besides, they're all short and shabby; none of them could have thought his own image was a tall thin old gentleman in evening dress. We want another, equally tall and thin, to match him. That's what I meant by saying that I knew what the murderer looked like."

"And what do you argue from that?" asked Bagshaw, looking at him steadily.

The priest uttered a sort of sharp crisp laugh, oddly different from his ordinary mild manner of speech.

"I am going to argue," he said, "the very thing that you said was so ludicrous and impossible."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to base the defense," said Father Brown, "on the fact that the prosecuting counsel has a bald head."

"Oh, my God!" said the detective quietly and got to his feet, staring.

Father Brown had resumed his monologue in an unruffled manner.

"You've been following the movements of a good many people in this business; you policemen were prodigiously interested in the movements of the poet and the servant and the Irishman. The man whose movements seem to have been rather forgotten is the dead man himself. His servant was quite honestly astonished at finding his master had returned. His master had gone to a great dinner of all the leaders of the legal profession, but had left it abruptly and come home. He was not ill, for he summoned no assistance; he had almost certainly quarreled with some leader of the legal profession. It's among the leaders of that profession that we should have looked first for his enemy. He returned and shut himself up in the bungalow, where he kept all his private documents about treasonable practices. But the leader of the legal profession, who knew there was something against him in those documents, was thoughtful enough to follow his accuser home: he also being in evening dress, but with a pistol in his pocket. That is all; and nobody could ever have guessed it except for the mirror."

He seemed to be gazing into vacancy for a moment and then added:

"A queer thing is a mirror; a picture-frame that holds hundreds of different

pictures—all vivid and all vanished for ever. Yet there was something specially strange about the glass which hung at the end of that gray corridor under the green palm. It is as if it were a magic glass and had a different fate from others; as if its picture could somehow survive it, hanging in the air of that twilight house like a spectre—or at least like an abstract diagram, the skeleton of an argument. We could at least conjure out of the void the thing which Sir Arthur Travers saw. By the way, there was one very true thing that you said about him."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Bagshaw, with grim good-nature. "And what was it?"

"You said," observed the priest, "that Sir Arthur must have some good reason for wanting to get Orm hanged."

A week later the priest met the police detective once more and learned that the authorities had already been moving on new lines of inquiry when they were interrupted by a sensational event.

"Sir Arthur Travers—" began Father Brown.

"Sir Arthur Travers is dead," said Bagshaw briefly.

"Ah," said the other, with a little catch in his voice, "you mean that he—"

"Yes," said Bagshaw, "he shot at the same man again, but not in a mirror."

I NEVER KNEW!

BY DOROTHEA LAWRENCE MANN

I NEVER knew that love could come like this, a thing
 Sudden and sure and strong,
 Like the straight swoop of a home-winged bird
 Who drops from the glad upper air
 To where
 The lone one waits,
 Then with soft-folded wing,
 Forgetful of the whole wide world, will sing!

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

A Discussion of Our Unprincipled Party System

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

IN the heroic days when men and women were fighting for the right to vote it occurred to few of them, I imagine, that within a decade after universal suffrage was won, less than half the eligible voters of the United States would take the trouble to vote. Ten years ago we were still marching in suffrage parades. A few months ago we were gravely sending Boy Scouts abroad to round up so-called slacker votes, we were listening to judges who wanted laws to fine people for not voting, and some of us were wearing buttons telling others for the love of heaven to vote—to vote somehow, for anybody, but please to vote. We had a drive for votes. And the net result, although it showed a very slight gain over 1920 in the percentage of the eligible who voted, was insignificant compared with the effort made.

All this happened in spite of the announcement by the three candidates that the Republic was collapsing in three different ways. The danger was tremendous and we were beset on all sides—by bolshevism, if you listened to the Republicans; by Wall Street, if you listened to the Progressives; by grafters, if you listened to the Democrats. It was no use. More than half the voters would not rally to the Republic, and the percentage of the vote cast continued to decline as it has declined ever since the close of Reconstruction. In the Hayes-Tilden contest of 1876, out of every hundred eligibles eighty-six voted. Fifty years later, in the Wilson-Hughes contest of 1916, out of every hundred eligibles sixty-five were voting. In the

Harding-Cox election only fifty-two out of a hundred voted. And last year there was no appreciable improvement.

If this vote is analyzed by States it soon becomes evident that there are whole sections of the country where the voters have, at least in national politics, come to the conclusion that their vote does not matter. I use the figures compiled by Mr. Simon Michelet for the election of 1920. That year there were more eligible voters who did not vote than did vote in the following States: Maine and Vermont in New England; Pennsylvania in the Middle Atlantic group; California on the Pacific; Arizona in the Mountain States; Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida in the South. That makes fifteen States. If you add the States in which there were eight eligibles who did not vote to every ten who did, you must add ten more. That includes States like Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin, Washington, Oregon, Wyoming, and Colorado. If you start at the other end and list the States which in the electoral sense are most alive, having two voters or more to one non-voter, there are only eight States. They are New Hampshire, Indiana, Missouri, North Dakota, Utah, Kentucky, Delaware, and West Virginia.

The lists tell their story to any practical politician. The dead States are the sure States. The live States are the fighting States. Where every vote counts, a high percentage of votes is cast. Where the vote does not change

the result, a low percentage is cast. In Mississippi, to every hundred who voted, 736 sovereign voters did not go to the polls. In large areas of the United States the people have virtually disfranchised themselves in national politics because they have gone over preponderantly to one party or the other. They do, however, exert an indirect influence on the contests which decide the question of party leadership. A case could be made out, I think, to show that the active political life of the United States is not in the contest between the two great parties but in the contests within those parties. The McAdoo-Smith conflict had real meaning, the Coolidge-LaFollette conflict had real meaning; but the Coolidge-Davis conflict had very little meaning.

Why should that be? Why should the forces at grips in American life show themselves in the pre-convention contest and then disappear in the election campaign? Fundamentally, because at least eighty per cent of the voters are regular. They will follow any faction which captures control of the convention and calls itself the Republican or the Democratic party. Therefore, no matter how violently the other twenty per cent feel, their leaders have no place they can lead them to after a defeat in the convention. The people who are voting on principle are too small a band to constitute a political army. They may be important in determining who shall run the machine which holds the eighty per cent of regulars. But they are negligible as an independent body separated from the regulars. Therefore, after the convention storm and until election day is past, there is outward harmony. The defeated faction knows that its only hope of ultimate victory is to keep itself emotionally in touch with the regulars who vote the ticket and don't ask why.

That brings us to this point: Half the eligible voters do not vote. Eighty per cent of those who vote are regular. The existence of the preponderant regular mass transfers the active political life

from the election to the primaries where, for a brief period, the minority of independents are allowed to disport themselves and to exercise an influence out of all proportion to their numbers. When they have had their chance to capture the leadership of a party they subside under the mass of the regular vote.

That the two-party system does not under these conditions produce a direct conflict of principle is understandable. The victorious faction has not only to conciliate the defeated faction in its own party but it must bid for the movable vote in the other party. Therefore, the progress of an election campaign tends to show a steady closing up of issues that would divide men, a steady approach to the same apparently popular cries, a constantly increasing neutralization of the conflict. I have often thought during a national election that if it ran another six months the candidates would be using each other's speeches.

Now there are people who dream of belonging to a party which shall conform to Burke's definition that it be "a body of men united, for promoting by their joint endeavors the national interest, upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed." Neither party in America even approximately conforms to this definition. In defiance of Burke, in defiance of all the requirements of logical order, the American parties continue to be compounds of opposing factions and contradictory principles. About six months before every campaign, therefore, Mr. Munsey for the eastern conservatives, and my friends on *The New Republic* for the eastern liberals, announce that the time has come to realign the voters—to make a party for the conservatives alone and a party for the liberals alone.

And always there is no realignment. Mr. Coolidge as the representative of conservatism obtains the nomination and promptly turns his back on Edmund Burke in a hurried effort to nominate Senator Borah for Vice President. Mr. Davis obtains the Democratic nomina-

tion and promptly approves Charles W. Bryan. Mr. LaFollette sallies forth as a "progressive," leaving Mr. McAdoo in the Democratic Party and Messrs. Borah and Brookhart in the Republican. Something stronger than principle, some interest greater than intellectual neatness is at work to prevent consistent principled partisanship. The birds of a feather won't flock together.

There must be some reason why political life defies political logic in this fashion, some reason why Burke's definition of a party does not describe the American party system. Let us look again at his definition: "a body of men united . . . on a particular principle." How large a body of men must it be? Clearly it must be a body large enough to approach a majority of the active voters. They are to be united, says Burke, on a particular principle. But is there any particular principle on which half the voters can unite and which the other half will also reject? To make a party, according to Burke's theory, the principle must not only unite its partisans but must be denied by the other party. In short, in order to align the American people into two great camps there would have to be some paramount issue on which they divided more or less evenly. And before one of these two could contain all the conservatives and the other all the liberals, there would have to be a paramount issue on which all the conservatives were agreed as against all the liberals.

There is no such issue in America. Is it the tariff? Obviously not. There are as many free traders in Wall Street as in the American Federation of Labor, and Mr. LaFollette is a better protectionist than many a conservative Republican. Is it nationalization of railroads? The project would be fought as bitterly by many liberals as by the conservatives. Is it the League of Nations? Page Mr. Borah, a liberal, and Mr. Newton D. Baker, another liberal. Is it prohibition? Consider dry Mr.

McAdoo, wet Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, dry Governor Pinchot, wet Governor Smith. Is it centralization? Then look upon the Democratic Party in the South, strongly for the Volstead Act and strongly against the Child Labor Amendment; and look upon the Democratic Party of the East, fiercely against the Volstead Act and largely for the Child Labor Amendment. Consider Senator Wadsworth of New York, a leader in decentralization and Senator Walsh of Montana, a fairly consistent progressive centralizer. And then imagine, if you can, how the two parties are going to apply Mr. Burke's prescription.

When conservatism and liberalism are such a mass of contradictions, what reason is there for expecting them each to unite? It seems to me clear that the real alignments in America are local; that the national alignments are mere coalitions which create, not parties of principle, but governing majorities. Rather hasty observers have rather hastily argued that, because of rapid transit and standardized production on national lines, men's minds conform to national patterns. Let them explain, if they can, why the same temperamental conservatism or liberalism produces such utterly contradictory political programs in different sections of the country.

The best proof that local needs and local experience differ and are decisive lies in the fact that neither great party is able to adopt any consistent national principle. Our parties are federal in character because the political life of America is regional. Our parties represent a working union among diverse interests, and not a consolidation of their interests. Indeed, I think, the theory can be argued and established that the very absence of consistent national principle in either party, which is so disturbing to Mr. Munsey and *The New Republic*, is fundamental to the domestic peace of the United States.

For you have to start with many local political factions. There is an urban

faction of employees in the Democratic Party of the East. There is an urban faction of employers and manufacturers in the Republican Party of the East. There is a rural faction in the East which is Republican. There is a rural faction in the South which is Democratic. There is a rural faction in the Northwest which is Republican. These interests are often in sharp opposition. Now, according to Burke, each faction ought to be a party contending in Congress for its principles. But that would give us many parties, none capable of establishing a government on the basis of a majority. It would give us also in Congress a three, four, five-cornered battle on principle, in which no principle could prevail in all its purity without outraging all of the other factions.

The American party system in its actual working is a most extraordinary device for creating a national majority out of regional factions. The party conventions are really the scenes of the great regional battles and compromises which have to take place somewhere if Federalism is to survive. The formal machinery of the American government—the Presidency, the Congress, the Courts—are much too rigid to effect the necessary federal adjustments. They

would deadlock and crack under the strain of intransigent partisanship. They are protected against it by the party system, in which, precisely because party loyalty does not coincide with principle, partisanship acts as a cohesive and moderating influence. Instead of a politician becoming more and more logical under the pressure of his following, he becomes more conciliatory because he has to keep in touch with a diverse following.

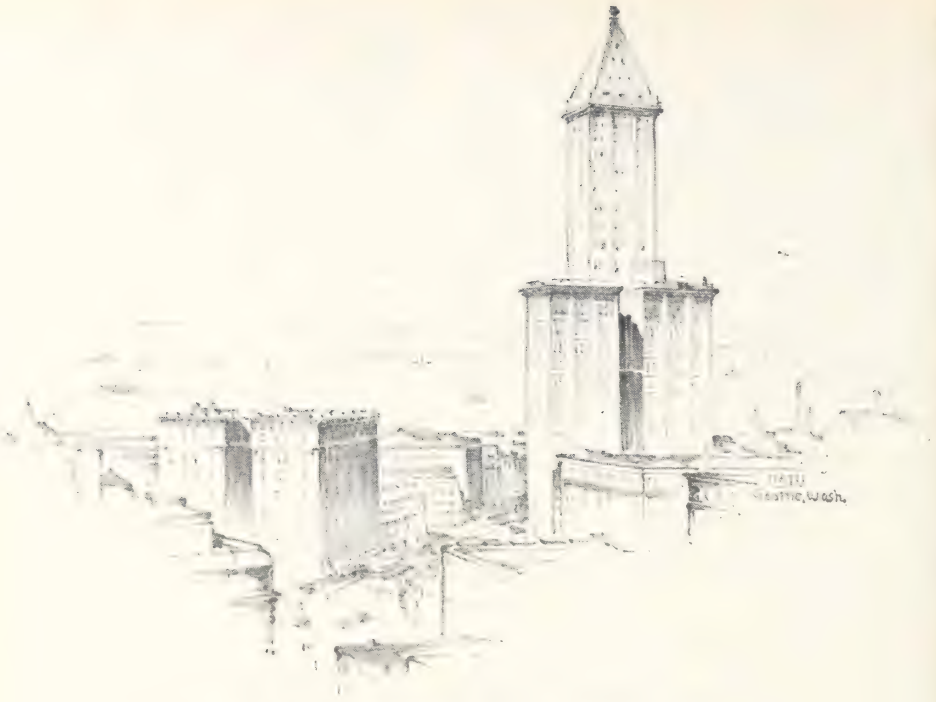
Whether this is good or bad must be determined, in the last analysis, not by a prejudice in favor of consistency but by the answer we make to this question: Do we really desire the federal government to govern so as to divide the nation into two camps of crusaders? If we do, then the present system is indefensible. But if we take the position that the main business of the federal government is to establish security abroad and to cherish local self-government at home, then a great deal can be said for the party system. It is not a system adapted to the execution of great controversial policies. Major policies can be carried out only with bipartisan co-operation. But it is a system under which the frictions of federalism are reduced to manageable proportions. And that may not be a small service to popular government.

COMPENSATION

BY GEORGE STERLING

WHEN life is fully ripened are not we
 What we remember, as our hearts enfold
 The beauty closed within like hoarded gold—
 Far music of a love that could not be,
 Old sorrows that are sweet in reverie?
 Deep, deep within, the wonder is retold,
 As whorly shells or ancient pinewoods hold
 The memory of the voices of the sea.

Day dies, and night has still her faithful stars,
 Seen better than with youth's impatient sight.
 Brighter for darkness comes each loyal beam,
 And through this life's uncomprehended bars
 The flooding beauty of unearthly light
 And drift of golden shadows in our dream.



SEATTLE IS THE METROPOLIS OF THE NORTHWEST

OUR NORTHWESTERN STATES

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

A CERTAIN real-estate agent of Seattle has placed some very engaging signs on the outskirts of the city. They read thus:

It's a Great Life.
It's a Beautiful Country.
What's Your Hurry?

At the city limits a Janus-hoarding appears: as you pass the municipal boundaries, coming in, you read "Welcome to Seattle," or "Seattle Welcomes You"; as you pass them, leaving the city, you are asked in gigantic capitals, "Why Leave the Charmed Land?" In the Middle West the traveler by train is often startled by an arch of electric bulbs over the Main Street which declares "This is a City of Homes." In the Far West they make a different plea,

advertising not themselves but their natural advantages. One small town in Oregon—a town you never heard of, at which no express train stops—has copied the arch but not the sentiment. It states, in a touching ellipsis, "It's the Climate."

Town rivalry was always one of the most entertaining features of Far Western development. It was not the states that were calling each other names and pushing each other out of the way, for in earlier days states were mere geographical and political entities. It was the rare cities that were self-conscious, ambitious, passionate. No man stopped to think, fifteen or twenty years ago, that he was a resident of Washington: his whole mind was occupied with being a citizen of Seattle or of Tacoma.

Whichever he happened to be, he lay awake nights worrying about the other place. The Northwest of 1924 is very different from the Northwest of the Lewis and Clark Exposition year, when I first saw it. On Tacoma Day at the 1905 Exposition the good Tacomans covered the grounds, like confetti-laden wedding guests, with little handbills that said, "Watch Tacoma Grow." Seattle was greatly troubled until an anxious session of citizens created a new race of handbills reading "Seattle Grows Without Watching." They even quarreled about their respective totem poles. An honest resident of Tacoma—a minister of the Gospel—confessed to me in 1905 that the Tacoma totem pole was a modern copy; but he went on to say, "Anyhow, we came by it honestly. The Seattle business men went to Alaska and stole theirs." The two towns were each other's dearest foes, and thought up vituperative epithets whenever the mad rush of boom conditions gave them time. Both felt they could ignore Portland, which was supposed to be a charming and cultivated old lady, too delicate and formal to cope with a bustling and traditionless present. So quickly is history made in our marvelous West.

In time, luck settles all such rivalries. One place or the other forges far ahead. For many years Seattle has been able from her safe vantage-point to acknowledge Tacoma in peace. The time when settlers from the East gambled on one or the other is long past. Seattle is the metropolis. Tacoma could not possibly catch up now. The only rival Seattle fears at all is in another state—that genteel, ineffectual, outdated Portland, which (like the lady in *Black Oxen*) has become miraculously rejuvenated, and now, as a contemporary, has very pointed things to say about the navigability of the Columbia River and the disastrous fogs of Puget Sound. The modern rivalry, however, is somewhat differently carried on: vituperation has gone out of fashion. Seattle has grown older as Portland has grown younger;

both are verging on middle age, and Tom Sawyer manners are not the thing. Chambers of Commerce proceed by indirection and innuendo. If yours is the best harbor on the north Pacific coast, it stands to reason that any other harbor can be only second-best. But we mention no names.

The slow processes of history, with whole races for protagonists, tend to make man seem a very little thing. Minor episodes are lost in the immense main stream; and nowadays the canvas on which publicists paint is so complicated that one is discouraged in the attempt to grasp mere facts. If you cannot discuss France in the Ruhr without discussing the French African Empire, or the future of Great Britain without discussing Pan-Islamism, or any strictly European question without putting your mind on Moscow, Angora, and the terrible Balkans—what wonder that the eyes of some of us cling to our own country and to contemplation of our native conditions? The great advantage of our own West to any citizen whose interests are not confined to mere gossip, is that in the West the scale is more comprehensible. In twenty years a whole new stage of civilization is reached; you can put your finger on the differences; you can see America at work. The whole process has been speeded up; and the population is not yet distressingly vast or bewilderingly various. The composition is simpler without being small. Who now remembers when Ohio, Illinois, Indiana were vague western goals of the settler? Which one of us was even brought up to believe in a Great American Desert that stretched from the Missouri to the Rockies? What metropolis have you or I watched from its scanty beginnings? Rome was not built in a day; but the American cities of the Far West have been, very nearly. "The largest city of its age in the world," Seattle calls itself, in a current Eastern magazine (advertising not some patented food but bonds). Moreover, these towns were

built by Americans, by people who for the most part had been bred in a settled America: an America which had already for nearly a hundred years been a nation, and had had its chance to develop an American type. They did not have to invent or to learn "Americanism" in their raw, new country. Their fathers and grandfathers had done that for them. But they were free to create the conditions in which they considered it could best thrive. The Far West is a beautiful laboratory for the citizen who is truly interested in American tendencies and characteristics.

When I first saw Seattle, it was a terrifying town, seeming very brash and brazen to the traveler. The talk of citizens had not simmered down into complacency; it was loud and aggressive. You had the positive sense of seeing the city grow before your eyes. It was the honest conviction of the Easterner that when he walked three blocks to a certain destination, the town proceeded to expand so quickly that he had four blocks to walk home. Few hills had been washed down then; you reached the Washington Hotel, which sat on a sort of mesa of its own, by a little private funicular. The wooden shack and the ambitious business block were cheek by jowl; and the Siwash Indians squatted on the curbstone of First Avenue in unchallenged supremacy of filth. I never saw Seattle in the days when the whole world was outfitting there for the Klondike. I am told by people who lived there in those wilder times that corpses were numerous and unidentified along the shores of Puget Sound.

Even a few years later Seattle was a depressing place to the quiet Easterner. They asked you to take so much for granted: that their rough wooden edifices were going to change, overnight, into lovely fabrics of brick and stone; that they were going to corner not only all the business west of Chicago but all the civilization of the whole country; that they were going to be as big as New York in a few minutes, and that

they were already a great deal better. The rawness was going to vanish in another week; and everyone was going to be rich by the week after. They even said that Seattle was the best place from which to see Mount Rainier. And meanwhile they slanged everything on the planet that was not Seattle. Seattle was at that time a principal abode of the objectionable human thing known as the "live wire." Everybody was a live wire, and a sojourn in the city was a series of distressing shocks. Even then Tacoma, in spite of the verbal quarrel, was accepting its doom. They admitted, in private conversation, that it was "a city of homes"; and when citizens select that label it means that they have practically renounced commercial supremacies. Tacoma's last kick in the struggle was the protest that Mount Rainier was, properly, Mount Tacoma. Yet Rainier it still seems to be, for most people.

Life and luck since that day have wrought upon Seattle and greatly changed her countenance—thinkably, too, her heart. They are not going to be rich next week; their municipal enterprises are going to be elaborated when they have money enough; they actually apologize for some of the things they have not done. They admit hard times; and they "talk poor." They have settled down to facing facts and to realizing that time and chance happeneth to us all. Not one jot of local patriotism have they lost, thank heaven; but they confess that the scale of things in New York and Chicago is quite beyond them, for the present. Yes, they will wash down that hill when they get round to it; just now they haven't the money to spare. They are a little tired of booms, for they have lived through more than one post-boom period. They have tasted disillusion, and know what it is to have a subnormal temperature.

In other words, their experience is beginning to square with the experience common to the race. If you cannot see Mount Rainier they do not say it is because your eyes are queer; they admit



TACOMA PROTESTS THAT MOUNT RAINIER IS PROPERLY MOUNT TACOMA

that the mountain is not visible. Alaska is still immensely important to them economically, as Seattle is the logical and recognized *entrepôt* for Alaskan trade; but Alaska is Alaska nowadays—not Eldorado or Aladdin's lamp. Fish and furs come out of Alaska; but nuggets are less common. Seattle lost a sizable portion of its population just after the War, when the war boom collapsed, and they are busy trying to get back to pre-war conditions. Population in the West shifts so quickly that the last

census is of no use to-day; but I believe Portland at the moment claims to over-top Seattle in numbers. "No war boom, no post-war depression" seems to be the simple rule in these matters.

Lumber, shipping, fish, fruits, and vegetables seem to constitute the basic economic activities of these North-western communities that have clear access to the Pacific Ocean. There is an "inland empire" over beyond the Cascades, with Spokane for unofficial capital; there are valleys dotted over

Washington and Oregon which raise, severally, the perfect apple, the perfect lettuce head, the perfect cherry. Mines and wheat fields distinguish certain regions. The Northwest scorns California (I fancy, with reason) as a producer of non-citrus fruits. The lumber is indisputably theirs; and there cannot be any more millions of herring gathered at any one place on the earth's surface than are packed and piled for shipment on the Seattle docks.

Yet there are still too many useless ships lying in Lake Union. They are "coming back" with good cheer and courage, but the aroma of post-war depression still clouds the air. They boast—everyone in the West boasts except San Francisco, which is too proud to boast—but they boast of what they already have, not of what they are going to have next week. They mention no goods that they cannot deliver. They can deliver beauty; they can deliver climate; they can deliver a magnificent water front; they can deliver certain commodities of the mineral and vegetable (especially the vegetable) worlds. On these provable premises they rest their case.

If Seattle has changed, Portland has changed as well. In former years one was more or less deafened by Seattle into thinking that Portland was mute, except for whispered reference to her genteel traditions. But the American temper is notoriously impatient of desuetude: it is hardly even sentimental about it. We know, in the East, what happens when decay is allowed to set in. The foreigners inherit; Quality Street becomes a slum; and in most cases no one worries. Good citizens are busy creating new "subdivisions" elsewhere. Except for something actually historic, taken over by a patriotic association, the law of survival is pretty brutally accepted. If a family, or a class, or a community dies out or becomes impotent, it is not up to anyone else to arrest its downfall. Our gift is still for construction, not yet for selection and preservation. We have something to learn

from the practical British on that score. All this is natural enough; and a nation that made its history largely in log cabins cannot be expected to respect those temporary headquarters of authority. Linked with a beloved name, any edifice can arouse our easy, generous sentiment. But without the personal appeal, sentiment is not aroused. "Progress" takes its place. Antiquarians may murmur in their corners, but the stream of American life engulfs them. The West, which has fewer heirlooms than the East, has had less natural piety. The West was created by men who had neither time nor opportunity to build for permanence. They built for protection from the inclemency of storm and savages. They were always moving on to accomplish a little more of the tremendous task before them, which was the reclaiming of a whole continent from one ocean verge to the other. They were sentimental about the future, if about anything; about what their sons and grandsons would do. Pioneers, every one. It was for the "effete East" to cherish its Georgian doorways and to live, while it could, in the kind of house it no longer knew how to build.

But after the pioneer comes the next generation; and the next generation, you will have noticed, is always snobbish in one way or another. If its immediate past is attractive, then it is proud of it; if its immediate past is not attractive, it tends to forget it. It is an odd fact of human psychology that we center our pride on either past or future: on the thing which has been or the thing which shall be—unconscious acknowledgment, no doubt, of the fact that things as they are usually are pretty bad. Roughly speaking, if your heritage is pleasant you glorify it. If no one could call it pleasant, you look to the future for beauty.

Half a generation ago, Portland had reached the point of having dignity and a measure of civilization behind it. It was in danger, one felt, of being snobbish about the past, in good Atlantic-sea-

board fashion. No one who knows Portland will forget the old houses in the center of the city, each occupying, with its lawn and trees, a whole city block. Ugly houses of the wrong period, suggestive of bad woodwork and tin bathtubs—but suggestive, too, of well-filled libraries and pleasant speech and the essential decencies of life. They are still there, though immediately doomed, for the big buildings are crowding them close. The next time, alas! one will not see them. Portland was the East set down in the West: a town that, as soon as the strain was over (and Portland is of course much older than its rivals in the state of Washington) had reproduced its origins with fidelity and respect. Portland people, as I remember them in my own youth, were like Eastern people and not ashamed of it. In fact, they preferred it that way. No hotel that I have ever met with in the West is so civilized as the old Hotel Portland used to be, years ago; and in the newest Coast caravanserais to-day one can still sigh for it. Yes, Portland was “different,” half a generation ago: not cosmopolitan like San Francisco; not delirious with ambition like the Washington towns; yet too Western, it would now appear, to acquiesce in decay.

It, too—though one did not suspect it then—had an eye to the future; and though it did despise rawness, it did not despise success. It sat embowered in roses and took thought for its destiny, while one was pitying it for being a sort of spiritual Salem—without the shoes.

So Portland to-day is steadily growing—they insist that they overtop Seattle in numbers—and is building a huge bridge over the Columbia River which will enable it to tap a rich section of southern Washington. It is still the only town in the country that plants great rosebushes between the sidewalk and the street—hedges of Caroline Testout between the pedestrian and the motor car; but its talk is less of roses than of the miraculous things that happen to barnacles when a ship comes up the Columbia from the Pacific to the Willamette River in the heart of Portland. When Seattle remarks that Lake Union also cleans off barnacles, Portland merely states that there are no fogs in the Columbia River between the Pacific and the Willamette. The *Portland Oregonian* does not always write an editorial about a collision in Puget Sound; sometimes it merely puts it in decoratively, without comment, as stop-press news. To the *Oregonian* there is



LUMBER AND SHIPPING CONSTITUTE THE BASIC ECONOMIC ACTIVITIES

no reply in kind; for it is the only first-class newspaper on the Pacific coast.

What one is made to realize each time afresh—each time increasingly—as one crosses the Great Divide and rests for a while in the loveliest portions of our great country, is that city rivalries must always perish but that sectionalism must always—in spite of Capitol Hill—intensify. Gradually the community will stretch out, spiritually speaking, to its extremest possible bounds. Only Rotarians can pretend that a city is a moral organism. The single town is, in modern times, too circumscribed, too inadequate, to be a symbol or a synonym for a clan. If the differences between city and city surely shrink along with their hatreds, no less surely do sections assert a personality of their own. The citizen who knows every capital of Europe but has never been west of the Missouri River (so long the historic frontier) has missed a large number of important and interesting facts about the difficult business of being an American. One is tempted to say that if he knows only the submerged East, he is a long way off knowing how to vote intelligently. If he is still abiding by the old categories of East and West, North and South, he is socially behind the times. The Missouri River is no frontier at all, nowadays, and Mason and Dixon's Line is, to say the least, antiquated. The West is not everything west of Chicago—though I know educated people who think it is. There are still distinctions to be drawn between West and East, but he would be rash indeed who should affect to find much similarity in the points of view of Washington and New Mexico. They are more like each other than either is like Iowa or Kansas; but that is about all one can say. Oregon Trail did not differ so much from Santa Fé Trail—and those trails differed socially as much as they did physically—as Northwest differs now from Southwest. California has always been, and still is, a case apart. The Northwest knows itself and its

boundaries; it is conscious of itself as an entity. Roughly speaking, it stretches eastward to the Dakotas; southward, it stops short of California, Nevada, Utah, and Wyoming. It admits Idaho and Montana, as you see; but the Dakotas are not included, in spite of their northerliness and their westerliness. They are too far east of the Rocky Mountains. Once well east of the Rocky Mountains, you do not "belong." Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana are the Northwest: Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, and Nevada are "Far West," but they are not Northwest. California is, as we said, California—and alone.

The reasons why Portland is "getting the drop" on Seattle at the moment are interesting, as one learns them from loyal Washingtonians. The post-war depression which has for various reasons hit Seattle harder than Portland, is always mentioned first. As far as the future of shipping goes, the balance would certainly seem to be in Seattle's favor. In spite of the things they have done to the Columbia River bar, so long a nuisance and a menace to navigation, Portland is a hundred miles from the open ocean and has not the magnificent harbor facilities of her northern neighbor. Portland, to be sure, has a railway approach at water-grade level; it can tap and be tapped by a big and important territory without crossing the Cascades. But the most interesting reasons that are given to you are social and human. Portland has, I am told (and remember that this is Washington speaking, not Oregon) a more intelligent class of prominent citizens. Many of them have inherited their wealth on the spot; they are willing to put their keen and homogeneous minds on the future of Portland; they can and do work harmoniously together, with a common ideal. The team-work of sympathetic and intelligent men is always a mighty phenomenon; and apparently Portland has, at the moment, a Chamber of Commerce more enlightened than the ruck.

Besides this, Seattle is a radical hot-

ed; one of the worst I. W. W. nests in the country, as we all know. Perhaps Portland has profited, humanly speaking, by not being so emphatically a seaport and in *entrepôt* as it would like to think itself. At all events, though it has had labor difficulties, its troubles have not been dyed so bright a scarlet as those of Seattle. Even the detrimental of Portland are, comparatively speaking, touched by conservatism. They do not run to Sunday schools for the children, conducted in the interests of explicit blasphemy—hymn books and all. The Washington I. W. W.'s go in for an actual though non-ritualistic equivalent of the Black Mass—or did, a few years ago. Oregon's fight seems to be, at present, rather against ignorance than against malevolence: Ku Klux rather than I. W. W. The men from the Southern mountains who fill the Oregon lumber camps are uneducated, narrow, and peculiarly susceptible to Ku Klux propaganda; but no one can say that they are not original, if myopic, Americans. The Ku Klux itself is American enough, heaven knows; though America in one of its least admirable manifestations, one of its aspects that faces most emphatically away from the central American ideal. No one, certainly, can say that it is the Russian Jew or the Fenian Irishman or even the muddle-headed reformer who has foisted the Ku Klux upon us. All things change politically, with surprising speed; and history overtakes even the readiest writer. People who write political articles for serious reviews are always dis-



THERE ARE VALLEYS WHICH RAISE THE PERFECT APPLE

covering that they made their bargain with the Sibyl a little too late. Let me only say about Oregon and the Ku Klux that Ku Klux influence did put over, more than a year ago, a law forbidding the existence anywhere in the State of a private—which of course meant a parochial—school. But no one seemed to think, in mid-1923, that a referendum would sustain any such anti-Catholic, any such fundamentally anti-American move. The lumber camps would not, people declared, be allowed to legislate for Oregon according to their inherited prejudices.

One gathers a great deal of misinformation as one travels about any country of which one speaks the language. Perhaps the answer to Oregon legislation

about schools is the Ku Klux maggot in the heart of the lumberjack. But I was constantly haunted by the confidences made to me by a very nice young waitress at my Reno hostelry. She had come to Nevada after a year of waiting at the tables of Portland hotels. "You can't help hearing a lot that people don't think you're hearing," she said; "and I used to hear the men talk when they were lunching together. They may say it's Ku Klux, but it isn't all Ku Klux. It's the Protestant ministers. They've got a lot of power, and they're just determined to put the Catholics out of business. My, but they're a narrow-minded set of men! I couldn't tell you the things I've heard them say." That particular young woman may well have been a Catholic herself, and prejudiced; certainly she was misinformed about there being enforced, at present in Oregon, any state law against the use of finger bowls. But have we not been told, recently, appalling things about the success of the Ku Klux in non-Southern Indiana? Is it not apparently stretching up into the communities of the Old Northwest? Have not a lot of Protestant ministers declared themselves of late in peculiarly objectionable ways? And does anyone pretend that the Western State (Oklahoma, I think) which, I am told, has prescribed the length of bed sheets *in its constitution*, did so under the influence of the Ku Klux Klan?

We are greatly given to vagaries; almost any minority can put over its own panacea; and for a courageous people we are very easily stampeded. If the West is more given to vagaries of a political and social sort than the East, that is after all natural. Youth has illusions, and is mentally adventurous; and it is not over-troubled with experience. The whole Far Western adventure was the headiest thing in our history; never was there such a chance, in a land of space and luck and gold, to make the world anew. What wonder that, facing those limitless horizons, men have thought themselves like gods, creating new laws

for new conditions; both privileged and empowered to mould their cities and their states to their hearts' desire? Laughable, from the point of view of older statesmen, some of their counsels of perfection have been indeed; and they have been misled into laying legislative stress on non-essentials—like the length of bed sheets and the form in which tobacco shall be used by citizens. They are still feeling their oats, still thinking that a new guess is likely to be wisdom. But generally speaking, in the Far West the instinct for liberty has been fairly untrammelled. Personally I refuse to worry too much about the Ku Klux west of the Rocky Mountains, even though race prejudice exists there. I too have faith in that eventual referendum.

Commerce, economic conditions, financial fortune, natural resources: these are a great part of any human tale. It is a platitude that every war is fought for reasons fundamentally economic, and that nations arm themselves for "markets," not for ideas. But the romantic citizen cannot, if he would, confine himself to statistics, or hold converse only with Chambers of Commerce. For the average person it is, in the end, the human and social aspect of a new and strange community that counts most. The struggle for existence may shape and condition our lives; but what sort of existence are people struggling *for*? That is the ultimate question. You listen, fascinated, to tales of stupendous, unharnessed water power up where the Northwest draws near to the Canadian line; and it is probably true that no man knows even yet what the soil of the Olympic peninsula may hold—that there is room still between the Rockies and the Pacific for discoveries and miracles.

Often and often you hear the magical phrases on men's lips: "No one knows . . . untouched country . . . untapped, unexplored even." We have forgotten in the East what it means to have a mystery, an opportunity, a dream only a stone's throw away. Daniel Boone and his companions are very far behind



THE COLUMBIA RIVER PROVIDES SCENERY AND SALMON

us. Land is priced for advantages of situation only, at so much a front foot—not because you may find gold or oil on Broadway. The sense of infinite possibilities still haunts the Western mind. I believe that is one reason why they are happier than we are: happier as individuals, as men, as women, as children. Romance is hard to come by for the

average citizen on the Atlantic seaboard; and there can be no question that to the normal male there is more fun in discovering a fortune than in cutting coupons. Mystery and opportunity are one reason for the greater happiness that no Easterner can fail ruefully to register. Another, no doubt, is suggested by the little Oregon town: "It's the Climate."

Anyhow, the phenomenon is there; and we made it our business to divine, if possible, the origin.

Self-analysis is no part of criticism, in spite of the modern introspective taint. Yet that is the method by which one's criticism of social conditions and atmospheres must needs proceed. Sooner or later—I cannot name the exact place or time—it was borne in on me during these latest Western wanderings that I would much rather live in the Far West than in the East. Life there would come much nearer suiting the totality of my being. I found my friends—both my old friends transplanted thither and my newer friends who were bred there—getting much more out of life than my like-minded friends at home. Mr. Arnold Bennett, I believe, once wrote a book called *How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day*. I have never read it, but the title used to haunt me all the way between Salt Lake and Seattle, between Portland and San Diego. Most people I know at home seem to have difficulty in living on twenty-four hours a day; they do not get a balanced ration out of it. The essentials (let us not carry on the dietetic metaphor) seem to be more easily found, in any day, by my Western acquaintance. What is it that they get; how do they get it; and what do they have to forego?

They get a good climate, in the first place—an atmosphere in which they can carry on the necessary business of life with the minimum of effort. On the Atlantic seaboard a large part of our nervous energy is expended in resisting climatic conditions. A terrific strain, out there, is removed at the outset. A very important, perhaps the most important factor, this is. They have also natural beauty on a vast and varied scale. We have, of course, no landscape to compare with theirs; and what we make tedious journeys at large expense to achieve for a summer season, is bettered by what the average Far Westerner can see out of his own kitchen window.

It is also a curious fact that supply has created demand: the Westerner—no more sensitive or æsthetic, originally, than you or I—must have beauty of landscape. He feeds on scenery; it enters into his daily life, and he is willing to pay more for the house lot that has a view. Accessibility and convenience, you end by noticing, command a lesser price than beauty of situation. I am not speaking of resorts, hotels, or large estates: I mean the average man's home in the average town. He seems (relatively speaking) not to care a hang where he lives or how far it is from his work or what sort of house it is, so long as he commands a view. The view is his entertainment—his Broadway show and his Metropolitan Museum.

Civilized Westerners (apart from Californians) are a modest lot as regards their differences from the East. They tend to deprecate their lack of "advantages"—picture galleries, famous orchestras, good opera, new plays, great libraries. "But on the other hand," I countered once, "you have natural beauty, which we haven't in the same sense; and you care a lot more about it than we do. It means more in your life." "Yes," said my interlocutor, "I think that is true. We *do* care more about it. But then we have to; we haven't got the other things that you have."

The living organism has a genius not only for adventuring but for adapting itself to what it finds at the end of its adventure. Since the dim Devonian days when life made the great decision to be amphibious, we have gone on wanting something different, and proceeding, when we got something different, to develop a taste and an aptitude for it. By whatever evolution or mutation, the Far West has developed a race that cares passionately for the beauty with which it is lavishly provided. To be sure, no season cuts them off from it; they can enjoy Nature the whole year round; but—and this is the moral side of it—they are not bored by it merely because it is so accessible.

Looking out of your window at a snow-topped mountain is what one would call, perhaps, a simple pleasure. What one comes to feel is that the Westerner takes everything more simply than we—both his sorrows and his joys. He seems to the outlander to have decided very cannily what is most worth while in life, and to put his attention on getting that—not worrying too much about the rest. Both, that is, as a citizen and as an individual. The striking thing is that his choices are on the whole not crude, but extremely civilized ones. He has no intention of being “Nature’s nobleman”



SCENERY IS ON A BROBDINGNAGIAN SCALE

and letting it go at that. He is not going to buck the inevitable; but neither is he going to be downed by difficulties. Social life is of necessity simpler in the Far West than in the East—even since the War—because (except, perhaps, in Salt Lake City) it is much harder to get servants. Even people who are well off, I take it, are lucky if they get a maid-of-all-work. Most of the houses are smaller and simpler than houses that would go with corresponding incomes in the East. When you can and do live out of doors so much of the time, the size of your house is less important. It is easier—a great deal easier—to give a dinner party at your club than it is to give it at home without a regular staff of servants; and your country club is open for business from January to December, inclusive. Everybody has a car; and distances in a good climate do not matter. People are not so restricted there to their own hearthside; they are always willing to

meet their friends at the heart of the landscape. The four walls of home are shoved out to include lakes and valleys and the shores of ocean. I do not know how else to express that genial recognition of Nature as being part of your own interior decoration, neither an alien *milieu* nor a formal spectacle. Nor do you go in danger of Coney Island crowds. In spite of the tourists there is room enough for everybody, and you can corner a beauty spot for a day with no trouble. One man who had lived in Seattle for some thirty years told me that he could still find new valleys, new mountain-lakes, within striking distance of his own house—if he had a free day to wander out in his car. I do not know where you live, dear reader; but if you live in my part of the country, I should be willing to wager that in thirty years you have pretty well exhausted your easily accessible landscape.

Out of swimming, riding, climbing, camping they get more fun, I believe,

than we do because they take them as the natural pastime of any day. It is easy to take to the woods on impulse when the woods are all about you; and neither extreme of elaborate preparation or of over-primitive conditions is in such case necessary. Food does not need to be served on Dresden china to be palatable; yet I believe the Far Western scorn of the folk who pig their way in Fords across the country, and wash themselves and their dishes once a week in a community camp, is even deeper than ours—perhaps because the spectacle is so constantly with them. The essentials of civilized life—I don't say the trimmings—are cheaper, on the whole, with them than with us. Good food is cheaper; land is cheaper; building is cheaper; public utilities, like water and electric light, are not so high. Motor cars (the f. o. b. Detroit kind) cost more "west of the Rocky Mountains"; but for some reason known only to the blood kin of profiteers, clothes—women's clothes—are less dear on the Pacific than on the Atlantic coast. It is twice as far from Paris to San Francisco

as it is from Paris to New York, so the problem of transportation would work against them. Perhaps it is a question of rents. Perhaps no one in the Far West is out to make money at such a ridiculous rate as in the East.

When I say that good food is cheaper, I should perhaps except the meat that comes from Chicago and Kansas City. I fancy the product of the great packing houses is quite as dear with them as with us. But if you really wished to make any Eastern housewife unhappy, you would only have to turn her loose in the municipal market of Seattle. I have a weakness for markets, and from Paris to Washington, D. C., I have been known to haunt them for mere pleasure. Never anywhere has my mouth so watered or my spirit so cried out on the inequalities of life as in the Seattle city market. Only the stern fact that food is perishable kept me from outrageous purchase; for the fish, the fruits, the game, the vegetables, the cheese, the butter, have an ambrosial look and a utopian price. Soberly speaking, it is a shock to see the perfect lettuce head for eight cents; the



THE WESTERNER REQUIRES THAT HIS HOUSE COMMAND A VIEW

big box of raspberries for ten, the bunch of celery for five; the more of a shock that these products of the soil are glistening clean. You do not pay for dirt in the Seattle market; and even your string beans sit waiting for you (incredibly cheap) in little orderly rows, like a model bean-school. The Dungeness crab looks almost civilized—and a crustacean can go no farther. There is all poetry in a market basket in Seattle; and what is more, the mean purse can fill it.

If any one is tempted to think that such markets are not important in the sum of civilization, I beg leave to differ from him. To insist that food of the finest quality shall be within the financial reach of every citizen—that eye and palate and purse shall all be subtly satisfied—is to lay down a very fundamental law of intelligent living. We

have been praising the French nation a long time for culinary æsthetics; affecting to find in French sauces, even in the French *pot-au-feu*, a certain moral balance and virtue. But to praise them we have lingered in restaurants: we have not gone back to the kitchens and the markets and farms. Certainly we have never ventured, in France, to ask for pure milk. I fancy there is even more social virtue in the perfect producing, perfect exhibiting, and honest selling of foodstuffs than in any sauce whatsoever. It means a different genius for living; but perhaps a more far-reaching one.

Municipal pride could hardly be lacking in a land where cities are so self-conscious. These towns have had the luck to grow up late, after the thing



IN CITIES OF THE NORTHWEST THE SCHOOLS ARE PALACES

called civic consciousness became fashionable. They have not been sinless; and their water fronts have not been well managed, though Seattle is trying to rectify some mistakes. But they all have skyline boulevards—all of them; and a view is—well, a view is sacred to the Far Westerner, and he will not permit the uneducated newcomer to spoil even his own view if he can help it. They look to the future, one comes to perceive, with more sense and more solidarity than we do. They are going to have health and beauty for their children—for all their children. Rotarians, Kiwanis, Lions—they spend their energies, you will find, more often on children's hospitals and children's clinics than on any other one object.

As for the schools—but there is only one word to say about the schools. I have never known an honest Easterner who did not blush when he contemplated the Western schools and remembered his own. If there is only one fine building in the tiny Far Western town, that building is the school. In the cities they are palaces. Nor is it all bricks and mortar: they pay their teachers better than we do. In the West they still keep the earlier American sense of the value, the sanctity of the public school. It must fitly perform a sacred task; it must be the proper nursery of future citizens. In the East we have largely lost that sense—lost it, no doubt, perforce, since the average Eastern public school is becoming a place where the immigrant learns English from a teacher who was born of foreign parents. Here, we have let public-school education come to a sorry pass; paying such low salaries (outside the largest cities) that the people who have fitted themselves to teach cannot afford to; and more or less supinely accepting the fact that an American child of civilized parentage can only unlearn his civilization in the classroom. It is to my mind a misfortune when an American child cannot get a large part of his pre-college education both safely and adequately in the public schools. Our children who have been restricted wholly to private schools have lost something which, as prospective citizens, they both needed and had a right to. If anything is to be called “un-American,” it is the carelessness which we have displayed, within a generation, in this regard. The decline of American school standards is one of the saddest things that have happened to us as we have thundered along our “progressive” way; and it is not pleasant to see the United States slipping down the list of averages every year, with all sorts of little countries getting ahead of us in the matter of literacy.

This attitude to the public schools is one of the social conceptions in the Far

West that induce serious reflection; one of the facts which make one wonder reluctantly if, in so far as we keep American ideals at all, we shall not have to go west of the Rockies to learn how. Our best American tradition combined an enforced simplicity with a keen sense of essential values. Our contribution to social history started out to be this: a *modus vivendi* whereby the plain man could get for his children as fair a start—physically, morally, and intellectually—as any citizen. We have reneged almost completely on that deliberate purpose; but in the West that old wind of doctrine blows steadily on one's ears. We have all, in America, grown more pagan; revolted against Puritanism in the direction of materialism. That, I think, cannot be contested. But it cannot be contested, either, that the comparative lack of social elaboration, the better climate, the more abounding opportunity for healthy and natural rather than unhealthy and artificial pleasures, the more modest conception of what constitutes a fortune, and the less depleted heritage of earlier American ideals concerning life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—that all these make the Far Western paganism a pleasanter sort than ours. I am not speaking of Southern California, which is, humanly and socially speaking, a special case, and is loathed by the citizen of Denver, Reno, Salt Lake, Seattle, Portland, or Albuquerque more deeply than by any Easterner. Los Angeles and its environs are not “Far West” at all. The reasons are profoundly interesting—but they do not belong here.

The informality of the West is not only a tradition but a fact—the origin, no doubt, of the prejudice of many Easterners against their fellow citizens beyond the Mississippi. A formal habit can be forced upon the average American by just two things: Anglo-Saxon reticence, and elaborate social paraphernalia. Elaborate social paraphernalia do not exist in the Far West as they exist in the East. The mere fact of living out-

of-doors more than indoors would prevent it, even if there were not other social and economic obstacles. Reticence, moreover, is difficult to keep up in the same way when a lot of people have to face simple problems together in a new country. If half a hundred people are making a new town out of nothing, they have to "get together"; and primitive living destroys formal privacy first of all. You count, chiefly, for your value in and to the group; and naturally, where you were born or how you have hitherto lived makes very much less difference than what you happen to be good for on the spot. Pioneer conditions are not very far back even of the older towns; and the creation of new ones in the wilderness is going on all the time. Informal: of course they are informal, judged by court standards. "Wild and woolly?" Well, hardly. They are more friendly; they are kinder; they are more natural. They are more given, perhaps, than Easterners to spontaneous association with their fellow-men. Almost every man you see wears the insignia of some fraternal organization or other. They have not the Eastern prejudice against thus labeling themselves and their fellowships. On the other hand, they have no prejudice against any elaboration of life they can afford which does not spoil essentials. They have not the illusion (fairly widespread through our country) that in order to be a good American you must be thoroughly narrow-minded, and ignorant of many things. What they felt in the Far West (if newspapers are any index) about Magnus Johnson's collarless and coatless campaign in Minnesota was chiefly scorn—scorn that any man should think that he could win the suffrages of American citizens by behaving like a pig. Senator Johnson did win the suffrages of American citizens, as we all know; but not without bitter regret on the part of other American citizens that anyone should be fooled into believing that dressing like a gentleman in public

was un-American. "To be vulgar is not the way to appeal to the American farmer, who is, himself, a gentleman," was the gist of it. Perhaps the Minnesota farmers are a special brand. In any case, politics are not our concern.

Informal, yes: according to certain definitions of form. But as you stand in those terraced gardens of the Northwest, staring through cunning vistas in the Douglas firs to the blue of the Sound or to the wide arc of snow-topped mountains—friendliness all about you among the roses—you wonder if formality is not as well spent on "garden-walls and galleries" as on the practice of verbal frigidity. Their groups and their engagements seem more elastic than ours, more readily adaptable to change of weather or a new event. Policy and habit seem less strong than impulse when it comes to choosing a pleasure. They are ready to like you, to give you the benefit of the doubt. The brooding stiffness and suspicion, the infinite social documentation that characterize the initial stages of acquaintance in the East, are there in far less measure. No doubt you have to prove yourself there as anywhere; but they are perhaps clearer in their own minds as to what they like, and therefore do not have to listen so profoundly to what a hundred other people say. Socially speaking, as climatically, it is a more radiant air.

It comes, probably, of being preoccupied with things in themselves, not with the infinite dim contexts of things. That preoccupation with the immediate object can make for rudeness and crudeness, as we all know. It is their wisdom in the Northwest to have made their list of essentials wisely, to have seen what the community had a right to demand of life—their luck, of course, to have had those essentials easier to come by than anywhere else, perhaps, in the country. True, they seem to have taken more literally than the rest of us the historic declaration that man has a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But other factors count as well. They

have not as yet accepted plutocracy as the ideal—or the inevitable—social form. Plutocracy, indeed, can triumph only when wealth has become a superstition in itself. The profiteer or the self-made millionaire can “break in” only to a society where wealth is a superstition—and you will notice that wealth never becomes a superstition until a great many people have inherited it. In new country, fortunes are sometimes made quickly—and, equally often, lost quickly. Inconvenient, to the last degree, to lose the money you have made; but, surrounded as you are by shifting conditions of gain and loss, of luck and chance, it does not of necessity discourage you finally. At whatever stage of success or unsuccess you may be, there are plenty of your own kind in the same boat. I think it is not too much to say that wealth is not, in the Far West, the acid test that it is in the East. Being a decent sort and a helpful member of the community counts much more in a country that has seen men rich one day and poor the next and rich again the

day after. When a Westerner is really bitten by the plutocratic idea he usually makes for the East, where plutocracy is accepted. It is a perilous thing to say of any part of our country; but I believe it to be true that in our North-western civilization wealth is judged more on its own merits than on the Atlantic seaboard, where a man has only to be rich enough, it would seem, to be credited with all kinds of virtues. We are all aware of communities that pride themselves on caring more for family or for personal distinction than for wealth; but one has seen those proud requirements break down too many times before the onslaught of enough millions.

Civilization may be variously defined but the United States certainly started out to make its own definition very clear. My own belated guess is that the citizens who come nearest to being civilized according to authentic American tradition are to be found west of the Rocky Mountains, between San Francisco Bay and the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

COQUETTE

BY HESPER LE GALLIENNE

I WILL dress in satin—
 Perhaps I'll dress in silk!
 And bathe my face at dawn of day
 In freshest fairy milk.

I will wear fine feathers
 When the day is clear,
 Or else a wreath of yellow flowers
 To charm a smile, my dear.

I will wander gaily
 Up and down the town,
 Showing off my leather shoon
 And my silken gown.

But when next I meet you—
 Happen and I should!
 I will wear my simplest frock
 And a linen snood.



Half-Told Tales

by

Henry van Dyke

Decorations by
Wm. Fletcher White





A TALE OF TRAVEL

Behold the fowls of the air: Matt. 6 : 26

THE summer visitors were assembling in multitudes for their autumnal journey to the south. Among the yellowing birches and poplars of the hill country, through the forests of pointed firs on the rocky seacoast, under the crimson copses of maple around the mountain lakes there was the creeping and fluttering and rustling and twittering of an innumerable host—visible only by brief glimpses, audible only to a fine ear, yet somehow making their presence felt as a vast throng.

But in a certain place near Boston, where the psychological motives of great movements are studied and discussed, a select company of these feathered bipeds earnestly debated the reason of the migration.

"It is a modern folly," said Professor Owl, "no reason in it! I shall put on my winter clothes and stay here."

"It is an ancient custom," said Doctor Heron; "my family have always observed it. We must be true to the traditions of our forefathers."

"It is the fashion," said Mrs. Hummingbird; "I'm crazy about it. I'd rather be dead than out of fashion."

"It is the joy of the journey," said Mr. Swallow. "The greatest pleasures in life are swift flight and sitting on a telegraph wire."

"It is an athletic stunt," said Captain Tern. "I fly farther than any of you—from the Arctic to the Antarctic—and think nothing of it."

"It is an economic necessity," said the Associated Blackbirds' Union. "Our population is increasing rapidly owing to the prohibition of blackbird-pie. Food is growing scarce here. We must go south and get it. We have a right to live."

"There's a fine chance for hold-ups on the way," said Old Shrike.

"Tut, tut, tut!" said Ruddy Robin. "I never kill birds. But I love worms, and I can't get them if the ground freezes."

"Now, we warblers," lisped Miss Blackburn, "like to see America first. Change of scene pleases us. We cannot be dull domestic drudges. We travel to improve our minds."

"H'i arsk you," said Tommy Starling, a recent British immigrant of the lower social class. "wot do h'all this 'igh-brow tosh mean? Wot's travelin' but a nach-erul h'instine? 'Ow can we 'elp it?"

Twitters of primitive approval ran through the migrant throng.

"Let's go!" they cried. And they went.

But the English sparrows stayed behind with the Owl—some of them within him.



TALE OF THE TWO RUNNERS

Charity envieth not. I Cor. 13 : 4

THE winner of the great race in the Vale of Argolis was Nicator. He and Cleon, his friend and rival, had run the course neck and neck—knees lifting high, breast thrust forward, head thrown back—twin images of splendid speed.

But as they neared the goal Cleon's sandal slipped. He staggered and regained his stride; but in that second the race was lost. Nicator was first, by a finger's breadth, at the goal.

None was warmer than Cleon in saluting and praising the victor. The prize was a crown of wild parsley—which fades quickly. The judges awarded this to both runners because they had run so well and so close—better than any before them. But in addition it was decreed that the victor should have his statue erected on the wall of the city among the imperishable memorials of her most famous sons.

Admitting outwardly that this was just, and lauding the decree, Cleon inwardly resented it as unfair. A statue of perdurable bronze won by the slip of a sandal! The more he pondered it the more it irked and angered him and infected his mind with that poison which is called envy.

Harm to Nicator in person he would never have done. It would have shamed him. But why should that statue on the city wall, looking forever down the lovely Vale of Argolis, stand there in silent witness to a triumph that after all was only an accident? Was chance the Lord of all things? The crowns of wild parsley had already faded. Why should not the statue now fall?

Thus thinking, Cleon daily passed the city wall, disliking the statue more and more, and noting with careful eyes the structure of its pedestal and the possibility that a shiver of the earth or a violent tempest might throw it down into the rocky ravine below the city.

Pursuing this thought into its deepest crevice, he went forth one midnight with a coil of rope under his cloak and perilously climbed the wall on the outside. He cast the rope about the statue and pulled. The statue trembled. He pulled again. The statue rocked on its base. Fearing that it might drop into the city and be set up again, Cleon pulled outward with all his might. The statue gave way, plunged upon him and fell with him into the dark gorge, where the man and the image were broken to pieces.

Thus Cleon was delivered from his envy. Nicator lived on, regretting the statue a little, but his friend much.



TALE OF THE CURSING OF CAPITAL

In all labor there is profit; but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury. Prov. 14 : 23.

DAMN all capitalists," remarked Vortex with that impropriety of speech which often connotes an ardent spirit.

"Sure," said Simplex, "but how is it going to be done?"

Simplex was an old Presbyterian plumber of the hit-or-miss type, a firm believer in predestination, who swore only in the language of the imprecatory Psalms. Vortex was a young Proletarian plumber's-helper who cursed freely by the names of things he professed not to believe in. His particular arduous labor was to hold the electric torch, or to saunter back to the shop to fetch forgotten tools, while his chief smoked a pipe in the bathroom at two dollars and a half per hour.

"Them capitalists made the big War," said Vortex, "just to get rich out of it."

"Sure," said Simplex, "that's when our pay went up. Selfish rascals! Let them be set in slippery places and cast down to destruction. But who is going to do it?"

"Us," cried Vortex, "the Perlitariat! Our toil and sufferin' is the cornerstone of them fellers' yachts. A man ain't got no right to nothin' but what he makes with his hands. Ain't that so?"

"It seems so to me," answered Simplex, looking at his rolled-gold watch to see whether the hour to knock off work had not come.

"But say, old man," continued Vortex, "I wanna borra five hundred dollars. I gotta buy a Ford. You got money in the bank, aincer?"

"Sure," said Simplex complacently, "I've got about thirteen thousand in the bank. I'll loan you five hundred at seven per cent, with a mortgage on your house. Will that do?"

"Righto!" cried Vortex. "You're a good feller"—and he clapped the old man on the back.

"Well," said Simplex, "according to Scripture none of us is any better than he ought to be. But the people with capital are the worst of all. They are thieves and robbers, an abomination to the Lord. We sons of toil will get them and they shall go down into the pit."



TALE OF THE JEWELS

*Let every man borrow of his neighbour, and every woman of her neighbour,
jewels of silver, and jewels of gold. Ex. 11 : 2.*

SOPHIA ALETHEA McNAMARA was excessively subject to violent conversions. Whenever a new doctrine appeared she promptly caught it in its most acute form, and followed it through its extreme sequelæ. As a New Buddhist she protested against the killing of mosquitoes because they might be reincarnations of some of her departed friends. As a Pure Pacifist she asseverated that no man should use force to protect her, even from outrageous assault and robbery. "The brigand," she maintained with that fervor which scorns grammar, "has as much and more right to the appeal to reason above force than I do." As a Complete Consecrationist she insisted that it was her duty to sell the McNamara family jewels (now hers) and to distribute the proceeds among the street-beggars.

Naturally, her brothers objected. "Give them to our wives," they said. "But they wouldn't pay me for them," argued Sophia Alethea. Finally it was agreed that she should submit her case of conscience to that old friend of the family—the pious, plump, and prudent Bishop of South-Central Jersey.

"Dear Bishop," cried Sophia Alethea, "I have been converted and resolved to sell all my jewels and distribute the proceeds to the beggars. I simply can't keep these godless gauds while they, in rags, grind organs and sell lead-pencils."

"But, my child," said the Bishop, "these beautiful things of yours are not common merchandise. Most of them came to you from your sainted grandmother."

"I don't care," replied Sophia Alethea, "they are not different than any other jewels. They are sinful indulgences, hanging round my neck like glittering millstones to drag me down to perdition. I must sell them or be lost."

"But, my dear," said the Bishop, with a slight twinkle in his eyes, "if you sell, other people must buy. Have you thought what will become of *them* when they get your jewellery? Would you help tie glittering millstones around *their* necks?"

"I never thought of that," answered Sophia Alethea. And she went away considering whether she would give some of the jewels to her sisters-in-law or run the risk of keeping them all herself. "It would be a kind of consecration, after all," she thought—"facing a danger to save others."

TALE OF A HABITATION FORFEITED

Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird. Jer. 12 : 9.

CYRIL BRAYNE was the acknowledged literary light of Bunceville on the Raritan. He had a pretty house, a pretty wife, and a pretty wit. He wrote iridescent essays and varicose verse on "Antiquities of the New Era," "The Collapse of the Classics," "Amours of Animals," and such like. By this and newspaper work he made a neat addition to the income from his modest patrimony, and lived in a style suited to that station in life to which it had pleased Providence to call him, and at peace with the world which he so delicately satirized.

Two days of every fortnight he spent in New York, to keep in touch with his publishers, as he said, and to enjoy the literary atmosphere of that incoherent burg. In an evil hour he met Isidor Huncken, the great critic, editor of *The Moon Dial, a Nocturnal of Progress*. One night as they breakfasted together at the Dandelion Coffee House, Isidor said in that condescending tone which was a mark of his affection:

"Why do you hide your one talent in a napkin of respectability? You have plenty of spleen—a touch of Aretino in your paunch. Let it out. Don't write like a Puritan prude. Write like a best-seller."

"But how shall I do it?" asked Cyril, at once humiliated and thrilled. "My experience is so limited. Where shall I get the material?"

"Experience?" scoffed Isidor. "Create it. Material? Look around you. Bunceville is full of it in solid chunks. I don't know a place that has more ridiculous, contemptible, and immoral things and people in it than that self-complacent little town. Show them up. Put them into a novel without curtains. Men are the most amorous and absurd of animals. Take the ones you know. Go for them!"

This was the origin of that enormously popular book *The Curves of the Curitan, a Novel without Curtains*. Cyril had the scruple, you see, to change the name of the river, but the thing itself was unmistakable. All the absurd, mean, and naughty neighbors were in it, unprotected even by a mosquito-net, exaggerated by the omission of the people of a different kind. Bunceville became a byword. The world chuckled over the book, discussed it, and bought it by the hundred thousand—for eighteen months. Cyril and his wife went to the Riviera to spend the royalty.

When they returned to their home they found that they no longer had one. The town where they had lived so comfortably had become impossible for them. The people who were left out of the book felt slighted, and the people who were in it were furious. Old friends said, "How-d'ye-do," as if they meant "Good-by"; and pleasant neighbors passed the Braynes with sour looks of unrecognition. Their children at school suffered the torments of the young. The pretty house they loved was like a camp in the enemy's country. Even the lot in the cemetery was not a place where Cyril could hope ever to rest in peace.

So they went away, somewhat sadly, to a strange house in another town—less pleasant and convenient but no less full of ridiculous, contemptible, and naughty things. About these, however, Cyril did not write. He liked travel but hated moving. So he turned his talent to wild-western romance, with which his wife helped him to a moderate success. And they lived fairly happy ever after, forgetting Isidor and by Isidor forgot.

"As a critic," said Cyril, "he is great, but as a literary adviser he lacks a sense of comparative values. We shall never again be as much at home as we were in Bunceville."

THE INSECTS ARE WINNING

A Report on the Thousand-Year War

BY WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

BACK in 1918 I heard a little girl, nine years old, ask her father this question: "What would the world be like without a war?"

It was a good deal of a shock to realize that here was a thinking person to whom war was normal. The great conflict had been going on ever since she could remember.

Now, if such a war should proceed without interruption through a generation, three generations, ten generations, thirty generations—would it become so commonplace a state, so generally accepted as a matter of course that all of us would become unconscious of it, would stop thinking of it as war? I maintain that it might, that it would, that this thing has actually come to pass. There is, in fact, a war going on now—a thousand-year war, reported by the newspapers, financed out of tax money, as vital as the recent world conflict—of which the average citizen is not conscious.

I refer to the war between man and the insects.

The issue is vital: no less than the life or death of the human race. If man wins he will remain the dominant species on this earth. If he loses he will be wiped out by this, his most ambitious racial enemy.

This enemy, this horde of insects that inhabits the earth, outnumbers all other kinds of animal life combined, has held its place for fifty million changing years, is beyond doubt steadily increasing its power. It is finding its opportunity in the peculiar conditions developing in the

world because of the interference of man himself.

Is there an insect age upon the ways just as there has been an age of reptiles, a glacial age, an age of man? Is the surge toward dominance of this seemingly suppressed class of the animal kingdom—the hexapoda, the six-legged animals—to last, or is it but a momentary flash in the pan? There is no question but that the present greatest menace to man's dominance is the increasing strength of the insects. If that strength continues to increase as it has for the past generation, a time will come when, his food supplies gone, man will disappear and the six-legged group will remain supreme.

The military intelligence divisions of the General Staffs of this war are composed of the students of insects, the Federal and State Bureaus of Entomology, the scientific institutions. They agree that the insects are gaining on man, that they threaten his very existence.

Here are evidences of the progress of the war between man and the insects:

When those of us who are now middle aged were boys, we picked our peaches and apples from trees in our own backyards. Our sons and daughters now buy them at the grocery store. They do this because the backyard orchards no longer exist: they cannot exist—the insects will not allow them to do so. They have won a battle in the thousand-year war. The result is a blow to man in the permanent curtailment of his food supply.

Here is another incident in the long war—one well known in itself but rarely

considered in its relation to the age-long conflict of which it is a part. The boll weevil, as everybody knows, came out of the mountains of Mexico, pushed across the Rio Grande, rolled on (fifty miles a year) blighting the cotton as it went, defying all the power of the strongest nation in the world to stop it until it had covered the cotton area. It cost America her cotton dominance of the world. It cut down man's supply of a useful material. Eventually, it seems, it must spread its blight around this world. Its invasions are a part of the thousand-year war.

Some readers will remember the coming to American orange groves, back in the nineties, of the cottony cushion scale. Out of Australia it came, a tiny thing which the eye could hardly see, stealing in on imported orange trees. In a few years all the orange trees of California were covered with it—individuals piled together in masses. Every individual in this army drilled itself a hole in the bark of the orange tree and began drinking sap. When enough of them got to drinking there was no sap left to nourish the tree and it died.

Man here used strategy. He sent emissaries to Australia, where the cottony cushion scale was native, to find out what kept it from killing the orange trees over there, to recruit mercenaries. They found that Australia had a peculiar variety of ladybird beetle which looked something like a potato bug and ate nothing but this scale. In Australia these kept the scale down, maintained the balance of nature. Give these ladybirds a happy home and plenty of food and they would multiply at a most appalling rate. One mother of to-day might, in five months, have seventy million descendants. So the scientists brought over some of these beetles, got them started in the orchards, set insect to eating insect, and in a year the scale was gone. Man had won a battle, had saved a resource—his orange crop.

About a decade ago a nurseryman of Riverton, New Jersey, brought all the

way from Japan some iris bulbs with earth around their roots. Though he did not know it there was a great menace lurking in these few spadefuls of dirt, a menace in the form of an insect enemy—the Japanese beetle. A few stowaway beetles thus introduced bred large families, and the next season they started out in all directions from their nursery and traveled five miles. They there dug themselves in for the winter and the next year traveled five more miles. They have widened their circle five miles every year since. Their march goes on, cannot be stopped, is as inevitable as the rising of the sun.

These beetles, while grubs, eat off the grass roots two inches below the ground, so that the covering of a lawn or golf course may be rolled up like a blanket. In a single square yard of sod fifteen hundred of them have been counted. They develop into beetles which fly away into the surrounding orchards and cornfields and devour them. The State of New Jersey, the State of Pennsylvania, and the Federal government have combined in attempts to throw a cordon around this marauder and stop him. The attempt has resulted in utter failure. The United States is suffering another successful insect invasion.

These are but isolated happenings in the thousand-year war. Witnessing one of them no more helps one to an understanding of the vast events which are slowly taking place than having seen the sinking of the *Lusitania* would have explained Marshal Foch's mission in the great crisis.

To understand what is here going on one must get a grand-stand seat so that he can look down on this world game as on the plays of the baseball diamond. He must concentrate decades into single plays, centuries into innings. So may man and the insect be seen as they fight it out.

In the days before Christ when Carthage, sitting there on the north coast of Africa, was a city of magnificence, the

grasshoppers used to be swept up from the desert by the winds, blown in myriads into the seas, and drowned. The waves would drift them onto the beach in barriers six feet deep and the stench of them would bring pestilences which cost hundreds of thousands of lives.

During the Middle Ages the flea brought the bubonic plague from its ancient nesting place among the black rats of the Himalayas and established it in Europe, where it persisted for centuries, killing half the people of a whole continent. The house fly (a purveyor of typhoid) and the mosquito (disseminator of malaria) have caused the death of more men and women since time began than all the wars between humans. The early sanguinary conflicts between man and insects were sporadic—were like medieval visits from marauders who came out of the mountains, or piratic fleets that fell upon unprotected towns and despoiled them. They were not like modern fighting, in which victory lies in exhausting the resources of the enemy. In its warfare with man the insect of to-day is applying a strategy the chief end of which is to leave its enemy without those supplies which will successfully sustain him.

There was a time not long ago when the balance of nature in this world was quite well established. Insects fed upon plants, birds fed upon insects, mammals upon birds. If the vegetation increased—insects had more abundant food, they increased in numbers and checked it. If the insects increased unduly—birds were well fed, bred bigger families, became numerous, ate up the surplus insects. If birds became overpowerful—beasts of prey were better nourished, increased in numbers, and called a halt in the expansion. If any of these elements became less abundant, then those which fed upon them were not fed so well, decreased in number, and gave their antagonists a better chance. So did nature tend to maintain a balance.

During the last thousand years a new element has appeared, has become stead-

ily more important, has tended always more strongly to upset this balance of nature. This new element is man, who has but recently become the dominant living thing on this earth—the animal which has learned to adopt methods and practices beyond nature and through them to interfere with the normal balances of old. Here are some of the things that man has done which have disarranged the normal checks and counter-checks of nature.

Six thousand years ago in Egypt, when man first began to supplement himself by grouping about him other elements in nature, he found in the Numidian forest a brindled wild cat with black soles to its feet, which lent itself to domestication as has no other cat in the world, and took readily to the idea of living in man's household. Similar cats in the Numidian forests may be captured to-day and brought almost overnight to domestication. Wild cats of Europe and America are different: though tamed, they return to the wild at the first opportunity. This Numidian cat found its way into every Egyptian family. When traders first began to thread the Mediterranean Sea they carried these pets to Athens, to Carthage, to Rome. There they multiplied and, with the passing generations, spread over all Europe, still maintaining almost in its purity this strain of the blackfooted beast from Egypt. Englishmen brought these cats to Massachusetts and Virginia. They increased in stupendous numbers, and to-day they blanket America. Millions of them live in American homes, but more millions have gone back to the wild and are scattered through its wastes. This Egyptian cat, once tamed, is to-day the most abundant representative of mammal wild life in America. Go into the woods anywhere after a snow and count the animal tracks, and more than half of them will be those of cats. These cats, if caught, will be found to have the black soles of the Egyptian.

Cats feed largely on birds. When man came to America there was a bal-

ance between bird life and that of the animals which preyed upon it. Man introduced a new element, the Egyptian cat, which has become dominant. These cats, preying on bird life, have upset the balance. There are fewer birds in America than there should be. Birds are one of nature's checks on insect life, and that check has been greatly weakened. Insects may breed to-day with less restraint than they did before. The cat is their effective ally.

Sir Francis Drake, buccaneer of three hundred years ago, once took as a prize a Spanish ship loaded with spices from India. It is recorded that on that ship was a strange "black bugge" which the Spanish called *cucarache* which, strictly speaking, meant "wood louse." This *cucarache* became the modern cockroach. It was a native of India, never until that time seen in Europe. These cockroaches, however, were sturdy fellows, given to living in dark and narrow places, and therefore happy in the holds of ships that plied the seas. Thus these argosies of commerce have served as a means of broadcasting the cockroach, and it is found in abundance wherever man dwells. His homes have provided suitable breeding and dwelling places for these children of the warm countries. New species, one in America and one in Australia, were found and distributed. So have world-girdling multitudes of them appeared where before there were none at all or but local tribes. This increase in the range and numbers of the cockroach is typical of the man-influence in the insect world.

In 1889 a scientist in Medford, Massachusetts, was conducting experiments for the improvement of the breed of silkworms. Moths are the mothers of these spinners and he was attempting to develop a hardier moth, one with caterpillars that would browse on scrub oak or sassafras. To this end he brought over from Europe a specimen known as the gipsy moth because of its bronzed complexion. He caged this dusky adventurer with timid little mothers of

silkworms, hoping they would mate. Along came a boisterous wind and blew over the coop. The gipsy moths flew away and merged themselves into the Massachusetts landscape.

This small incident launched a new campaign in the thousand-year war. The gipsy moths, which are quite harmless in their native Europe, multiplied in America to a prodigious extent. In a decade their caterpillars were so numerous that they were eating the foliage from a distressing proportion of the trees in Massachusetts. Not only this but they were gradually extending their range over into Connecticut, up into New Hampshire, on into Maine. They were creating devastation—they were menacing the trees of one entire corner of the United States and threatening always the conquest of new areas. Again were individual states aroused to action. Again did the federal government fling its resources into the field. Again was the scientific world called upon to furnish strategists in a great campaign. For thirty years the fight has gone on—the advantage now on the one side and now on the other, with the outcome as yet undetermined.

Here again, however, it has been the intervention of man which has given the insects an opportunity to harm him, to attack in a new way.

The manner in which this thousand-year war may bring about unexpected situations is most surprising. Here, for instance, is an incident of felicitous comity between two friendly nations which, by the intrusion of an insect, has been turned into costly tragedy.

Theodore Roosevelt, while President, sent his Secretary of War on a world-girdling trip, the result of which was the establishment of certain international friendships. In the course of this trip Mrs. Taft was presented to the Empress of Japan. Later, when Mr. Taft became President, that sovereign, seeking to give evidence of an enduring friendship, sent to Mrs. Taft a group of flowering cherry trees, symbols of beauty from the Far East. Those cherry trees were planted

along the tidal basin in Washington and their beauty in the springtime has become a matter of national renown and pride. Some years after the planting of these trees, however, an entomologist found in a peach tree near Washington a queer little moth, the like of which he had never seen before. Identification of the stranger was a matter of months, but in the end it was shown that he was a member of a moth race resident in the Orient. He was a peach moth. Coming in on these cherry trees, he has started another widening circle which as it grows blights all the peaches. Fluffy and fluttering in its frailty, this moth has thrown down the gauntlet to America, has challenged her to fight for a great prize, a prize no other than her peach crop which spreads from ocean to ocean. It started a conflict that will continue for generations, and its result may be the loss to man of another important food resource.

These recurring battles between man and insects, as I have said, mostly find their origin in some act of man himself. The boll weevil, for example, which had existed for a million years in the hills of Mexico was an insect of no importance, with a localized home, until an act of man gave it an unusual opportunity. Man took the cotton tree of the tropics—a plant which in its native state grows on, year after year, as does an apple tree. He brought it to the temperate zone, nursed it, converted it into an annual which died every year when the frost came, adapted it to cultivation in the fields, made it the basis of a crop of world importance. Many decades passed and eventually some few weevils of these Mexican mountain tribes were brought by man down to the Rio Grande and carried in cotton seed over into Texas, where cotton fields spread out unendingly. The check upon the spread of the boll weevil in its native home had been the limited supply of cotton trees which offered it a breeding place. Here were prepared for it—through the agency of man—limitless pasture lands, inexhaust-

ible food supplies, opportunity to increase beyond the dreams of fancy. The one check to its increase had been removed and the boll weevil—obeying its innate law—swept on irresistibly, defeated the forces of the United States in every battle until it had blanketed the South.

The backyard orchard has disappeared because of the coming—again from the Orient, as in the case of the scale that attacked the orange groves, and again through the agency of man—of a tiny insect which, breeding in millions in your apple tree, has come to be known as the San Jose scale. San Jose scale has spread through the nation. It has spread in the face of all the resistance that science has been able to offer. The battle which has now lasted three decades has come to a deadlock. The invader admits that the orchardist may hold it in check by one device, and one only: if he sprays his trees with poison at the right moment, four or five times a year, so that San Jose scale may not feed upon them and his fruit may ripen. If he does not do this scientifically, periodically, the scale will thrive and the fruit crop will be spoiled. Practically, it works out that the fruit grower with great orchards, scientifically handled, may successfully fight the San Jose scale; but the individual with a small plot will not take the pains, cannot afford to take the pains necessary to save his fruit.

The gipsy moth invasion, like that of the boll weevil, did not yield quickly to treatment as did the cottony cushion scale. Every effort was made through the decades of fighting to find parasites that would check it, enemies that would prey upon it and devour it. Some such have been found. There is *Colosoma*, the tree-climbing beetle from Europe which feeds on caterpillars; and *Anastatus*, the tiny wasp that lays its eggs in the gipsy-moth eggs; another wasp, a Japanese, that lays its eggs inside the caterpillar itself where it eats out its vitals; and a tricky fly which lays its eggs on the leaves, where they are swal-

lowed by the caterpillar and the young ones develop and bore from within. All of these have been introduced by the strategists and it looks as if they had at last got the better of the gipsy moth. The most effective enemies of insects have been found to be other insects.

What is to be the issue in the fight with the Japanese beetle and the peach moth is yet in the lap of the gods. What are to be the new issues in the long war only the future can tell. In any waste corner of the world insect menaces like the boll weevil or the Japanese beetle, or worse, may be lying dormant to be given their opportunity by some act of man which interferes with nature's adjustments.

An understanding of these problems of the insect menace is largely due to findings of the present generation. Before it there were a few outstanding entomologists, but their numbers were small and their interest largely theoretical. The grasshopper invasion of the western wheat fields in the days of our fathers gave a tremendous impetus to applied entomology. Scientific men began to study the grasshopper, whence it came, how it might be fought. Individuals in the universities here and there began to specialize on a study of insects and their relations to human welfare. A generation ago so simple a thing as the fact that house flies bred in manure piles was unknown. A generation ago lumbermen did not know that a "red top" in the forest was a tree with its throat cut; that it was being girdled by a beetle beneath its bark which, if not fought, might destroy the whole forest. A generation ago there were few people who knew that the insects were man's most ambitious rival for world supremacy, and that the logic of the situation was that in the end they would probably wipe him out.

The foremost world agency in the development of applied entomology has been the United States Department of Agriculture. Its Bureau of Entomology, with some four hundred scientific men employed—the largest agency of its kind

in existence—has steadily led the world in this field. Dr. L. O. Howard, its chief, has spent forty-eight years in its development and has been an outstanding figure in organizing governmental opposition to insect attack.

These scientists are the staff officers, the intelligence corps of the thousand-year war. They are able to get perspective on its progress. They set the occasional victory which man has gained over against his more frequent defeats. They balance the ledger and find that man has lost many more fights than he has won. They measure the increase in the strength of the enemy through a generation or a century and find that it is appalling. They visualize the result if developments should continue as they have been for a hundred or a thousand years. The prospect for man, they hold, is not bright.

Strange antagonists are these two—*genus homo* and the insect—the gray-beard and the youth of the animal kingdom. In coal beds that were laid down five million years ago are found the remains of cockroaches very much like those that forage in pantries of to-day—wise enough to detect, with a single touch of an antenna, the presence of poison man has stirred into their favorite food. They have been so fit to survive that they have found no need of change. Beside them man is a mere stripling, an experimental design come into the world but yesterday—some thirty-five thousand years ago—a design which is constantly being changed, whose success or failure is yet to be demonstrated.

How contemptuous of the upstart must be this representative of an established order, of a family that has held its place through the ages! How the cockroach must scratch his wise old head and chuckle as he remembers that time when huge reptiles strutted the marshes and ruled the world; when marsupials, stupid grandfathers of the opossum, held sway; when mastodons but yesterday had their fling! And now this youngster! Wait and see!

THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY

Awarded a Second Prize in the Third Harper Short-Story Contest

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

WITHIN a hundred yards of the hill's crest Walton Pringle's pocket flash winked spasmodically and died. He paused a moment to catch his breath; the pull up from the creek bed had winded him and the sting of cold rain in his face added a further discomfort. If he hadn't dawdled at Preston's Flat, hoping for the rain to cease or abate, he would have made his objective before nightfall. But since he had elected to wait so long it would have been much better to continue there until next morning. As it was, he felt sure that he had strayed from the trail—a particularly unhappy thought to a man who could claim only a speaking acquaintance with the wilderness. And this too under the pall of a stormy night without the slightest ray of light to guide him. Well, the best he could do was to stumble on: it was far better to keep moving in circles than to resign himself to inactivity and chills.

He was glad now that he had been persuaded to take a pistol when he came away from Walden's Glen. If he were lost, at least he could provide himself with game, and in the mountains one could never tell how long one might wander aimlessly along false paths once the proper trail was abandoned. At first this pistol business had seemed absurd: California was no longer a bandit country, and even if it were he had nothing worth stealing. A jack-knife, a pocket-flash, two bars of chocolate, and a sheaf of notes on "Itinerant and Rural Labor and Its Relation to Crime" were poor pickings for a hold-up man. His notes especially were valueless to anyone save

himself, and even their loss would not have been irreparable. He was still near enough to his investigations to have the material for his book clearly fixed in his mind and, once back at his desk in San Francisco, he would be able to recall every detail of the last two weeks spent among the economic nomads of the mountains. But in spite of all these obvious guarantees against violence, it appeared that there *were* reasons for being forearmed. . . . It was Lem Thatcher, one of the old-timers, who had put him straight on this point.

"Bandits be damned!" Thatcher had exclaimed. "But how about a stray bobcat? Or a crazy man? Or a lost trail? . . . A man who goes into the open with nuthin' but a jack-knife and a couple o' bars o' chocolate is a fool. . . . Give a man a gun and you give him the next thing to a pardner."

Under the depression of the moment he felt that his original stupidity lay not so much in failing to realize the needs of such a trip as in essaying the venture at all. Why hadn't he been sensible and taken the stage as far as Rock Point and swung on from there to Marchel Duplin's cabin? He had no time to waste, and had there been no other reason this alternative would have given him several additional hours with a man who, everybody conceded, knew more about sheep herding than any other within a hundred miles. He had talked to a Basque shepherd near Compton's and to a Mexican herder just the other side of Willow Creek, attempting to get side-lights on their profession, but they had

been taciturn and he without the proper moisture for limbering their tongues. Duplin, everybody conceded, was exceptionally garrulous for a sheep herder even when he had not the help of thin wine. It seemed expedient, then, to go to Duplin if he wished properly to complete the picture of rural economy whose drawing he contemplated. But for an untrained mountaineer—a tenderfoot, in fact—it was nothing save a whimsical extravagance to plunge along a fifteen-mile trail through forest and shifting granite when an easier course was open. Being valley bred he hadn't expected rain in August, but if he had stopped to think he might have known that anything was climatically possible in the mountains.

Stumbling, crawling, cursing, somehow in spite of the blackness he felt himself making progress uphill. Presently his feet touched level ground. This in itself was reassuring. He raised his eyes in a desperate effort to pierce the gloom, took a few steps forward—and suddenly, miraculously, found himself in a clearing from which beckoned the friendly light of a cabin. With a smothered exclamation of joy he quickened his gait, almost running forward, and the next instant he had gained the window, instinctively stopping to peer within.

The unreality of the scene which met his eye gave Walton Pringle a feeling that he was either dreaming or gazing down on a stage set for a play: only sleep or the theater seemed capable of a picture so filled with melodrama. But in the theater one was never at once spectator and participant, and in sleep one did not have the tangible physical discomfort which he felt. He drew his rain-soaked body closer against the cabin, raising himself on his toes so that he might get a better view of the interior. A man stood hovering over a table lighted by an anæmic candle, and through his fingers dripped a slow trickle of silver. In a corner, uncannily outlined by a steady gleam of light, was a crucifix nailed to the wall and below it lay a

couch piled with disordered bed clothing. On the floor, midway between table and couch, was sprawled the figure of a man—arms flung wide, his black-bearded face upturned—a startling inanimate thing that made Walton Pringle turn away with a shudder. The man at the table undoubtedly was a thief. Was he also a murderer?

For the second time that night Pringle was glad that he was provided with a pistol, and yet in spite of his preparedness he had a momentary misgiving, an indecision: to be secured against an unavoidable contingency was one thing; to push deliberately into trouble was quite another. Pringle was no coward but he knew his limitations; he was not trained in any superlative skill with firearms. Was it discreet then to thrust oneself across the path of a desperate man?

He continued to gaze through the window with morbid fascination and uncertainty: the picture was too revealing—violence had been done, that was obvious; plunder was in process of accomplishment. A sudden disgust at his weak-kneed prudence stiffened his decision. At that moment the wind, flinging itself through the pine trees, sent a shower of twigs upon the cabin roof. The face at the table was lifted with a tragic sense of insecurity and fear; Pringle saw that it was the face of a young man, almost a boy. For a brief moment their eyes met; then without further ado Pringle crept swiftly to the door, hurling his body against it in anticipation of barred progress. The force of the impact carried him well into the room. The youth was on his feet and an exclamation halted on his thin pallid lips. Pringle whipped out his gun.

Walton Pringle did not utter a word; he merely gazed questioningly at the youth, who began to whine.

"I didn't do nuthin', honest I didn't. . . . I hope to die if—"

Pringle cut him short with an imperious gesture. The lad's manner as well as his physique was filled with a shambling, retarded maturity. His face was



Drawn by D. C. Hutchison

"I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN', HONEST I DIDN'T"

curiously pale for one from a rural environment, and his hair that should have been vivid and red had been sunburnt to a vague straw color.

"Hand over your gun!" Pringle demanded.

The youth straightened himself with a flicker of confidence. "I ain't got none!" he threw back.

Pringle searched him: he had told the truth. "Come then, give me a hand here!" he commanded, laying his own weapon on the table.

Together they lifted the inert body from the floor and placed it on the couch.

"He's dead!" the youth ventured.

Pringle put his hand to the man's heart. "So it seems," he returned dryly.

The dead man was swarthy and beetle browed, with wiry blue-black hair and beard. He was undressed save for a suit of thick woolen underwear and his feet were encased in heavy knitted gray socks. An ugly gash clotted his brow and the ooze of blood trickling thickly from the wound was staining the bedclothes. A flash of intuition lighted up Pringle's mental gropings.

"Is this Marchel Duplin's cabin?"

The youth stared, then nodded.

"And is this Marchel Duplin?"

"Yes."

Almost with the same movement Pringle and the youth turned away, the lad dropping into a chair before the table.

Pringle drew a bench from the wall and straddled it. "What's your name?" he demanded.

"Sam—Sam Allen."

"Where do you come from?"

"Down—down by Walden's Glen."

"Ah! . . . And what are you doing here?"

"Gettin' out o' the wet, mostly."

Pringle pointed to the heap of coins on the table. "And making a little clean-up on the side, eh? . . . Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Sam Allen dropped his ineffectual blue eyes. "Nuthin' much . . . I come

here to get outa the rain, like I said before. He was layin' on the bed there, mutterin' to hisself, and burning up with fever. I went up to him and I says, 'Marchel, don't yer know me?' With that he grabs me by the throat. I never *did* see anybody get such a stranglehold on a man. . . . I jest couldn't pry him loose. He went down like a chunk o' lead. And when his head struck the ground"—Sam Allen shuddered—"It was jest like a rotten watermelon went squash. . . . I didn't dare look fer a minute, and when I did he was dead!"

"And then you proceeded to rob him, eh? Without even waiting to lift his dead body from the floor . . . or seeing what you could do to help him?"

Sam Allen shook his head. "I know when a man's dead . . . and I don't like to touch 'em, somehow—that is—not all by myself. It was different when you come. Besides, I've heerd tell that the law likes things left in a case like this—that it's better not to touch nothin'."

Pringle could not forego a sneer; really, the youth was too ineffectual! "Nothing except money, I suppose!"

Sam Allen ignored the sarcasm; it is doubtful if it really made an impression. "It musta got kicked out from under his pillow in the scuffle. . . . Anyway, I seen it layin' there on the floor, jest where his head struck, almost. Of course I was curious." He turned a childishly eager face toward Pringle. "Do you know, he had nigh onto fifty dollars in that there bag."

"Indeed!"

But again Pringle's sarcasm rebounded and fell flat. Apparently Sam Allen was not quick witted. He mistook irony for interest. Without further urging the youth began to tell about himself. His father had a hog ranch just this side of Walden's Glen—a drab, filthy spot. This father kept drunk most of the time on a potent brand of moonshine which he himself distilled. The whole drudgery of the place had fallen on the boy. "Cows, I wouldn't

have minded so much—they ain't dirty like pigs—leastways what they eat ain't!" He breathed hard when he spoke and his clipped words took on descriptive vehemence. The whole atmosphere of the Allen ranch rose in a fetid mist before Walton Pringle: hog wallow, sour swill, obscene grunts and squealings, the beastly drunkenness of Allen senior. Since no mention was made of a woman's presence, Pringle divined that there was none. Sam Allen had grown sick to death of it all and had run away: without money, provisions, or proper clothing—even lacking decent footwear—without plans. It was a pitiful story and yet it damned him superlatively; gave point to the situation in which he had been found. Listening to him Pringle lost the conviction that he was a premeditated murderer, but there seemed no reasonable doubt that he was an accidental one. It seemed he knew well the Duplin cabin; used to steal up there on rare occasions, when Marchel was out shepherding, to share the Frenchman's dribbles of thin wine. He liked wine. One mouthful and your heart felt freer, more gay. Why, one could sing then—almost. At least Marchel Duplin could. Moonshine never gave a man a singing mood—only a nasty one. At this point Pringle could not forego a question: Did he know that Duplin had money? . . . Allen hesitated and Pringle had an impulse to warn him against answering; it didn't seem fair to let the boy unwittingly incriminate himself. But before Pringle could caution him the youth blurted out the truth: he had heard something of it. Pringle felt his heart contract in a rush of pity: the whole situation was so obvious—a desperate, weak, perhaps degenerate boy rushing blindly toward freedom and disaster. Had Duplin's wine jug been part of the youth's hapless plan? Had he attempted to get the shepherd drunk before he despoiled him?

At all events he hadn't managed skillfully and the Frenchman had put

up a fight. The results spoke for themselves. Well, it all came back to heredity and environment. He'd have an interesting lot of notes to make on this case. No theorizing this time but something at first hand, alive and palpitating. Quite suddenly he found his pity receding, submerged by his scientific desire for truth. The youth before him was like a moth pinned to the wall, before which the investigator lost all sentimental interest in his eagerness to measure the duration of the death agony. Now was the time to get data, before fear or caution stepped in to dam up Sam Allen's naïve garrulity. Pringle was interested in the youth's mother. But Sam Allen couldn't remember much: Lizzie Evans, that had been her name—a girl who "worked out." Yet the very economy of this picture was illuminating. Lizzie Evans, a girl who "worked out." It was perfect! A girl who doubtless had been ruined, to use the phrase of unemancipated women. She probably had had just such a pinched, yellow, wistful face as the son she had borne to feed the hangman's noose. Pringle had a fad for reconstructing the faces of mothers from the bolder outlines of their male offspring. He usually found the test successful even with the most rugged material; he had a feeling that in this case his imagination did not need to overleap any confines whatsoever to achieve its goal. Lizzie Allen, born Evans, had died: a futile, weak, anæmic slip of a girl, stifled by the nauseous vapors of the hog pens. Not that Sam Allen put it so, but Pringle could read a shorthand of life almost as skillfully as a complete script. He swung the conversation back to Allen senior. The son embellished the portrait with a wealth of sinister details, finishing with a malicious little chuckle.

"An' he's deputy sheriff for the district, too, moonshinin' an' all. . . . Oh, I've seen him track fellars down an' shoot 'em when they had the goods on him. Didn't matter whether they was guilty or not. . . . I've seen him beat

'em, too—over the head—with the butt of a pistol—or anything else that came handy!"

Pringle turned his eyes to the inanimate figure on the bed. How completely everything was dovetailing! "*I've seen him beat 'em, too, over the head.*" Precisely. For all the youth's inadequacy he had absorbed some of the inhumanities from his sire.

A strange exalted cruelty began to stir in Walton Pringle, the cruelty of an animal on the scent of some furtive thing pitifully intent on escape. His mood must have communicated itself, for suddenly Sam Allen fell into a silence that no amount of prodding could shatter. Well, there could be little more that bore upon the particular issue. Pringle began to think of the most expedient move. He found himself shivering. Naturally, since he had been wet to the skin. . . . A rusty stove huddled itself just below one of the windows, sending its pipe crazily through a shattered pane. Pringle suggested a fire; dumbly the youth assented. Together they began to collect debris from the cabin floor: crumpled newspapers, empty cartons, a handful of pine cones. Soon a cheerful blaze crackled and roared. Even Sam Allen found its warmth agreeable but its cheer did not serve to melt his sudden reticence.

Presently for lack of fuel the fire began to spend itself and its snap and roar sank to a faint hiss. The night too seemed to have grown miraculously silent. Pringle rose and threw open the cabin door. The rain had stopped, even the wind had fallen, and through a rent in the storm clouds far to the east a faint glow gave promise of a rising moon.

Pringle closed the door and went back to his place before the stove. The situation in which he found himself made him suddenly restive. It seemed as if he could not possibly wait until morning to settle the issue that must ultimately be settled.

Walden's Glen lay a good fifteen miles

to the east, but at least it was for the most part down grade. His exhaustion of the previous hour had been swallowed up in the absorbing shock of drama. He felt like making a decisive move and yet a certain pity for Sam Allen, shrinking visibly before his questioning gaze, made him resolve to give the youth a meager choice in the matter. He sauntered casually to the table. The candle was guttering to a feeble decline, and it threw out a flickering light that touched with spasmodic fire the coins lying in a disordered heap where Sam Allen had abandoned them. Pringle ran his hand nervously through the silver pile.

"What do you think," he asked abruptly, "shall we strike out for Walden's Glen now, or wait till morning?"

Sam Allen gave a gasp. Then recovering himself, he returned with slow drawling defiance, "If you're headed that way, suit yourself. . . . But I set out to leave Walden's Glen and I don't see no reason why I should go back."

Pringle felt himself grow ominously cool. "I dare say you don't. But, unfortunately for you, there *are* reasons. . . . In a way I'm sorry I walked into this mess. But I did walk in and I can't shirk my responsibility. There's the law to reckon with, you know!"

Sam Allen's lip began to tremble. "I tell you it was an accident. Don't you believe me?"

"No."

"And you mean to give me up—to—my father?"

Deputy sheriff for the district! For a moment even Pringle trembled: the picture which the youth had drawn of his sire had been too vivid. And besides, the bare situation was pregnant with disaster.

"I'm afraid there's no help for it," Pringle returned, trying to check any show of emotion. Sam Allen crept nearer to the table like a whipped dog. Pringle was stirred to a profound pity. "Besides," he went on more softly, "your father can't really touch you. You'll have all the law on your side."

Even in his terror the youth could not check a sneer. "Much you know about it!" he cried passionately.

"But I'll go with you—don't you understand—every step of the way . . . I mean, I'll stand by you till everything's out straight." Pringle broke off suddenly. Sam Allen's white face seemed to draw closer to the table and his two eyes were fixed craftily upon the gun which Pringle had neglected to restore to his hip pocket.

An intense nervous silence followed; Pringle made a swift movement toward the pistol, and the next moment the candle was violently extinguished.

Pringle stood momentarily inactive under the shock of surprise. The slam of the door roused him. He went stumbling through the gloom, knocking down impediments in his path until he gained the open. The moon was still hidden by the thick clouds in the east, but directly overhead a few stars showed dimly through thin vapors rising from the drenched hills.

Almost at once he realized the futility of pursuit. He knew nothing about the country, and besides, the greatest service he could render was to report the situation promptly. An aroused community would deal effectively with the murderer—he wouldn't get very far with his lack of resources and wit.

Pringle went back into the cabin and lighted the candle, forcing the stub out of the candlestick to prolong its life. The pile of silver had been scattered about by the impact of stumbling figures but it appeared otherwise intact; the pistol, however, had disappeared. Pringle laughed to himself, shrugging his shoulders. It was plain that he had much to learn about the custody of prisoners. Urged by the expediency of taking stock of all emphatic details connected with the situation, he raised the candle and swept the interior with its faint radiance. This was the first comprehensive view he had taken of the room. But there was really little of

fresh significance: the cot on which lay the body of Marchel Duplin, the rusting stove, the table, the one chair, the bench; and over in a corner—back of the door when it swung open—a burlap curtain screening a shallow triangle. This last item was the only detail which had previously escaped him, partly because of its neutral color and partly because it hung in the shadow. A faint suspicion crossed him as he caught the movement of the curtain. He put the light down on the table. Could it be that the slammed door following on Allen's apparent exit had been a clever ruse? He took a quick gliding step forward and thrust the curtain dramatically aside, almost expecting to find Sam Allen cowering behind it. But the space revealed nothing except a muddle of clothes and discarded boots, and a sharp current of air drifting through a wide crevice in the floor.

The reaction from the tenseness of expectation left him shivering. An impatience for the whole situation swept over him. He felt relieved that young Allen had fled, eluded him. It lifted an unpleasant duty from his shoulders and at the same time confirmed the youth's guilt. He would have hated, now that he considered it, to be the instrument for turning an uncertain situation into an inevitable one. His testimony might have damned an innocent man—that he was now willing to concede. But Allen's escape immeasurably cleared the issue: innocent people were never fearful. How many, *many* times, in divers forms, had this truism been brought home to him!

Yet in spite of the emphatic case against young Allen, Pringle felt the necessity of having his own movements clear in his mind. He'd be questioned, naturally; that went without saying. Quite rapidly he recapitulated the events of the day: the start from Walden's Glen at sunrise, the untoward rain at noon, his dawdling in the shelter of a redwood hollow against a sudden clearing; his resolve to push on when he saw no prospect of the storm's abatement. . . . It

all sounded so clear and simple. Once he explained his mission, any testimony he might give must gather added weight. And his credentials would render his testimony doubly valuable. His book on *Radical Movements in Relation to Post-war Problems* would carry him past any reasonable skepticism, and then a B.A. from Yale and the prospects of a Ph.D. from Columbia ought to impress even a rural magistrate.

He decided to count the money and take it with him to Walden's Glen. It wasn't safe to leave it in the cabin, and besides, it had a significant bearing on the case. In a half hour, he figured, the moon would be fully risen and if the sky continued to clear he would have a brilliantly lighted path to travel back.

He drew the single chair up to the table and fell to his task. The money was in all denominations of silver, but mostly quarters and halves. He began to group them into systematic piles. A faint scraping sound made him pause. . . . A twig, probably, brushing against the house. . . . He continued counting the money. Again the sound came. This time a tremor ran through him as he stopped his task. He kept his eye straight ahead as if fearing to turn to the right or left. Then slowly, fearfully, with the inevitability of one who feels other eyes fixed ironically upon him, he turned and looked up at the window, very much as Sam Allen had done less than an hour before. . . . A man's face answered his startled gaze and the next instant the door flew open.

Walton Pringle rose in his seat, again repeating the gesture of Sam Allen in a like situation. A faint, almost imperceptible sense of this analogy crept over him; he felt his heart suddenly contract.

The man in the doorway had an impressive bulk, a swaggering insolent grossness that must once have been robustly virile. His coarse under-lip had sufficient force to crowd upward a ragged mustache, and as he stepped

heavily into the circle of light, Walton Pringle felt a glint of sardonic and unpropitiable humor leap at him from two piglike eyes.

"Where's Duplin?" the stranger demanded.

Pringle pointed to the cot. The visitor strode up to it and drew down the quilt. "Dead, eh!" He bent over closer. "Ah, a tolerable blow on the head. . . . Neat job, I'd say." He flung back the quilt over the face of the corpse with a gesture that showed an absolute indifference, a contempt even for the presence of death. "Well, stranger, suppose you tell me who you are?" There was an authority in his drawling suaveness which brought a quick answer. "Pringle, eh? . . . And just what are you doing here?"

Pringle stiffened with a rallied dignity. "I might ask you the same question. And I might ask your name, too, if I felt at all curious. As a matter of fact, I'm not, but I must decline to be cross-examined by a man I don't know."

A grim humor played about the protruding under-lip. "Correct, stranger, correct as hell! My name happens to be Allen—Hank Allen. That don't mean nuthin' to yer, does it? Well, I'll go further. I'm deputy sheriff for this county and I've got a right to question any man I take a notion to question. It ain't exactly a right I work overtime, but when I come into a man's cabin and find that man dead and a stranger pawin' over his money, I guess I just naturally calc'late that I'd better get on the job." He threw a pair of handcuffs on the table. "Why I happen to be here don't matter much, I guess. A man sometimes goes hunting for jack rabbit and brings home venison. You get me, don't yer?"

Walton Pringle stood motionless, trying to still the beating of his heart. He understood something now of Sam Allen's terror, Sam Allen's fear of being turned over to his father. But he knew also that a betrayal of fear would be one of the worst moves he could make.



Drawn by D. C. Hutchison

PRINGLE MADE A SWIFT MOVEMENT TOWARD THE PISTOL

"You don't have to tell me why you're here," he said quietly, "now that I know your name. There's a runaway lad mixed up in it somewhere, if I'm not mistaken."

The barest possible flash of surprise lighted up the features of Hank Allen, destroying for a moment their brutal immobility. "I ain't saying 'yes' or 'no' to that," he half laughed, recovering his careless manner. "But I don't figger how that answers the question at hand."

Pringle smiled a superior smile. "Perhaps you're not the only one to look through the window at a stranger sitting before this table *pavin'* over a dead man's money. Perhaps I wasn't the first in the field. Perhaps there is more than you fancy to connect up a runaway lad with the question at hand. Who knows?"

Hank Allen's shoulders drooped forward with almost impalpable menace and his brows drew down tightly. "Look here, Pringle, I ain't accustomed to movin' in circles. When I shoot, I shoot straight. What's more, I usually set the pace. In other words, let's have no more riddles. Good plain language suits me. What's on your mind?"

Pringle shrugged his shoulders with a hint of triumph and proceeded to tell his adversary just what was on his mind in good plain language that he felt would suit Hank Allen down to the ground. But as he progressed he found an uneasiness halting the glibness with which he had opened fire: Hank Allen's impassivity became as inscrutable and sinister as a tragic mask whose inflexible outlines concealed a surface animate with fly-blown depravity. He finished upon a note of pity for the youth and rested his case with a tremulousness of spirit which disclosed that he was pleading his cause rather than Sam Allen's; and pleading, as Sam Allen himself had done, to a tribunal that had already reached its verdict.

"I'm not saying the boy meant to do it, mind you," he repeated, stung to a

reiteration by Allen's ominous silence. "And I'm right here to do all I can to pull him out of a hole. *My* testimony ought to have some weight."

Allen ignored Pringle's egotistic flourish. "Let's see," he mused coldly, "what time did you strike out from Walden's Glen?"

"At seven this morning."

"And it took you until nearly nine at night to make this cabin? . . . You're a mighty slow walker, if you ask me."

"The rain came on shortly after one o'clock. I thought it might let up, so I dodged into the shelter of a redwood stump near Preston's Flat. But it only grew worse. At five I decided to push on."

Suddenly Pringle stopped, chilled by the fact that Hank Allen's air of sneering incredulity was rendering devoid of substance the simplest and most truthful statements. Even in his own ears they rang out falsely. He desperately recovered himself and again took up his defense. It was terrifying how hollow even his credentials sounded, let alone the story of the day's events: a Yale B.A., a Ph.D. from Columbia, the author of *Radical Movements in Relation to Post-war Problems*—every statement he made grew more incredible, more fictitious, more hopeless. It was as if the monumental skepticism of Hank Allen were capable of destroying all reality. When he had finished, Hank Allen cleared his throat significantly.

"You'll have a mighty interesting story to tell the judge," he half sneered, half chuckled.

The brevity of Hank Allen's comment was packed with presage, and yet for a fleeting moment Walton Pringle took courage. A judge—precisely! A judge would be quite a different matter. Really, the situation was little short of absurd! In answer Hank Allen merely turned his gaze toward the disheveled cot, and he continued to tap the table significantly with the empty handcuffs.

In the portentous silence which followed Walton Pringle's thoughts leaped

to Sam Allen. Had his own skepticism of the previous hour also flattened the youth's defense? If he had listened with an open mind would the boy's far-fetched statements have held germs of reasonability? After all, what was there so extravagant in Sam Allen's tale? It could have happened just as he had said. But there was the youth's absurd escape. What point did any man have in damning himself with any move so suspicious—so futile?

As for Allen senior, what did he really think? It was almost incredible to imagine that he fancied Walton Pringle guilty. Then why the pose? Did some smoldering clan spirit in him rouse instinctively to his own flesh and blood in its extremity? Or would his son's disgrace expose his own delinquencies? The story that Pringle had listened to must merely have scratched the surface of his father's infamies. No, it was patent that Allen senior was in no position to invite the law to review his private record. . . . Yet he must know that he could but postpone the inevitable. What would happen to-morrow when the proper magistrate heard the real truth? The thought, spinning through Walton Pringle's brain, gave him a sudden feeling of boldness. After all, what had *he* to fear? He rose in his seat, all his confidence recaptured.

"Mr. Allen," he said clearly, "you are quite right. I *have* an interesting story to tell the judge. Therefore, I think the sooner I tell it the better. Shall we start back to Walden's Glen at once?"

A sardonic smile fastened itself on Pringle. He picked up the handcuffs. "If you will oblige me—" he nodded toward Pringle's folded arms.

The faint suggestion of a chill crept over Pringle. "Do I understand, Mr. Allen, that you intend to put me to the indignity of handcuffs?" Allen shrugged. "No, I won't have it! I'll be damned if I will!"

"You won't have it? Come now, that ain't pretty talk. And it ain't reasonable talk, neither." He narrowed his

eyes. "Resisting an officer of the law is sometimes a messy job, stranger."

Pringle's resistance died before the covert snarl in Allen's voice. He put out his wrists and in the next instant he felt a cold clasp of steel encircling them and heard the click of the lock. At the moment he remembered the words of Sam Allen: "*I've seen him beat 'em, too, over the head, with the butt end of a pistol—or anything else that came handy.*"

And in a swift, terrible moment of revelation he knew that that was just what Hank Allen intended to do.

He fell back on the bench utterly helpless and without defense. Every story of the law's brutality that had ever reached his ears seemed to beat mockingly about him. He remembered now that not one of these tales had ever concerned an unshackled victim. No, what petty tyrants liked best was something prostrate which they could kick and trample with impunity. That was always the normal complement of bullying but in this case corruption gave the hand of authority an added incentive. Hank Allen would murder him not only for the pleasure of the performance but to save his own hide. A man struck down for resisting an officer would tell no tales. And how neatly the situation would be cleared up: a suspected murderer paying the penalty of his crime without process or expense of law. A bit of sound judicial economy, to tell the truth, in a community not given to rating life too dearly. And he thought that he had managed it all so cleverly!

At this point he noticed that Hank Allen was intent on investigating a menacing six-shooter and his mind moved alertly past all the futile movements he could make toward defense. Where was Hank Allen planning his latest atrocity—here in Marchel Duplin's cabin or somewhere on the trail to Walden's Glen? Here in the cabin—or he missed his guess—with a litter of broken furniture to add confirmation to a tale of resistance.

His gaze swept the room with a sudden hunger for even a drab background to life, as if his soul longed to carry a homely memory with it into the impending darkness. He saw the tumbled cot, the rusting stove, the table before him with a sudden passionate sense of their rude symbolism. Even the guttering candle, almost spent, took on significance. It was the candle, blown into untimely darkness, that had paved the way for his predicament. If only his pocket flash had worked! Upon such trivialities did life itself depend! A flickering candle . . . a flickering candle . . . a flickering— The rhythmic beat of this reiteration snapped. Unconsciously he had looked past the gleam of light to the closed door and the burlap curtain, screening its shallow triangle, swaying gently in the half darkness. Abruptly candlelight, doorway, and curtain became fused into a unit—startling and lucid. Would it be possible? The prospect left him as breathless as a dash of cold water; he could hear himself gasp. Hank Allen fixed him with a suspicious glance.

"What's the matter?" he demanded brutally.

Pringle's mind cleared to a point of supreme intuition.

"I'm—I'm ill!" he gasped. "Would—would you mind opening the door—it's suffocating in here."

Hank Allen hesitated, then a diabolic humor seemed to move him to compliance. He threw back the door with a chuckle and resumed his seat. It was as if he had said, "Try it, my friend, if it amuses you!"

For a brief moment Walton Pringle closed his eyes; then quite suddenly opened them, took in a deep breath, and with a quick upward leap he blew out the candle.

Drawing himself flatly against the wall, Pringle felt the impact of the door swinging back before Allen's stumbling pursuit. It was inconceivable that a man on such good terms with subterfuge

could have been tricked by anything so obvious as a slammed door. But how long would he remain tricked? He wouldn't search the hills all night, nor would he be likely to strike out for Walden's Glen without returning to the cabin. Pringle's first elation at the extraordinary success of his ruse fell before the realization of his plight. What chance had a handcuffed man in any case? And his attempt to escape—how beautifully that colored his guilt! *Innocent people were never fearful.* The memory of this mental deduction bit at him sharply. Yet with all the odds against him he felt that he must plan something and that quickly. Cautiously moving back the open door he peered over its rim. At first his vision could not pierce the gloom, but suddenly a flood of moonlight released from the imprisonment of dispersing clouds made a path of silver into the cabin. Pringle listened: everything was extraordinarily still.

All at once the silence was cracked by a keen report. A snapping fusillade answered Pringle's mental interrogation . . . He heard a shrill cry, clipped and terrible. Then the silence fell again. . . . Presently the soft beat of cautious footfalls drifted toward the cabin. Pringle withdrew to the curtain's shelter. Something fluttered on the threshold. Then slowly, warily, the door was closed.

Pringle leaned sideways, the tail of one eye thrust past the curtain's edge. Moonlight was flooding now even through the grimy windowpane. A shadowy form crept stealthily toward the table, halted as if sensing a living presence, turned sharply and revealed the unmistakable outlines of Sam Allen's ineffectual face.

Walton Pringle gave a cry of mingled relief and surprise and stepped from his hiding place.

The youth shrank back. "I—I wondered where you were," he gasped. He gave a little hysterical flourish with his right hand and Pringle saw that he held the stolen pistol. "Well, I'm a murderer now!" he spit out with quivering venom.

In a flash Pringle knew everything, and yet he could only stammer out in stupid conventional protest:

"You don't mean . . . *not your father!*"

The youth's face grew ashen. "Who else did you think?" He gave a scraping laugh. "Would *you* stand up and let him get you, if you had a chance to shoot first? I guess not. . . . Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Pringle brought his shackled wrists into the moonlight. "Damned little, I fancy!"

Young Allen put an incredulous finger on the handcuffs. "What's the idea?"

Pringle smiled ironically. "Just a little joke of your father's. He pretended he thought I was the murderer. He was for taking me back to Walden's Glen." He stopped, overcome with a passion for self-accusation, self-abasement: "Just as I wanted to take you back. . . . Yes, on the surface he was as self-righteous and smug as I was. But he didn't fool me. I knew that he intended to murder me in cold blood—to save your hide and incidentally his. . . . Well, I blew out the candle as you did—to—to save myself."

A curious look came over Sam Allen's face. Walton Pringle had a feeling that for the second time that night he had delivered himself into the hands of the enemy.

"You were a fool to tell me that," Sam Allen drawled, with a hint of his father's biting irony in his voice. "I wouldn't have thought of such an easy way out—all by myself. . . . Yer know what I mean, don't yer?"

Pringle felt himself grow unnaturally calm. "You mean you could shoot me down and settle everything for yourself? . . . Yes, you could. Dead men tell no tales, and in this case three dead men would be even more silent than two. . . . I can't say that I blame you. I didn't give any quarter in your pinch; why should you spare me?"

Sam Allen gave an impatient cough and his words vibrated with sudden and strange maturity as he said coldly:

"I'm trying to figure it out. . . . It *would* be simpler to kill you." He held up the pistol, gazing at it with the tragic fascination of a stripling who has tasted his first victory—drawn his first blood. His whole body seemed animated with some strange new power that still struggled for foothold. Was the spirit of Hank Allen so soon fighting for a place in which to lodge its sinister corruption? . . . Suddenly he began to shiver violently. "No, it wouldn't be simpler," he half whispered—"not in the long run. . . . What do you say? Shall we go back to Walden's Glen—together?"

A faint blur dimmed Pringle's gaze. "I don't deserve it!" he cried with a vehement passion. "Upon my word, I don't!"

Sam Allen laid the pistol on the table. "Shucks!" he said simply, "everybody makes mistakes."

And at that moment Walton Pringle fancied that the pinched, yellow, wistful face before him re-created with a curiously poignant glory the face of Lizzie Allen, born Evans—the girl who had "worked out"!

THREE SONNETS

BY HENRIETTE DESAUSSURE BLANDING

WHAT can it matter now, that we have known
April's white radiance in the startled bud
Circling the hills with light, the sudden flood,
Engulfing house and barn and fence and stone,
Thrust valleyward, while staunch trees stir and moan
With faint inaudible music, as the wood
Bends 'neath such weight of loveliness? We stood
Under the frail pink locust boughs alone.
What can it matter to have known these springs,
Who have known no summer, nor any ruddy fall
To mark with frosty hand the term of things?
Winter is on us, with her desolate pall
Of silence, and a memory of dead wings,
And specter trees stark shadowed on the wall.

Ah dear, the little garden that we knew,
The little pitiful flowers we loved so well
Who could not love each other, must they tell
Our own tale over again? Must ever new
Forms of our age-long pain arise to sue
Our eyes for pardon, and our hearts to swell
With an unaccustomed sorrow? That we fell
From grace, must they go graceless 'neath the blue
Of the boundless heaven? Ah no! Let there be dearth
For us, who are come too late for harvesting,
But for this one small corner of the earth
That has known our tears, let there be blossoming
Of crocus in cold rain, that some new birth
May come of all our toil and harrowing.

It matters not that this spring too will fade,
Leaving no faintest image in the mind.
Summer will come, and summer still is kind
With mellowing fruits, and there is pleasant shade
In branching apple boughs when sun has made
Fantastic patterns where the eye may find
Nothing of good or evil in the blind
Weaving of light and shadow: a thin blade
Of sun strikes earthward. . . . Tell me, in this hour,
When all springs are as they had never been,
When earth cracks wide with thirst, and thunders lower,
And gold corn withers, and near hills are seen
Dizzily vague through disembodied shower
Of purple haze—were these our fields once green?

A NEW WAY WITH OLD MASTERPIECES

II—*John Milton*

BY ERNEST BOYD

MILTON shares with Shakespeare the distinction of being the most profoundly cherished glory of English literature. In a sense his fame is even more inhumanly secure, his reputation more sacrosanct, because he liked Biblical subjects in his moments of relaxation from the writing of those dreary political pamphlets which actually occupied the best years of his life and are as extinct as the conditions out of which they arose. This predilection of his for themes inspired by the Holy Scriptures has had many (perhaps unpremeditated) advantages for the author of "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes." On the face of it he enjoys the inestimable advantage of being irresistibly and inevitably involved in that general confusion of unfamiliar reverence which embraces Shakespeare, the Bible, and Milton in one vast inability to distinguish the source of such hallowed phrases as we owe to one or another of these treasured English classics. Such lines as "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new," or "Warble his native wood-notes wild," or "Casting a dim religious light," or "That last infirmity of noble mind," or "They also serve who only stand and wait," or "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven" have the charm of that familiarity which breeds indifference to their authorship.

The second advantage attributable to Milton's Scriptural themes is the ease with which they minimize the necessity for reading him. The sacred nature of the subject insures respect, while the fortunate compulsion to attend Sun-

day school—which parents even to-day exercise upon their children—equally insures a knowledge of the rudiments, at least, of the subject itself. For a writer so thoroughly unread as Milton, in whom neither actor-managers nor movie magnates can seek consolation, the benefits of Biblical association cannot be overstressed. Even Dante with his "Inferno" presupposes a slightly higher degree of theological education than is demanded for the instantaneous recognition of the theme of "Paradise Lost." As a matter of fact, the professors and annotators themselves have tacitly recognized that Milton is one of those great authors who should be seen but not heard. Statisticians love to dwell upon the vast literature which has accumulated about Shakespeare. By comparison, Milton dwells in splendid isolation from exegetists. There is only one standard work on Milton, but it does consist, I admit, of six octavo volumes, making a total of some five thousand pages. This monumental achievement, which brightened the life of Professor Masson from 1859 to 1880, has daunted even his colleagues ever since. Milton has not proved such a happy hunting ground for pundits as Shakespeare.

The suspicious, therefore, are entitled to wonder if a great author whom only one professor has resolutely tackled is not beyond the finite literary capacity of the plain people. Granting that one must go through the motions of having some acquaintance with the Bard, if only to qualify for admission to Shakespearean revivals, there does not seem to

be any corresponding necessity to deprive the happy few of their exclusive delight in the works of John Milton. Even those six octavo volumes are difficult to procure and most expensive, whereas *Shakespeare: His Mind and Art* and Sir Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* are in every schoolboy's satchel. Can it be that Samuel Johnson was right when he declared, with his usual hearty English frankness, that "'Paradise Lost' is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. No one ever wished it longer than it is. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure"?

It must be said at the outset that Milton did not make a very happy entrance into the world of English poetry. When he was fifteen he wrote a version of the One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth Psalm, which begins

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Here we have a piece of hymnbook verse typical of hundreds which have driven English hymnologists of taste to cry out in despair. Not more reassuring is the fact that his first original English poem is addressed to "A Fair Infant Dying of a Cough," from which it seems that the pulmonary trouble of the deceased was due to the fact that Bleak Winter

. . . being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to
kiss,
But killed, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal
bliss.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that he declared, on leaving college, with both truth and poetry—

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of
youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth
year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom
shew'th.

After which he retired to the country to prepare himself for "Paradise Lost" for, in spite of his "late spring," Milton conceived himself as having the vocation of a poet: and he set about becoming a poet with the gravity of a pedant qualifying for a learned profession. Very naturally, he wrote about a child dying of a cough at an age when Shakespeare had written "Venus and Adonis." The latter went off to London at twenty-two, unconscious of "amplitude of mind to greatest deeds," and merely produced such youthful follies as "Romeo and Juliet," "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," and his "Rape of Lucrece." Milton's procedure was, of course, different. After seven years at Christ's College, Cambridge, during which he had written about the baby's cough, he withdrew for five years to his father's house in a village a few miles from London. To quote his own words:

And wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse, contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her
wings
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-too ruffled and sometimes impair'd.

To this period of preparation belong "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," and "Lycidas," which the "Lady of Christ's" (as they called him at Cambridge) produced from his unruffled and prolonged meditations and studies. Notwithstanding the latter, he entitles one of these works "Il Penseroso,"—a non-existent Italian word whose correct form, "pensieroso," does not mean what Milton meant. Notwithstanding the country life, far from the "bustle of resort," the images and references to Nature in his poetry are "impair'd" to the extent of showing us a skylark coming to the poet's window, an eglantine that is "twisted," a "wan" cowslip, a pine "rooted deep," and primroses, woodbine, daffodils, and jasmine all in flower simultaneously. Even the lightning is made to "sing" the treetops, and the elm is

described as a tree with foliage so thick as to be "starproof." It is fortunate that Shakespeare devoted the same years of his life in London to the coarse business of living, so that his geography and history, his Latin and his Greek suffered, but he had the spontaneity of the true poet instead of the bookish ecstasies of a serious young man with a poetic vocation—a call, so to speak, to the ministry of the Muses!

The harvest of Milton's early poems is meager, but there we must seek, nevertheless, whatever is of compelling interest in him. The great work of his life was at this stage far off, and so much intervened that by the time he came to write "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" he was a disgruntled Puritan trying to remember that he once was a poet: whereas now he is a potential poet who occasionally forgets to be a Puritan. Sometimes he could say

Alas! What boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted Shepherd's
trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

And we find him crying

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe.

He could remember "spicy, nut-brown ale," "Ladies, whose bright eyes rain influence," and even that abhorrent resort, the theater:

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

At such moments he realized the impulse to poetry—

Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

The few lines and phrases which enjoy the genuine immortality of incorporation into current cultivated usage come, with few exceptions, from "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso." As I have said, even then they are usually attributed to the Bible or Shakespeare. The professors, of course, insist that these works are merely preparatory to those that one praises but never reads.

In this view, to do them justice, Milton would probably have agreed; for he took his poetry sadly, as the English are said to take their pleasures, and found his greatest inspiration in "divinest Melancholy," "Goddess sage and holy." After writing these poems of his first period he made a tour in Italy, and during the year or so of his absence (as he proudly declared) his conduct was as irreproachable as if he had stayed at home—a precedent hardly followed in modern times by upholders of the harsher traditions of Anglo-Saxon pudicity. He did, however, soften under the charm of the South, as so many great English poets did after him. In Italian—which, as Mr. Anthony Comstock points out, is the language of lust—he wrote five poems about a dark-haired beauty whose "majestic movements and love-darting dark brow" impressed him, accustomed as he was to blondes with "golden nets of hair" and "vermeil-tinctur'd cheek." Having called upon Galileo—who was living under the surveillance of the Holy Inquisition—and, generally speaking, having satisfied himself that it was a grand and glorious feeling to be an English Protestant, Milton returned to England where the Civil War was brewing.

The war broke out in 1642, three years after his home-coming; and it had been under way less than twelve months when Milton departed from London for

a month, returning with a wife—the daughter of a Cavalier. The girl was not an intellectual and she was not a Puritan; the result was inevitable: she left him. The “bashful muteness of a virgin” turned out to be “unliveliness and natural sloth unfit for conversation,” a remarkable commentary from a man who had published his views upon the reform of education—excluding women from its benefits, and whose ideal, “He for God only, she for God in him,” could hardly prove very alluring to a girl of seventeen brought away from a gay Cavalier household to the austere home of a Puritan. Milton at once proceeded with the publication of one of those famous and mostly forgotten tracts which occupied the twenty years of his prime, from 1641 to 1660—the period of the rise, apotheosis, and downfall of the Puritan revolution. The pamphlet on “The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce” actually seems to have been begun by him on his honeymoon and is typical of his activities as a pamphleteer. It was prompted entirely by his personal grievances and it was utterly ineffectual. The English Parliament had other matters to attend to before taking up Milton’s demand for a divorce from Mary Powell. It is true that a lady-preacher whose husband “was unsanctified” and did not “speak the language of Canaan,” and who was away with the army, read Milton to such good purpose that she contracted an impromptu marriage with her fellow-pastor, William Jenney, to the great scandal of the Presbyterians. Three more divorce pamphlets failed to move the Parliament, although Milton threatened the law with “the censure of the consequences” if it failed to assist him in his courtship of “a very handsome and witty Miss Davis,” to whom he was paying his addresses while Mary stayed away with her parents. The problem solved itself by the reversal of the Royalist fortunes and the reconciliation of the Powell family with their Puritan and therefore helpful son-in-law.

Even in the classroom I doubt if Milton’s divorce tracts are supposed to be part of a gentleman’s library, but his pamphlet on the liberty of the press receives even to-day the homage which vice pays to virtue. “Areopagitica: a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing” is not, it so happens, an argument in favor of freedom of speech. Like the divorce pamphlets it is concerned with a specific grievance of the author himself, and was written not on behalf of any principle but in defence of his own failure to procure a license from the reverend gentlemen whose duty it was to see that no “forged, scandalous, seditious, libellous and unlicensed” publications were issued. They would naturally not license his divorce pamphlets and so, with that charming respect for law and order peculiar to ascetic and disciplinarian reformers, Milton had defied the law. The title of this pamphlet is borrowed from Isocrates, with whose “Areopagitic Discourse” it has nothing in common as regards form or content. I suspect its survival is due to the fact that it is the one document which it is possible to read out of the mass of cheap political hack-writing and topical propaganda upon which Milton lavished the years for which, as we have seen, he had so carefully prepared himself to live the life of a great poet. It must also be said that it contains that kind of pithy platitude, so sound as to be meaningless, which has always been the mainstay of Anglo-Saxon rhetoric. Let us note a few:

“A dram of well-doing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil doing.” “Opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making.” “As good almost kill a man as kill a good book.” Such apothegms have the wearing quality and durability which enable judges to quote the first while jailing radicals; clergymen to quote the second while conscientious objectors are being lynched; and the third to evoke thunders of applause at some meeting of authors who have refused to

move a finger in defence of a work being harried by professional moralists.

Meanwhile the Civil War was progressing towards the execution of Charles I and the triumph of Presbyterianism. Milton remarked that "New Presbyterian is but old Priest writ large," but beyond this he had nothing to say of the slightest importance either to those interested in literature or ideas. He had a great opportunity to come forward in defence of real freedom of thought; but the Presbyterians "did not fine or imprison him, or put him out of the synagogue," as one of his biographers ingenuously remarks, so very naturally John Milton did not receive any call from on high to strike a blow for liberty—his own interests were not seriously affected. After the King was beheaded, however, he wrote his famous exposition of the complete gospel of Ku Kluxism, "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," in which he lays down the principle of lynch law, that "any who has the power" may interfere to discharge duties which the lawful authorities are supposed to have neglected. After his appointment as Latin Secretary he wrote other scurrilous pamphlets upon which the handbooks of literature lavish whatever praise professional fancy dictates. "Humane studies were swamped in a biblical brawl," to quote one of Milton's biographers, who differs from his academic colleagues in admitting the waste and the irony of this phase of the author's activities. Milton actually lost his eyesight rather than abandon these written squabbles in Latin and English, in which he reveals himself as only a more proficient classical scholar than the most boorish zealot in Cromwell's army who ever speared a Papist in Ireland. At the age of forty-three he went blind, and he had not even begun his masterpiece. He had, however, written "Eikonoklastes" in which he sneers at Charles I for having read Shakespeare, and dismisses Sidney's "Arcadia" as "a vain amatorious poem."

Apart from his political writings no

verse of any note came from him during the period of the Puritan revolution, unless one count the doggerel into which he turned the Psalms. In order to please the Puritans who, with their accustomed fine taste in such matters, preferred ballad rhymes to the antistrophic lyrics as rendered in the Book of Common Prayer, Milton put no less than seventeen Psalms into verse. He had not even the excuse of compulsion, and there were numerous rivals for the honor of mutilating fine literature. His first and second wives had died and his daughters had not yet grown up to hate him, but his youngest nephew, whom he had educated, was the author of a work which the authorities found to contain "much lascivious and profane matter." Another nephew had written a book calculated, it seems, "to debauch the manners of the nation, and to bring back the King." It was evident that Milton's system of education had not worked, or rather had worked as repression always does. His nephews frequented "Cavaliers, and *bons vivans* and demireps." Neither for the Puritan nor the poet were circumstances very propitious in 1660, when the Monarchy was restored, just as Milton was writing his final tract showing a "Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth."

In his fifty-second year, therefore—blind, poor, his occupation gone—Milton settled down to write the great works upon which his fame rests. He married a third time, shortly after the Restoration, and as his daughters grew older they were taught to read aloud in six languages and to help their father, who refused, however, to allow them to learn the languages so that they might understand them. These ladies detested him cordially and one of them remarked that his death would have been news but that his marriage hardly merited the term. A system of education and a revolt quite in keeping with Milton's view that

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good.

but a somewhat ironical footnote on the lines much admired in academic circles as a lofty tribute to women:

All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made.

It was Milton's first intention to take some theme of Arthurian romance as the subject of his epic, but he discarded this idea when he realized that the stories of King Arthur and the Round Table were not all gospel truth. He required a subject whose authenticity was established beyond doubt, and so (being a Calvinist) he had recourse not to the Gospels but to the Old Testament, where he fancied poetry and Fundamentalism could be happily combined. But, as I have said, he waited so long before putting his plan into execution that the Elizabethan elements which lent a reflected glory to his early work had long since vanished before the harsh fervors of militant Puritanism. "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" contained more Fundamentalism than poetry. Milton could compromise upon such trifling details as the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems of astronomy, so that his universe is simultaneously heliocentric and geocentric, in spite of his meeting with Galileo; but he could not evade the injunctions of Calvinistic theology. Never was an epic conceived with more grotesque and depressing intent than to "justify the ways of God to men." That is not the stuff of which the dreams of the world's great epics have been made.

Milton objected to poetry which came "from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar encomiast, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite"—a dictum which eliminates almost all the great poets of the world, from Homer to Verlaine. His own view of the poetic mission was "to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue . . . set the affections

in right tune . . . to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations . . . to deplore the general relapses of Kingdoms and States from justice and God's true worship"—a definition which points towards the perfection and popularity of Robert W. Service and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, to mention the two great songbirds of evangelical democracy to-day. Holding such opinions and being the man of his age that he was, Milton inevitably, "after long choosing and beginning late," selected the Fall of Man for his subject and undertook to explain and solve the mystery of human existence. The result is the vast, chaotic, allegorical, biblical, mythological, bookish, and topical narrative poem of seventeenth-century Puritanism, "Paradise Lost," in which, as Ruskin said, "every artifice of convention is consciously employed—not a single fact being conceived as tenable by any living faith."

The theme was chosen (as all the learned commentators have carefully explained) because it was truth, not fiction. It was addressed to an audience who shared the author's beliefs and who respected the work because they thought it was a profound and beautiful interpretation of life. To a modern audience no such appeal can be made; we are asked to acquiesce not in beliefs but in illusions, whose absurdity—even within their own limits—is accentuated by the author's total lack of humor, his unnecessary ignorance, and his incongruous pedantry. Even Milton's academic admirers have not dared to deny the innumerable and radical defects in "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." Although they insist upon the reality of the subject as justifying its choice, they entreat us to remember that we are in a mythological world. They declare that the mythology and demonology of Milton are obsolete, but ask us to surrender to an interest which they inspired only when they were real, vital matters of faith. On the principle of

grasping a nettle, they concede all the objections which might be raised by an intelligent reader and then take refuge in the sublimity of the style and the pathetic circumstances of the blind author in his loneliness and neglect, with the ribald laughter of the bright Restoration period mocking the dreary experiment of making men moral by terrorism.

The nettle of classical English literature needs to be firmly grasped by the professors, for succeeding generations have been more and more repelled by its prickly Puritanism and its blistering pedantry. Adam and Eve are a typical Puritan ménage of the period, of whom a French critic has said, "Good heavens! make them put on their clothes at once. Such nice people would immediately have invented trousers and prudery." When Eve succumbs to temptation her sentiments do her credit:

" . . . And from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom which alone is truly fair."

Adam is a model of all that a virtuous Puritan householder should be—

" . . . Fair consort, the hour
Of night and all things now retired to rest
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest."

He even indulges his spouse in a brief dissertation upon the interpretation of dreams—which proves, according to all the rules of pedantic annotation, that Milton anticipated Freud when he wrote:

Know that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties that serve
Reason as chief; among these Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm or deny, and call

Our knowledge and opinion . . .
Oft in her absence, mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams.

The same commentator, if American, might also see some prophetic connotations in the line which occurs when the Serpent seduces Eve by his syllogisms:

Such prohibitions bind not. . .

With Calvinistic forethought God sends
Raphael to warn Adam that he is about to sin,

Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd.

If Adam and Eve are a respectable, bourgeois, Puritan couple—Heaven is, as one critic calls it, "a celestial barracks" in which God resembles a well-behaved Stuart king. Discourses, arguments, and homilies in the approved arid manner of the time replace the wonder and mystery with which great poets have invested their visions of the supernatural. The Angels have good appetites, and cold meats are eaten so that the food may not spoil while the syllogists harangue each other. Eve is shown to be a dutiful wife who prefers her husband's opinions to those of any stranger. Milton's memory for parallels from classical literature reminds one of school days when any given English sentence for Latin composition at once aroused the corresponding wooden and eternal idiomatic form in Bradley's *Latin Grammar*, which was duly employed, whatever the English variant might be. Satan's shield is compared to the moon because Homer so compared the shield of Achilles and, in imitation of Homer again, he sets out the names of the Angels' leaders—with full particulars as to their territories—and it turns out that they are precisely the heathen gods of a later age. It is not surprising that the translator of Omar Khayyam—more widely read in English to-day than anything of Milton's—declared that the pedantry of "Paradise Lost" "tipped me at once out of para-

dise or even hell into the schoolroom, worse than either."

Adam is obviously too respectable an English bourgeois to be the hero of an epic, and thus we come to the supreme irony of "Paradise Lost," to wit, that Lucifer is the finest character in it. The first four books of the poem, in which the story of Satan is narrated as consecutively as is possible for Milton, are those which the conventional usually have in mind when they profess their undying admiration for Milton. The remaining eight are generally forgotten and, if the truth must be known, only the first two books of the four in question have that claim to be remembered which consists in the fact that they can be read without excessive effort. Theology is reduced to a minimum, and four more or less engaging scoundrels—Lucifer, Belial, Moloch, and Mammon—impress the impartial reader as personages of brilliant intellect, quite human vindictiveness, and urbane common-sense. Hitherto in English literature the devil had been the conventional medieval clown with horns and cloven feet; but Milton introduces us to a gentleman, or rather a superman who is none the worse for being modeled very probably upon the defeated Cromwell who, at least to Milton, seemed to incarnate the virtues of a strong man in defeat:

Th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me.

It is Satan who displays courage, resource, and inventiveness; who used that artillery in heaven to which the pundits take exception, having swallowed so many camels that this gnat disturbs them; who heads the revolt of man against God, and wins to his side a third of the Angels and almost all the sons of Adam. It is the Devil, too, who voices the principles of the Puritans who fled to New England and were, in

Milton's day, confronted by a wild and savage territory to be tamed and cultivated.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost Archangel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n? this
mournful gloom
For that celestial light? . . .

. . . Here, at least,
We shall be free; th' Almighty, hath not
built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure;

Just as Cromwell supplied to Puritan hero-worship the hint from which Lucifer evolved, so the plight of the Angels cast out from Paradise was suggested by the great adventure of the Puritans who landed at Plymouth Rock. As a distinguished exponent of New England tradition repeatedly points out, "it was no such abstract love of ideal liberty as the superstitious traditions of our later democracy have fondly ascribed to them, which led them painfully to seek refuge in what Cotton Mather fitly called the solitudes of an American desert. . . . There was never a temper much less tolerant than that which they implanted at first in their continent of forest and wilderness. They cared as little for abstract liberty as Strafford cared, or Laud, or Charles himself." Professor Barrett Wendell, whose words I have quoted, was a fervent admirer of Milton but his conclusion was that "the great and lasting human expression of Elizabethan Puritanism" is not to be found in literature but "in the planting of New England, and in the still vital historical growth which has sprung from that seed."

Here we come upon a clue to the mystery of Milton's fame, and to the curious pertinacity with which the mandarins of literary tradition simultaneously give him away, yet insist that he must be taken whole and admired without stint or limit. They make no such appeals *ad misericordiam* for Shakespeare, or in-

deed any other great classic. As I have already shown, so far from conceding that Shakespeare had faults they have made a plaster-saint out of him and have taken all precautions to render him as dull as he seems to them. Perhaps it is in order to show that they *have* read Milton—whereas the plain people universally take him for granted—that they dive into his vast work, “outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,” and come up to the surface bearing evidence of his weaknesses and incongruities.

My own view is that Milton's fame rests upon the simple fact that, instead of joining the witch-burners in Salem, he stayed at home and became the one great poet Puritanism has produced. As such he has the rarity and interest of those strange antediluvian reconstructions which adorn the pre-historic departments of museums for the amazement of gaping crowds on Sunday afternoons. Just as they are not in a position to criticize what purports to be an Ichthyosaurus, so they accept on trust the assurances of Milton's grandeur. “Grandeur” and “sublimity” are words with which to conjure in all discussions of Milton, but they are merely elements of great poetry; they are not sufficient. The Reverend Mark Pattison, B.D., a divine and an Oxford Don, who cannot certainly be accused of bias against the subject of “Paradise Lost,” says, nevertheless, that the “failure of vital power in the constitution of the poem is due to the very selection of the subject by which Milton sought to secure perpetuity. . . . Milton has taken a scheme of life for life itself. Had he, in the choice of subject, remembered the principle of the Aristotelian Poetic (which he otherwise highly prized) that men in action are the poet's proper theme, he would have raised his imaginative fabric on a more permanent foundation; upon the appetites, passions, and emotions of men, their vices and virtues, their aims and ambitions, which are a far more constant quantity than any theological system.”

In other words, if Milton had been more truly an Elizabethan and less incurably a Puritan his work would be immortal, as much more antiquated and primitive poetry is, and he would have been a great poet. Homer and Vergil incorporated into their epics beliefs and customs at which we have smiled for centuries: but they sang of eternal things, of love and war and death; they were not in possession of revealed truth and are thus without the personal limitations, destroying vision, and thwarting impulse—which hemmed in the faint early trickle of genuine poetry in Milton, as they have increasingly repulsed readers from his obsolete and artificial works. He has been compared to a river flowing between two different territories and colored by their different earth. At the end of the Elizabethan age he caught its last breath of poetry, and this he deferred using until it was little more than an intermittent respiration, heard in such lines—even in “Paradise Lost”—as

Now comes still evening on, and twilight
grey

Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their
nests,

Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firma-
ment

With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
The starry host rose brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light
And o'er the dark her silver mantle drew.

He belonged to a drab age and elected to write the only kind of epic of which such an age is capable; he was a Puritan zealot, whose services as a political pamphleteer produced only two prose works which are distinguishable from the dusty mass of such tracts as the Civil War inspired. Neither of these sprang from any understanding of liberty, but were apologies and pleas for his own conduct as a husband and an author who was

defying the law, or contemplated doing so. Although his divorce tracts and the "Areopagitica" are mentioned as examples of his devotion to liberty, nobody has ever pretended that the work upon which his best energies were expended is other than that which might have come from any fanatical and scurrilous partisan of his time. His specific activities as a Puritan champion of the Revolution and Commonwealth are remembered, therefore, merely because of that Elizabethan element in him, belonging to a time when England surrendered to her sensibilities and to the free play of the imagination—holding to natural beliefs, full-blooded and adventurous, pagan and wild, responding instinctively to beauty if not always capable of expressing it. As against Sidney, Shakespeare, and Spenser, Puritan England can set only Milton—and he is buttressed up by so many concessions that one detects a fearful anxiety lest his claim be completely dismissed.

Milton, then, remains as a sacred relic of the belief that Puritanism and literature can be harmoniously reconciled. He lived on into an age which reversed in life and literature everything that he

and his supporters, both contemporary and posthumous, have advocated. It is significant that, while even clerical commentators admit that time is sapping such vitality as his most important works possessed, revivals of the gay comedies of the Restoration are being played to-day to crowded audiences who heard nothing of Congreve, Farquhar and Vanbrugh from the college exegetists—unless perhaps that they were unworthy of serious attention. Restoration drama by its innate vital qualities will survive, and the names of its creators will become as familiar through experience to modern playgoers as the names of immortally dead classics are familiar to professors. Annotators are not required to explain why "The Way of the World" is charming after centuries of neglect. They are essential to the spread of Milton's fame, for he illustrates—more perfectly than any other—the process of artificial respiration whereby classical literature is kept alive. By the average man or woman of the present day he is likely to be remembered by this one characteristic which he had in common with all Puritans: he made the Devil irresistibly attractive.

FOUNTAINS

BY GEORGE O'NEIL

FEW things are lovelier than fountains are.
 Seldom in life can beauty be so free,
 So disentangled from complexity
 And clearly wondrous as a founding star.
 White water stabbing at a blue sky far
 Or falling over in a crystal tree
 With frozen fire in all its veins to see
 Shuttled by winds into a rainbow bar. . . .

Rarely the miracle surpasses this
 Silvery utterance of secret birth
 Spending the silence in a radiant rain.
 As eloquent to tired souls as a kiss
 A fountain is, flashing above the earth,
 Driven and forceful, beautiful and vain.

A BOY IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Recollections of My Father, General Grant

BY JESSE R. GRANT

In Collaboration with Henry Francis Granger

Part III

CONSTANTLY I marvel how different things are and yet how little changed. There is material progress without end; even, we imagine, a new psychology; but to argue from this that there is change, is, to say the least, inconclusive. It appears rather that we have worked marvels in and with everything save ourselves.

Time and again, within the space of my recollection, history has repeated the same egregious folly, and ever the same old human nature displays the same unlovely traits. Only the garments of Folly change—the Jade remains ageless.

I read but the other day that President Coolidge had discontinued the handshaking receptions at the White House. It was a practice involving mental and physical torture to the Executive and served no useful purpose, and yet the editor was inclined to complain of the innovation. And again, I read that those close to the President are disturbed by his refusal to array himself in more formal dress. I can but smile—it is so much a part with yesterday.

And among the grave matters of that yesterday—the *Crédit Mobilier*, the Whisky Ring, the Mulligan Letters—were the prototypes of much of that which is to-day's news. Men said then that those things sounded the death knell of Republicanism. I hear the same dismal prophecy solemnly repeated to-day. Are we better or worse, or never as good as our friends acclaim, or as bad as our enemies avow?

I never met an individual who impressed me as all bad; I doubt if there ever was such an one. It has been my good fortune to meet and know many splendid characters, men whose uprightness may not be questioned or denied. But among all the men I have known, three stand out before me as superlatively possessed of the moral and spiritual qualities, the genuine humane-ness, the charity and innate righteousness that make up the complete measure of goodness.

One of these I knew more intimately and loved beyond any other; one I met and talked with but a few times; one I met but once. They were men of different nationalities and creeds, men sprung from environments as dissimilar as may be imagined; men who might be presumed to have little in common, even in their conception of right. But to me in my life Pope Leo XIII, Li Hung Chang, and father were the three good men. I have no argument to support my belief, I would attempt no analysis of what remains a conviction; it came and it abides and I set it down here.

One situated as was father when Commander-in-Chief of the Union Armies, and as President of the United States, could not know personally all who held command or received preferment under him. For the most part he had to rely upon the judgment and integrity of those recommending the appointment. But nothing ever procured

or influenced a personal appointment but father's belief that the appointee was an able and a good man.

Evening after evening in the White House he talked with mother, and I listened. Sometimes I grasped the details then, sometimes understanding came later, but always his purpose was unmistakably clear to me:

"The Country needs, I must find, a good man; the best man procurable."

Never in such discussion was there consideration of the effect upon his political fortunes or of its bearing upon the friendship or loyalty of his personal supporters. And when he had decided upon the man father appointed him, gave him the freest possible hand, and supported him. But in the final determination, personal friendship and political exigency counted for nothing.

Not always did the men whom father appointed measure up to his expectations. It could not be expected. I speak with all reverence: Peter who denied and Judas who betrayed were of the chosen Twelve.

One of the worst scandals which happened in father's administration arose from what is yet believed to be the dishonesty of General Belknap, the Secretary of War.

The Government Trading Posts in the Indian Country were a constant source of annoyance to the Administration. The position of Post Trader was at most posts a fat plum, and the Traders robbed both the Indians and the Government with cheerful impartiality. Nothing could be done about it. For years the Trading Posts were monuments of Congressional culpability. It was a situation which the President could neither alter nor control. In his First Annual Message, of December 6, 1869, father said:

"From the foundation of the Government to the present the management of the original inhabitants of this continent—the Indians—has been a subject of embarrassment and expense, and has been attended with continuous robberies,

murders, and wars. From my own experience upon the frontiers and in Indian countries, I do not hold either legislation or the conduct of the whites who come most in contact with the Indian blameless."

This was the condition that led to the political and social ruin of an able, upright, chivalrous man. I have never known of a case analogous to the deplorable fate that was General Belknap's. His were, substantially, the acts charged; acts capable of but one construction, and yet acts that until the last moment, until rumors had spread everywhere (save to the ears of the man involved) and impeachment was imminent, he had performed with no faintest suspicion of the real situation.

Caught in a fate incredible, bizarre beyond imagining, a fate from which nothing could save him but an explanation that would utterly destroy another—a public explanation General Belknap would never offer—he came to father.

History records that father accepted the resignation of General Belknap, his Secretary of War, upon the eve of his impeachment. For this father was severely criticized. But what History does not record, what has never been told until now, is that father suggested that resignation, compelled it. He told mother and me so that evening.

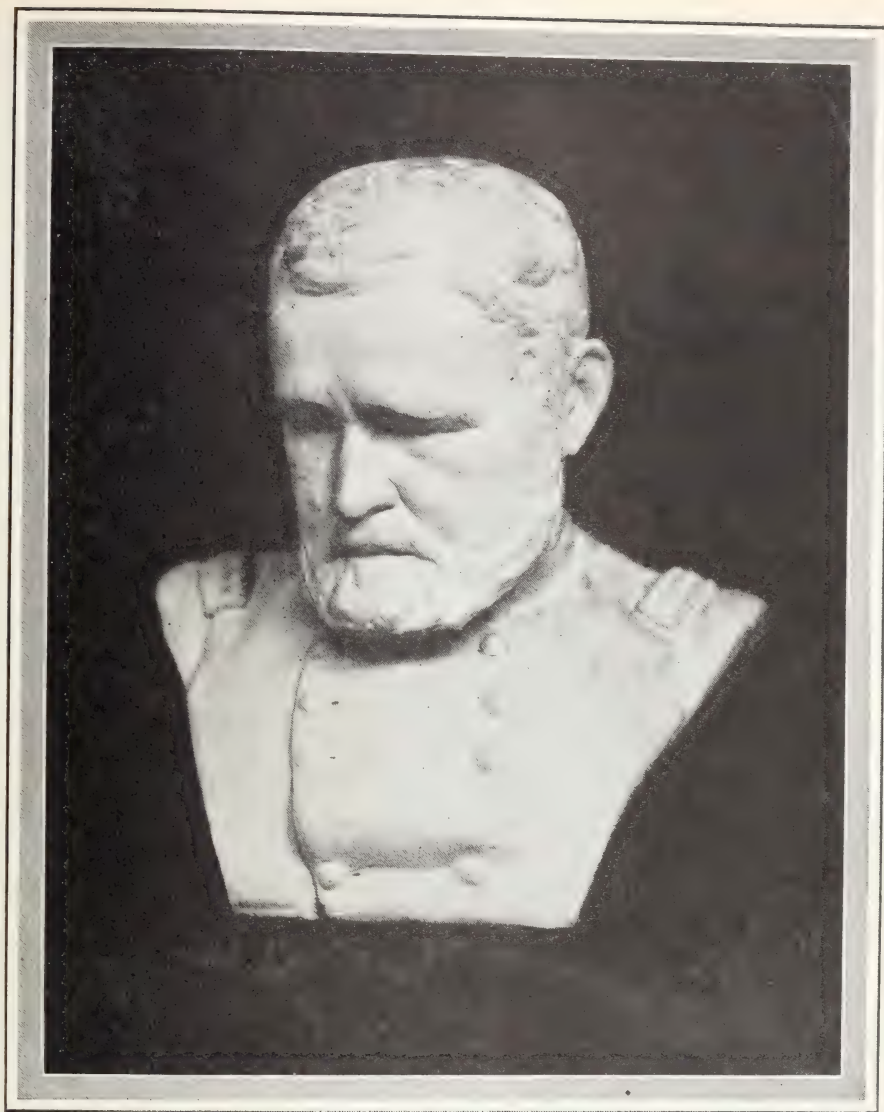
"Impossible! Such an act would involve, might even ruin you politically, Mr. President!" protested General Belknap.

"I demand and shall immediately accept your resignation," answered father.

And as the two old comrades and friends shook hands at that sad parting, father said, "If it can comfort you to hear it, I would assure you of my unbounded sympathy and respect, General Belknap."

And that evening, as he told mother and me what had happened, he said, "I shall be severely criticized for this, Julia, but I would not do less and I only wish I could do more."

I have read garbled versions of the



THE GERHARDT BUST OF GRANT

Modeled in 1885, during the General's last illness. "To my mind this bust . . . has in it more of General Grant than can be found in any other likeness of him that has ever been made since he was a famous man. I think it may rightly be called the best portrait of General Grant that is in existence. The bust has about it a suggestion of patient and brave and manly suffering which is infinitely touching."—*Mark Twain's Autobiography*.

General Belknap story, tales founded upon more or less excusable inference, but never one which displayed an understanding of the facts as father told them to me at the time, or in any degree exonerated the innocent victim of a woman's dishonesty. Here is the real story as I recall it.

Neither General Belknap, the Secretary of War, nor the War Department had any voice in the appointment of

Indian Agents. This fact did not deter a woman from manipulating the situation to her own advantage.

A sister of Mrs. Belknap, a young widow, made her home with the family of the Secretary of War. This sister-in-law had inherited a fortune from her deceased husband and was considered, and always appeared to be, a woman of wealth. Understanding the situation existing in the management of Indian

Affairs and the traffic in Agencies, she sought to turn her knowledge to a profit.

Her plan, devilish in its ingenious simplicity, was illustrated by the disclosures brought out in the investigation of the Fort Sill Agency.

She represented that the Secretary of War, her brother-in-law, was in position to dictate the appointment of Post Traders and that he would be governed in such appointments by her recommendation. This claim, false and improbable upon its face, was credited. Then, that she might profit by the credence of unscrupulous persons scrambling for the more profitable Agencies without putting to the test her claim of influence she developed a truly machiavellian idea.

One Evans had secured the appointment as Indian Trader at Fort Sill, one of the most profitable posts. The young woman suggested to a man named

March that he put in an application for the Fort Sill Agency, and that in consideration of an equal share in his profits she would bring about the transfer of the post from Evans to him. The bargain was made and the terms agreed upon.

Word was then communicated to Evans that he was in danger of losing his post and, in his anxiety, Evans hurried to Washington. Thereupon the woman advised March that Evans was in Washington, prepared to make a fight to retain the agency, and suggested that March see him. The result of the conference was that March and Evans came to an agreement under which Evans was to keep the post, but pay March twelve thousand dollars a year, quarterly in advance, as long as he held it. The first quarterly payment was made and March turned half of it over to General Belknap's sister-in-law.

Subsequently Mrs. Belknap died and the Secretary of War married his sister-in-law. Believing his new wife to be a woman of wealth with invested interests, General Belknap made no inquiry into her affairs. Later, in the absence of Mrs. Belknap, a check from March for her share of the money paid by Evans to retain his post was received by General Belknap, who accepted it for his wife and receipted therefor with no suspicion that it was other than a check in payment of a portion of her proper income.

When investigation threatened, word was promptly sent to Evans who hurried to Washington to see Belknap.

"What shall I do?" Evans asked.

"Simply tell the truth," answered Belknap. "If you have honestly administered your agency there can be nothing to fear."

"If I tell the truth what will become of you?" queried Evans.



SECRETARY W. W. BELKNAP

"Disgraced in the eyes of the world, but to father and me an upright, chivalrous man."

"March has regularly turned over half of the money I paid him and he holds your receipt."

This was the first intimation General Belknap had of the real situation. As soon as he understood all the facts he went to father, as I have told.

The House failed to impeach General Belknap because he was already out of office. Impeachment proceedings dragged along in the Senate and were finally dropped. Mrs. Belknap took herself to Europe and remained there. The General returned to private life, discredited and disgraced in the eyes of the world, but to father and to me an upright, chivalrous man, worthy of all respect.

It was after this that father did another thing without precedent. With such wide publicity that even Congress lacked the temerity to act to thwart the plan, father offered the appointment of Post Traders to the authoritative heads of the various church denominations, both Protestant and Catholic. As I recall it the Catholic, and every Protestant denomination but one, recommended men who were duly licensed Post Traders.

It was long after that father acquainted me with the result of this effort to secure honest men for the Trading Posts. With a grim smile which but emphasized the disappointment in his voice, he told me that, of all the appointees recommended by the various ecclesiastical denominations, only those endorsed by the Catholic Church had proven incorruptible.

I would mention one more incident of misfortune to a public official. This was the Postmaster of a New Jersey city, an old soldier whom father knew, who had left an arm at Shiloh.

To this Postmaster the editor of a prominent local paper was bitterly an-



PRESIDENT GRANT

From a photograph taken during his second term.

tagonistic. Continually the editor attacked him in the columns of his paper, and finally he printed a scandalous article reflecting upon the character of the Postmaster's wife.

Stung beyond endurance, the crippled Postmaster shot and killed the editor.

The Senator, who considered that particular postoffice part of his official patronage, came to father explaining that he was obliged to be absent for a fortnight and requesting that nothing be done in the matter of appointing a postmaster at — until his return.

"But — has a postmaster," said father mildly.

"I understand. But haven't you heard, Mr. President? Postmaster X has been indicted for murder!"

"I have heard about it," answered father. "It seems to me the vacancy is in that newspaper office, not in the

This man first came up to father upon the street in Washington. After dismissing the White House guard which had surrounded Lincoln, father not only refused to continue any precautionary measures of that sort but as uncompromisingly declined to be followed about by Secret Service agents. So on this day father, as was his custom, was walking alone when the stranger accosted him.

"General Grant, I can't stand this persecution any longer!" began the stranger.

Father stopped. "What do you mean?" he asked quietly.

"You know what I mean. You have persecuted me for years. Now I'm going to kill you!"

Then father understood. Unarmed, he was confronting a man possessed of a homicidal mania.

"I don't believe I would do that," he said evenly. "I am sure we can come to an agreement satisfactory to both. I will agree to cease persecuting you, and you in turn will agree to abandon your plan. We cannot discuss this upon the public street. I would suggest that you come to see me at the White House to-morrow morning."

For a moment the stranger hesitated and father watched him closely, striving to anticipate his next move.

"I shall be there at ten o'clock," the man decided and, turning, walked away.

Father followed until he met a policeman. The insane man was still in sight. Pointing him out to the officer, father explained briefly, directing that the man

be apprehended and cared for. He believed, of course, that an examination would disclose the man's mental condition, and he cautioned the officer particularly that there be no publicity given to the fact that he had threatened the President.

The stranger was taken in and examined. He refused to tell his name or his place of residence, but he readily

admitted that he had spoken with the President and he charged father with having persecuted him for years. He was held under observation. While so detained he came in contact with those who came to credit his tale. A fund was subscribed by those charitably disposed persons, and alienists were employed who declared the man not only sane but possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. Proceedings were instituted that effected his release and the efforts in his behalf continued until a Congressional



MRS. GRANT

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committee was appointed to examine into his charges. The man refused to divulge the cause for his act but he told a lucid story of bitter hounding by father which had driven him from his home, destroyed his business, and finally procured his incarceration in an insane asylum. A rigorous cross-examination failed to shake this story or develop evidence of mental aberration. Nothing was lacking but the cause for father's animosity. That appeared to lie hidden in some secret which he must guard even in his misfortune and suffering.

So far from discrediting, this intensified the sympathy for him.

"He has persistently followed me to this very day," he answered one last question.

"How can that be?" he was quickly asked. "You are with powerful friends now. No one can harm or approach you."

"He can," the man answered. "He comes through the keyhole."

Later a messenger came to father with the assurance that there was no further cause for apprehension. The man would be carefully guarded.

"Turn the poor devil loose," said father. "Why single him out? The country has been listening to keyhole stories ever since I left Galena."

I heard and was troubled. There were times when father puzzled me. "If the man is crazy, he might shoot you," I argued.

"Yes, that is true," smiled father. "But don't you think it a pity to cage the only scotched snake?"

I puzzled over that for a considerable time.

It was about this time that I came across a school history which in its account of the Civil War made no mention of father other than to say that Lee had surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. I came to father in great indignation. "It's Swinton's *History*. Did you ever know him?"

"Yes, I knew him," said father. "He might do that. I once saved his life."

Then I heard the story. As I recall it, Swinton was a protégé of John Lothrop Motley and a friend of Sumner. At the request of Sumner he was admitted within the Union Lines as a newspaper correspondent and historical observer. He came to be suspected of furnishing information to the Confederates. Later, at Cold Harbor, he was court-martialed by General Burnside and condemned to be shot. Father was at City Point and knew nothing about it until a member of his staff brought

the news that they had caught Swinton at last and that he was sentenced to be shot as a spy. Father promptly ordered his release and expulsion from the Union Lines. I never asked father why he did it.

I went to Cornell at the age of sixteen. The story of my college life has no part here. It was uneventful. The fact that I was the son of the President brought me no more preferment at Cornell than it had among the boys with whom I played around the White House. If the fact was remembered it was but to make me the uncomfortable victim of some jest.

I shall never forget one embarrassing occasion. Upon returning to college from vacations it was the practice of a large group of students to gather in New York City and charter a special car for the trip to Ithaca. This by preference was a day coach, both because it would hold more and because the purpose was not to sleep.

Upon this occasion there were enough of us to fill our special car to overflowing, when an accident to a preceding train caused its passengers to be transferred to ours. A fine old farmer and his Shaker-bonneted wife were allotted to our car. I believe I was about the only boy on board who was not possessed of some sort of musical instrument and the din—we considered it music—was terrific. For a time the countryman and his wife sat silent and rigid, as I fancied they imagined seasoned travelers should sit, but at last the old gentleman's curiosity overpowered his diffidence and he leaned forward to inquire of a boy in the next seat if we were a minstrel troupe.

"A minstrel troupe!" the young wretch exclaimed shrilly. And then in a horrified whisper audible to all in the sudden silence, "Didn't you know that this is the private car of General Grant's youngest son?"

Crowded in a double seat with four or five others, I heard, as was intended,

ut I heard also the warning hissed in my ear, "Sit still!" As the first boy addressed had risen to the occasion, so the others were instantly as alert to support him.

"That's him, over there—the little runt with the red ears and the body-guard."

In full swing now the sibilant whisper went on. "The rest are mostly great musicians, hired by the Government at enormous expense to amuse m."

I wriggled in embarrassment at my body-guard, real now, edged me in my seat.

"That one," he indicated a youth who a few minutes before had been rumming on a tinjo, "gets ten thousand a year. That man over there with the flute is played before the crowned heads of Europe. He gets fifteen thousand dollars a year and all his expenses. The Government is right liberal with the President's boys. Just before Christmas they sent up a big box with three or four packages of greenbacks, right off the presses in Washington, for each of us. We've just been down to New York to spend it."

At this the old man's indignation burst forth.

"By jiminy!"—his voice was shrill—"I've read a lot in my newspaper about the doings down to Washington since the war! I didn't believe more'n half of it, but now I see they didn't tell more'n

half the truth. I've voted the Republican ticket ever since there was any, but I'll never vote it again!"

"Oh, that's nothing," his tormentor answered indifferently. "Didn't you read in your paper about three weeks ago that the President had sent the Secretary of State to Spain on a man-of-war to bring back a troupe of bull fighters that Jesse wants to see perform?"

That's going to cost a quarter of a million."

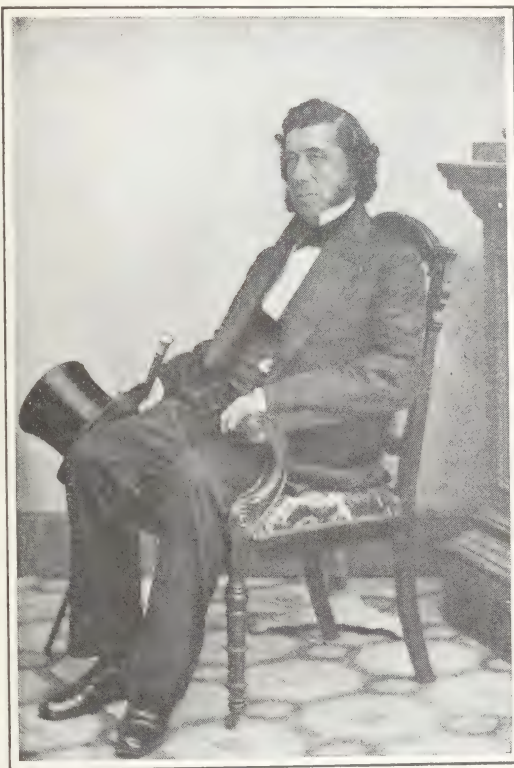
The old man sputtered out something I did not catch, but just then his wife came into action and I heard her plainly:

"David, you come right out of here! I reckon that young man's lying, mostly, but we ain't goin' to ride with such folks!"

That was the sort of consideration my position as the son of the President brought me. It was rather difficult at times. But there was another side to the picture. When father and mother

came to Ithaca to see me, as happened two or three times, there was never any demonstration or expression of curiosity from the student body or any member thereof. They recognized my right to privacy with my family as fully as that of any other student. The boys who would have thronged noisily about father's car if he had stopped there upon any other occasion, never appeared when he was there as my guest.

As for me, I was more conversant with affairs in Washington during my college



HAMILTON FISH

Secretary of the Treasury under President Grant.

days than when I was at home in the White House. This was natural. I was growing older; and from Ithaca, Washington stood out in sharper perspective.

I remember that once upon my return from college I first asked father why he did not put an end to all the third-term talk by publicly declining to serve. The same question had been asked repeatedly by numerous editorial writers. I knew how father felt about it, and that he was looking forward to the end of his Presidency as toward a joyous release. Yet the discussion went on, each advocacy bringing down a storm of acrimonious objection. In South Carolina the Republican State Convention had declared for a third term, and Senator Conklin had delivered a speech that aroused a furor of discussion.

Through it all father remained silent, refusing to discuss the subject or even to comment upon it outside the family circle. And so, at last, I asked the question.

"Talk only furnishes fuel for more talk, Jesse," said father gravely.

"I don't mean to discuss it," I tried to explain—"just decline."

"Do you want me to decline something that has never been offered to me?" He smiled upon me quizzically. "If the effort is made, I shall refuse to permit my name to be brought before the next National Convention. Until then it would be futile for me to speak."

Father was true to his promise. At the National Convention which nominated Hayes father refused to permit his name to be brought forward. The

country faced no crisis that demanded his services, he was tired out and, as completely as a man of his indomitable nature could become, he was discouraged by the lack of appreciation so widely displayed. It hurt father to be represented as a designing man nursing a deadly ambition. No act of his public career justified the presumption that he was self-seeking. Ever one of his most striking characteristics was his unselfish patriotism.

As I look back over the years I again see his face and hear his low voice as he talked with mother and me of his desires and aspirations, uncovering to us who loved and understood his hopes and simple faith. And now in these latter days I feel that I have come to an understanding of the doubt and suspicion that thickened about him.

The explanation lies in a single paragraph of an old editorial upon father's last Annual Message. It reads:

"The message of the President is very characteristic. It shows both his shrewdness and his simplicity."

There it is. To many, simplicity, it does not mean feeble-mindedness signifies shrewdness. The world has never understood simplicity in which there was understanding but no guile.

The world knows of father's victories and defeats, his achievements, his steadfast loyalty, his uncomplaining courage and it has come to an understanding of his integrity. This would have more than satisfied father, but it does not suffice me. I would have the world know, too, the man I knew.

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN

A Novel—Part V

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

XIX

AFTER that there remained only his humiliation when he had to tell his cousins he had changed his mind. But this was less painful to swallow than he could have thought. He felt a new, changed Daniel, facing life from a different angle. It was as if up till then he had faced life from Bullockdean in spite of his being in Sark, whereas now definitely he faced it from Sark, and the Bullockdean angle seemed distant and unreal.

He wrote to his mother and told her he was going to be married, though he did not tell her the circumstances of his meeting his bride. His mother, of course, could tell Belle and Ernley—he need not worry about that. Not that he felt inclined to worry—even the shadow of Belle was gone now, for he had stepped outside the room of memory and stood seeing the islands and the sea without a glass between.

The days which followed were so full of preparations that he had little time for thought. The le Couteurs were anxious both to bind their cousin and get rid of the stranger as quickly as possible, so it was decided that the marriage should take place as soon as the necessary formalities would allow. There was some difficulty about finding a house, either at La Colinette or at La Ville Oussel. Dan inspected one or two cottages at the Dos d'Âne, the Jaspellerie, and Moie Fano, and finally decided on the last in spite of its lonely position on the cliff-top, looking down on the teeth

of Brenière. It was larger than the other two, though it contained but three rooms, and seemed firmly built for the weather, with a roof of thatch and tiles instead of the usual corrugated iron. The rent was only three *livres tournois* a week—about two shillings—and during the season he would probably earn from thirty shillings to two pounds. At least ten shillings a week would have to be put by for the unprofitable winter, but even then he might be able to earn something by helping his uncles on the farm—a service they would no longer expect for nothing.

On the whole he was not unhappy; he now had roots again, though in strange earth. At first he had half thought of taking Rose over to England and trying to find a job there, but he shrank from facing the struggle of the employment market with her dependent on him, and he saw more clearly the consequences of bringing her to the George than he had seen them in the case of Belle. With Belle such dependence had been his only chance of speedy marriage, and his craving for her had blinded him to its inevitable miseries; but now that he had the alternative of an independent and self-supporting home, he would be a fool to give it up merely to escape from Sark. Since it was his only hope of married comfort, the le Couteurs must have their wish and get his mother back again.

Sometimes there were moments, generally in the middle of the night, when he wondered if he wasn't mad to be acting so—to be marrying this unknown girl without loving her, indeed while he

loved another woman, and settling down in this unfriendly island where in spite of his blood he was still a stranger. But he ended his qualms invariably with the question, "What does it matter, anyway?"—the old army spirit of fatalism was still upon him, the kismet of the trenches. He watched his approaching marriage as he used to watch the German shell-fire. If it was due to smash him it would, and if it wasn't it wouldn't. There was nothing he could do about it.

The day before the May day fixed for the wedding he had three letters from England: one from his mother, one from Jess Harman, and one—at last—from Ernley Munk. His mother was a little inclined to reproach; she saw her son and her son's money alienated together. "But then you never really care for me like Christopher"—Christopher who, Dan reflected angrily, had never earned a shilling for her in his life. "No doubt my brothers Eugene and Philip are glad, for so they get us back"—evidently his mother's mind worked that way too. "Your father sends his love and kind regards and best wishes for a bright and prosperous wedding."

Jess Harman had her expected string of news, a little shorter than usual to allow room for congratulations: "I'm sure I wish you happy, Daniel, as this leaves me at present. You deserve to be happy if anyone did, and I reckon you could make a girl happy easier than most. Maudie talks of leaving the Crown, for she says young Mr. Munk is not so pleasant to work under as his father."

Ernley's letter ran:

Dear Daniel:—

I expect you're thinking all sorts of bad things about me for not having written for so long—or I might even say for not having written at all. But it was difficult to write at first, wasn't it? and afterwards it wasn't much easier, as there didn't seem to be any reason for starting suddenly. Now I've got a reason and I'm glad, for I want to hear more of you except just that you're going to

get married, which isn't very original. I hope she's worthy of you—you're rather a damn fool about women, you know, and yet you deserve the best, so I hope you've got her. Now I suppose you will settle down in Sark for good. Well, you might do worse. I'm getting a bit sick myself of the land fit for heroes to live in. You'd think my job was to sell poison, to judge by the fuss they make and the restrictions they put on. But I'm better off than your dad, who does sell poison, if I may say so. Still, I think he's a fool to try on all the games he does—I was sorry about his being so heavily fined last sessions, but I'd warned him, and being in a racing neighborhood, I suppose they're extra strict. If I were you I'd write and tell him to be careful, but I expect you have.

I've built a new wing on to the Crown, in spite of all, so I've nothing to complain about really. However, I can't help thinking our best times were in the army, in spite of all the noise and blood. Life wasn't so deuce complicated, somehow; one knew what one wanted and wanted the sort of things one could get. I'm to be a proud father again next autumn; the other kid's a regular Shackford; I hope this will be a Munk—the look at I mean, for I don't wish him so ill as to hope he'll inherit my devil. Do write soon and tell me about Miss Falla—rollicking sound to the name, somehow.

Daniel paused. Ernley sounded back. How well he knew his devil—that queer, bitter, angry, unhappy, rather comical devil who at times made Ernley so difficult to love. He wondered what Bell was feeling—not a single reference to her except indirectly. It might be cautious but it didn't sound like that. He wished Ernley hadn't written—worrying him like this just before his wedding day. And about his father, too. He was worried about his father. "Heavily fined last sessions"—he'd never heard of that—they'd kept that from him. The old life was suddenly and painfully reasserting itself, just as he was going to cut off forever. Well, he mustn't think of it any more—he could do nothing about it. His responsibilities were no longer the old ones of Ernley and Belle and the George, but the new ones of marriage, home, and children. Yes, he suppose

the day would come when he too would be a "proud father." Well, he wouldn't peer about it like Ernley—he'd be glad; and he knew that already his allegiance belonged to the unborn.

The wedding of Daniel Sheather and Rose Falla took place in the afternoon, in the midst of a high wind stroking the back of Sark and rippling the buttercup-thickened hay. The sun shone gayly in spite of the small white clouds that blew over the sky, and the general air was one of brightness and freshness and laughter, a rollicking sort of air, like the bride's name.

Bride and bridegroom drove together to church with their relations. Into the big mule-cart were packed, besides themselves, Uncle Eugene and Uncle Philip, one or two cousin Eugenes and cousin Philips, Helier, William, and Alice. The best, including the children, came on foot and as it was impossible for the mules to go at more than a foot pace most of the way, they trod round the wheels, talking and staring.

Rose wore a new blue dress for which her measurements had been sent to Guernsey. Without her sophisticated work-girl's clothes she looked more of a child than ever and more of an islander. stealing a secret glance at her now and then, Dan found her sweet and appealing in her laughter and her shyness. He was glad that she was fair and round-faced and would never look like Alice le Couteur, who had already a witchy air about her, with her sharp nose and black locks. She was facing her future without a qualm, without a thought of the life and friends she had left in Jersey, accepting trustfully the life and friends he had found in Sark. She trusted Dan as absolutely as she had trusted him when at his word she had faced without question the perils of La Déroute. Well, he hoped her trust would be better justified this time, that her matrimonial craft would not go to the bottom like the *Baleine* . . . he clenched his hands upon his knees as he vowed to himself

that, come what might, this little thing should not suffer for the risks he had taken . . . he would strive for her happiness as he would have striven for Belle Shackford's—she should be given no less than he would have given Belle.

They walked into the Church on either side of old Eugene le Couteur—Rose in her blue dress, Daniel in his blue jersey and wide-bottomed trousers. The church was packed, for weddings were a rare excitement, and at the end of the aisle by the little bare altar *le ministre* stood already waiting, holding open in his hand the Prayer Book of Helier de Carteret, which was Dan's Prayer Book now.

"Bien-aimés, nous sommes réunis ici sous le regard de Dieu. . ."

The service had begun. Daniel and Rose stood alone together, hand in hand before the minister, for Uncle Eugene had withdrawn from publicity into a pew, from which he did not emerge till the question *"Qui est-ce qui donne cette femme en mariage à cet homme?"* when he shouted *"C'est moi!"* as if across seven miles of sea. Then Daniel found himself saying after the priest—

"Moi, Daniel, je te prends Rose, pour ma femme et mon épouse, afin de t'avoir et de te garder, dès ce jour à l'avenir que tu sois meilleure ou pire, plus riche ou plus pauvre, en maladie et en santé, pour t'aimer et te chérir, jusqu'à ce que le mort nous sépare, selon la sainte institution de Dieu, et sur cela je t'engage ma foi."

Well, he meant it all, anyway. The strange language didn't make any difference. He knew that he'd promised just the same as he would have promised in English to Belle and, having promised no less, he could give no less. Standing there with all the brown and blue eyes of the island fixed upon him, he knew that his mind was clear of its last doubt. This second part of his adventure with Rose would not end in shipwreck like the first. If he only did what he had promised . . . and he would. Now he was putting the ring on her finger, and was worshiping her with his body—now

their hands were joined and *le ministre* was saying:

"Puisque Daniel et Rose ont consenti à s'unir en saint mariage, je declare qu'ils sont entre eux mari et femme, au nom du Père et du Fils et du Saint Esprit."

The harmonium gave a sigh, preliminary to shaking the marriage psalm out of its heart. Dan and Rose scrambled to their feet and followed the minister into the chancel. They held hands almost convulsively during the rest of the service, which they scarcely felt concerned them, their own personal part being now over. They were married. They were husband and wife, whom man could not put asunder. They who had not known each other a month ago would from henceforward know only each other. Daniel would belong to Rose and Rose would belong to Daniel till their eyes were dim and their hair was gray—they would build up a new life together in a new home—they would love beings as yet unborn, whose very names they did not know as yet. Passionate love was waiting in their hearts for those who were not yet alive. All the years that they had lived before—he with his parents at Bullockdean, and she with her father in Jersey—were only a sort of preparation to the main business of life. His love for Belle was only an episode. This was the center and heart and reality of his life. This was marriage. Daniel felt almost afraid when he saw what marriage meant—when he saw how it could brush aside all the fire and glory and anguish of love, and murmur its blessing over a few stones which forthwith became bread . . . water which became wine. . . . "And there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee" A poor little affair of stones and water, which had somehow become bread and wine. That was his marriage with Rose.

They had turned from the altar and were writing their names in the vestry. Uncle Eugene made his mark as a witness after he had been satisfied that he was not committing himself financially

in any way. The cousins signed, but no one offered to kiss Rose—kissing at weddings was an English custom, Daniel supposed, like wedding cake and bridemaids and flowers and confetti and all the other things that would have been so important at Bullockdean. All that was English on this occasion was the music. There had been an Anglican chant at the psalms, and now Mendelssohn's wedding march burst forth at Dan and Rose walked down the aisle of the empty church and out into the churchyard, whither all the congregation had rushed in a body before then.

There was a feast at the Pêche Agneau—a feast of lobsters and *gâteaux* and *armoniac*, to which came Hamon and Carrés and Falles and de Carteret from all parts of the island. Somehow Daniel and Rose seemed almost a minor part of the occasion. They sat silently side by side while round them flowed the island French, which is to the French of Paris what cider is to wine. As yet it was not quite the language of either, since Rose had not spoken it for a year and Daniel had spoken it only for a year. If they did not listen the words came only in scattered drops, without meaning. Dan could take for granted that his relatives and friends were now discussing the marriage but the prospects of next season or the politics of Sark's most parochial pump.

He was free to look at Rose and think how pretty she was with her golden hair and her blue dress, like buttercups by the sea. The line of her chin and neck was somehow helpless and innocent, like a child's; yet her little mouth and nose had a funny, decided air about them; and if, though she would rely on him in all the big matters of life, in the small she would know her business—what to eat and drink and wear. In the blue pool of her eyes swam a queer flame which he had not noticed till to-day. When her eyes met his the flame brightened and when she turned them away he could still see it shining, as one can see

the sunshine in hidden water reflected on a rock.

They seldom spoke to each other. Once—"Are you tired?" he whispered, and she answered "Yes."

"I must take you home."

Under the table her hand crept out and laid on his knee and lay over it. He looked down at all the Hamons and Carrés and the Milles and de Carterets and le Couteurs, sitting and drinking and arguing, entirely forgetting the little married pair whose honor the feast was given.

"Uncle Philip," said Dan.

"Yes," Uncle Philip roared down the table to Ernest Hamon—"the King of England will think it a fine thing when you comes to Guernsey, and the Forty tenants are not there to receive him."

"Uncle Philip, would you mind if I go home and I went home now?"

"Of course I do not mind. Go. We are the aristocracy of this island, I say, and the Parish will not allow us ten shillings to go over to Guernsey to see the King and Queen."

Dan and Rose crept out under cover of Ernest Hamon's retort and the next minute stood in the sunshine of the early evening, which trailed golden banners over the sea. Their belongings had already been taken to Moie Fano, so all they had to do was to walk there themselves, through the buttercups and the long grass, with their shadows moving before them.

"Look at us," said Rose—"how big we are."

Daniel put his arm round her.

"There aren't two of us any more," said Rose.

He stopped her with a sudden check of his arm and drew her up against him, pressing her darling face on which he seemed to taste the sunshine.

"Oh, Rose, my little Rose—you are so sweet! And it's so wonderful! I never thought it would be like this."

She did not trouble about his words, but eagerly returned his kisses.

"Oh, my beautiful boy—my beautiful boy," she murmured, holding his face to

hers. "Daniel—your eyes are so dark and big—I see myself in them. Can you see yourself in mine?"

"No—not quite. Yes—now I can."

"That means you live in my heart."

"And you in mine."

They walked on, across the road, past La Belle Hautgarde, out on to the wilderness of Rouge Terrier. Under their feet were the first little wild dwarf roses and before them lay spread the dazzled blue of Baleine Bay with all the rocks standing out of it, pink in the sunset, like castles. The tide was low and the *demies* of l'Etac showed above the water and all the rocks round Sercul. The bay was streaked with currents—strange, smooth paths of rose and violet and gray winding amid the chopped blue water. They walked farther down the hill to the cliff edge, and the sun was lost, while a cool air ruffled up from the sea. Daniel's arm drew Rose a little closer as he led her along the cliff-top, through the dusk, to where he could see the jut of Moie Fano.

"Look! Our home!"

She pointed through the twilight, and he could just see the thatched roof gray against the hillside and the faint gleam of the walls.

"You won't be afraid with me alone out here?"

"Oh, no; I shan't be alone, with you."

They came to the little house, sheltering with its strip of garden in a fold of the hillside. The door was unlocked and he led her into the dark kitchen.

"The lamp's on the table," said Rose. "I left out some matches. Can you find them?"

But instead of finding them he shut the door on the last gleam of light and, drawing her close to him in the darkness, lifted her from her feet.

XX

The months which followed were summer indeed. To the end of his life Daniel would always see summer as a blue sky vaulting a blue sea, in which

pink-and-purple islands swam under the sun. It was a summer of drought, of the burning of hayfields, the powdering of the roads, of the kindling of a purple fire of foxgloves at the Orgeries and at Château des Quénévés. The wells dried up, including the shallow well at Moie Fano, and every evening and every morning Dan toiled with buckets on a wooden yoke to the Pêche à Agneau, where the water-supply was good and lasted through the summer. It was an irksome task but he did it gladly as his only domestic duty. Rose proved herself rather unexpectedly a good housewife. After all, she had cooked and kept house for her father at St. André, which meant not only household experience but experience of a fisherman's household. She knew how to cook every kind of fish and shellfish, how to bake bread of a heavy sort, how to support the small, island dearths of salt or yeast, and she never expected meat except on Sundays.

Both she and Daniel worked hard enough. She had the three rooms of the little house to care for and keep clean, she had the meals to cook, all the washing to do, and also the husbandry of the tiny garden with its supply of herbs and vegetables. Dan bought her a few hens from La Belle Hautgarde and taught her how to look after them, which she did very proudly, the eggs being a luxury which few Sark homes of that size could boast.

His own time was spent almost entirely in the boats. The season was a good one and from the middle of May onwards there were visitors to be taken fishing and rowing and sailing, as well as the care of many lobster pots. The le Couteurs had forgiven him for the loss of the *Baleine*, though their sense of humor had flourished embarrassingly on his misadventure long after their sense of outrage had died away. His marriage and establishment had paid off their grudge against his strangerhood, and they were glad of his help in the summer business of making money. They found him generally efficient, al-

ways willing, and his English speech and custom, though obnoxious to themselves were useful when dealing with the visitors.

Daniel's happiness in Rose was still as fresh and rich as when he had first met it in the darkness at Moie Fano. Indeed, as familiarity and companionship deepened, if they could not widen his knowledge of her—his love and joy and satisfaction grew. Her most noticeable quality was her yielding gentleness which he had saved her from making the instrument of her misfortune, and now under the guiding of his hands was being made the instrument of happiness and goodness for them both. She adapted herself to her new life apparently without effort. She shed from her the life of the town work-girl with its crowds and excitements as easily as she had shed her town clothes—she seemed to have no regrets or even memories. Dan was her whole guidance and concern and, just as she had followed him without a qualm into the dangers of an unknown sea, so without qualm she followed him into an unknown life—as devoid of doubts as she would be devoid of reproaches if he failed her.

Nevertheless, as day by day he came to know her better, he discovered that at the bottom of her heart she carried a tiny life of her own—a little seed of personality, the essential Rose. She would make him confidences as to her likes and dislikes and ideas—they would talk together about the big strange things that inwardly perplexed them both, though outwardly they took them for granted. Perhaps they neither of them had much wisdom, nor enough curiosity, but this occasional glimpse of the "separateness" in her served to make the sense of "togetherness" more complete—the more he saw his little Rose standing apart from him in her own soul and life, the more she seemed a part of him, of his being. The more she was herself, the more completely she seemed his, rather than in her gentleness and yielding. So he loved her seed of separate life and

like the rest of her it flourished under his care.

When winter came it was very unlike the winter that had been last year. Or rather, its essence was the same but its effect and influence were altogether different. The storms that battered the cliffs were no longer a distress and a error but a mere noise outside, which made the quiet and warmth at home stand out more comfortably by contrast. The fogs, too, were no sad pall veighing upon the island but a soft white blanket wrapping Daniel and Rose into a loving loneliness. It was just as on the evening after their marriage when outside had been the dead, blind face of Sark, cold in the haunted twilight—the light more dreadful than darkness—and inside had been warmth and tenderness and love and the kind spirit of man. During those nights of storm and fog, when the fire burned brightly in the kitchen and the supper was laid under the lamp, Dan would see the cottage at Moie Fano as a lighthouse on a rock, as the Corbière or the Casquets or Platte Fougère—a house of light set in the midst of darkness.

There were days on which they did not even go as far as the Pêche à Agneau, but they never felt dull in each other's company, or lonely when they were together. Daniel helped Rose with the work of the house, even now and then with the cooking, for he took an unmanly pleasure in messing about with pots and pans. He became cobbler and mended their shoes; he became tinker and mended their kettle; he became plumber and fixed a pipe to drain off the rainwater from the roof into a butt, so that they should be better watered next summer; he became carpenter and delighted Rose's heart with shelves and brackets.

Sometimes of an evening a Helier or a Philip or a Eugene le Couteur would call round for him on his way to the Bel-Air. But Daniel no longer cared for the Bel-Air, or for drinks English or

Norman. He wanted to stop at home with his wife, to help her lay and clear the supper, and afterwards to sit and watch her while she sewed—garments for her own little Helier who was to be born in the Spring.

"We will certainly call him Helier," she said, "after my father."

"Helier Sheather doesn't sound right, somehow."

"Helier le Couteur sounds very well," said Rose.

And Daniel knew that he was not called Sheather any more. Indeed he had never really been Sheather in Sark. Before he married he had just been "the English le Couteur," and now he was le Couteur un-Englished. . . . Well, it was what he had been prepared for, and when his child was born the le Couteurs would indeed have his mother back again.

He looked eagerly forward to that day in the Spring which would make him a father. Rose was determined that she must have a son, but Daniel would have been equally glad of a daughter—he would have been free to give his daughter an English name, but a son must inevitably add to the mass of Heliers or Philips or Peters in the island. Not that there was any particular reason why he should want an English name. He and Rose no longer spoke English together—it had always been difficult for her—and she soon picked up the native French, which was not so different from the French of Jersey and which by this time he spoke quite readily. After all, it had been his language as a child and its sweet roughness seemed the right expression of his love and the concerns of his household.

All that he had of English was his prayers and his books. In those long evenings Daniel and Rose read books together—mild stuff which the Vicar lent them. Rose loved the mild stuff and would weep over what she understood of *Cometh Up as a Flower*, or *The Silence of Dean Maitland*; to both of them whatever they read was intensely

real, and they took their fiction with a seriousness that would have amazed its authors.

They would read sitting at the table side by side, the book spread under the lamp, while first Daniel would read in the slow plodding English of his custom and then Rose would read, more quickly and eagerly, but getting herself into sorry tangles over some of the words and occasionally having to apply to him for the sense. Afterwards, while they were undressing, they would talk over what they had read and predict the next day's portion. If the story turned out badly Rose would cry the luxurious tears of the happy while Dan would comfort and even, on emergency, supply a new end to the tale in which "they all lived happy ever afterwards" in defiance of the author.

His happiness was beginning to assume an added sweetness of sobriety—the slightly restless quality of the first months was gone and in its place was a quality of warm stillness which steeped his whole being. The disquiets of the outer world or of his old life could not reach him. At Christmas he had not been hurt by the neglect of his family—represented only by a card, not by another of Ernley's cynical letters hinting at more indiscretions at the George and disillusionings at the Crown. He had all the natural selfishness of the happy man—even the thought of Belle could not stir in him any real anxiety. He had told Rose about Belle and of the earthquake of his love for her—he told Rose everything, dropping the secrets of his heart into the warm shallow pool of her confidence which scarcely eddied round them. She had no jealousy of Belle and not much interest in her. Daniel, for her, existed almost entirely in the present moment and, unlike so many women, she scarcely thought of the years that had been before he met her, nor looked for their scars.

He loved her utterly now, with body and soul. It seemed as if he had always known and loved her—this little stranger

whom he had not met a year ago. As she drew near her time an unexpected weakness developed in her, and the doctor, anxiously summoned, said that she must rest. Still free from the boats, Daniel did all the work of the little house—sweeping, dusting, and cooking. In the evenings he made her go to bed early and brought the lamp to her bedside to read to her till she slept. When March came with the first mild days of spring he carried her down the cliff slope into a little sheltered hollow among the rocks of Mont Razeur, and she lay there beside him in the basking warmth, holding his hand among the sweetness of the spring grass, gazing idolatrously at his seaward-turned face, dark between her and the dazzle of the water.

One day she waved an arm towards the dim whale-shape of Jersey.

"We come from there together, you and I."

"You are not sorry you came?"

"No, I never was sorry, except when I thought you would send me back."

"Perhaps I will send you back some day," he teased.

"Oh, no, you would never send me back. You love me too much."

"I love you! What an idea!"

"I think you love me very much—I think you would be very unhappy if I die."

"Die!—Rose! darling Rose—don't talk of dying."

"One must talk of it sometimes."

"But not to-day—when everything is warm and lovely because Spring is here. You are not afraid of dying when the baby comes—are you, little Rose?" he cried anxiously.

"Oh, no—I only talk of it. But I like to think that when I die you will come with me, and we will go out together, as we did in the little boat, and I shall watch your face and know I cannot be afraid."

"When you die it will not only be me whom you will want in the little boat. There will be others—our children."

"Yes, there will be Helier—and

Helier's sister—and perhaps others. But I shall always love you best.”

“I wish I felt so sure.”

“You can be sure. I could never love a son or a daughter as I love you.”

“Why?”

“Don't ask me that. If I should try to tell you I should feel afraid.”

“But why?”

She would not answer and, thinking that perhaps the conversation was growing too tense and disturbing, he began to talk of the coming season and of the things they would do in the boats.

XXI

It was on an evening towards the end of April that Rose's time came, and Daniel went out to La Vermandée to fetch the woman who had promised to be with her. That night he slept on the sofa in the kitchen and saw through the uncurtained window a big yellow moon bright above Balmée. Sometimes through the closed door he heard the sound of voices, but for most of the time there was silence—a silence that oppressed him as the silence of the sea.

He went out early, for the calm would allow him mercifully to spend a day in the boats. Mrs. de Carteret made him some breakfast, and before he left he had one look at Rose. He was surprised to find her sitting up in an armchair beside the bed, pale but smiling, and anxious to know if the calm weather would allow him to put down some early lobster pots at the Masoline. He kissed her passionately and humbly, and she said:

“Do not worry—it is natural.”

He walked quickly over to the Pêche à Agneau and found his cousins ready to put out in the boats. Old Eugene and Philip le Couteur were delighted when they heard what was toward at Moie Fano.

“At last we have our new Helier,” said Uncle Eugene.

“Or our new Kitty Le Couteur—she is better,” said Uncle Philip.

“Better than the old one—ha! ha!”

“Ha! Ha! Oh, my Gar—yes!”

The day passed outwardly tranquil as the night on the calm waters of Harve Gosselin, and at last a tinge of rose crept into the mirror of the sea, and a little wind ruffled up from Herm in the west. The le Couteurs brought their boat round to the Saut de Juan and beached her, and Daniel was given his share of the fish.

“You are glad to go home,” said Cousin Eugene.

“You go to find little Helier,” said Cousin Philip.

“Well, we all be godfathers,” laughed Cousin William.

“Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha!”

Daniel walked slowly from the Saut de Juan. Every now and then he would hurry, then check himself. Perhaps he had better not get back too soon. Then he would tell himself that Rose was different from the women at home—she came of a sturdy breed. Probably the baby had been born hours ago. If it had not been for the last few weeks he would have felt no anxiety. He remembered the words with which she had dismissed him that morning—“Do not worry—it is natural.”

The smoke of the chimney of Moie Fano rose in a straight column against the sky. There was something in that pillar of smoke which stood to Daniel as a sign. It was the sign of the inn of home—rising from homes in the Ouse Valley as it rose from homes in Sark, and as probably it rose from homes in France, in Germany, in Russia. In every place where there was home there was also that smoke ascending from the hearth like a prayer towards the sky. . . . To-night it was the prayer of the cottage of Moie Fano going up to God for the mother and her child.

As he crossed the threshold he heard voices coming from the inner room, and recognized a man's among them. The doctor must be there. . . .

He knocked at the door.

It opened and the doctor looked out. He started at the sight of Daniel. Then he came through into the kitchen, shutting the door behind him.

"I'm glad you've come home, le Couteur."

"Is—is the child born?"

"Yes—a boy—and he will live," said the doctor gravely.

Dan was startled. He had never thought of the child not living.

"But how is Rose? Can I see her?"

"No—you can't see her just yet. I want to talk to you about her. Sit down."

Daniel felt his knees suddenly weak. He sat down as the doctor bade him, and stared into his face. Afterwards it seemed as if he had read in his face instead of heard from his lips that Rose was very ill and would almost certainly die.

"Can't—can't you do anything?"

"I am doing my best."

But in his face Daniel read that sometimes the pity and help of man are of little avail against what is natural.

"Now you'd better get yourself some supper," said the doctor kindly. "Mrs. de Carteret can't come to you yet; but you must have something to eat, for you'll want all your strength—for her."

"When can I see her?"

"In an hour perhaps. Now make yourself some coffee and have a bit of something nourishing."

He went back into the silent inner room.

Almost automatically, Daniel put the fish he had brought home into a tub of water. Then he set the saucepan on the fire and some bread and cheese on the table. He was hungry—hungrier than ever since he had heard the doctor's news—and he did not know that hunger and sorrow are incompatible. He ate hungrily—strengthening himself for the night. The coffee was good. It cleared his head in a wonderful way, so that it lost the echo of the gulls' laughter and was able to think. He did not want to think for himself—he would have been happier in his stupefaction but he

wanted to think for Rose. He did not want to sit beside her dazed and helpless when she would need his help more than she had ever needed it—putting out to sea alone in her little boat, which was to have held the two of them. . . .

He had not thought of lighting the lamp and scarcely noticed the darkness dropping round him, till at last the window square held the only light. His first realization of it was when a golden slat fell into the room from the opening door. The next minute he heard Doctor Pelley's voice call softly, "*Le Couteur*," and then from the bed behind the doctor came Rose's voice, faintly, yet very much as it had so often come from the inner room when he entered the kitchen at the end of the day:

"*Es tu là?*"

Without answering he went in and knelt down beside her.

She lay as if sunk into the bed, so relaxed that she scarcely seemed so much to lie on the mattress as in it. Her face was deadly white, but on her lips was a smile and on her arm was pillowed a little dark head.

"*Notre Helier*," she whispered, smiling up at him.

Mrs. de Carteret stooped and lifted away the child.

"She wanted to be holding him when you first saw him—but she is not strong enough. I will take him now and put him in his cradle," and she laid Helier in the bottom drawer of the chest, which had been made into a cradle for him with shawls and a piece of blanket.

"Oh, Daniel," whispered Rose,—"my feet are so cold."

She had made her little gesture of motherhood but could maintain it no longer—she was too tired. She turned to him, as instinctively she used to turn when she was tired.

"My feet are so cold."

"Mrs. de Carteret will heat you a brick for them."

But the midwife shook her head.

"She has a brick already—she does not feel it."

"It's because I'm dying," said Rose, in her weak, indifferent voice.

"My darling, you're not dying—you mustn't die."

"Oh, yes, I must. That's how it begins—at your feet."

Daniel hid his face beside hers in the pillow.

He heard the doctor tell the midwife that he was going home now for a bit. He would be back soon, and he did not think there would be any change before morning. Mrs. de Carteret went into the kitchen and Rose and Daniel were alone together.

They did not speak. Rose was too exhausted and Daniel was too stricken. He had climbed on the bed beside her and lay with his face close to hers—her hand held between both his. He felt submissive and numb. He meant to be able to help and strengthen her, but now he saw that there was no help he could give, except of the humblest, most homely kind—the help of touch and kiss. They lay motionless side by side while Mrs. de Carteret ate her supper in the kitchen. Now and then they opened their eyes and gazed into each other's, but for the most part they lay with their eyes shut, awake, but as if asleep.

The baby whimpered in his cradle-drawer. Daniel had forgotten all about him.

"Helier," whispered Rose.

"He is all right."

"Our Helier," she murmured—"remember . . . he is ours."

The midwife came in and attended to the baby. Then she came and attended to Rose, giving her something out of a spoon. She took no notice of Daniel—she let him lie just as he was.

The night wore on and, surprisingly, he fell asleep. He had the sensation that she had fallen asleep too; and directly he slept they were in a boat together, pushing out, as they had pushed out a year ago under the shadow of Gorey pier with the moonlight gleaming through the piles. He heard the wind blowing very loud, as it had not blown then, but the next minute it was still and they

were riding on calm waters steeped in sunshine, under the pink rocks of Balmée. He could not see Rose but he knew she was in the boat, and suddenly he heard her say "I am not afraid." In his dream he had a wonderful sense of the sunshine striking off the pink rocks and dancing on the sea. He was not unhappy, but a little scared . . . anxious . . . he awoke.

The doctor was in the room, bending over him with the lamp in his hand, the lamp whose flame was an orange isle in the white flood of the dawn.

"Wake up," said the doctor gently—"it is all over now."

"Over. . . . She is dead?"

"She died in her sleep."

She had left him . . . so quietly.

XXII

Daniel's marriage ended as it had begun—in a strange language. This time Helier de Carteret's Prayer Book was open at *La Sepulture des Morts*, and to a jiggling Anglican chant the congregation—much the same as that which had gathered for the wedding—sang "*Voilà, tu as fait la mesure de mes jours de quelques palmes, et la durée de ma vie est devant toi comme un rien. Certainement l'homme passe comme une ombre.*"

"*Comme une ombre . . . comme un rien*"—that was the marriage now which had filled and changed his life—all the memory of those days: the summer days when he had toiled on the sea, the winter days when he had toiled on the land—the summer nights when the moonlight had made the bed a house of silver, the winter nights when the lamp had made the kitchen a house of gold—all now were as the shadows . . . which sweep out on the winds to sea and are lost . . . shadows moving under the clouds over Baleine Bay . . . whose footsteps are not known. . . . "*Comme une ombre . . . comme un rien.*"

"*Écoute ma prière, Ô Seigneur, car je suis étranger et voyageur devant toi; comme l'ont été tous mes pères.*"

As the le Couteurs belonged to the aristocracy of the island, the first part of the service was held in church. A thick rain was falling and it was not till the last prayers that the congregation came out and stood under the dripping ilex trees. No one wore mourning—black was too difficult to procure, and too short-lived in the salt sea air. Daniel had a black band round the arm of his jersey—that was all.

"*L'homme né de la femme est de courte durée. . . .*" The dreadful rhythm of the Burial Service rose in incongruous and courtly French, like a Tartar hermit dressed as a troubadour. The sods of Sark earth rattled on the coffin-lid—plain English that. Dan shuddered. For the first time he identified Rose with the coffin and its contents—Rose with her hair like flying anthers, her eyes like the pools in the sea gardens of Tintageu . . . the shy, unwilling tears forced themselves out of his closed eyes. He had not wept before and it was punishment to weep like this before all the island, in the sight of all his cousins, of all the Carrés and Falles and Hamons and de Carterets—but he could not help it. There was something in this burial service so close to earth that the anguish of earth was upon him. He saw himself as he saw Rose, as flesh, and all flesh as grass.

When the dues of earth had been paid the le Couteurs walked back in straggling groups to the Pêche à Agneau. Daniel went with them, for he was to live there now. The cottage at Moie Fano was too lonely for a man with a young child, so he came back to the place where Sark had given him its first unfriendly greeting. As he walked over the brow of Little Sark and, looking down the slope, saw the still sea with the currents wandering over it like dim mysterious paths, it seemed as if the sea rather than the land—the ilex-shaded churchyard where he had left her—held the presence of his little Rose.

With curious ease he adapted himself to the new life, almost as if his year of

marriage had not been. He soon became used to the unaccustomed solitudes; indeed in a strange way he came to value them—the solitude before sleeping and after waking, and of idle daylight when he lounged on the sward above the cliffs. He never went to the southeast coast, to the cliffs above Gorey and Brenière—in tacit covenant with himself he refused to see the cold roof of the cottage at Moie Fano, or Balmée sleeping like a whale on the golden floor of the sea. Instead, he haunted the western coast, which he had hitherto neglected, except as conductor of the English. From the eaves of Pégane Bay he looked across the purple Autelets towards Saignie and the tail of Sark; over and beyond, among strange rocks like men-o'-war, lay Herm and haunted Jethou . . . and beyond Jethou the violet shape of Guernsey—and beyond Guernsey He knew the country that lay in the blue-and-purple mists beyond Guernsey, and once more he found himself thinking of it as home.

His brief naturalization was over. At the Pêche à Agneau he was the same stranger he had been before his marriage. Though he now spoke their language and followed their customs, he had all his old curious sense of difference from the le Couteur clan. He had never felt that difference between himself and Rose. He and Rose—so different in so many ways—had essentially been one. But now that he was back at the Pêche à Agneau he once more felt that half-amused, half-angry bewilderment at the native mind; he knew that however freely he spoke their tongue, however naturally he followed their ways, his mind would never work as their minds.

He had at least two notable outbreaks of Englishry. One was when he insisted that his son should be baptized Thomas Helier instead of by the name of his wife's father alone.

"He shall be called after my father too."

"There is not one of us has ever been called Thomas," said Uncle Philip.

"Well, there's nothing like making a tart. You need a few fresh names."

"The Hamons will laugh at us," said Cousin Philip.

"They'll do that whatever we call him."

"It is an English name."

"And what are Ernest and Peter and Philip, I'd like to know?"

"They are Sark names. Thomas is English."

"Well, damn it all, Thomas has an English father."

He marched off contemptuously. Really, for sheer ignorance his mother's family were hard to beat. However, they could not stop him calling his baby anything he liked. He had half a mind not to call him Helier. Then he remembered Rose, and the way she had said "*notre Helier*." . . . There was no help for it—Helier it must be, though it was Thomas too.

His next lapse was more serious. He found that on the tombstone which was to be put up over Rose's grave, her name was to stand as "*la chère épouse de Daniel le Couteur*." For two and a half years he had been le Couteur now, but somehow he could not bear the thought of his Normanhood carved in stone.

"It shall be Daniel Sheather," he said.

"Then we do not pay for it," said Uncle Philip—which settled the matter, since Daniel could not afford to pay for it himself.

Sore and angry at his relatives' benighted attitude, jealous of his own rights and honor, he put two pieces of wood together in the shape of a rough cross and carved on them his loving memory of Rose Sheather, wife of Daniel Sheather, formerly of the parish of Bullockdean, Sussex. It was his gesture of defiance, and in a moonless midnight he set it up at the head of Rose's little mound under the ilex trees.

The result was the ferment of the island. It was an insult to have Rose remembered under her English name, an

insult barbed by the fact that it was her true one. The whole inscription was in English, too, which was a challenge, and the cross itself was considered Popish.

That night it disappeared, and Daniel could obtain no redress, since he had set it up without authority.

"If you are wise you will let it alone," said the Vicar, "our people have strong prejudices here."

So he damped down his wrath and fiery sense of outrage, but he spent more and more of his free time above the cliffs of the western coast, looking out towards Guernsey and the country beyond Guernsey. . . .

XXIII

The crisis came sooner than he had expected—forced by that outer world which had left him untroubled for so long. He had written to his family to tell them of Rose's death and the baby's birth, but had heard nothing from them, a fact surprising even from their indifference. Then at the beginning of September he received a letter from his brother Len. This was a fresh surprise, as Len had written only once since he had left home, but when he read the letter he realized that it contained matter too deep for his mother's scholarship.

Indeed, it recorded nothing less than the wreck of the George. Tom Sheather had been finally deprived of his license for allowing betting on his premises. It appeared that he had already been fined twice—once besides the occasion recorded by Ernley, and now his offense was too great to be passed over. His license had been withdrawn, whereupon his brewers had swooped down on him for long-owed arrears, and all the furniture, the pony, and fowls would have to be sold to pay them. The family smash was absolute. Daniel was shocked and upset, but not deeply surprised. He had known the ways of the George too long, and had guessed how much worse they must have grown now that he was

no longer there to control them in a small way.

There was only one unexpected element in the situation, and that was his father's behavior. Len could hardly write coherently when he told Daniel that the captain of the sinking ship had abandoned her. Tom Sheather had disappeared, leaving a message behind him to say that he had signed on a coaster going to Wales. He expressed no regret—indeed, so Len recorded in horror, he seemed actually pleased at the prospect. The innkeeper had shaken his shoulders and gone back to his first love. At twenty, Tom Sheather had left the land for adventure and freedom on the sea, and now at fifty he left it again, with evidently the same youthful expectation.

I'm taking mother and Chris to live with me (wrote Len at the end of his long letter). Chris will help me on the farm, where there is plenty of work for him. The farm has been doing better since last fall, but I don't know what will happen this harvest with the guaranteed prices off. It's just like the government to get us on a bit and then leave us stranded. Now things are altered with you, perhaps you might manage to send mother something from time to time like you did before you married. I am very sorry to hear of your trouble, but we have nothing but trouble, seemingly, in our family. There are debts to settle up even after we have paid Hobday and Hitch. I won't take a penny from Ernley Munk, though he offered me a loan, as well he might, seeing what he has made out of the Crown. He has been a swine, saying it was what he had expected all along, and speaking against us for not stopping father. I had a regular shine with him on Tuesday and told him pretty well what I thought of him.

Dan frowned. Well, this settled it—he'd better go home. He might be able to do something to help them—get some sort of a job somewhere. He couldn't do anything for them as he was now. All that he had earned that season, which had not been so good as last year, had gone towards the support of himself and his child. If he went back to

England he might be able to get work on the land . . . or at the docks at New-haven. Besides, he couldn't bear the thought of his mother penniless and abandoned. Of course she had Len, and the cherished Christopher, but he thought of her as abandoned all the same.

Yes, he would go home—he was fed up with this ghastly island, which still treated him as a stranger though he had lived in it more than two years, and had married in it and begotten a child. It would be good to find himself a son of the house once more, even though that house was scattered and disgraced. He had nothing really to hold him to Sark, now that Rose was gone and that even her resting place might not be marked. . . . He would serve out the le Couteurs by taking himself and his son back to England. It was curious how he suddenly found himself desiring England with its long roads and friendly people. . . . He'd manage somehow for himself and his boy, and he would be back once more in his own country, among his own folk. He would turn his back on the sea and islands, and they in their turn should become shadows on glass.

The le Couteur attitude was mixed. On one hand, they were glad to be rid of the stranger; on the other, they were vexed that Kitty le Couteur should get her own back again. However, they were pleased that after thirty years of marriage her husband should have shown himself so unworthy of a le Couteur lady.

"Ah, that your poor mother should have married such a vagabond," said Uncle Eugene. "My brother Philip and I tell her he is vagabond, but she would not believe us. Perhaps she believe us now."

"You go back to England and sell beer," said Uncle Philip—"Englishmen like beer."

The pendulum swung when they found he meant to take his son away with him.

"He must not go," cried Uncle



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

HE WAS TAKING AWAY ALL THAT SARK HAD GIVEN HIM

Eugene. "He is a le Couteur—he was born in this island."

"If it comes to that," said Daniel, "so was I."

"But your mother take you away and you never belong to us any more."

"And a good job, too—I don't want my boy to stay here and grow up a savage."

"Ho! Savages, are we? Oh, my Gar—we are savages! Mister Englishman is a gentleman—he is a visitor. That is it."

"I've a right to do what I like with my own child."

This was obvious even to Uncle Philip and Uncle Eugene. As, twenty years ago they had let Thomas Sheather depart with his wife and children, so now they must let his son depart with his child, reluctantly yet knowing that none but themselves had driven out the stranger.

Before he went Daniel paid a visit to the narrow green mound under which Rose lay nameless. He was not inclined

to be sentimental over Rose; nevertheless he brought her his last offering in the shape of a wreath of the golden daisies that grow in the corn. He knew well that when he left the new tombstone would go up, lozenge-shaped and white and French, protestant against both Rome and England. He knew too that he would be Daniel le Couteur for ever here in stone. But after all, he did not much care. Now he was free of them they could do what they liked with his name. He was taking away all that Sark had given him, the only thing it had ever given him—his marriage. He was taking away his marriage, for all that Rose lay here under a French headstone, engraved with a name that was not his, and that he would never lie beside her within sound of the sea. His marriage had been the one treasure of those three summers—indeed the one treasure of his life. Amidst all the strangeness and hostility and abasement of his exile, the island had given him this one great gift.

(To be continued)

BUNDLES

BY CARL SANDBURG

I HAVE thought of beaches, fields,
Tears, laughter.

I have thought of homes put up—
And blown away.

I have thought of meetings and for
Every meeting a good-by.

I have thought of stars going alone,
Orioles in pairs, sunsets in blundering
Wistful deaths.

I have wanted to let go and cross over
To a next star, a last star.

I have asked to be left a few tears
And some laughter.

THE CREATIVE SPIRIT AND THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

Let us suppose that in the Samoan Islands there had been born a child having the unique and extraordinary genius of Mozart. . . . He would be as incapable of composing symphonies as Archimedes would have been to invent an electric dynamo.—*Weismann*.

IF there is one bright untruth which Americans have delighted to promulgate beyond every other, it is that a person of creative mind thrives best when he is scorned, and cuffed about, and underfed, and made to feel that his aspirations have no valid place in the national scheme. About the sacredness of opportunity for all we have talked much; but whenever a man rises up to show us that he has no fair opportunity, we seek refuge in the doctrine of "overcoming." A man must have plenty of practice in overcoming; it develops his strength of character—when it does not kill him.

Now I am not pleading that there should be any specially made opportunity for the person of creative mind. All that he requires is that he be let alone to go his own way. Nothing in this highest of all privileges can be interpreted to mean that he is to run athwart the entire social machine; that he is to cultivate queerness for purposes of exhibition; that he is to be freed from all routine in his life; or that he is to be pampered and made over-sleek. Too much attention, it will be remembered, may very readily be as bad as starvation. "The Flight of the Goddess" tells the story of many a young artist of original power. But usually the artist's garret is misunderstood. He thrives there not because he is starved or poorly clothed, but because he is there so generously let alone.

Being let alone, however, is not so simple a matter as it may seem. Strictly speaking, a man may be let alone in a stiff current which sweeps him along to his destruction. But more reasonably, the direction which he is to take ought to depend in some degree on his own choosing; the currents running counter to him must not be too strong or too numerous; he must not be whirled into unproductive dizziness. If he is to make the most of his endowment he must be let alone with respectfulness and generosity and a certain neighborly kinship. There must be enough people thinking in his general direction, and feeling somewhat as he feels, to make his surroundings into a beneficent world.

In order to see to what extent the American public contributes or might contribute this beneficent world in which the creative spirit may develop, it is necessary to look into the character of the public with a little scrutiny. It is customary to dismiss the American character with some single well-turned phrase. Europeans tell one another—and us—that we are "dynamic," that we are "people of action," that we are "egotistic fortune hunters," that we are "practical idealists," or that we are "expansive dreamers." As a nation we are this or that or something else, but always something very definite. To these observers it seems not to have occurred that we might be a many-sided

America with a great variety of conflicting characteristics. Yet when we look with the slightest penetration we can see that we are just that. We have become a nation of blocs: we have farm blocs, labor blocs, commercial blocs, oil blocs, mining blocs, New England blocs, and Pacific blocs; and the Solid South, and leagues of women voters, and negro improvement societies, and the Ku Klux Klan. Not only is the country so expansive in area that there can be no close solidarity of feeling on most matters, but the elements which make up the population in many places are so little coherent that we have newspapers in fifteen or twenty different languages published in one city; we have race riots because one race dares to purchase real estate where customarily only some other race lives; we have zones to prevent workingmen from living too near their employers; we have symphony orchestras and—a few blocks away—"the people's" symphony orchestras. Everywhere the tendency to specialize has put life into water-tight compartments. It would be marvelous indeed to find in this classified activity and prejudice any great unanimity of feeling toward the creative spirit.

And the first important fact to be remembered is that no unanimity of feeling can be found. There are at least three publics, with rather sharp lines—characteristically sharp lines—marking the bounds of the groups. The first, a comparatively small group, might be called the cultivated idealists. These come not from one social class; they are the brave spirits whose idealism is enough to bind them together. They are the unhardened of the village and town school teachers; the widows of music masters and barristers—perhaps with sons or daughters to educate; the judges who look with understanding upon the culprits brought before them; the surgeons who have "a background" of culture; the less academic college professors; the more liberal of the ministers; the journalists; the artists; and the oc-

casional millionaire who developed the creative spirit while he made his millions. These are ready to see anyone make a fair experiment in city planning, in architecture, in music, in the drama, in landscape reconstruction. They are the ones, moreover, who give the most hearty and disinterested encouragement to the new social enterprises which have as an end the liberating of the spirit of those who are cast down. All honest creative enterprise they are willing to support with a right sentiment, and with such financial power as they possess.

Then there is the very large group—much the largest of the three—which roughly coincides with "the lower classes" in the made-to-order social scale. Here are the unskilled workingmen—the men who own a little house, possibly, and hoe in the garden after supper; the department-store salesmen; the office help; the chief body of small-town residents; the smaller farmers; the young women operatives in countless factories—all those struggling, intelligent human beings who would find it difficult to make ends meet in a comfortable suburb. These go with regularity to the movies and accept what is provided—they must get away somewhere; they occasionally go to hear some popular musician who is known to them through the radio; and they go to theaters patronized chiefly by their own social class and see stock companies present ripping melodramas, and they shed copious genuine tears in the last act. These live so close to the unadorned facts of life that they are fitted to become a great appreciative public for the best that the creators can do; but they have rarely been treated as a public of major importance.

The third public consists of the fairly large group who are known to Europeans—those who have stayed much in their own countries—as Americans. These have amassed sufficient earthly possessions to free them from many of the less pleasant facts of life. They live in country places of unquestioned ease and

often of unquestioned beauty; they move over the face of the earth without hindrance in their efforts to keep always at the point of mean average temperature; they bring forth a small family of children whom they "educate" with a C— average at the most socially important college for men and the most socially important college for women; they subscribe for grand opera at fifteen dollars a seat but are "too busy" to go—they are the ones who cause courts to rule grand opera a luxury; they maintain a polite but somewhat patronizing attitude toward the salaried chemist in their firm who brings them hundreds of thousands of dollars—he is listed on the payroll as "office help"; they say "Oh-oh-h" with a rise in the middle and a drop at the end whenever they meet anyone whose life does not slip immediately into their easy classification. These are forever and not unpleasantly active in a superficial way which makes thinking unnecessary.

The members of this public are very important socially. And so completely have we confused social rating with power to create that we have thus far treated them as if they were in all respects more important than any other group. They have a goodly supply of wealth; why should they not, therefore, contribute to the support of creative work? How "beautifully democratic" to have a partnership between those who can create and those who are blessed with money but can create nothing! Every effort must be made to "interest" this over-nourished class in creative enterprises. They possess the power to help so much that they are really more important than the creators themselves!

Now this plan might result fruitfully were not one point conveniently overlooked: the people of this class have developed a state of mind in which it is impossible for them to be interested in creative work. They have become consumers of life and are unable longer to see things from the creator's point of view. Any capacity in them to experi-

ence the thrill of pioneering has been thoroughly smothered. All matters must for them become questions of personal or social satiation. If the man reputed to be the most distinguished poet in America is to be a guest in their city they will aspire to sit near him and be known as his friends, although they have read none of his poetry. They will sometimes go further and support enterprises avowedly creative if there is a sufficient social justification for so doing. If someone speaks—backed by enough well-known patronesses—on the tonic effects of a creative vocation, they will subscribe to a hospital in which neurasthenics are provided with something interesting to do. They will support teas, dances, commissions, offices, surveys, collectors, custodians—all in the name of art; and they will help to pack off European masterpieces, or pseudo masterpieces, from where they obviously belong, and share in the burying of them—spiritually if not physically—in some American collection where they just as obviously do not belong. All of these activities have a social significance and therefore can be evaluated.

But when the trappings are put aside and the sheer question of enabling the creative spirit to live comes bluntly up for consideration, are the members of this powerful public seriously concerned? Have they ever become evangelical in their efforts to set the industrial laborer more or less free to live a normal life? Are they zealously at work on any plans whereby the history of mankind would cease to be, as Emerson said it was, "the history of arrested growth"? Have they enough concern for the development of an American art to give the least encouragement to boys and girls who possess a fine artistic impulse but suffer from crushing social feeling? Many instances which one might draw upon would serve to answer these questions; but there is one which is so important in American life and so characteristic of the best American endeavor that it must be used.

In the hills of New Hampshire there

exists a retreat for creative workers which was established more than fifteen years ago in memory of America's most beloved composer—after he had given his best to unsympathetic “employers” of the kind I am discussing, and had come to a tragic death. His widow knew the value of a right environment for the creative worker and she wanted serious young artists and potential artists to taste the fullness of a place where work might go on without interruption and with stimulus and unpretentious encouragement on every hand. So the MacDowell Colony has grown in vigor and in the esteem of everyone who really knows what it is all about. There are no trappings; it is a place for hard work. Visitors who come highly expectant to see young ladies in brilliant plumage draped over the hillsides composing sonnets or wielding a brush and palette while admiring male patrons of art look on, are invariably disappointed. Instead, there are a score of comfortable studios scattered throughout a five-hundred-acre tract of farm land and woodland where men and women of serious artistic intention go quietly in the morning, before most of their friends in the city are out of their beds, and give themselves to a day of uninterrupted work. The landscape has none of the high tension of an “art center.” The farmers are busy looking after the hay and the corn and the vegetables. Occasionally a woman of late middle years drives through the woodland roads in a dogcart, her face buried in the shadow of a “mushroom” hat as she labors with some problem of keeping the Colonists comfortable. A mile away rises the faint sound of a piano in the depths of the spruce trees as some composer works for hours with undivided mind. Not even the lunch hour calls one away from work; for lunch is left very quietly at the door of the studio. One need return to the company of one's fellows only at dinner time in the early evening unless one's “run” of work is exhausted before.

Here is the heaven of which every serious worker in the arts has often dreamed. Here are men and women working without regard for union rules, working because they must, working because they believe they have a vital experience to express and are here free to express it. No enterprise in America is doing more for the young poet, the young composer, the young playwright, or the young painter—and often for the old ones, too—than this Colony. No enterprise is doing so much to disabuse the public mind of the assumption that American art and Greenwich Village are inseparable! No enterprise expresses more perfectly the high unselfishness that should actuate much of American life.

Yet how deeply are the well-groomed, instinct-satisfying class of Americans interested in such a high enterprise? They roll regally through by the thousands every summer and hope they may have the good fortune to see “a live one.” If at some odd hour they are luckily admitted to a studio, they smile in passive wonderment; or, if women, they find all things uniformly “quaint” or “wonderful” or “picturesque.” It all means just as much as any other kind of exhibit. And as for investing some of their unused money here, so that the woman in charge might be freed from some of her endless perplexities—they “cannot see it”; there are few places for the exhibition of the names of donors. When they invest money they want to know what they are going to get out of it. They would put nickels in the slot and draw out full-fledged artists, with no blanks—because they are so much more familiar with slot machines than the ways of art.

So the enterprise continues to receive its chief contributions from occasional idealists who, because of their idealism, can see from the creator's point of view: from music teachers and their pupils in Indiana or California or South Carolina or Nebraska or Oklahoma, who give their dollars with joy; from former

Colonists who go from the earth and appreciatively leave to the Colony everything they possessed; from the farmers and carpenters on the Colony grounds who have caught the spirit of devotion and work with a fidelity and foresight which amounts to thousands of dollars and very much more. And each year the woman who has consecrated her life to this means of rendering America a fitter place to live in must go out and earn and beg enough to make up the fifteen thousand dollars or so of annual deficit.

Now the creative spirit and the American public are represented in this instance with more than passing faithfulness. Here stands revealed the clear division between the most hopeless part of the American public and the most hopeful. Here stands revealed the falsity of the supposition that the great well-groomed class are the financial supporters of anything really creative. Such work is supported by a few millionaires who have found a creative life in the making of millions or have carried on some other creative activity while engaged in business, and by people of small means but great devotion. Here stands revealed also the kind of intelligent enlightening of the public which must precede any high development of the creative spirit in this country.

And yet throughout the organized life of the nation, chief consideration continues to be centered upon the overfed, unproductive, and but passively appreciative group. The members of this group, it must be remembered, are living always from the point of view of consuming, of satisfying themselves; therefore they are always asking for something and are very much heard. They are listened to when legislation is proposed. They are generously considered in every detail of higher education—so much so, in fact, that many colleges could almost close the offices which they devote to discipline were it not for the irresponsible offspring of this class. They are always remembered when anything is to be done in the name of art; they

are certain to be included in all important lists, and they well know the reason why.

Worse still, this part of the American public—somehow displayed as though it were the best that might be expected of a democracy—is encouraged on every hand to perpetuate itself. The important institutions of national life—an over-organized, briskly respectable church, an impersonal higher education, a deadening though quickly profitable industrial scheme, a science which has lent itself easily to a flat life of the senses, and an art that has been more or less detached—all these contribute to a smooth, regular, colorless, unimaginative sort of person who never wants to be disturbed by coming to grips with anything real.

If, then, we are to have a public that will look beneficently upon the creative spirit, whether this spirit appear modestly or in genius, we must shift the center of educative efforts. Not that I would have any group neglected; it is not utterly impossible to make a little headway even with those of the uninspired class about which I have spoken. But their pampered conception of their own importance and their inoculation with a smattering of conventional lore make them the most difficult class of all to bring to the point of view of those who would create. On the other hand, the believing idealists who yet remain in institutions of learning, and skilled workers in the crafts, and journalists, and those poetic business men who through the adventure of constructive enterprise have found a kinship with all workers, and the men who toil in the fields and reflect upon the dramatic expression of life everywhere about them, and housewives who have little social prestige yet who suffer sublimely and have, therefore, a life open to the influence of art—all these, to say nothing of the intelligent, alert children of every rank, might be brought together into a great and sufficient public.

If we are not shamming but are really

interested in the hazardous problems of the kind of democracy we have developed, we must find ways of bringing together the elements of this better public. They must be encouraged in what is at once as sound a philosophy of life for themselves as one can propose, and the only guarantee of a right attitude on their part toward the creative spirit in others. It is only by thus developing the various slight degrees of the creative in the amateur that the more professional creators may have a hearing. The amateur spirit always lends an attentive ear, even when it cannot fully comprehend. Especially must the sensitive, the high-minded among the lower economic classes be dealt with tactfully. Despite all that is said about the low intelligence of these classes, they have usually a right prejudice in matters which affect them closely. The tragedy of their lives, so far as their attitude toward any higher expression of the creative spirit is concerned, is that they have been so frequently exploited by the charlatan in social science, so often humiliated by ambitious women of excessive *embonpoint* who have conceived the generous idea of carrying art "right down to the people," that they are suspicious of all paternalistic schemes from afar. What they need is not service—not something designedly humanitarian—but the spiritual comradeship which always springs up when men struggle together in a growing, creative enterprise. They are quick to feel genuineness and if they are genuinely treated, not as patients but as fellow-beings, they will respond by contributing substantially toward a public in which creators in general may feel at home.

It is necessary, for at least two good reasons, to break the vicious circle by encouraging a changed attitude on the part of creators themselves and those whose function it is to interpret what the creators do. The first of these two reasons is very important: the creators and their interpreters constitute such a small group when compared with the

public, and they are so much more conscious of their function, that they can much more readily take the initiative. But the second reason is more important still: the attitude of many of those engaged in creative work, and of many more of those who profess to illuminate what the creator has done, is an artificial one—consequently a wrong one—and should be changed.

It does not follow that the creators should spend their best time in trying to get on good terms with the public. In truth, it is doubtful whether the creator should ever spend any very considerable part of his time in interpreting himself. But where creators are numerous associated together, as in the larger cities, they are in constant danger of forgetting that the public exists. What they reveal to the public is usually not any of the genuineness which they possess at heart, but certain social qualities which they have been led to understand are expected in them. Artists, who are much thought of as the typical creators, complain that the public is unappreciative, yet they continue unwittingly to slap the public in the face. All of the friendly feeling which creative work engenders they concentrate on their friends; and their friends extend very little out into the public. They let the public—the potentially beneficent public—understand that they are creating something which cannot be comprehended save by a few of the initiated ones. And sometimes it cannot! Scientists, who have an abundance of comradeship for other creative workers, sometimes chuckle over the manner in which they have mystified some naïve workman or some woman perplexed over the "problem of existence," and suppose that they are maintaining the dignity of their position. In fact they have carried their attitude of indifferent disdain so far that many of their own number are now pleading that they consider their ways, lest a hostile public seriously retard scientific progress. These classes of creators too little bear in mind that,

whether they like it or not, they must live at the hands of the public and that if this public should enforce its indifference sufficiently, the creators would find living difficult enough.

Likewise, the interpreters of the creators must experience a perpetual new birth. I believe the critic ought to have the freest hand in doing what he likes; and it is not the sole function of criticism to inform the uninformed. But if anybody wishes to find one more good reason why the creative spirit has not leavened more of the whole lump in America, let him leaf through a month's output of criticism—criticism of "life" as well as of music and painting and letters—and ask himself how well most of it is designed to enlist the sympathetic attention of those who are unenlightened and alienated. It is interesting enough to have a kind of creative merry-go-round in which creators write with the critics in mind, and the critics write with the creators and one another in mind; but such writing increases the size of the circle with painful slowness.

I am not of that group who decry everything critical in America. Nevertheless, if we are interested in the creative spirit, here is the weak spot in our criticism: not enough effort is made to accept the creator's work just as he has left it, and the public just as it finds itself, and then to bring them to a right understanding of each other so that the creator shall become more a part of the public and the public more a part of the creator. So far as any practicable help for the public is concerned, too many critics write in the manner of the "authority" on social usage who went to a small town to address the women on the etiquette of the dinner table and began her address by saying that, of course, no one would think of attempting to serve a meal with less than six servants.

If we take for granted a minimum that is entirely beyond the reach of the people, we cannot expect a very profound response. On the other hand, it can never be remembered too faithfully that if one

takes up the task of interpretation with a heart which would be understood, creative-minded people rise up appreciatively in all sorts of unexpected places, ready to contribute to that reciprocal relation which at once makes the public and the creators. Somehow, somewhere, these unobserved people have been endowed with a sensitiveness which is a safe guide in distinguishing between the genuine interpreter and the mere æsthetic irritant.

But why all the bother? Always as one approaches the very end of any discussion which pleads a cause, there are those blessed with a comforting inertia who come forward with one of two questions, such as, in this instance, "Yes, we need much of the creative spirit, but isn't about everything being done that is required?" Or, on the other hand, "It is all bad enough, but is there really anything that can be done about it?"

As for the first of these questions, the influence on the creative spirit exerted by the important institutions in America—the church, higher education, industry, science, and art—ought to afford a reasonably complete answer. But if there remains the least doubt in the mind of anyone, it can be dissipated by a few months of work in behalf of those who would engage as beginners in any kind of creative enterprise. It is always steadying to turn from mere mental impressions to the concrete facts of current life. Of course we are not wholly unmindful of the creative spirit; we "appreciate" it if it manifests itself in genius that is dazzling enough. If a young Polish girl acts as governess in a large family for a half-dozen years and slowly earns enough money to live quietly in a Paris attic for a time and study physics and chemistry; and if, after years of sacrifice, she and her husband discover radium and give it to the world—we speak with full throats about the miracles of the creative mind. When she is old we may even present her with a handsome supply of the precious

element she discovered—provided somebody takes the initiative and works hard enough in raising the necessary funds. But what of the potential young creator who has arrived at that precarious stage where he may topple so easily either into the increasing brightness of his new world or into the gray darkness of spiritual defeat? How much thought is given to him while he is in the attic stage; or worse still, while he is about to be smothered in a heavy atmosphere of social cawdling? Does anybody think enough about him to help him topple in the right direction?

Or, to turn to a still more interesting part of the field: who gives any consecutive, long-sighted attention to the task of extending the creative spirit of youth farther on into adult life, so that the history of mankind shall not so early in any generation become "the history of arrested growth"? Why is there such an unspeakable chasm between Josephine, our neighbor of eight, and Hogan, our ice man of forty, and yet no chasm at all—in fact, a close kinship—between her and the bookbinder of sixty who is also an amateur naturalist? Until such matters as these have everywhere been considered with seriousness and with that persistent continuity which is so difficult in a country committed to the short view, we cannot look upon our numerous educative enterprises with great respect.

As for the other question—whether or not anything can really be done about it—it can only be said that this is the one matter about which one can always work with positive assurance. The creative spirit is creative. To be sure, whenever anyone sets out to do anything in behalf of this spirit he is almost certain to be impressed with the seeming waste of much of his effort. If he is strong of heart, perhaps he consoles himself with the observation that nature's methods are always wasteful—though someone, Gabriel Tarde, I believe—has reminded us that they are not

wasteful at all but only generously sure and in clear accord with the mathematical law of chance. But if he is still stronger of heart and can wait, he will see that effort is not wasteful even in this sense; for it has a strange way of bearing fruit in every unexpected place. It was not intended, even, that the music which a composer played in the fastness of his cabin in the forest should so impress the telegraph messenger from the neighboring village that the attitude of the entire village should be changed, not only toward the composer but toward all music; yet it came to pass. Few would expect that a patent-medicine peddler with a half-dozen magazines tucked under the seat of his little covered wagon would send an unlettered country youth away to live forever in his own poetic dreams; yet that also came to pass. No one could have explained very far in advance just how the discovery of radium by Pierre and Marie Curie in Paris was going to contribute to an improved hotel architecture in Minnesota; yet it did so contribute. The radiations of a fertile mind are varied and capricious and subtle, and forever reach across into seemingly unrelated fields and dark corners.

No one shall change all in the twinkling of an eye. Only those disillusioned persons who speak about America as "the land of the shimmer of high aspiration and extraordinary nonsense" pretend even to believe that anybody thinks he might. But much may be done to develop some of the sociological conditions in which creative-mindedness may thrive. And while the making of the right sociological conditions will not guarantee a definite flowering out of the particular kind of creative expression in which we are most interested, we can at least work with a grim assurance that if the conditions are not made right there will be no flowering out at all. The Samoan Islands, we will remember, did not produce Mozart.

THE LION'S MOUTH



AT ANDREA'S

BY E. M. KELLEY

THE place has charm—if you are in the mood.

These table flowers are the kind that grow
In meadow grass, as honest as the food.
And as unusual. You'll find it so.

I like to sit and watch the little show
Of human nature sitting down to dine.
This is New York, not the New York we
know,
Less lavish, perhaps, but every whit as fine.

I wish that authorship were in my line.
That woman in the corner—see her face.
Her husband is an eminent divine,
And that young devil with her is an ace.
The little lady with the yoke of lace
Once wrote a famous novel and a play—
Begin to see now why I like the place?
It's gay, friend Peter, don't you see it's gay?

I'll tell you something funny . . . in a way.
There is a table in the room beyond
That for a while was taken every day
By a sweet child of, say, nineteen—a blonde.

I am a sentimentalist, *au fond*,
And not incapable of feeling shame.
Between us was established—well, a bond
Of sympathy. I never knew her name.

She was the girl I'd looked for just the same—
My private taste in women, so to speak.
Put back your flask, I'm goutier than game—
I start for Baden Baden in a week.

Wise, heavy-lidded eyes, mouth rather meek,
But a determined, perky little chin;

Though she was fair, she had the widow's
peak;

She was as neat as the proverbial pin. . . .

Well, death they say, should be the wage of
sin.

I'm doing very well, I beg to state.
She used to know the moment I came in,
And grieve a bit whenever I was late. . . .

She married—a bright boy of twenty-eight
With means enough to live on, I suppose,
And healthy—what a quaint old girl is fate!
I used to wonder how she'd suit the clothes

I should have chosen for her—palest rose
With nutria or ermine. She was cold
Only as youth is, ere it wakes and knows.
I'm only forty—forty isn't old.

But she was rare, I tell you, pure as gold—
The only woman—and I had no right.
Well, Peter, now my little tale is told,
Shall we move on?—The Music Box to-night?



SOPHISTICATE'S PROGRESS

BY TED OLSON

THE spiritual history of Godfrey
Heatherby begins one Christmas
Day early in the present century. God-
frey was six, and as full of delighted
wiggles as any other small boy who
gazes for the first time upon Santa Claus
in his own august person and receives
from the saint's own red-mittened hands
the trophies that have been the hub of
his every dream for months past.

Unfortunately, the venerable guest bent injudiciously close to the glittering Yule tree. He jerked back with benevolent whiskers aflame, and in the resultant chaos was revealed to Godfrey's round stare as no other than Godfrey's plump and bustling father, camouflaged with cotton beard and scarlet vestments.

In the first shock of that discovery Godfrey wept bitterly. But not for long. Grief and ire soon gave way to a certain pleasant relief. The boy shrewdly realized that now he no longer need struggle, for at least two months of the year, to placate an uncomfortably omniscient and censorious saint, under penalty of awaking on Christmas morn to an empty stocking and a cheerless holiday. Whatever threats his parents might make he was confident they would never subject him to any such deprivation. He had shaken off an irksome restraint.

Coupled with this sense of emancipation was one of triumphant sophistication. He had exposed a deception, punctured a tradition. He was wiser and not appreciably sadder. He had learned that things were not always what they seemed. This first realization of the world's mendacity sends some timid souls scurrying back to their burrows. In Godfrey it engendered a crusading fury. He longed to track down and annihilate other traditions. He had tasted blood. He had found his *métier*. He was an iconoclast—and he remained one to the end.

At eleven Godfrey unmantled another myth. He learned that babies are *not* brought by storks. It was an epic and an epochal discovery, one that left its impress on much of Godfrey's life and work. It became, in fact, the thesis of his first novel, a work which perhaps did not attract the attention it merited because it appeared almost simultaneously with a dozen others founded on that identical discovery. But that is ahead of our story.

At fourteen Godfrey weighed and discarded the theory of hell-fire and eternal

damnation, thereby eliminating another censorship, striking off another shackle that had hobbled the unlimited freedom of his conduct. True, he did not avail himself at once of the opportunity for uncurbed orgies, but he was awed and delighted at his own audacity. Moreover, he learned that his comrades shared this awe when he communicated to them his defiance of accepted belief. They prophesied for him prompt annihilation, and although he went his way apparently immune from supernal wrath, they continued to regard him as one living only on sufferance—a modern Damocles with a sword of retribution eternally suspended over his head. Godfrey found the notoriety pleasant. He made no attempt to spread the gospel of his skepticism, to win disciples. That would have been to divide his peculiar distinction and thereby to sacrifice its glamour. He had none of the fanatic fire that would proselyte the world. Later he founded the school of Crypticism in poetry—and promptly disavowed it as soon as one or two others began to practice its teachings.

In the next three years Godfrey became successively a freethinker, an agnostic, and an atheist. He discovered Ingersoll and Haeckel and quoted them at every opportunity. He liked to thrill and alarm his friends, particularly if they were feminine, by his orotund manner of reciting: "Humanity is but a transitory phase of the evolution of an eternal substance, a particular phenomenal form of matter and energy, the true proportion of which we soon perceive when we set it on the background of infinite space and eternal time."

Godfrey's repudiation of human authority was no less complete than his scorn of the divine. Convention, ethics, morality—he was vitriolic in denouncing them. The institution of the family, in particular, was anathema to him. He grew eloquent on the absurdity—more, the iniquity—of attempting to confine in a rigid mold anything so volatile and capricious as the emotions. "Shall

I submit my love-life—the one department of experience in which one captures an approximate immortality—to the dictation of the moron multitude?” Godfrey demanded in the columns of “The Free Lover,” one of several short-lived publications which he sponsored. It irked him somewhat to discover that this sentiment was shared and vociferously echoed by some thousands of others just then breaking into print.

No less severe was his indictment of the institution of the state. The post-war chaos brought him into abrupt contact with the theory of patriotism, and patriotism retired worsted. Rather, so far as Godfrey was concerned, it ceased to exist except as a butt for ridicule. Godfrey discovered that every government was corrupt and mendacious and tyrannous; for purposes of argument, however, he restricted himself to pointing out the iniquities of his own—or rather that under which he chanced to be domiciled. Naturally he refused to acknowledge that it had any jurisdiction over an emancipated soul.

It would be erroneous to conclude that in repudiating nationalism Godfrey espoused international socialism. The Marxian theory was repugnant to him as a philosophy of mass dictatorship. His whole fastidious soul revolted at the idea of submerging his ego in that of the mob. He was a dissenter and he did not care to have the flavor taken out of his rebellion by sharing it with others. His one or two encounters with the proletariat repelled him. He found it made up of greasy and vociferous persons who seemed blind to his aloof superiority and appeared to expect him to drop in with the rank and file—or else stay out. They did not bother particularly which he chose. Godfrey soon retired into the shell of his haughty isolation.

Thus it was as an individualist complete and uncompromising that Godfrey attained full growth. He had shaken off, one by one, the inhibitions that society and tradition had built round him. He had junked the inter-

locking tyranny of taboos and censorship to which less stalwart spirits submitted. His intrepid hands had torn the veil from shrine after shrine of authority—and he had found each an empty sham. Now he stood forth to the world the man emancipated. Nay—he *was* the world.

“The universe,” he phrased his credo, “is important only in so far as it impinges upon my consciousness. In fact, I have no assurance that it exists except as I create it by conceiving its existence. I am supreme, unique, alone. I submit to no laws because there can be no laws except those I care to make. I acknowledge no ethics, for how can I recognize any obligation to do otherwise than as I choose to do. I AM—that is all I know or need to know.”

Here, by all the laws of logic and propriety, this chronicle should stop. But here, unfortunately, Godfrey found himself unable to stop. He had attained the ultimate of self-realization, but somehow he found himself strangely at loss, strangely unable to enjoy the serene supremacy which should have brought him perfect happiness. He was restless, irritable, distraught. Life seemed lacking in some essential—in unity, in coherence, in purpose.

Godfrey angrily rejected that word: purpose was the one thing with which he had nothing to do—it savored of ethics, morality, even teleology. Surely his own existence was unity and end enough. But he could not so easily dismiss his malady. He had everything; he *was* everything—but he was not content. Why? For the first time he turned on himself that searching analysis to which he had subjected the ideas and ideals of other men. And this, in substance, was what he discovered.

He had worked himself out of a job. He was by instinct, training, and long practice an image-breaker—and there were no other images to break. He was happy only when he was obliterating a time-honored belief with the biting acid of logic—and he had annihilated and dis-

carded all beliefs. He had basked in the envious awe of less daring souls—and he could no longer earn their homage. He had rejoiced in standing apart from and above the mob—and now that he acknowledged no entity but himself there was no one from whom to stand apart. He had thrilled at his audacity in breaking or defying the laws of man and God—and in the complete negation of all law there was no longer any fun in law-breaking.

Harassed, devastated as he was, Godfrey Heatherby showed in this dire crisis the mettle that was in him. A lesser ego might have found solace in noose, pistol, or poison. Thus in one sense, indeed, he might have fulfilled with his last gesture the destiny which had been his—for he thus would destroy the image of himself that had come to embody all tradition, ethics, religion, patriotism, and faith. But not for Godfrey so crude a self-annihilation. In his downfall he was still the artist. Laboriously he set to work to demolish this last and greatest of all idols—the one he himself had constructed.

To-day Godfrey Heatherby is a successful and prosperous manufacturer of feather dusters. He has a plump and cheerful moron for a wife and three seraphic offspring. He is a devotee of the motion-pictures enacted by William S. Hart and Larry Semon, of the poems of Edgar Guest and Walt Mason, and of the novels of Sabatini and Edgar Rice Burroughs. He is a member of the Rotary Club and of several fraternal orders. He votes a straight ticket. If you asked his philosophy he would meditate, stutter, and perhaps quote the latest editorial of Dr. Frank Crane.

He is a mild-mannered, inoffensive, and cheerful man but now and then he explodes into sudden wrath when there creeps into the pages of his daily paper some hint of the anarchistic and subversive theories rampant among that class known as the "younger intelligentsia."

"Young donkeys," Mr. Heatherby

fumes. "Lot of hare-brained idiots, I call 'em. Trying to uproot the very bulwarks of our society—marriage and property and decent living. They ought to be spanked—the whole pack of them!"



PLATITUDES FOR MY CHILDREN

BY LEE WILSON DODD

Be brave, be truthful, and be kind . . .

You will have brought to you the lore
Of fifty centuries or more;
A thousand authors you'll inspect
From Hammurabi to Ben Hecht;
The wisdom of a score of nations
Will be your day and nightly rations;
For you (alas, my dears!) are fated
To be (woe's me!) well educated.
And when you've come to forty years
You'll know no more than I, my dears,
Why man, being born, must sweat and weep
And carry on—and go to sleep.
But so much I dare hope, that you
Will learn to say as now I do:
*Cleverness is a trick and lust
A weary swirl from dust to dust;
And a good heart is far less blind
Than a sophisticated mind;
So cast out fear and lies and hate—
For courage drops not out of date,
Nor truthfulness, nor love, you'll find.*



THESE INTELLIGENCE TESTS

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

LAST October I had to take a literacy test. I had recently moved to New York State, and it appeared that I could not vote in the election unless I either produced a school or college diploma or certificate, or passed a literacy test; and though I searched the house from top to

bottom, not a single certificate could I find. I found documents which to my simple mind seemed to bear on the case, such as college class reports with my name in them, and letters which mentioned my being in the publishing business (a fact which ought to establish at least a fair presumption in my favor); yet when I took them to the local schoolhouse and showed them to the State of New York as embodied in the person of its authorized agent, the school-mistress, I was told they wouldn't do. The law said certificates, and these were not certificates. So I laughed a little nervously and sat down in the schoolroom to take the test, in a tiny chair before a tiny desk designed for a child of eight, and a little deficient in knee-room for a child of thirty-four.

It was a formidable paper which the school-mistress set before me. First I had to write my name and address, which I did with great care. Then came a series of detailed directions to the effect that I was to read the paragraph of text which followed and write out the answers to some questions bearing on it. The paragraph began somewhat as follows:

Theodore Roosevelt was a great American. His letters to his children have been collected in a book since his death. He was interested in animals and birds. He read many books and magazines. . . .

It ran on in this sprightly and coherent style for some distance. Then came the questions:

1. *Who was a great American?*
2. *What has been done to his letters to his children since his death?*
3. *What was he interested in?*
4. *What did he read?*

And so forth.

I started to answer the first question when suddenly (as sometimes happens) a thought struck me.

One of the candidates for Governor of New York State in the coming election

was named Theodore Roosevelt—and here were humble citizens like myself, of doubtful literacy, being subtly subjected to propaganda on his behalf. Was I to submit to any such nefarious scheme? I was not. I resolved to write:

1. Alfred E. Smith; and still is.

They would throw me out of the schoolhouse for an illiterate fellow, but I would appeal the case. If necessary I would carry it to the Supreme Court, where able counsel would argue brilliantly that *Alfred E. Smith; and still is* was a demonstrably literate reply. There would be a triumphant vindication, and—

But suddenly I cooled. By that time Election Day would be past, and I should have lost my vote. No, there was a better way. So very firmly I seized my pencil and wrote *Theodore Roosevelt*. I received a certificate of literacy, and a few weeks later I went to the polls—and you all know the result.

I had almost forgotten the incident when the other day I picked up a set of the intelligence tests prepared by the learned ones of Columbia University for the selection of young Columbians. As I looked at them I marveled again—as I had marveled that day in the schoolroom—at the abject docility of mind which so many examiners seem to expect of their victims. To them there is only one right answer to any question—the one they had in mind when they framed it—and all others are wrong. If they want you to write *Theodore Roosevelt*, write it you must or flunk.

With most of the Columbia tests I had no quarrel. There were printed alphabets in which you were told to cross out the letter just after A and draw a line under the second letter after K; there were nice little problems in arithmetic, and pictures of rabbits with one ear missing in which you had to point out what was the matter with the rabbit. But soon appeared a lot of questions of a different sort. Each of these questions had several answers appended to it. The mis-

erable examinee was instructed to mark a cross before the "best answer" to each question. No chance for argument; he would be given credit if he picked the right answer and lose credit if he picked the wrong one. For example:

*When you are out of funds, should
you—
get to work and earn
borrow from your friends
write home to your people
steal*

Now what on earth is the "best answer" to that question? I am willing to concede that the worst is *steal*. But as between the other three, it seems to me a toss-up, with the wise selection depending on the circumstances. Presumably *get to work and earn* is the answer favored on Morningside Heights; but to the average sub-freshman I should certainly recommend writing home to his people, and to myself I should recommend borrowing, and then evening things up by striking the editor for more cash for my next contribution. Yet apparently there is no chance for the examinee to rise in his wrath and say, "That depends." He must pick the "right answer."

Here is another:

*If you are lost in the forest in the
daytime, what is the thing to do?
go straight ahead to a big tree
hurry to the nearest house you
know of
sit down and cry
use the sun or compass for a guide*

Now here is a very pretty problem, on which whole chapters could be written (and have been). The orthodox Boy Scout would say, *Use the sun or a compass for a guide*; but the only time I ever got lost in a forest the sun was well hidden by clouds and I had no compass—which shows that the kind of answer which will get you into Columbia won't always get you out of the woods. The fellow who would get lost in plain sunshine with a compass in his pocket would

be such a nut that he ought to be admitted to a good safe campus and kept there.

There is something to be said for the answer *Hurry to the nearest house you know of*. I happen to live in a thoroughly wooded suburb, a section so wooded that the real-estate agents sometimes pleasantly refer to it as a forest; and often visitors have told me that they got thoroughly mixed up driving around in the network of roads and succeeded in finding where I lived only by inquiring for me at the nearest house. Ought I to say to them, "Tut, tut, you should have used the sun or a compass for a guide"?

There are occasions when I should recommend going straight ahead to a big tree, climbing it, and getting a good long look at the surrounding country, being very careful—and here is a real test of intelligence—not to climb out on the end of a dead branch. But after all the most delightfully satisfactory answer is *sit down and cry*. There are few enough opportunities for a good long cry in this busy modern life of ours; so if you are all alone and there is nobody to tell you to move on, why not settle right down on a stump and enjoy yourself? Besides, after you have cried for a little while you may have a good idea about what to do next (such as not climbing out on the dead branch), or the sun may come out, or somebody may hear you and come along with a compass, or even point out the moss growing on the north side of a Doctor of Philosophy, thus enabling you to make your triumphal exit according to the best Boy Scout traditions.

In these tests there are also a number of sentences which the victim is to mark T if they could possibly be true and F if they could not; and several of these sentences seem to me equally debatable. For instance, take this one: *Coming down the hill on his bicycle the chain broke, but he rode back again to get it fixed*. I can see the examiners shaking their heads and saying, "Impossible." But who said it was a bicycle chain which broke? In

my version of the incident our friend was carrying something heavy by means of a chain (very likely a dangling participle such as the examiner perpetrated in the sentence above) when the chain broke. No damage was done to his bicycle or any part thereof. Will Nicholas Murray Butler raise his right hand and swear to me that our friend could not ride back again (to the English department, let us say) to get the damage repaired?

Here is another: *Fearing that he might waken her patient by his impudent talk, the nurse gave the detested dummy what he wished.* "Impossible!" goes up the cry at Morningside Heights. But what if we were to tell them the whole sordid story? As I recall it, there were four men in the convalescent ward of a hospital, playing bridge. As the game progressed, one of them (who was not taking part in it at the moment) wandered off to the private corridor and, hateful creature that he was, demanded a kiss of a pretty nurse. Whereupon, fearing that he might awaken her patient by his impudent talk, the nurse gave the detested dummy what he wished. I am not quite sure what happened next, though it is my impression that the patient—a former Yale football star—had one eye open all the time and, despite his enfeebled condition, got up and spoiled the dummy for any more bridge that night, subsequently marrying the nurse, much to the regret of several eligible internes. Is it impossible? It is not. Yet if you, ardent bridge-

player that you are, were taking the examination and marked that sentence as possible, the scoring clerks would set you down as unintelligent.

I have nothing against intelligence tests or literacy tests or any other sort of tests as such. Personally I find them as diverting and twice as ingenious as crossword puzzles. When I see a question like *a man whose salary is \$16 a week spends \$10 a week: in how many weeks can he save \$300?* I like to see how soon I can get the answer, which is, of course, 50 weeks or more, depending on (a) his private income, and (b) the size of the doctor's bills resulting from his attempt to live on an insufficient diet. But I do wish examiners would try not to be so arbitrary. Young John Keats was a pretty intelligent boy and as Keats, '14, might have been spoken of as one of the more successful members of the Alumni Club of London; but what chance would he have had of picking the "best answer" if he had been up against something like this (which isn't from a Columbia test but might be)?

Mark a cross before the best answer to this question: What can ail thee, knight at arms, alone and palely loitering?

I have mislaid my compass

I have indigestion and my companions have deserted me

I voted for the Republican candidate for Governor of New York

I met a lady in the meads.



A LITTLE OUT OF COMMON

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

A REQUEST has come in the mail, and from a lady. "It is only this, that you take the prologue of Maeterlinck's *The Great Secret* as well as his description of the pyramid of Cheops as a text for a little discourse designed to take down the inordinate conceit of Americans in our present civilization."

It goes on: "I am an American spending the winter in an English colony and I find the English are almost as bad as we are. However, I am only interested in enlightening the Americans, as I am naturally more fond of them, so that we at least may not make ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of the Oriental nations, with whom we are coming in contact more and more, and who are steeped in the ancient traditions. So many Americans actually believe we are not only the greatest but the most enlightened in all the arts and sciences of any nation that ever lived!!! When the truth seems to be that compared with ancient Egypt and India in almost everything, we are merely 'babes in the wood'!"

"In almost everything." That leaves room for exceptions and the exceptions seem rather important. So far as we know we have beaten the ancient Egyptians and Hindus in applied mechanics. No Ford car has as yet been brought out of an Egyptian tomb. Possibly our roads are better than theirs: they are pretty good nowadays. Our plumbing is quite good and, what is perhaps more important, the great mass of people in our time—and for example in this

country—are in a more forward state of intelligence and knowledge than the great mass of the people of any country have ever before been in the history of the world, so far as we know it. What knowledge we get seems nowadays to have a better chance for distribution and assimilation by great numbers of people than it has ever had before.

So it seems to us; but perhaps we vaunt ourselves unduly, for we do seem to know extremely little as yet about the ancient world. We do not even any longer begin to know how far back what we call civilization goes. Less than a century ago pious people put the creation of the world about four thousand years behind us. Probably not even Mr. Bryan has confidence any longer in that estimate. Everything that turns up, that is dug up, that is learned by deciphering inscriptions, that is suggested in any way (plausible or fantastic) puts civilization farther and farther back, and some things credit very ancient prehistoric civilizations with extraordinary knowledge and accomplishments.

This book of Maeterlinck's that our kind correspondent speaks of has to do mainly with old-time knowledge of the invisible world. In that, Maeterlinck suspects, the old-timers beat us quite out of sight. In the beginning of the Bible—in the very first part of Genesis—there are intimations which seem to support that theory. It is a theory which helps to explain the theological conception about the Fall of Man. Maybe Man

id get a fall; there is a good deal to make one think so; but that need not conflict with the doctrine of evolution because the evolutionary periods are so very protracted that if the human race came a tumble a mere twenty or thirty thousand years ago and got a setback, that would have been a mere ripple in evolution. What Maeterlinck is concerned about, as he says in his Prologue, is "to discover the source, to ascend the course and unravel the underground network of that great mysterious river which since the beginning of history has been flowing beneath all the religions, all the faiths, and all the philosophies: in a word, beneath all the visible and everyday manifestations of human thought." He thinks it hardly to be contested that this source is to be found in ancient India. Thence he says, "in all probability the sacred teaching spread into Egypt, found its way to ancient Persia and Chaldea, permeated the Hebrew race, and crept into Greece and the north of Europe, finally reaching China and even America, where the Aztec civilization was merely a more or less distorted reproduction of the Egyptian civilization."

So "The Great Secret" which Maeterlinck inquires into is a concern of religion and of the knowledge that built cities and raised monuments, the remains of which we find in tropical jungles and dig up from the sands of deserts—a process that is going on more and more all the time as money and men can be spared to do it, and the results of which are nowadays examined and interpreted in a fashion that is highly edifying.

But some old monuments of the first quality have stood up in plain sight since anything like modern times began. The most notable of them is that pyramid of Cheops which our correspondent speaks of. Maeterlinck has his say about it. He calls it "a sort of stupendous hieroglyph, which, by its dimensions, its proportions, its internal arrangements, and its astronomical ori-

entation, propounds a whole series of riddles of which only the most obvious have hitherto been deciphered. . . . An occult tradition," he says, "had always affirmed that this pyramid contained essential secrets, but only quite recently has any one begun to discover them." It has been discovered that the line running north and south through the apex of the pyramid is the ideal meridian crossing the greatest amount of land and the smallest amount of sea; that the height of the pyramid multiplied by one million is almost precisely the distance of the earth from the sun accepted by modern astronomers; that the polar radius of the earth divided by ten million is precisely the cubit that was the unit of measure of the pyramid builders; that their inch multiplied by one hundred million is the distance the earth travels in one day, and that the entrance passage of the pyramid pointed to the pole star at the time it was built. So much, relating to astronomy, has been gathered from the signs of past knowledge which that pyramid gives, and that much, at least, is a sort of information that can be verified with a tape measure by anybody who has the requisite knowledge and time to spare.

Maeterlinck thinks it very remarkable that none of the hieroglyphs that have been deciphered make any reference to all this extraordinary knowledge which is built into that pyramid. He infers that the old-time priests, who knew these things, did not advertise but kept them quiet. That is where our times are different. Everything gets into the papers except what the War Department knows about new war gases, and intimations leak out even about them. But the old-time priests seem to have felt that a little knowledge was a dangerous thing, and probably as to the knowledge they had they were right. They seem to have known very curious things: how to direct lightning; how to send instantaneous messages from temple to temple, no matter how far—and even in the time of Moses (which was

only the day before yesterday) they could compete with Aaron at least as effectively as Houdini can compete with Mrs. Crandon.

As to the age of that pyramid there is a considerable conflict of opinion. It is called the Pyramid of Cheops and it is also called the great Pyramid of Ghizeh—the name of the place where it stands. Possibly Cheops was somebody whom archæologists think they know about and can place in time, but the Theosophists do much better than that: they put that pyramid back thirty thousand years and say it belongs to the really great period of Egypt's greatness, before the last big Atlantean island was swallowed up overnight with a loss of sixty-four million lives—which beats even the record of the motor cars today. That engulfing of the last of Atlantis produced high water in Egypt—so they say—and they think this ancient pyramid was under water for a few thousand years and came up again when the land rose and the sea of Sahara was tipped out and left as the present desert.

One likes that story better than those the archæologists tell. It has larger features and it accounts for the silence of the Egyptian hieroglyphics which puzzles Maeterlinck. Why play favorites so much about what is so? The story of Atlantis, which used to be a fable forty years ago, is getting more respectable every day. It accounts for so much. A prevalent notion is that the really ancient knowledge of Egypt grew up in Atlantis and spilled over into Egypt at one end and into Central America and this continent generally at the other. Mexico, we are told, is a very ancient land, habitable since long, long ago, and this information seems really to be valid and supported by geology. We must get used to the idea of enormous geographical changes which upset the ancient peoples very seriously. The tradition of the flood possibly derives from the immersion of that last big island which was left of the con-

tinent of Atlantis and the contemporaneous antics of what is now the Mediterranean Sea, and so on.

A. P. Sinnett, the Theosophist, though relying on theosophical processes for information about the prehistoric world drops into what he calls "commonplace testimony of the ordinary kind" about the discoveries of Doctor Le Plongeon, a French archæologist in Mexico. Le Plongeon lived and worked in Mexico many years, Mr. Sinnett says, and was the first to decipher the Mexican hieroglyphics. He succeeded in translating what archæologists know as the Troano manuscript, a very ancient Mexican writing which he found to contain a straightforward narrative of the submergence of Atlantis, which catastrophe the manuscript says, took place "806 years before the writing of this book." That is definite if true, and possibly some learned person with his feet on the ground knows about this Troano manuscript. Colonel Cabanas in Spain, who searches into these matters, says (as quoted from a psychic journal of Costa Rica, *Claros de Luna*, which in turn is quoted by *Light*, of London) that the British Museum contains some writings found in Mexico which treat of the sinking of Atlantis. This Señor Cabanas who is working on the Atlantis problem is described as a Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers who has psychic faculties himself and works with a clairvoyant medium. A Spanish journal, *Diario de Comercio*, has a report of a conversation he had with King Alfonso in which he describes his method—which is to get an inviting archæological object out of one of the Spanish Museums and invite the medium, Aguilar, to tell about it. Aguilar tells very remarkable tales which, it seems, have interested Flammarion. The idea of a clairvoyant medium getting a story out of an object is not novel but is an exercise of which spiritist records give many curious examples; but to go back to the Stone Age and antediluvian times seems a considerable stretch of this interesting faculty.

How the Theosophists get the information about very ancient proceedings which they put so much confidence in doubtless be ascertained by reading their textbooks, of which there is no lack; but they hold, so it seems, that the great pyramid is contemporaneous with the last days of Atlantis and has in it the evidences of knowledge and of powers which presently disappeared from earth. One of the stories about the pyramid is of the ascending passage so contrived as to be a record of prophecy of things due to happen in this world down to our time and somewhat beyond.

The group of earnest people who interest themselves in the theory that the English and others are descendants of the Lost Tribes lean hard on the great pyramid as a part of the basis of their belief, and have great confidence in the interpretation of the prophecies said to have been built into the ascending passage. They are all figured out up to date. They tell us that they indicated with great accuracy the dates of the beginning and end of the great World War, and warn us that we have troubles still to come and tell us precisely when to expect them, but assure us that with good luck our civilization will survive.

The usefulness of the occultists, if there is any, seems to be to remind us that this world is not so commonplace as most of us matter-of-fact people suppose. Human life is a very extraordinary thing. Human knowledge is still in the infant class. Human conduct is not yet wisely enough directed to give much assurance of permanence. Human powers are in a process of development of which the end is nowhere near in sight.

Has enough been said to fill, in any degree, the order of our correspondent in the English colony? Can the suggestions above cited of the great antiquity of civilization, the intimations of knowledge possessed and lost, the sug-

gestion of new knowledge now in the making and scornfully rejected by the cocksure—can such things serve to make the vainglory of Americans who see in current knowledge and current exploits the culmination of the efforts of the human mind? Probably not, but let them do what they can. Anybody who thinks this is a know-it-all age will think so until he learns better, but the great scientists already do know better. So do the great doctors and even the great statesmen. They all know that what we know is not all, nor yet enough. The doctors do wonderful things, but the wise ones know that there are secrets of cure, secrets of disease, secrets of energy which are still beyond them. As for the electricians, they are in the position that they do not know where they "get off." They are dealing with a force the nature of which they do not understand. They increase in understanding of what it will do, how it can be harnessed, how it can be used, but not much in knowing what it is. When they get beyond a certain point of practical application, their theories and those of some of the occultists show signs of merging. The statesmen and the politicians are at a loss how to manage the world so as to save it from self-destruction. They do their best, but the best of them wonder if their knowledge is equal to their job. Theologians dispute; organized religion suffers criticism; ministers turn from the spiritual to the material application of religion, and the reason of it all is that they do not know enough about the origin and purpose of human life.

This is a great age. It is uncommonly learned. It builds, contrives, acquires, and speculates with extraordinary activity, but it is far from being the only great age this venerable world has seen, and it is still a good way from the assurance—so desirable—that it knows enough to discover for itself the pathway to salvation.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

TO introduce the Reverend *Fred Eastman* to the HARPER audience would be superfluous: he tells his own story, eloquently and from the heart, in "Shall I Remain in the Church?" Here is a human document indeed, and one of wide application.

"As for anonymity," Mr. Eastman writes in a letter to the Editor, "my judgment is against it. I have been so utterly frank that those who know me cannot possibly think that anyone else wrote this article, and as for the others it doesn't matter. . . . Do you remember the R. L. S. fable, 'The Touchstone,' in which he tells the story of the man who finally found it? When he turned the light of the stone upon himself, he saw himself as he was and knelt down and prayed. I feel very much that way as a result of reading over this article. Unless you think it will be of some use to others, do not publish it."

"The Mirror of Death" is the first of a new series of detective stories by *G. K. Chesterton*, in which Father Brown returns to our pages. That a priest should also be a detective is as paradoxical as anything in Mr. Chesterton's enlivening essays; but then is not a detective story in itself a sort of narrative paradox, involving as it does an unlooked-for conclusion from a set of given facts?

It is no disrespect to the memory of Frank I. Cobb to say that the editorial page of the New York *World* was never more brilliant than it is to-day. Since Mr. Cobb's death the page has been in charge of *Walter Lippmann*, who first established his reputation as a penetrating student of public affairs by writing *A Preface to Politics* at the age of twenty-three, and who was one of the original editors of *The New Republic*. In his article he draws attention to the curious fact

that in our national politics, birds of feather insist on flocking apart—and put his finger on the very significant reason.

One of the sports of the month in Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, we predict will be pouncing upon *Katharine Fullerton Gerould's* article to find out what she has to say about the Northwestern cities, individually and collectively. Some months ago we published her observations upon San Francisco and Salt Lake City; she will have something to say in the near future about Reno and its divorce colony. Mrs. Gerould (an accomplished novelist, by the way, and one of the ablest American short-story writers) is a New Englander by birth and the wife of a Princeton professor; but she enjoys the West like a Westerner.

Speaking of Princeton, *Henry van Dyke* has been called the dean of Princeton authors. We are glad to include in this issue a new group of his "Half-Told Tales."

It is a report from the battlefront in great and critical war which *William Atherton Du Puy* brings us—and not a reassuring report, either. Almost everyone of us has had some first-hand experience with the insect scourges of this generation—the gypsy, the brown-tail, the tent-caterpillar, the box weevil, or what not; but it is staggering to realize how desperate the situation really is. Mr. Du Puy, an experienced Washington journalist, is in close touch with the experts of the Bureau of Entomology.

The next story comes from the practiced typewriter of *Charles Caldwell Dobie*, of San Francisco. "The Hands of the Enemy" was awarded a second prize of \$750 in the third competition of our Short Story Contest. We have just seen an article in *The Author and*

ournalist on "Selling" (fiction, that is) in which Mr. Warren H. Miller writes that, so far as he can judge, "HARPER's has a horror of anything resembling action; the hero sits in an armchair throughout the story and goes through absorbing psychological convulsions." We challenge Mr. Miller to point out in any number of HARPER's during the past year any story which approaches his description, even after making generous allowance for his humorous exaggeration; in fact, two of the last three prize stories involved manslaughter, against which almost anything can be said except that it is devoid of action; but let us be still more specific and call Mr. Miller's attention to the conspicuous absence of armchairs in "The Hands of the Enemy."

☞ ☞ ☞

Ernest Boyd, one of the ablest critics in New York, or in the country for that matter, is an Irishman and an ardent opponent of censorship and other restrictions on personal liberty (witness his recent debate with Mr. John S. Sumner): which might be said to explain the gusto with which he belays the foremost English Puritan poet. Many a reader will take exception to his arguments; but if his devastating wit leads us to throw aside our preconceived opinions of Milton and to view "Paradise Lost" without academic bias, he will have done us a good turn.

☞ ☞ ☞

How different is the Washington of **Jesse Grant's** boyhood recollections from that of Calvin Coolidge's administration! How much chance would a President have nowadays of having to deal with a maniac in the streets as did General Grant? This is Mr. Grant's third chapter; the fourth will deal with the celebrated trip around the world, on which he accompanied his distinguished father.

☞ ☞ ☞

The fifth installment of "The George and Crown," the new novel by **Sheila-Kaye Smith**, author of *Joanna Godden* and *The End of the House of Alard*, is followed by the third and last of **Rollo Walter Brown's** papers on the creative spirit. Mr. Brown was formerly professor of English at Carleton College; he is now living in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Those who find his doctrine in-

vigorating will find it set forth more fully, and applied not only to the church and the arts but to industry, education, science, and conduct in his forthcoming volume, *The Creative Spirit: An Inquiry into American Life*, which we commend to the HARPER public.

☞ ☞ ☞

The name of **Dorothea Lawrance Mann** and the initials D. L. M. are familiar to readers of the *Boston Transcript* as those of an exceptionally able member of the paper's book-reviewing staff. The other poets of the month are **George Sterling**, a veteran California contributor, with several books of verse to his credit; **Hesper Le Gallienne**, daughter of Richard Le Gallienne and half-sister of the popular heroine of "The Swan"; **Henriette De Saussure Blanding**, another resident of California, who brought out a book of verse before she went to Vassar College, but has not published anything during the past few years; and **Carl Sandburg**, outstanding representative of the modern tendency in American poetry.

☞ ☞ ☞

In "The Lion's Mouth" appear **Ethel M. Kelley**, the novelist, whose *Heart's Blood* and *Wings* have been enthusiastically praised by discriminating critics; **Ted Olson**, of Laramie, Wyoming, who is a new contributor to the Magazine; **Lee Wilson Dodd**, of New Haven, novelist (*The Book of Susan*, etc.) and playwright (*The Changelings*, etc.); and **Frederick L. Allen** of the HARPER editorial staff, who frequently contributes to this department.

☞ ☞ ☞

The painting reproduced on this month's cover is the work of **Louis Betts**, of New York, one of the ablest of American artists. Born in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1873, he studied under his father, E. D. Betts, and under William Chase. Among the high awards which he has won have been the Proctor Prize of The National Academy of Design (1918) and the Altman Prize (1923). He is a member, not only of the National Academy of Design, but of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the National Association of Portrait Painters.

It is still too early to announce the results of the final competition of the Short Story Contest; but our readers may be interested to know that a deluge of manuscripts received during the last two or three days of 1924 brought the total number submitted in all four competitions of the Contest (in other words, during the entire year) to 10,370. And this figure, be it understood, is exclusive of stories by English authors (ineligible for the Contest) and of articles, essays, and poems submitted in the normal course of things. In all, something like twenty thousand manuscripts were received at the HARPER office during 1924—the largest number in the history of the Magazine.



For the past nine years Mr. Edward J. O'Brien has been engaged in a unique critical enterprise. He has set himself the task of reading virtually all the short stories in the American magazines and of grading them on the basis of distinction. Annually he has published an article in the *Boston Transcript* on the best short stories of the year, and during part of the time he has edited an annual volume of selected stories. His system of grading has consisted in marking with a triple asterisk what he considers to be the best stories of the year; with a double asterisk the somewhat less distinctive stories which, nevertheless, he considers significant both in substance and in form; and with a single asterisk those which are significant either in substance or form but not in both.

Few critics agree with all of Mr. O'Brien's verdicts, and many vehemently disagree with him; but the fact remains that he has been the only man who, year after year, has waded through the enormous flood of American short fiction, and that he has been a zealous champion of high literary quality. As such he has been helpful to editors and writers alike. Few literary critics comment on magazine stories; both writers and editors

find it all too easy to apply the commercial test—of which they are constantly reminded by the bulk of magazine sales or by the size of the author's check—but all too hard to apply the test of quality, of which there is little to remind them except their own conscience and taste, and a few letters, perhaps, of encouragement or reproof. The editors of a magazine like HARPER's, even when they believe Mr. O'Brien's judgment to be at fault, are glad that he is in the field to bestow praise on honest portrayal of life and honest workmanship.

HARPER's and *The Century*, Mr. O'Brien reported in his last article, are the only two magazines which during the past nine years have not failed, in any year, to bring out at least ten "two-asterisk stories" and at least five "three-asterisk stories." In the period between October, 1923, and September, 1924, inclusive, he reports that HARPER's published thirty-six distinctive stories, constituting ninety-two per cent of the Magazine's fiction for the year. Readers of the Magazine may be interested in his list of eighteen "three-asterisk stories" appearing during that period:

"Beata," by Gordon Arthur Smith; "Northern Lights," by Mary Heaton Vorse; "Shoes," by Frances Gilchrist Wood; "Common Sense," by Helen R. Hull; "The Journey," by Laura Spencer Portor; "The Cracked Teapot," by Charles Caldwell Dobie; "Bank Directors," by Laura Spencer Portor; "On the Malecon," by William McFee; "A Ticket to Brooklyn," by Elsa Barker; "Rolling River," by Walter Millis; "Silhouette," by Edgar Valentine Smith; "Little Mexican," by Aldous Huxley; "The Violet," by James Lane Allen; "A Singapore Day," by H. M. Tomlinson; "The Dormeuse," by Ernest Poole; "Horse and Horse," by Charles Caldwell Dobie; "Trumpery," by Susan Ertz; and the First Prize story in the first competition of the Short Story Contest—"The Girl in the Tree," by Alice Brown.



Drawn by R. M. Crosby

Illustration for "A Captain Out of Etruria"

"A CAPTAIN OUT OF ETRURIA," HE SAID, LIFTING THE LITTLE FIGURE



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AMERICAN FASCISM

A Plea for American Liberalism

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

THIS nation embraces an increasing number of middle-sized cities, large enough to make metropolitan gestures and to entertain metropolitan pretensions, yet small enough to become infuriated over the same neighborhood matters which stirred the passions of the ancestral Four Corners settlement.

One such community, which I know rather intimately, has recently been through an extended emotional debauch over the question of beating children in the public schools.

The crisis evolved out of curiously inane circumstances. Upon a certain class had been laid the painful task of learning by heart and reciting an effusively tender lyric entitled "October's Bright Blue Weather." One may easily gauge the effect of such verses as

Oh, sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together!
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather!

upon the sensitive natures of urchins fresh from Boy Scout camping expedi-

tions and similarly robust summer adventures. One thirteen-year-old sought to take the measure of the whole public-school system upon this infliction.

Ordered to stay after school to perfect a recitation which broke down completely in the second stanza, he departed for home at the first bell tap. Next morning his excuse was that he had "forgotten." He was charged (perhaps not incorrectly) with lying and was haled before the principal for a whipping.

In this school whippings are not considered efficacious until the victim cries. The grade teacher exhausted her feminine strength and broke a stout stick. Still this victim did not cry until the principal took a hand with a piece of rubber hose and two hundred pounds of masculine muscle. Then he went home with one leg bleeding and both legs significantly covered with welts. Next day the principal was arrested, charged with assault and battery.

The scandal thus became public. A local newspaper attacked the proceedings, both in their poetic and disciplinary

aspects, with somewhat caustic indignation; and kept it up after the principal had been acquitted under an antiquated state law, framed by a backwoods legislature in an age of universal child-beating, which proclaimed that assault and battery could not be considered as committed upon a pupil so long as his bones were not broken and he was not struck above the waist. The city raged.

But rage was directed almost entirely against those who sought to expose and discourage beatings. The executive body of the Parent-Teachers Council—one of the metropolitan activities—refused to express any interest in the case. Plea that further discussion would give the town harmful publicity won favor; and underground assurances that strong-arm methods were necessary only in the schools of the foreign section, but would not be applied to the children in the exclusive residential districts, won the day. The discovery in the superintendent's guide book for teachers of a moth-eaten rule prohibiting whipping except in the last resort and with the approval of parents was held, it seemed, by the public at large to be an impertinence.

As an interested spectator to the controversy, I found this widespread public partiality for beating hard to understand. I remembered almost twenty-five years ago in my own childhood a similar public agitation of the whipping question in a much similar city, when the responsible citizenry ruled against brutality once for all. I did not fully understand it until one night at the University Club old Herman Jackson, who became a local magnate by the underworld-lawyer route while the town was still westernly primitive, arose to proclaim the New Day.

Under much moral fervor and an argot suggestive of his intimacy with former clients, the sum and substance of the Jackson program was that the youngsters of his generation had been whipped and whipped hard by parents and preceptors, and that this was what

had made them the men they were; that those of the present generation were worthless and flagrantly immoral because in their case the rod had been spared; that the way to restore authority to the home, the church, and the prohibition-enforcement squad, and to restrain future generations from voting for "that cock-eyed bolshevist traitor La Follette," was to restore school whipping as a fine art.

Half a dozen leaders of enterprise in the town were in the group. Gravely, but without reservations, they indorsed this curious utterance as a bit of oracular wisdom.

It seems fair to call this mood American Fascism. It is of course more than an informal National Association for the Harder Beating of School Children. That was simply a local manifestation of an impulse which varies in its manifestations as widely as local issues vary. I certainly do not mean that it is anything like so definite a political philosophy or plan of action as is Italian Fascism. Americans seem thus far to have been touched by nothing more dangerous than the fascist impulse. But—as certain broad and open national manifestations suggest, and even more as one learns from watching the play of the raw, unseasoned, predominantly emotional minds of small-town business and social leaders upon the questions that concern them—it appears to be an impulse shared by millions.

It has provoked no political or economic revolution as yet, and nothing of this sort seems imminent. The occasion for such drastic explosions remains wanting. Nevertheless it is an impulse which, for the time being, seems to be changing the bases of opinion and conduct among leaders of policy in small American communities from liberalism to reaction, from reasonableness to intolerance, from inquiry to abhorrence of knowledge; from humanitarianism to something that is here and there uncomfortably like brutality.

It is the impulse to run away from acts, from the terrific complexities of reality, from drastically critical implications of modern experience and knowledge against the race's handling of its responsibilities — to flee from all this into the refuge of traditional, even long-used solutions, and of ancient half-discarded fetishes of absolute authority.

It is the impulse which makes certain large and politically powerful religious groups demand that the Republic be saved by legally prohibiting the teaching of scientific discoveries about human origins in the public schools and universities. It is the impulse which drives the Lord's Day Alliance—horried at signs of changes in the moral code to meet the realistic needs of human psychology—to urge the restoration of blue laws which would make it impossible for men, women, and children to have any amusement on Sunday but church attendance, Bible study, and over-eating.

It is the impulse which explains the Ku Klux Klan, and the astonishing infatuation of persons — a little too sophisticated socially to risk their decorum under such strange oaths and disguises—with the doubtfully unscientific myth of Nordic superiority. It explains the demand of the abysmally ignorant for Catholic disfranchisement on grounds that this will restore the fanciedly superior state of American civilization in the days before Roman Catholics became numerous: days, for instance, when workers could be imprisoned in pestilential jails for organizing to secure wage increases, and when congressmen were elected because they could summon more bullies or give away more whiskey at the polls than their opponents.

It explains the epidemic spread of Rotary and Kiwanis clubs and their increasingly sickly imitative organizations, with their ostentatious rituals of sentimental pledges and patriotism, their boisterous exhibitions of forced good-fellowship, their eternal prattle about—and goody-goody performance

of—"service." As one studies the quaintly Pharisaical official organs of these bodies one sees how vividly all these great minds are hag-ridden by a subconscious terror lest the American business man cease to be a slap-on-the-back playboy in his hours of relaxation, fond of dogs and crippled kiddies, and lest intellectualism and bolshevism enter in with doubts of Dr. Frank Crane.

It explains the "clean books" bill with its effort to restore more than Victorian proprieties to literature by a method which Victorian liberalism would have scorned. It explains the even more vicious "patriotic books" movement, which would purge school histories of all realistic analysis of the political issues and the public men of the nation's so-called heroic ages. It explains the denunciation of Senator La Follette as a dangerous revolutionary—"a cock-eyed bolshevik traitor," to quote old Herman again—because he advocated a constitutional amendment that was no doubt almost as unwise as three which are now in the Constitution.

One could go on with the list indefinitely, alternating between the alarming and the absurd for the reader's delectation. The social arbitress of Albuquerque, New Mexico, must have felt the impulse when she commanded her nineteen-year-old daughter never again to approach the town's newspaper club because "real men don't drink tea in the afternoon." Even the progressive pastor of a large Southwestern city, condemned by half the town as a dangerous modernist, must have felt it when he told me that new moral dangers had crept into American life when married couples, out for an evening's motor ride, began the custom of exchanging wives in the seating arrangements.

The boosters in a newly metropolized Texas cow-town must have been under the spell when they posted up a notice challenging anyone to criticize the community on any of its street corners and see if he could do this without suffering personal damage. A curious domestic

manifestation came under my notice in a Western city large enough to have a national publicity fund. A young college graduate of a locally elect family brought home a bride from a normally emancipated circle of "co-eds." Temporarily they lived with the groom's parents. The young husband was working hard on a case that required him to be at his office in the evenings for several weeks. He arranged for his wife to go to a dance under the escort of a college friend. When the news came out the girl's mother-in-law declared she would no longer live in the house with "a woman who brought shame upon the family," and actually left town until the "scandal" should blow over. Quite naturally, the bridegroom resigned a position with good prospects and took his wife to a more congenial metropolis fifteen hundred miles away.

Ludicrous as it is, one can multiply such frictions by tens of thousands and find in them one explanation of how the small city's determination to regulate private conduct is driving the independently minded young people into the metropolises and widening the breach between the small cities and the large.

Almost always, too, the controlling impulse is definitely connected with beating somebody. "I don't ask any school teacher in the land to teach my boy religion, but, God help me, I'll see to it that they don't rob him of his religion either," is a stock line of the Reverend Bob Jones as he goes his way profitably evangelizing fundamentalism through the Southern metropolises. And he never fails to reap loud applause when he rams home his climax with a physical threat: "If it's a man, I'll take off my coat, God help me, and whip him if he tries to make a skeptic out of my boy."

The Ku Klux Klan plied the whip so generously that its name has become a public scandal from New Zealand to Iceland. Rotarians and Kiwanians do not, it is true, use the birch on the unsympathetic. But let it be known in any American city below the half-

million mark that a man who can be reached through his business or his social connections entertains publicly a rational and sardonically critical opinion of their boisterous smugness, and he will hear from them by way of quiet boycott and discreet ostracism. Other brands of fundamentalism would invoke at least the threat of beating by making their various forms of fetish worship legally compulsory. When a man stands on his individual rights and refuses to obey a law prohibiting Sunday golf, or the teaching of evolution, or frank accounts of Benjamin Franklin's amours, the State can hit him with a club.

And that is where our home-brewed fascism wishes to consign the citizen who presumes to bring rational intelligence, scientific knowledge, and critical judgment to the solution of those complex common problems—from international politics to the training of public-school pupils in verse elocution—which rather dangerously concern us. Fascism wishes to put him where his first instinct will be—not to think his way out, not to expose the whimsical inconsistencies, the uproarious absurdities of controlling policies and conduct—but only to obey, knowing that open opposition to the herd mind's emotional conclusions may be punished with a blow.

Yet the fascist impulse is thoroughly precedented and easily understood. Consider how it mastered Ed Briscoe.

Ed is what is known as "a good mixer"—which often means that a man has a better than average gift for saying in loud and authoritative tones what the herd mind is thinking. He manages the several-million-dollar estate of his father-in-law, a President-Grant-era capitalist who, by working seventeen hours a day for fifty years without a vacation, died owning stock in almost everything profitable in town. Ed is a director and former president of almost every big business, community improvement, and exclusive social organization in town, and usually the present presi-

dent of at least two or three of them. At inaugurations and retirements he makes it a point to do his full vocal duty.

In 1912 Ed was thirty-eight and a Bull Moose progressive. The crowd of "dynamic"—that was the 1912 word!—young business executives with whom he herded were all for Roosevelt. Even when the Bull Moose lost the election Ed was happily confident that in four years or eight years "the cause" would triumph and the country pass into the possession of aggressive, virile young business men, somewhat sentimentally just to their employees and ardently pursuing human uplift by legislation.

From 1910 to 1914 Ed Briscoe found his world agreeably simple, which was soothing to a mind more adapted to action than to reflection. He never doubted for a moment that he understood it, or that it was good and getting better all the time, or that he understood just how it was getting better.

Then the War. First as a spectacle of action and then as a means of plunging himself into action beyond his wildest dreams, it fascinated Ed and almost suspended his rather meager reflective faculties. He worked enormously in a score of fund-raising activities, but he still had time left to whip up the great American home-town spy-hunt with the credulous gossip he circulated at his clubs and little dinner parties. He had plenty of time to urge that any man who failed to take his hat off to the flag at any time, anywhere, should have "his block knocked off." He spent days and nights getting information, in the banks of which he was a director, about the accounts of persons who, he thought, could be terrorized or boycotted into making larger Liberty Loan subscriptions. He went about preaching publicly the hanging of all pacifists and the suppression of all newspapers and magazines which criticized the war aims of the Allies or tried to discuss conditions in Russia without a denunciatory bias. More privately, he preached the idea

that when it was over it would be a good thing to have the army come back and put "traitorous, rapacious labor" in its place.

In those days anybody who politely asked him "why" he felt as he did about such questions was likely to be sneered at, to his face, as a pro-German and to become the villain of the town's next spy myth.

But few asked questions. Mostly the town prized Ed Briscoe for a leader "with guts." He moved among a circle of intimates and satellites who suddenly felt unsure of their world, suddenly felt menaced in all they prized by the obscure terror from Russia which they never even attempted to understand. Their instincts and training disposed them to remedy things by action first, and to let the experts come along with their critical and realistic examinations afterward. So they fell in with Ed Briscoe in his desire—instinctive rather than conscious—to make by force a civilization which they thought they could understand and control. They remembered the Roosevelt strong-arm methods but they sincerely and literally forgot the liberalism for which they had been invoked.

Peace irked them more sorely than war. Labor was more arrogant than ever, and when labor grew a little less arrogant there was business depression connected with obscure, hence detested, roots in Europe. It was all one to the Ed Briscoes, alarmed because communism in Russia refused to succumb in accordance with their mental images of its destruction and continued to threaten (as they thought) their physical comfort, their dominance in their communities. So if labor wore silk shirts and silk stockings to work, that showed its bolshevik spirit. If labor growled about wage reductions—while Ed Briscoe growled about dividend reductions—that showed its bolshevik spirit. It was pleasant to hear that they were settling these matters with clubs and castor oil in Italy. Ed began announcing in Chamber of Com-

merce meetings that "that fellow Mussolini has the Roosevelt touch."

Then there were "those wild young people" to deal with. "Those wild young people" also found their world hard to understand and, instead of trying to understand it, tried rather violently to make a world where they could find their bearings. The trouble with them was that they tried to establish bearings exactly the opposite of those which their elders were trying to establish.

Ed Briscoe was trying to get back to first principles—or what he thought were first principles. He gave one thousand dollars to bring a shouting fundamentalist evangelist to town, not because he personally "fell for that stuff" but because he thought it "would put the fear of God where it was needed." He also told the local cyclops that he couldn't personally consider joining the Ku Klux Klan for business reasons, but to "go to it, you're doing a big patriotic work."

When I last saw him he was devoting his whole energy to Russia. He had just returned from the international convention of his luncheon club, full of a speech the editor of a commercial paper back East had made. Its general tenor was that out of Moscow there had spread all over America the network of a vast international conspiracy to destroy the family, religion, property, all government; that the labor unions and the "liberal intellectuals" of *The New Republic* stripe were in it just as much as our twenty-thousand-odd confessed "criminal syndicalists." Ed got out a copy of the magazine with the speech printed in it and, beaming, read me what he called its "challenging sentence": "You men of this great organization, and others like you, may be standing to-day—*now*—on the last firing line for fundamental American institutions."

Then he went on with that rapid-fire diction he reverts to when he feels his leadership hot upon him: "That isn't

all. I met some birds back there who are close to the department of justice. They say the revolution's going to be pulled in 1926. Then, by God, we can give 'em the bayonet where it'll do 'em good.

"Then, do you know what we ought to do next? . . . Well, I'll tell you. . . Get rid of all this democratic bunk and turn this government back into the aristocratic republic it started out to be, and has got to be unless we're going to end where Russia's ended."

I told him I didn't believe it. Ed pounded his desk three times and said, "By God, you'll see."

It was a phrase reminiscent of several Briscoe prophecies about Russian politics.

I submit that the Briscoes are our full-budded fascists ready to break into action at the first favorable moment. Already their grosser forms have flowered a little in the Ku Klux Klan. Meanwhile, realistic observers of American social impulses may as well recognize that the economic and moral leadership in our small towns and cities—the dominant American leadership to-day—is losing interest in the solution of perplexities by critical analysis and reason. Though these perplexities—problems of the relations between capital and labor, of labor's human adjustment to mechanical civilization, of the more intimate and mutually dependent contacts between nations, and between men of different races, religions, and social habits within the same nation—are the most sternly challenging realities of modern life, this leadership yearns to drive perplexities back into the shadows with a club. It may never try it. But solutions are, for the time being, held up and some promising solutions are being undone.

However, as has been said, this situation is thoroughly precedented. A hundred and thirty years ago gentlemen in England were thrown out of traveling

coaches by their fellow passengers for presuming to advocate parliamentary reform while the French Revolution, raging across the channel, supplied mental images of what popular rule, unchecked by rotten boroughs, must lead to. England enjoyed, after the leisurely national manner, an attack of fascism with plenty of beatings and conservative mob violence for good measure, which lasted from 1792 to 1832.

One might prolong such historical comparisons indefinitely. As a recent Phil Beta Kappa orator at Harvard declared, human progress seems to alternate almost rhythmically between acceptance of despotism and insistence upon liberalism. With their characteristic grasp of practical psychology, the Romans of the Republic gave this tendency a quasi-constitutional sanction by permitting resort to the dictatorship in times of public danger or confusion. Their acute realism comprehended that, every once in a while, a popular cry arises out of humanity discouraged and perplexed with the task of conducting its social institutions: "We can't do it. The dictator can."

Such a cry rises to-day out of a discouragement probably more neurotic, but out of a perplexity far more involved than that which Rome suffered while Hannibal's armies dominated Italy. The cry has swept into power "the dictatorship of the proletariat" in Moscow no less than it has swept Mussolini into power in Italy and Primo de Rivera in Spain. To-day it seems to be sweeping the American herd-mind along a parallel if not similar path.

That the majority in this country may not yet be seeking a dictator after the Mussolini pattern—or as certain national industries have sought spectacular supreme regulators on the models of Mr. Hays and Judge Landis—by no means alters the prospects and symptoms of a dictatorship. The Main Street majority seems far more than cooly

willing to play dictator itself. And it is being more and more successfully pressed by extreme forces in its own ranks toward making that dictatorship more tyrannous and more dangerous to the individual's freedom to stand apart from the herd if he so chooses.

Nor is there lacking the crisis for liberals merely because there is no present prospect of a fascist army marching on Washington to place the editor of *The American Standard* in the state department with dictatorial powers, while demoting President Coolidge to a vaguely decorative Victor Emmanuelship. It is quite possible that, in the next decade, liberalism and individual liberty must fight their sternest and most brilliant battle in American history—merely to re-establish their right to exist. American fascism will hardly prove less difficult to conquer because it is establishing itself by slow stages, precedent by precedent, locality by locality.

Certainly it will not be seriously checked so long as resistance to it is confined to the essays which the members of sophisticated circles in the metropolises write about it for the edification of one another. The American small town must somehow be brought back to the realization it once consciously cherished—that any tyranny which, short of positive crime, inhibits the individual's free and full expression of himself is a barrier to progress; and to that other realization which it cherished instinctively—that the retreat into absolutist regulation of conduct, speech, and opinion is as much a flight from civic responsibility as it is from the reality of human differences. The small town must be induced to renew the old American faith in individual liberty, or our peculiar national brand of fascism may quite possibly last long enough to destroy nearly all that has contributed to the intellectual vivacity and variety of American life.

SUNLIGHT IN NEW GRANADA

Cartagena de Indias—Queen of the Oceans

BY WILLIAM McFEE

THERE are other ways into the country, as I have told in a different narrative,* yet this is the only royal entrance. It has a useless and deliberate magnificence all its own, the ship approaching a mysterious effulgence of domes and towers, floating as it were upon the waters, caressed by a high cool wind, and backed by the foam of perilous seas enclosing, not a faery land, but a magical city forlorn. So delicate and unreal does it appear in its shining and lacustrine isolation that the great precipice of La Popa, dominating the horizon, compels the uninstructed observer to explore with his glasses the massive buildings that crown the headland and dwarf the grim solidity of the citadel rearing up in the plain of the middle distance. Yet as the ship follows the curving and intricate channel from the Boca Chica, the city is once more ahead of him, and he marvels again as the sunlight illumines that alluring and compact foundation riding the shimmering lagoon, a very exhalation of the waters—Cartagena of the Indies.

And this, your first fine impression, gotten as the ship swims in the eternal placidity of the lagoon, with gray embrasures and ancient fortresses jutting toward you as she turns, is corroborated as time goes on and you permit the exquisite languor of the place to enfold your spirit. Those mighty walls are built of coralline rock, and they emerge from the ocean as though fabricated by the atoll-building insects themselves so many ages ago. They are as distant

from the human life they contain to-day as are the rocks from the crabs that haunt their crannies and caverns, and the dusky folk that pass beneath the ponderous arches are but shabby miniatures of those heroic beings from Estremadura who planned and executed old Cartagena, the Queen of the Oceans.

But of that, as they say, anon. Coming in by ship on a Good Friday, as I did, the city conveys a distinct impression that she has no welcome for a stranger within her gates. A tall black fellow ushers one through a dark tunnel through the wall and, baggage on shoulder, leads the way across blinding white squares and hot narrow streets to the Hotel. Cab drivers, it appears, desire to shrive their souls on this day, and transportation is at a low ebb. Once only, as the perspiring traveler passes the building that once was the home of the Inquisition, one of Henry Ford's not very recent creations is filling full of dark beauty, with reckless courage at the wheel, and one wishes there were time to meditate upon that singular juxtaposition of forces. Even while signing one's name in the hotel register—declaring in their appointed columns one's religion and profession and destination after leaving the city; age, nationality, and political aspirations—there is a desire to know what Mr. Ford thinks of the Inquisition and, more delectable still, what the Inquisition would do to Mr. Ford.

Once inducted into the hospitality of the hotel you begin, if you are of the true breed of the philosophical voyager, to enjoy yourself. For here are all the

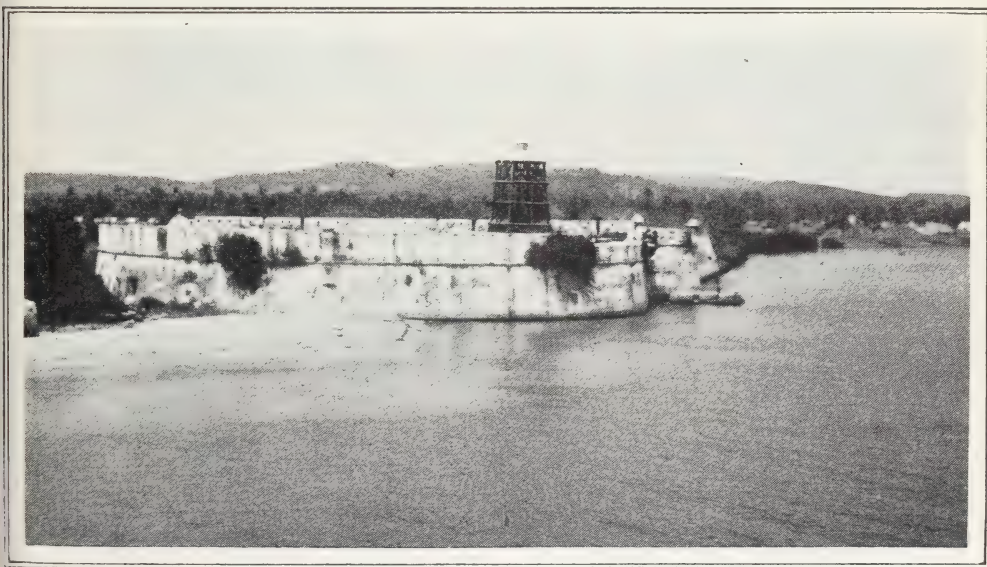
* *Revels at Reminiscence*. HARBERS for July, 1923.

ingredients of romance. Beneath a sky of Virgin's blue and gold you discover a city of glamour, whose houses have the irregular architecture of caverns, with roofs of Spanish tiles so massive and so old they resemble some bizarre natural formation. You find a city of streets filled with hot sunshine bisected by streets filled with cool shadow, a city of churches whose dark interiors are a-twinkle with candles and a-rustle with vague movements. Presently it will become a city alive with carriages, whose freshly shriven drivers crack whips and jangle loud bells as they approach a corner, while here and there motor cars swoop upon stray passengers with a raucous snarl of a horn worked beyond Anglo-Saxon endurance. All these, with panniered donkeys and enormous negroes bearing vast baskets on their heads, are to be seen from the balcony of your hotel if you so desire, while across the street rise the huge rose-pink walls of the University.

Within your own domains, moreover—always assuming your claims to be a philosophical traveler—you find much to delight your soul. Chief among these perhaps are the travelers who are not

philosophical, of whom one finds a few at all times. Perspiring transients, they are bound upon distant ventures: to oil fields and fruit plantations, to some jungle where the piers of a bridge are rising from the yellow floods rushing toward the Caribbean. Or perhaps they are homeward bound after years in the interior, holding themselves in leash until the ship arrives that is to bear them back to England or America or Holland, as the case may be.

The newcomers are, as a rule, more amusing since they reveal with a naïve candor their hatred of the very essentials of a tropical life. One, described by himself on the hotel register (quite superfluously) as an "Englishman," sits with his blue-serge waistcoat hanging limp over his heavy sodden shirt, and fans himself with his straw hat while he regards with disapproval and despair the romantic roofline overtopped by the belfry of the University. He, a carpenter destined to assist in developing some concessions up a Magdalena tributary, having been lured like other conquistadors by the hope of gold (two hundred a month and all found), is marooned here until the train starts. It is a shock to him to come to a country



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where trains do not start every seven minutes or even every seven hours. "Just fancy!" he breathes, "one train a week!" It is pointed out to him that as the boat goes up only once a week there wouldn't be much use in having a train oftener. Also one alludes to the airplane that will, for a handsome sum, carry him in a few hours—as an eagle carries a captive lamb—to where he wants to go. To this he violently dissents. He has seen enough o' them things in the War. Nasty dangerous affairs at the best of times. Suppose they dropped him now. Where would his wife and kids be then, he'd like to know?

Led back from this horrible thought to the city itself, he, sitting in a rocker on the gallery running around the hotel courtyard, does not think very much of the place. He is frankly and audibly incredulous that any sane person could come here of his own free will and remain. As he says this he is looking at a scene that, if he became suddenly rich, he would pay much money to behold in Southern Europe. The ghosts of the old conquerors are around him, and patrol his miserable rambles upon the ramparts when he tries to kill time while he waits for that weekly train. One is constrained to admit that, out of Kennington, where he is an integral part of the social fabric, this Englishman does not shine. He is a living witness to the great first law of travel: that you find in a place exactly what you bring to it. Beauty has sometimes to become fashionable before she can be seen, and you cannot expect the poorly equipped artisan to see the matchless coloring on old walls or the romance in ancient plazas, even though you dump him down among them and hold him there with nothing to do but look.

You see this vividly when a young lady, whose family live in the hotel, comes by in the pride of her youthful loveliness. She carries her slender body with the vigorous grace of the North American, and her black hair is shingled in the mode of the moment; yet her exquisite amber-tinted features, with their

proud dark eyes beneath long lashes, indicate something that our friend calls "foreign." Invited to admire her purely as an æsthetic spectacle, he remarks that she looks like a nigger to him and he is not strong for them at all. He fans himself in his rocker, his collar sagging in the heat and turning blue from the coloring of his tie, while he gazes gloomily into the dazzling sunlight of the courtyard where, beneath a waving palm tree, the servants are raising water from a well.

For him, then, as for so many others who transiently haunt the cavernous hostelry in the Calle Universidad, there are few compensations for so stern an exile. The hotel itself, once the town house of the governor, affords adequate accommodation and provender, and occasional humors that are, of course, available only to the philosophic. There is the old beggar lady, for example, who appears suddenly before the assembled guests as they smoke in the entrance hall and appeals—invariably without success—for alms. She is a remarkable old lady and a spectacle that seems to be confined to Latin regions. She suffers from some disease of the spine that brings her head to the level of her knees, whence it rears up with startling alertness from the top of a stout stick she uses for her crablike progression. Her face is gnarled like a walnut beneath the gray frizzed hair, and her eyes move from one to another of us illumined with a bright birdlike intelligence. This seems to be optimism got out of control, since no one within the memory of the management has ever given her anything. Nor does she comprehend in the slightest degree the fact that while her misfortunes are truly worthy of commiseration, we do not desire to contemplate them, and the impression of a human being scrambling in and out upon us on all fours is distasteful to the Anglo-Saxon temperament.

One is bound to note, in any description of Latin America, the peculiar and awful mutilations which both human beings and animals seem to experience.



United Fruit Co.

CAB DRIVERS DESIRE TO SHRIVE THEIR SOULS ON THIS DAY

Perhaps we have advanced somewhat ourselves in these matters, and monstrosities are no longer permitted to make normal folk wretched. But it is almost supernatural, the amount of lopping and vivisection some poor cat or dog will survive and pursue the fantastic tenor of its way with unabated zeal. There is one in the hotel, a once white cat whose tail has been bisected by some indignant cook with an ax, whose fur has been wrenched in broad patches from her loins, and who has achieved a truly hor-

rible yet nautical aspect by having the left eye reddened in some sanguinary battle. The right eye of course remains green, after the manner of starboard lights, and the animal herself moves furtively among chairs and tables like a pirate craft among an archipelago of fruitful islands, awaiting some unprotected provender.

There is, too, a scene in early morning fascinating to one brought up to believe in germs, and the virtues of enameled refrigerators, and so forth—when the

butcher arrives with the meat. You see him from above, since you are taking the morning air on the front balcony, and you discover to your surprise the fine lines of a donkey when "viewed in plan" as architects say, with the bulging panniers of meat on either side. The vendor dismounts from between them and, dragging forth a mass of purple and blue-green beef, haggles with an invisible major-domo. An arm is stretched out and vigorous fingers prod the flesh, indicating its poor quality, age, and so forth. Clouds of flies have become interested in the affair and have to be waved off at intervals. The salesman slaps the portion in his excitement, reduces the price of it by a *maravedí*, and hands it over. And then you behold him wiping his hands on the donkey's tail and remounting to call upon another customer. And you become a vegetarian for a few days.

But it would be unfair of any hotel to be so interesting that no one would ever want to go outside of it. We can suppose that the philosophic voyager has been approached suddenly and rapidly by one of the gentlemen with whom he has shared a bottle of beer, and who is expecting important and lucrative news from London, or Paris, or Bogotá at any moment. In the meanwhile will he loan him a mere trifle of twenty dollars? This sort of thing will spoil even a philosopher's morning and send him out to seek diversion in the streets or consolation in the churches.

He should, if possible, contemplate the front of the Old Inquisition, since here is a vestige of a spirit not entirely gone from the land even now, and in the center of the square is erected something he will meet with reasonable frequency while in New Granada, and which is the key to the Latin-American problem. This is an equestrian statue of the Liberator, Simón Bolívar, with samples of his rhetoric engraved upon the base. There is an air of magnificent bravado in the outflung arm bearing the cocked hat. The elaborate decoration of epaulettes and lace on the coat strikes the northerner as

incredibly ludicrous in contrast to the grim vestments of the lean and indomitable conquistadors. But it is the expression of that lofty and empty forehead above the wide vacant eyes which holds the observer. He seems to be saying, with a shrug, "You see, it is quite easy for me to be the saviour of my country. I do that sort of thing in my spare time." He personifies, on that horse with the improbable tail, the rhetorical proclivities of a race whose comprehension of authentic liberty is as yet uncertain. Grandiose gestures and a reverberating vocabulary are but inadequate supports for responsible government, as certain gentlemen in the history of the United States were quick to discover. To see this symptom of Latin America is not to solve the problem. It is but to indicate the key. Our business is to try to understand. But no nation is civilized that cannot make itself understood. Indeed one may define civilization as the faculty of collective expression. The ideals expressed may be unsympathetic to ours—that is beside the point. But one may begin here, in this small Plaza Simón Bolívar in Cartagena, a contemplation of Latin America. Here the Liberator holds forth his cocked hat in an eternal gesture of fantastic pride. The Holy Inquisition broods upon departed powers. Concessionaires crowd their headquarters into the old buildings on either side, the advance guard of an alien civilization that has pierced the Isthmus and turned Southern California from a somnolent dust heap to the garden of the world. Here you may view the ancient houses with their marvelously picturesque arches and projecting balconies and diversified roof lines, their ochreous walls softened to beauty by time. And at the far corner the Cathedral, where sleeps old Sebastian de Belalcázar, stands in its new adornments of gaily colored cosmetics, like an ancient dame all painted up for a noble function—a glitter of candelabra and gilded altars where tall old priests confess the sins of baby negresses and the donkeys pad silently past us in the

fathomless dust of narrow and waterless roadways.

But there is one feature of this Cartagena Eroica that is inescapable, for all the somber desolation of her streets and the fortresslike embrasures of her silent windows. And that is the clear light beyond. Wherever you stand, looking down *calle* after *calle*, you see at the end the splendid clarity of an empty sky over the invisible sea. It is her crown of light, hers alone among the cities of New Granada to wear. Her rivals are imprisoned in the mountains and her servants sprawl in slovenly reticulations along the banks of the Magdalena. You will remember it with a feeling of exultation when you are gone home—that lovely radiance far up beyond the heavy Spanish roofs and Moorish towers. And when you are there, standing wistfully at some dim intersection, you will follow it until you come out by dingy paths and noisome cabins alive with naked black babies whose dark shining abdomens protrude in innocent convexity from the

doorways. From these you emerge upon a grass-grown ramp of mighty flagstones leading up to the battlements of the most Christian King.

And here, if you have an eye for color and carry within you a fructifying imagination, you may sit by ancient gun ports and dream of those imperial days. They, the days and the men who lived them, are worth a dream. They were extraordinarily foolish and futile from our sophisticated modern standpoint, yet they are worth a dream. For an age like ours with a leaning toward magnitude, a structure so enormous, so enduring, and so costly should have an irresistible lure. One can hardly blame the tough freebooters from Port Royal if they conjectured almost incredible treasure within such ramparts. One can imagine them easily enough, standing off a couple of leagues to windward and taking long luscious looks through their telescopes at the rising tiers of masonry. There must have been many a reckless attempt to beach and land among those black reefs



YOU COME UPON STREETS ALIVE WITH BLACK BABIES

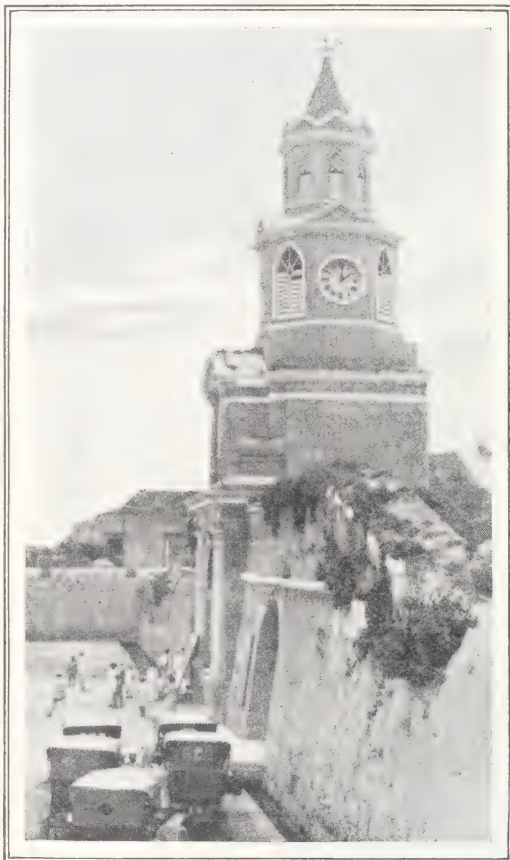
in spite of the risks, or why should the wall have run along the seaward flank? So one can see, in imagination, some such foray and its consequent disaster as the guns boomed and the boats split among the breakers and got stove in, or perhaps managed to pull out hampered by frantic men clinging to their riven bulwarks. And for days afterward the watchmen clanking along the wall would see some of their late enemies among the rocks, face downward in the water, held by their rusting corselets where they had plunged, while the fish and other things were busy at their appointed tasks.

On their ribs the
limpet sticks,
And in their hearts
the scrawl shall
play.

The difficulty for the watchmen, however, was that those "*Anglais mécréants*," as the poet Heredia calls them, never knew when they had enough. It would be a fascinating task for an actuary of genius to take Esquemeling's narrative, estimate the prime cost of barratry, and balance it against the resulting *moidores*. Here is the fundamental basis of the pirate's claim to be a romantic figure—what he did never did pay. Nor, had Drake and his English miscreants been the mere holdup gang some would have us believe, would they have gone back again and again to the Spanish Main, embracing their grim vocation with such dark ardor.

You can feel the nerves of this mystery of the true romance as you stand on the huge walls of Cartagena de Indias. The sea on the black rocks below achieves a dirgelike quality as it creams and gurgles and draws stealthily back with a sigh of momentary frustration. You lean over and ponder the problem of the incalculable spirit of man.

You comprehend, if you are fortunate, in a kind of vivid revelation that this great mass of masonry was not simply a safe-deposit vault for looted gold but an outer bulwark of a civilization that was being attacked on every hand by those tough taciturn sea rovers from Tilbury and Plymouth and all the Channel ports. Step down that round-topped sally-port and follow the tunnel till you come out upon yonder projecting and flanking watchtower. Here was danger, and it might happen that this place would be carried by assault, yet with the



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THE GREAT SUN GATE WHERE THE HIRED
COACHES CLUSTER

drawbridge up the defenders were safe. There is a cunning curve in that tunnel and a dozen men could hold back an army. You can see, though, the care and desperate thought that went into the designing of the place. To the young gentleman from Toledo or Burgos or Valladolid who had got into trouble with his family and shipped to the Indies (quite possibly a good swordsman and better Catholic) and who was

told off to stand a watch in this circular stone cubbyhole with its narrow slots—to him “the meteor flag of England” was more than a mere line of poetry not yet written. It was the bane of his life. It stood for everything he hated and loathed and feared. It was the hereditary enemy of his native culture and the foe of his ideals. From that horrible island in the northern mists—where men toiled and moiled in sodden rain and the muck of melting snows—there came a steady stream of ferocious ruffians, impudent infidels, who seemed possessed of devils so long as their thick boots trod a deck or their great hairy arms pulled an oar. He regarded those earringed and tattooed sailors as a young clergyman might regard the followers of the Mad Mullah in the Sudan. To him, coming from the sunlight of old Granada—let us suppose from Murcia or even old Cartagena—to the sunlight of New Granada, there was something fabulous and infernal in these dour and implacable corsairs forever coming across the Caribbean. He needed no other inspiration than the knowledge that they came not only for gold but for the exquisite joy of smashing what was

to them an alien civilization. Perhaps, though, it was not knowledge but feeling it in his heart and bones as he peered out through the slot in the stonework, watching the horizon with an occasional satisfied glance at the ribs of an English long-boat on the slimy green rocks below.

And they love to call it the unconquered city, Cartagena Eroica! There is even a Calle Eroica, though the inhabitants of that respectable thoroughfare do not aspire to heroism in these days. It may be doubted whether they recall, or ever knew of, the perfidious Drake and his exploits on the other side of the city. That terrible commander is in his hammock now—

Slung between the round shot,
in Nombre Dios Bay

in the gulf to the westward, and he and all his old-time animosities are forgotten by the Calle Eroica. Even Time is thrown back in disorder from these tremendous walls of Cartagena, whose mortar is so hard it stands out in sharp ridges from the eroded brickwork, and whose outer rinds are reinforced with barnacles as with armor. And you may find, much to



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A VERY EXHALATION OF THE WATERS—CARTAGENA OF THE INDIES

your astonishment, that the old place is unconquerable in a more subtle sense than Sir Francis gave himself an opportunity to discover. When he finally got into Cartagena behind his roaring pikemen, much more rapidly than anyone can enter in these days of customs examinations and departmental *cédulas*, he remained only six weeks and took away a hundred and ten thousand ducats. This, you will be drily assured by concessionaires, is not to be duplicated to-day. You may remain six years and have far less to carry back to your home country. Cynical gentlemen who have failed to connect with profitable enterprises will assert that Sir Francis took it all, and there are no ducats left for the modern English financial pirate to take. Those with better fortune remain, with their wives, and capitulate to the languorous life of Cartagena. And if they ask you in to tea it is worth while to go, for there is a tradition of hospitality in the land and the stranger within these ponderous gates is made much of.

And to us who come perhaps from cities like New York or Chicago, the spaciousness, after tiny apartments very high in the air and very high in rent, is like a fairy story come true. You find yourself as you ascend the vast cool stairway to the gallery surrounding the patio, calculating how much a month all this would cost on Park Avenue. To the great, high-windowed, balconied chambers you can find nothing to say. You become aware once more of that feeling which it is worth the price of travel to find—that you have reached the frontiers of another civilization. You feel as a medieval Jew might when, on leaving his ghetto, he waits awhile in the halls of some indigent grandee. The modern furnishings appear strangely diminished in such lordly accommodations. In the large aviary that will fill the space between two columns on the gallery, toulpians and parrakeets shrill and chatter, presided over by a macaw of brilliant plumage and with a formidable beak that a long and entirely useless life has not

taught him is poorly adapted as a means of locomotion. The furniture, which on account of the heavy duty is probably of native manufacture (of mahogany or *comino*, a kind of hard bass), has a gim-crack appearance; for though Colombia possesses magnificent woods and highly skilled craftsmen, the tariff-protected factories turn out work of a most appalling badness. The designs are debased variations of Spanish styles, and a wardrobe with ill-fitting doors will affright the purchaser with a mass of chrysanthemums and pomegranates, carved in wood, perched upon one corner. The austere beauty of straight lines is not in favor, and tortured chairs and cabinets stand around in agony, a strange and disturbing contrast to the polychromatic loveliness of the tiles that form the floor. Here you stumble, if the jest be permitted, upon an authentic Iberian talent transplanted to New Granada, one that goes with the palms of the patio and hot sunlight which pours down outside. The designs, for all that, are familiar since they are the traditional conventions of the tile-maker's art and have been assiduously copied by astute linoleum manufacturers in North America. You can relish the illusion of an illusion (your bedroom floor seems to be covered with oilcloth rather than baked earth) until you drop your watch on it.

But those whom you find in these cavernous *casas* in the Calle Eroica or along the Calle Universidad, while they are courteous to visitors and generally have an automobile from Detroit that seems gigantic in the narrow street—to whirl and bump you in all directions, darting up the new road to La Popa headland or through the *faubourgs* behind the old fort of San Lazaro—are at the same time shorn of romance: for they are administrators and their wives, managers and independent exploiters of some northern specialty. For them adventure has been displaced by security; their means afford them the power to bring down much that is affected at home, and their lives are stretches of tropical existence broken



Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

THE DUSKY FOLK ARE BUT SHABBY MINIATURES OF THE HEROIC FOUNDERS

by comfortable trips to New York or London.

For us who desire to peep into the affairs of penitent and penurious expatriates there are smaller but more alluring *ménages* nearer the great gate with the yellow clock-tower atop, where the hired coaches cluster and seem more interested in conversation than in fares. If you go northward through a narrow street from there you will emerge upon another plaza whose eastern side is bounded by a two-story arcaded block of buildings whose upper floors are let out in microscopic apartments. In one of these it may be your fortune to discover, as did I some years ago, a romantic pair of young Americans "fighting for existence" as the husband grimly phrased it, "and for the love of it" as his helpmeet as grimly elucidated for my benefit. They come and they go, such couples, and the sinister aspects of tropic life are reflected in their fugitive careers.

It used to be said in the Club Cartagena, which is a magnificent edifice with

an imposing and glittering ballroom (without any balls) just up the street, that the Ponsonbys achieved housekeeping on the irreducible minimum. The captain of the *Popayán*, who brought them down, was responsible while in the Club for describing their interior as consisting of "a table, a chair, a bed, a mosquito-bar, an ice-box, and a cocktail-shaker." To tell the truth, there was not room for much more since they had a cat (who of course complicated matters with kittens almost at once). Ponsonby had been a flier in France, and during his four years there (three in the French Army) he had come down in his plane in more ways than a mortal man can imagine, generally damaging both himself and his machine. He was small, alert, humorous, and warm hearted, and his attitude toward his blond little wife—who had been a show girl in New York—was a blend of passion and ferocity with a dash of stupidity, he being a man unused to woman's ways. It was the captain of the *Popayán* who told us the story of Pon-

sonby taking his wife to some place in Colón, a place with a name like "Chateau Thierry" or "Belleau Wood" or "The Great Push," and dancing with her there among all the girls from Valparaiso to Port Limón. There was a fight, of course—somebody had the temerity to look at her, and Ponsonby wouldn't allow that at all. As the captain told him afterward, "If you will fly with crows you must expect to be shot at." The trouble was that Ponsonby spoke not only French but Spanish, and with infuriating fluency; while she, a show girl, "had a few words of English" as she put it pathetically to us one night in the Club. She would cry on his settee, the captain said, every time the *Popayán* was in Cartagena and beg him to tell her about New York until she couldn't bear it and asked him to stop.

But it was pleasant, in between Ponsonby's gusts of jealousy, to sit in the tiny front room looking out on the moonlit square—for the *Popayán* was there on the seventeenth of the month when the moon was full—and helping with the limes for the *Daiquiri* or *Tom Collins*. At such times they had amusing episodes of their life to recount, though some of them must have had their painful moments to experience. As when he took her marketing to teach her the language, asserting it must be learned by ear and by speaking real sentences, and then broke into furious reproaches because she spoke to the man who was trying to sell them some fish. "I know I was only a show girl," she muttered to the good captain one evening, "and ignorant at that, but I draw the line at vamping a fishmonger." And then, so the captain of the *Popayán* remarked, she went on in her rich husky contralto voice, so seductive in a small blond thing like her: "He says you learn it all by ear. 'Oh,' I says, 'you do, do you?'" And how did he learn so much by ear? That's what I'd like to know. He didn't do it by being bawled out every five minutes." This of course was followed by a boo-hoo of the usual proportions, with choking requests

to be sent home or she'd die in this terrible place. Nobody, the captain said, could tell with the Ponsonbys how much was grief and how much was gin. She'd get over it and sing for us—a hoarse, sweet, vulgar little voice—while Ponsonby sat and scowled at the moonlight. He was a clerk on the pier for an importing firm for, like most war babies, he had missed the years of steady training for a profession. And he was as popular among the Colombian officials and citizens as a rattlesnake with the cholera. The simile comes from the captain, of course, who liked them both but saw with his own eyes what went on. This way of Ponsonby's of treating the Colombians as though they were dirt made life difficult for her, since those same Colombians are extraordinarily hospitable and courteous among themselves and are sensitive to such an attitude. Moreover, they are all inter-connected by marriage, and a snap at a uniformed guard will be retailed in great houses not long after. So Mrs. Ponsonby wept a good deal and didn't get on very fast with her Spanish. "How can I learn to talk that stuff when he has no patience and I'm going to have a baby?" was the sort of question the good captain was expected to answer at times. Yet she cheered up and told him once of something that happened the first night they were there from the *Popayán*. You have to see them for yourselves, those two; he the hard-bitten, testy, and reckless little birdman from France, and she almost with the very air of Forty-Sixth Street still in her lungs, lying down on the tight canvas mattress beneath the mosquito-bar. And then, as they dozed around midnight, the police changed guard in the square and blew their usual blast on their piercing tin horns to show the world they were vigilant and at hand.

"Scared!" whispered she in that attractive husky drawl. "Scared isn't the word. I was up in no time at all and I says to him, 'Get up, dear. The house is pinched!'" The Captain was always very much amused at this. Nothing, he said, would convince her that such romantic

lodgings could be respectable, and the sudden shrilling of that unaccustomed bugle had reacted according to rule.

Ponsonby's obsession was that he was being hampered by a girl who would not catch on to Latin-American life. He had grandiose dreams of going "into the interior" and doing something imposing, he didn't quite know what. If she had "caught on" and spoken to anyone under ninety he would have gone into one of his black rages that made one want to kill him. He would say things, too, that would have been hideous if they hadn't been so silly and so obviously the result of an overwrought mind.

It was on an evening like this, with the *Popayán* to sail in the morning, that they had been fighting when the news came he was to go up to Bogotá where his firm had an office. His opinion of himself of course went higher than Bogotá. It went above the Andes, though anybody could see it was because the Cartagena end couldn't stand it any more. Ponsonby didn't look at it that way. He was the superman. Certainly he could be hard and cruel to his woman. But this evening, with this news and the baby coming and the perfect night, for a while they were happy. I happened to blunder on some good circumstantial evidence of it. Up there on the great wall that was flooded with that dangerous moonlight—which after all is only reflected sunlight—they came slowly, unaware of the innocent stranger who meditated in the shadow of a *gabion*. There are some who say romance ends with marriage, but it may be doubted whether this is true. For these poor waifs of the world life held

something more than sugary sentiment. Their embraces were but the prelude to battle. Who shall say they were not fit and worthy pioneers to go into that remote region, since they had for each other something of that harsh passion that outlasts the flimsy fancies of softer lovers. Even there on the old wall of Cartagena, rather than holding her to him he seemed about to take her up and fling her over the parapet. This was illusion. For they walked on, hand in hand, until they came round to where they could see the *Popayán*—the dear old *Popayán* on whose broad decks they had danced and lain in chairs while the ship had carried them from the bright lights of Broadway to the sunlight of New Granada. And now they were going on, to see what lay behind the ranges, far up the yellow waters of the Magdalena. They were taking their own Nordic culture with them, of course, just as the Spaniards took theirs when they fought through the jungle filled with poisoned arrows and as Sir Francis Drake did when he singed the King of Spain's beard. Perhaps some day we shall find them in some street of Bogotá or Medellín, happy in their own way, with their queer passionate lives the wonder of the placid Colombian ladies. We shall see them at a balcony, with the baby (who will startle us with its linguistic facility) and we shall go up and be invited to help with the lemons. All this is implicit in that embrace on the wall of old Cartagena in the moonlight. It is symbolical of their race, who will always be faring forth into that great empty land to see what they can find beyond the ranges.

A CAPTAIN OUT OF ETRURIA

Awarded a Second Prize in the Third Harper Short-Story Contest

BY A. R. LEACH

LUCY ANDERSON, as Lucy Anderson, with no eulogies or criticism attached to her name, proved at the time of this story that she, thirty-six years old, was not always perched aloft in the ivory tower of her art. She had been living in Europe since the War, moving freely in that agreeable society of compatriots and their foreign acquaintance which is so much envied by readers of the *Paris Herald*.

Miss Anderson, however, was not as these. She was painting, surreptitiously as it were. She had a small but sufficient income which, in francs, went a considerable distance beyond its capacity in dollars, and she had her banker uncle as a refuge and a background.

She worked constantly wherever she was, because she never looked into a face without seeing the problem it held for her—without wishing to take what struck her consciousness as its salient feature, and translate it, bring it into a harmony which would vibrate into the consciousness of humanity. She created (as the critics have taught us in these last few years) by the stroke of a brush, by the juxtaposition of colors, a sensation, an outthrust statement which a poet puts into meter, a musician into harmonies.

As Miss Anderson had no conversation about art, had never even learned its patter, she was not taken seriously even by her friends. She talked about anything, making herself so generally agreeable that there are old ladies of both sexes still hanging about who insist, with dark hints, that she employed

some "real artist" who painted "those pictures," or at least "finished" them. "There was that portrait of Mrs. Burt, the one she behaved over so badly. Mrs. Burt, just out of good nature, and of course expecting she would give her the sketch or whatever it was, sat for days being painted; and when she saw the result it was a perfect daub. The loveliest frame ever fashioned couldn't have made it possible to hang on a wall. Mrs. Burt said she wouldn't have taken the thing home; and Lucy Anderson had the impertinence to sell it!—if you please, to the French government!"

But these were the days when Lucy was still a dear nice girl, Robert Anderson's niece and one of Paris' social fluxes. It was the season she painted the old woman shearing her dog on the river bank, the gray light on the Seine making sinister the cutting shears, the rebellious dog, and the cruel old woman. It was the first picture the critics were to see and gloat over, but the time had not arrived for opening the storehouse of wonders she had ready for them; and it is doubtful if it would have come in her lifetime had it not been for that autumn in Italy when her road turned.

It was at tea time in the garden of the largest hotel in Geneva, after the horse chestnuts had dropped their bloom in Paris, that Miss Anderson personally encountered Mrs. James T. Clevering and her pretty, slim daughter. When Miss Anderson saw them they were sitting at a table in the center of the chattering crowd, making a great show of talk and

amusement, which did not disguise the fact that they were entirely alone. Miss Anderson, who took a very sane and human interest in gossip, of which she heard a great deal, had seen the Cleverings in Paris and had heard more than she had seen. The Cleverings had been very well advertised by the two little newspapers printed in English which exist for that purpose, and at the time Emelie Clevering was presented to the English Court, her dress (with the name of the Parisian maker) had been described and photographed and she had been placed in the gallery of international publicity. After that, gossip said, the mother and daughter had been bewildered. The presentation had been arranged for them long before, as long before as the time when Mr. Clevering had so generously contributed to a presidential campaign.

The pair first came into Miss Anderson's vision one day at the Pré Catalan when the band played and motors drew up to discharge the notables and those who came to look at them. The sweet Paris air was vibrating with the American music, the flash and color and small talk of a holiday gathering, when the Cleverings came in: happy in the company of a dark lady and one of the dyed-haired Grand Dukes who have made a profession of escape.

Kind Americans looked at the group with consternation. "Look at the poor things," Miss Anderson's hostess said over her cup. "Lucy, you haven't anything to do, why don't you write a social Baedeker? How can they know that they are in notorious society? They say that after the girl was presented they sat in their hotel and expected the Queen to ask them to dinner. I am not at all certain they did not invite her."

"Who are they anyway?" old Mrs. Varick asked, after everything had been laboriously repeated into her trumpet. Mrs. Black shook her head as though it were too dreadful to repeat. In reality, she told Lucy, the Cleverings were ordinary simple rich people who were

said to be deadly dull. Miss Anderson thought that that might not be an insuperable barrier to association with royalty, but like a good many other thoughts whose edge might have cut the delicate frosting of her niceness, it was unexpressed.

"The girl," she said, "is rather a type." But that remark met with the inattention given to all conventional remarks.

Lucy Anderson began to make a picture of Emelie—the fresh-faced, blank-eyed young creature, so certainly unsophisticated in spite of her truly amazing clothes, her saucy hat, her knowing shoes. These were so plainly mere decorations laid on from the outside without any reference to the inner structure of taste. She was a ready-made problem for the artist.

"The second generation: the first has climbed out of its environment exactly as an earthworm climbs, and the second has no instinct to fit. It squirms. I must get her on canvas some day."

As the days went on and she saw more of the mother and daughter, she began to visualize them as distracted travelers caught in one of those old-fashioned mazes which the practical humor of an earlier time planted in gardens. The pavilion where the society they coveted disported itself with music and laughter was somewhere at the end of one of those paths, but when they rushed at the next turning—or rather the mother rushed, passive daughter in hand—they always found themselves in another blind alley.

When, on that idle afternoon in Geneva, Lucy Anderson saw them again she could not know that they were recovering from one of these false turnings, against whose blocking hedge they had flung themselves with such momentum that its thorns had left them smarting. The first days of their stay in London they had met an American citizen at the American Embassy, where he had come to pay his respects to the representative of the country under

whose protection he lived while he roamed the world with the free conscience of a man who had done his whole duty to his country by fighting for her. Mrs. Clevering, misled by the sweetness of his manner, had confided in him as a compatriot and a brother. He had been charm itself; too charming, in his facile dexterous ease, for Mrs. Clevering's comprehension.

Emelie had basked in his gentle questionings. It had been a matter of angry puzzlement on the mother's part that men did not "flock" about Emelie. They had come abroad expecting to be beset, warned against the titled adventurer who would try to marry a beauty and an heiress, but they had had to make no rebuffs. So when Bertram Lossing had given them an hour of delight (the light talk, the gay assumption that they, too, were part of all this rushing to and fro, this steady brilliance in the midst of furious activity which was the London season) they felt that for this they had come to London.

Lossing was innocent of any wish to impress them. His thirty-eight years had only perfected his face, and every one of them had laid a softer patina on his manners. Poor little Emelie, unaccustomed to anything that he represented, turned him into one of the heroes who live in the mists of a young girl's fancy.

When they parted Mrs. Clevering took a card from the gold case with the diamond monogram that she habitually carried in her hand and gave it to him; and while he held it delicately and put it away carefully, she effusively begged him to come to tea. "We have our own parlor at the Ritz," she told him, "and we have tea every day at five o'clock." When he did not come they speculated over it, and Emelie was certain it was on account of an accident. If they had known his address they would have sent him a more formal invitation or, as Emelie felt sure that he was ill, possibly they would have sent flowers.

Then, when an opportunity came, they asked about him at the Embassy and were a little excited to learn that he more than fulfilled their dreams. He had a great villa on Lake Como which he called home, where he entertained his many friends. Everything added to their satisfaction in him. He would "do." And then they had gone to Paris and met his sister-in-law at—of all places—their jeweler's shop. Mrs. Clevering, over the counter where each was buying lavishly, hesitatingly mentioned to the rather spectacular lady beside her that she had accidentally heard her name spoken, and that they knew her brother-in-law. "We met him in London at our Embassy," Mrs. Clevering said in the assured voice of one who offers a perfect reference. Mrs. Digby-Lossing turned and looked at her speculatively.

"Oh! Bertram," carelessly, "he goes all over the shop." They walked to the edge of the Avenue de L'Opéra together where the two smart motors stood. Mrs. Digby-Lossing, tall, dark, flashing, drawing all eyes, hesitated a moment and then, "Since you are friends of my brother-in-law, my *dear* brother-in-law" (any note of sarcasm was lost on the Cleverings) "why not come to Paillard's to tea with me?" They had gone, and the next day the jeweler found occasion to call at their hotel on some ostensible errand concerning settings, and took the opportunity to tell them that Mrs. Digby-Lossing had been too conspicuous a figure in Paris before a young war-sick fool had married her.

The Parisian tradesman who had heard of the tea at Paillard's felt that he could not have his shop come into bad social repute, but he shrugged his shoulders over the density of his wealthy customers. He had mentioned that Mr. Bernard Lossing was a favorite in France, particularly in the old legitimist families. Mrs. Clevering had said laughingly that she "didn't quite know what a legitimist was, but it sounded exclusive."

Then the Cleverings turned their bewildered backs on that path and were pacing between the rows in Geneva when Miss Anderson went by and smiled. Mrs. Clevering had no idea who Lucy Anderson might be (as that social arbiter, the *Paris Herald*, never mentioned her name), but she had seen her many times between the columns of the pavilion at the end of their social labyrinth, and when she walked by their table, smiling and hesitating, her gentle distinction so flattering, Mrs. Clevering—not quite as readily as she would have done in May, her cordial instincts a little hampered by experience—with some of the shrinking of the burnt child rose and greeted her.

Miss Anderson, with the boldness of the hunter who means to run down his prey without any reference to the game laws, murmured many politenesses and hoped that they were enjoying Geneva, although everybody seemed to find it a dull season.

"I suppose you came down with Mrs. Colmar" (mentioning the name of the wife of an American Secretary in Paris); "I have not seen you since the day of her reception," she added. Miss Anderson did not mention that she had not seen her that day but had heard one of those vociferous ladies, who pay their social way by giving amusing caricatures of all the people not present at the time, describe their costumes and entrance and exit at the patriotic gathering.

Presently she was sitting at the Cleverings' abundant table, making herself as agreeable as she knew how, and that was very agreeable indeed—bowing to her friends as they went by, and altogether giving the Cleverings the comfortable feeling of shelter from the cold world. That night at dinner in one of the villas near by, Bertram Lossing sat beside Miss Anderson—and then and there began one of those episodes which later was to add to the world's store of masterpieces.

Lucy and Lossing had met several times, but never had the cement of a

mutual interest held them together for even a moment. To-night, after the two courses whose passing each felt it necessary to devote to the other side, they turned toward each other with animation. Lossing's high-nosed keen face was full of interest as he looked into Lucy's long, bright-brown eyes which shone like lamps behind the solidly carved olive features.

"I saw you having tea with some of our compatriots to-day," he said.

"I enjoyed meeting them very much," Miss Anderson replied.

"I am very sure you did," he said quickly. He would have been equally sympathetic to the vociferous chronicler of the doings of the Cleverings, but he found Miss Anderson's attitude more to his taste.

"I met them in London one afternoon when we were both calling at the Embassy." He made no attempt to keep the light note of amusement out of his voice. "I have never forgotten them."

"You should visit America some time," Miss Anderson said blandly, and put her fork into the *langouste mousse* on her plate with the interest of one who is in the years when food is food, after youth scorns and before age rejects.

Mr. Lossing smiled. He knew how to meet that remark. "I have been there," he said, "but—the 'Dollar Princesses,' as I believe they call them—were not so prominent as they appear to be now."

"To tell the truth, they are not so prominent in America as they are in Europe. But these people are not prominent, or rather important, anywhere—yet."

"Why 'yet'? Do they interest you so much?"

"The girl—enormously."

"Shall you take her about with you?"

"I am about to ask that privilege."

The impatient old French general on the other side of Miss Anderson claimed her again and they were getting into the salad when Lossing was able to go on. He began as though there had been no interval:

"Why, may I be pardoned for asking?"

Miss Anderson hesitated. She knew that if Lossing had ever heard that she painted portraits, or anything else, the fact had certainly not been impressed on his consciousness as a matter of consequence. He, with his intimate little collection of early Italian art—where every bit was a treasure at whose mention even dealers lowered their voices—would hardly remember an amateur, and it amused her to play with his state of mind and her own.

"I find her a stimulus," she said. "She gives me great thoughts."

"A stimulus? In what direction, pray?"

"Art," said Miss Anderson.

Lossing half turned on his chair in his real astonishment. "She—I had no idea that she knew anything about art. They—I am sorry to say that I was so obtuse. I like to think . . ." He hesitated.

"You like to think," Miss Anderson said, "that you are so accustomed to being let past the portals, as one might say, that you believe that you can inventory one's mental furnishings at the first glance and make up your mind whether it is worth while to come again."

Lossing looked at her helplessly and then smiled his incomparable smile: "At any rate, it is not often that I find a companion on my explorations," he said. "It is delightful to hear of secret rooms."

"I doubt if you talked to the girl at all." Lucy knew that if he had, he was amusing himself entirely after her fashion.

"I am certain I did not. The remarkable mother talked to me. She told me that her father was the first Judge of the County Court somewhere."

"A most respectable ancestry," Miss Anderson said gravely, and they both smiled.

Later, when they spoke again in the drawing-room that overlooked the lake where little boats with gay lanterns on

their bows were still passing, Lossing said:

"I think I was bewildered by the young lady's remarkably beautiful costume. She was—she reminded me—perhaps she did not remind me then, but she does now as I recall her—of a little white villa lost in very ornamental grounds. There were so many parterres to admire, so many jeweled fountains playing that perhaps I never reached the living apartments at all."

Miss Anderson's long eyes were lighted. "Exactly," she said.

When she reached home that night she put herself into the voluminous red robe diapered in gold, which Fortuny had made for her in Venice the year before, that satisfied the gorgeousness she repressed daily. She opened the glass doors to her balcony which her French maid had so carefully closed against the night air of the lake, and sat for a long time looking across the water toward the place where Mont Blanc sometimes lifts her icy shoulder through the clear air; and she was filled with a vast content. It is the most delightful of experiences to find a companion who travels your road and sees what you see, and a rare one when he sees as much as Lucy Anderson sees.

The next afternoon when Miss Anderson returned from her walk she found the foreign-looking bit of pasteboard on which Mr. Bertram Lossing's name was engraved. She was half glad and half sorry. At thirty-six one has grown to distrust the vision of the night. She threw the card into the china bowl by her door and went about making the composition for the portrait of Emelie Clevering that was possessing her thoughts.

Evidently Lossing had no intention of losing what he had found, for the next day brought an invitation to dine with him; and she discovered, when she arrived at the villa he was sharing with a friend on whose account he had come to Geneva, that the company was, in

a manner, assembled about her own personality.

"I almost invited your friends—only . . ."

"Her mother doesn't talk as much as she did earlier in the season, I am told," Lucy said, and Lossing gazed at her with the fascinated delight we give to a mind reader.

The portrait was not so easy to arrive at as Miss Anderson had expected. Taken about by Miss Anderson in the easy summer groups—the tennis-playing, dancing, passing crowd—the Cleverings began to have "a really good time"; and there was no propitious moment for a suggestion of painting Emelie's portrait.

Lossing and Miss Anderson were building a friendship as a coral island is made, by infinitesimal particles, and as it put its branches ever nearer the surface there came to at least one of them a fear of an unknown thing. If it were true that they were making each other into a habit—weaving that unbreakable tie, a dependent congeniality—Lucy at least knew that neither would remain as before. The precious individuality which each cherished would change by a process as subtle as the structural changes of chemistry to become, in a way, a part of the other. And while Lucy revolted, struggled against the change, she feared to look too closely at Lossing lest she should find him in the same struggle against what was, after all, to their sort a variety of personal death. And then a chance hand touched the kaleidoscope of their days and whirled the bits into a new pattern.

The old Duchessa of Valadino wrote to Lucy and asked her to take her apartment in Florence for three autumn months. The Duchessa had, she wrote her "dear young friend," two or three servants, her cockatoos, and her tapestries, as well as the plants she hoped to keep through the winter; and it was very expensive to pay for the care of all of these. Would Lucy come and

live in the apartment and pay the bills while she went visiting? Nobody had any money now except Americans.

Miss Anderson went to see the Cleverings and asked if she could have Emelie for the autumn. She was careful to tell Mrs. Clevering that the apartment on the Lung' Arno was a Duchessa's apartment, and she said nothing at all about a portrait.

So, after Emelie had dutifully looked at Juliet's tomb in Verona, and added her visiting card to the heap of yellowing pasteboard that lies where the guides tell you the Flower of Verona fell to dust, and fed the pigeons and bought twisted glass in Venice, and forgotten all about the Titians in her naïve appreciation of Favai's gondolas silhouetted against moonlit palaces—October saw them established in the great old apartment with its balconies and stone floors where the Duchessa, her hands in thick woolen gloves, sniffingly drank *tisane* on winter afternoons. And then Miss Anderson put out the iron hand and began to work on the canvas to which all this was the preliminary. She had put Bertram Lossing back in the last corner of her consciousness. "There are a number of things there that I have forgotten," she told herself, with the naïveté of twenty.

The portrait "went" beautifully. It had been in the artist's mind so long that her facile hands put it on canvas as one writes a line that has been singing itself in one's ears with every cadence echoing true. That Emelie thought it nonsense and was more than sulky over taking the time from teas and lace shops, the more-or-less modern antiques, and the more-or-less perfect pearls of the Ponte Vecchio was no drawback to Miss Anderson's work. In some subtle way, all of that went into the inconsequent nothingness of the fresh-colored transparent little face with the fair hair above it, in its setting of garments for whose inspiration designers had sacked galleries. The picture was a series of beautiful harmonies, accented, broken into

by the incongruities, the discords. Lucy Anderson was a great painter, as we all know now.

There came a stage in Miss Anderson's pictures where she let the sitter go. The last touches, the sweep of her own personality that she left on her canvases she put in bit by bit as the feeling for them came to her. The thing at which she looked was her motif, her theme. That they seldom saw their finished portraits was one reason why the sitters left them in her hands so lightly.

And now Emelie was generously given her reward in a perfect riot of little pleasures which she could understand. She was really sweet and gentle when she was happy, and her fondness for Miss Anderson sometimes gave that translator of life the feeling that a vivisector must have when a doomed puppy licks his hand.

It was the day when Miss Anderson—from Emelie's point of view—gave up a bad job and turned a failure to the wall, that Bertram Lossing arrived in Florence as a guest in a villa on a hill. He was one of a very sophisticated company of English who had come together to comfort a very beautiful lady who was in deep mourning for an exalted friend whose name was never mentioned.

But the instant Lucy Anderson met Lossing, on the Lung' Arno one windy day when the afterglow was sending its first sheets of red gold over the river, she knew why he had come. And that thing she had hidden and bade herself forget burst its locks and walked blithely out into the open. She knew, and knowing she drew a long sigh of vast content. She even forgot her picture for a little while.

Lossing walked home with her and, halfway, led her on to one of the bridges where they stopped and looked up toward the hills, soft against the glory in the sky. The wind was dying with the setting sun and the rush of the water sang its scale over and over, while Lossing smiled at her as ingenuously as though they were twenty.

There had been few times in Lucy Anderson's life when the sense of humor entirely deserted her, and now with the flush of pleasure on her face she recalled in spite of herself that it had been at least a dozen years since any man had paid her the compliment of following her from one city to another. The last one had been a ridiculous widower whom she had likened to a bawling, skirt-catching child who had lost his nurse, and was deceived by her kind hesitations as to whether or not she could attempt a subject that would have delighted Franz Hals.

Recalling this, she had something of a thrill in realizing that she could never think of painting Lossing. He satisfied her supremely as he was.

"And I hear that you have little Miss Clevering with you."

"Yes, I have." She wondered how soon she could tell him why. She was going to rid herself of the girl presently, and she had a warm delight in the certainty that here was someone she could take past her reception room to the utmost confines of her domain. It would be one of her great moments when she could show him the portrait which was so perfectly the white dwelling place of a little incoherent spirit lost in its surroundings.

"I have thought many times of what you told me of the girl, and I am glad that she is here. It will interest me very much to see what you have found in her."

"I am certain it will interest you." Miss Anderson's long eyes gleamed. The wind had only added to her trimness, her fine dark face was looking its best, and she was glad of it; but beyond the moment she saw him coming back to her, after his explorations into the barren place that was Emelie's mind, to express his bewilderment. She saw herself dramatically—every woman makes a theatrical heroine of herself at times (whatever may die, that never does while she has strength for bare living)—showing him the all-explaining portrait.



R. M. Crosby

Drawn by R. M. Crosby

LOSSING TOOK THE CUP AND WENT ON LISTENING TO EMELIE

How much of it would be a feline triumph over a younger, prettier woman, and how much a delight in Lossing's nearness to herself, Miss Anderson's conscience was not morbid enough to ask.

She rejoiced single-hearted over the precious friend who could understand. She knew, because it is the gift of genius to know, what her work represented. She knew that when she was ready to send it forth finished, the criticism of authority would be the criticism she herself gave it; but here was one who had given her the assurance that he saw her point of departure.

She took him home to tea in the Duchessa's long-windowed salon. They found Emelie, exquisite as always, rather sulkily awaiting tea and cross that no one had come. She resented the tea guests being so entirely Miss Anderson's friends. She had been "in things" long enough to begin to make claims.

The girl's slender young figure was silhouetted half against the long pink-and-green striped curtains which the Duchessa was wont to show as the hangings of the room in which her great-grandfather had strangled her great-grandmother, her pale embroidered crêpe frock very effective against the background of yellow river and striped silk. She turned at their entrance, and to Miss Anderson's surprise she flushed a brilliant rose when she saw Lossing and her face was tremulous with embarrassed smiles.

Lossing took her hand—not a very small nor delicate hand—with all the gentle reassuring charm in which he was so perfect, and sat down to talk to her while Miss Anderson busied herself with the Duchessa's heavy cups behind the branched candlesticks of the tea table.

"If you are able to support this—*tazza*—" she said to Lossing as she handed him the lumpy piece of imitation Capo da Monte with which the Duchessa had replaced her priceless treasures, serenely certain that "the Americans" would never know the difference. Lossing took the cup with a

vague smile and went on listening to Emelie's halting recital of the joys of Florence.

"And the Pitti and Uffizi? I suppose you visit them every day."

"Not every day—" Emelie hesitated. "Some of the pictures are lovely, but some I find dreadful."

"So do I."

"Some I could look at forever."

Miss Anderson held her own cup poised to hear Emelie's oft-repeated views on "the baby," as she called the holy child of Raphael's depicting, and the "splendid" copy she was having made. Unfortunately at that moment a group of English girls came in and Emelie's art views waited.

They saw Lossing every day after this. The grief of the beautiful lady appeared to be assuaged in bridge and the winning of large sums, and Mr. Lossing left his friends to their fate and went quite happily about in the easy Florentine autumn society which was then at its high tide.

"I am beginning to see where you find the spring of inspiration in your young friend," he said one day. Lucy waited, with the anticipation with which she met all his beginnings.

"You may remember that one of those ladies who fled the plague in the year 1348 to make themselves 'innocently merry' in the meadows over yonder was named Emilia."

Lucy Anderson laughed.

"I cannot think of our Emelie providing Boccaccio with one of his tales."

"Why not? Boccaccio provided the tale. All he asked was the object on which to hang it. 'Our Emelie,' as you call her, would look in perfect keeping in a pearl net and a brocade robe, sitting on the green grass with that company. She might even have the gown now."

And Lucy Anderson gave one of her rare flushes. She felt that it was not necessary to show him that portrait; in some way he understood.

"There is some trace of the belated paganism of that time in her face," he continued, playing with the fancy.

"Remember the Judge," Lucy laughed.

"It is really an unawakened look," he went on.

"The sleeping beauty you mean, waiting to be awakened."

"Perhaps."

"Do awaken her!" Lucy happily jeered. "It should be interesting to hear her awakening cries."

Emelie had not talked to Lossing as much as he had hoped. As she realized him as a figure in the world around them, a world which filled her with respect, whose thinness she was incapable of seeing, her awe of him grew. She was much more impressed by his fluent Italian and French than by anything he could say in English: indeed, her lack of comprehension was almost as complete in one language as the other.

Her decorative, or decorated stillness grew complete, and there crept into the blank face a shadow—a shadow which Miss Anderson failed to see, a shadow that she would have doubtless refused to see because it would have meant the ruin of the glowing picture in the stone room behind her bedroom.

And the days moved on to their climax, as days are always moving to end something. Life carries a serial story for every one of us, and what we see as we go by is only the beginnings and the endings of her old, old plots tricked out in new accouterments.

One day at a Florentine house where the walls of the reception room were lively with old prints, Miss Anderson and Lossing, going over them, found a little old eighteenth-century print of the fair at Impruneta. The date hidden among the scrolls on the margin was that of the next day.

"I wonder if they still hold that festival," Lossing said.

Their host, so long tired of prints that he looked at them only as milestones on his journey into knowledge of Italian things, put up a languid glass to the yellowing old sheet where gentlemen in full coats and wigs elegantly composed

themselves in a *piazza* before a little church. In his heart he thought Miss Anderson must be a very stupid woman when Lossing talked to her about the subject of a print. But he knew Tuscany.

"Impruneta is exactly like that now, and the little church still has its Della Robbia—and the peasants still have the fair—yes."

Miss Anderson was about to ask if there existed any reason for looking at the Della Robbia on the fair day, when Mrs. Dunallen, the Scotch woman who missed nothing—least of all any possibility of an "excursion"—had gathered the very young of the company by what Miss Anderson called her war-cry, and with Emelie wistfully in the midst of the questioning they found themselves committed to the fair at Impruneta.

Lucy Anderson never forgot that golden October morning. She put it away in the dark room from which Lossing had broken his way, but it has never lost its detail nor its vivid surfaces.

They took an old-fashioned barouche with two strong horses for the hill climbing, driven by a young Italian with the face of a Roman senator above the stiff collar of a livery left behind by some traveling milord of a long-past day. His gravity lent it a dignity which made it seem a new fashion instead of an old one. Emelie, in the smartest of tight Parisian walking costumes and a close hat, sat beside Miss Anderson; while facing them, Lossing talked gay nonsense.

They went up the hills and down the dales of Tuscany, beyond the line of the ancient walls; past the dusty green olive orchards where the old trees, like quarrelsome humans, split and writhed away from what had once been their common heart; past the smoky fields where great cream-colored oxen took their stately way unconscious of the inadequate plow that dragged behind them; through vineyards whose red and russet vines were losing the last of their grapes under

the brown fingers of boys and girls clothed in the soft colors that use had given what was once their garish holiday dress.

To Lucy Anderson, exquisitely tuned to every impression, they rode through the land of romance—her romance. She was tender in her happiness. She was tender to poor little Emelie sitting quiet under her cuplike hat. She forgot that impressions were things to be recorded. The essence of the day was color, sun, glancing light, an atmosphere, a setting for life that she herself was living. She was drinking her wine, not pressing it into casks to be put away in storehouses.

They were the last to reach the village of Impruneta, and when they came down the hill to the *piazza* they were met by the indignant people from the forward carriages exclaiming over the horrors of the most sordid of ugly peasant fairs: a thing of cheap jacks, ready-made clothing to disfigure the peasants, chickens and calves, and not even a decent glass of wine or a place to drink it. The restaurants were foul. There was nothing to do but look at the Della Robbia, and there were "dozens better in Florence," and then go back somewhere for food, Mrs. Dunallen angrily told them.

They were surrounded when they left the carriage and it was only Miss Anderson who saw that Emelie was hanging back.

"I think that I shall not try to cross that crowded place," she said; "my head aches. I think I shall sit in the carriage until you come back."

"I am sorry," Miss Anderson said, and told the driver to wait. She crossed the square—tall, strong, dominant as she had never been in her life before, but as she would always be in the future. The earth force which had been drawn up through her blood and nerves had awakened to life that strong thing on which the spirit lives, and while she lives it will live with her.

Emelie looked at them going away with a hurt self-pity. She felt miserably unhappy. How did people learn all the

things they talked about? How could they read all the dull books after they had spent years and years learning the languages in which they were written? What made the difference between the thing they laughed at and the thing they discussed with enthusiasm? She would have felt as though she were still in that maze if she had been capable of visualizing the maze.

"He is just kind to me. He just talks to me"—"He" covering her horizon. "I shall go back to mother, I guess," she thought miserably.

A vagrant memory possessed her mind. Back there in the United States when they were planning their "trip," that "trip" which had spun out in their vision as a vista of following delights, her mother had said that they must buy a "souvenir" of every place they visited. She luxuriated now in the misery of buying a reminder of what she felt was the most miserable day of her life.

Down beside the carriage sat a brown old woman eating roasted chestnuts from a withered claw of a hand. On the ground were set out some pieces of coarse pottery, and dotted here and there among them were rude little pottery figures of men on horseback, the horses with square stiff legs.

Emelie knew how to ask the cost of things in three languages; and now she lifted the nearest of the little figures with her timid "*Quanto costa?*"

The old woman rose hastily with floods of talk, gathering up bowls and plates and trying to press them into the girl's arms, running a horny finger round the rude decoration, ringing the bottoms with a snapping of thumbs. Emelie backed away, repeating her one question. Finally she bought one of the tiny horsemen for the lira which was twenty times its price. With it held tightly in her suede palm she climbed into the barouche and sat for the half hour Miss Anderson and Lossing gave to the church.

Lucy Anderson had passed many a miracle-working madonna and she was

almost self-conscious as she put a piece of money into the box and lighted a candle in the dull little Impruneta church. She formulated no prayer. She was giving thanks that she had no prayer. Life was full of satisfactions.

They drifted back to the carriages, and Emelie, missed for the first time, listened to polite regrets with a droop to her pretty pink mouth that was too pathetic for the self-pity it expressed. She sat silent, looking blankly, unseeing over the visions of old arranged beauty that ages had created.

They stopped at a wayside garden inn and ate *frittura* and half-dried figs while vine leaves fluttered into their plates. Lossing sat beside Emelie, and when she set the rude little figure of the horseman on the checked cloth, he took it in his fingers and turned it round in the sun. "What is this?"

"I—bought it in the square," she said, flushing. "It is nothing; I thought—"

"A captain out of Etruria," he said and ran his forefinger down the curve that made a swagger in the tiny back, just as the peasant woman had marked the coarse green daubs on her plate.

"What is it?" Mrs. Dunallen asked crossly. "Do you mean to say that there was something of value in that place after all?"

"That depends upon what you call valuable," Lossing said. "Miss Clevering appears to have the eye to see the characteristic thing while we are wasting our time on the banal. These little figures have doubtless been sold at that fair ever since it was a fair. The helmet of the captain is Etruscan. See the gallant poise of him! The mold has probably been recast a hundred times, and it is a poor thing now; but he rode out of Etruria."

The respect on all their faces was balm to the sore spirit of the girl. Tears came into her eyes and she held her face shaded under the cup hat so that they might not be seen. The trained conscience that would suggest a denial of taste or knowledge in buying the figure,

which would tell that it was an accident, was as far from the girl's comprehension as the taste with which they were crediting her. In that at least she was surely pagan. But then, Nature is pagan.

They rode home in the blue smoke of the late afternoon, and the afterglow was again on the bland slow river, darkness coming furtively in the shadows of the palaces and churches, lurking like some storied forgotten thing in the narrow streets as they left their carriage.

The Duchessa's butler begged Miss Anderson to come into the recesses of the apartment where the telephone was in hiding, to answer an insistent call, and Lossing went up the stone stairs with Emelie. They turned into the great bare salon: dusky, smelling of the years. The girl took her close hat from her head with petulant twists and threw it on a couch. In the light from outside Lossing saw the tears on her white cheeks. He doesn't know—although he thinks he does; and she doesn't know, because all life is a mystery to her, as it must be to anything that Nature moves by instincts in primal ways—*why* or *how*—but there was a murmur, "My poor child!" and Emelie was sighing long sobbing sighs against Lossing's tweed coat.

Miss Anderson found them—and at the sight of her tall figure, her face white in the gloom, Emelie ran away leaving Lossing to explain. What he astonishingly said was, "How good you have been to us!"

He thanked her again, holding her strong hand. It was she, he told her, who had shown him the crystal depths of Emelie's beautiful nature. He had been blind at first. He had looked at her again, and then had confidently followed the sweet attractiveness of the dear girl when he saw that "my friend," as he called Miss Anderson with some emotion, had chosen Emelie to live with her, to be her constant companion.

How beautiful, how wonderful Emelie was! How unerring her feeling, her taste! He held out the figure of the

Etruscan captain as proof of the last: "I shall keep it all my life."

The cut went so deep that it momentarily severed Lucy Anderson's sense of humor. It may be that it never rose again in its former brilliant strength. She had no inclination to twist her lip in the faintest smile, although she saw the situation in all its sharp contrasts. We are continually giving Nature credit for a sense of humor, because the devil has given it to us to divert us from our purposes and compensate us for their loss. Nature goes to the end of her road and cares not at all for the vehicle which carries her there.

Lucy did not jeer at herself then; that came later. Now she said, with sympathy, the word that fixed Lossing in supreme masculine satisfaction. She knew that he never would know, what all his world would smile over, that here was an old formula working: a man of thirty-eight who had become as simple as any Adam under the glance of a young pretty girl who had fallen in love with him. That she was stupid and incredible to his world was a mere detail.

It was Nature's everyday trick that is ever presented with new scenery.

That night after the apartment was still, like a Renaissance conspirator in her red-and-gold gown Miss Anderson took a branched silver candlestick from the Duchessa's dressing table and went as one reluctant into the stone room where Emelie's portrait stood on its easel. The picture was a brilliant thing. It was her child; not her only child but her youngest child. Into it was painted more than poor trifling Emelie in her trappings—more than she, its creator, had in herself: it was a work of art.

Lucy Anderson looked at her work for a long time.

And gradually, as delicately, as inevitably as a chemical reaction it worked its magic. The vibrations that had shaken her, that had brought her here carrying the banal purpose of a hurt woman who had the immemorial impulse of sacrifice, died. The pulse of creation throbbed unobstructed through her at last. She tapped the pool of understanding.

The strong right hand of the artist went against her mouth and then into the air with a high gesture.

"God! It is good!" she said.

FORGOTTEN SPRINGS

BY ALICE CORBIN

SPRING digs furrows in the mind
 Like those the farmer cleaves
 In soft and willing earth,
 Turning this year's leaves
 Underneath the soil,
 And springs long buried rise,
 Exhaling memories
 To unremembering skies.

FEMINISM'S AWKWARD AGE

BY ELIZABETH BREUER

IT is astounding to look back and reflect that only eight years ago women went on hunger strikes, families were parted, windows broken, pictures slashed, the whole world of women was ablaze with revolt and rebellion, and even received actual wounds in battle. That battle was won. In this country feminism, as an organized movement of women in great active groups, is over. But in its place is rising a feminism which is a point of view. This point of view expresses itself not so much in sex-consciousness as in the personal self-consciousness of women who are trying to straddle two horses and ride them both to a victorious finish. One of these is the Job—through which woman can express herself as an individual in a world of masculine standards; the other is her love life, which she cannot leave behind if she is to be happy as a woman.

The woman who attempts complete fulfillment in both aspects of her life is a feminist. In endeavoring to do two full-sized jobs at once she sacrifices ease in achievement. I have never met one who was really and truly contented as some old-fashioned mother-women I know are contented. Too many who have jobs wish they were wives, and if they are wives wish they had jobs. If they love without convention they pine for marriage. If they are married they feel they might have accomplished more in the wild waste lands of irresponsible emotions. So it goes, in varying degrees of regret. What, then, is the matter with us?

The matter is that we are at a stage of self-consciousness which makes everything in life difficult, just as individuals reach the awkward age. We do not

move easily. We are assertive, angular. We get in everybody's way. We are either too sad or too happy. We are, whether we realize it or not, part of the woman's movement of to-day—a movement which has passed its adolescence, passed the unthinking hurrahs of its first youth, and now is tackling the problems of maturity. This is the feminism of to-day in America of to-day and of this generation.

Talk to a man—or an editor—about feminism and immediately an expression of boredom comes over his face. "Can't you get over your inferiority complex? I thought all that ended when you got the vote." It did seem ended a few years ago when one surveyed the wreckage of feminist organizations and the gropings of women's-rights leaders. While conceding the interest of vast women's organizations in cultural and civic affairs, one felt the preoccupation to be that of bystanders. I almost agreed with the ungenerous critics who denounced woman suffrage as a failure in actual performance, and yet my heart belonged with the women whose earnest, devoted, and sometimes heartbreaking efforts to enlarge the horizons of women, in the face of the apathy of the women themselves, I had so often seen in the course of my work.

Bitter and nervous in a reaction from the war for votes, no one remembers the slowness of the movements which affect race conduct. We forget that any development, any change in human customs that is basic spreads its growth over centuries. We forget that people and movements and sexes are least themselves when they are self-conscious. One sees the self-consciousness, the awk-

wardness, the failure, and does not realize that these are only symptoms of an aliveness underneath.

Only a few years have passed since feminists as groups disintegrated. There was the fascinating and extremely shrewd suffrage general who said, "I'm through. I'm going home now to teach my little girl French and to get a gloss on my nails and hair again." There was the breaking up of the ultra-feminist club. One heard its able and masculine-minded leader praise a young woman who waited on her husband's uncertain habits instead of asserting her rights.

Another leading feminist wrote an editorial article questioning the value of the suffrage victory and stating that the acquisition of souls was the next step forward. One brave figure in a house on Capitol Hill saw that women still get the worst of everything in the legal code and in the industrial world. Girls who had been extremists left their dramatic roles in street processions, jails, etc., and went their simple human ways as wives and writers and interior decorators and actresses and reformers and press agents. They wanted no more drama of causes capitalized, and saw their future simple, direct, and untroubled.

"The old war horse told me we were 'the torchbearers of the future'," one of them said, laughing. The girls around the table laughed with her. Torchbearers of what, and where? They had done their bit. Elsie, for instance, who refused to hand down the sacred flame, wanted fame as a writer and love and a home and children. She married, but children have not come yet, and her intellectual instincts are continually, and for the most part unconsciously, being starved by their—to her—necessary subordination to her husband's interests. She has married into a family which is a permanent institution instead of a temporary group of people held together by love—a family which counts its present temper in terms of the habits of three and six generations back; but into a family and a milieu which is unique

in the reality of its crabbed maturity and individualized character.

"They are a Forsyte Saga," she says, "but I don't dare write about them." It is a worn truism that an artist is fed chiefly by his daily experience and contacts. Yet Elsie must deny the artistic validity of her own life because she puts—she must put—her home and her husband and her emotional happiness first. The reality and strength and wit and tears that are in her are pushed to one side. It is only a mediocre tragedy, you will say—one book more or less. But also one soul more or less. The whole world is no greater than that—one soul blossoming or one soul withering. She must choose and divide herself; and it is because many women, everywhere, must choose and divide themselves that her story has importance. Indeed, it is from this division that feminism has taken on new life and a new direction, and that it is again a subject engrossing the minds of intelligent and sensitive women.

This new thinking on women has to do with the true inwardness of woman. It has to do with the functioning of the whole of her, not of any special part. It takes in the realm of her whole conduct, psychic as well as material, and when the woman who is troubled in her own life by a confusion of purposes, resolves it, her solution takes on the outlines of a personal religion—if religion be the complete awareness of one's relation to all of life and harmony with one's inmost truth.

Conservatives and modernists agree that this is the essential problem of women to-day, and their tragedy. To Madame Lombroso, whose deductions in *The Soul of Woman* are so viciously assailed by feminists, "Woman's Altruism creates tragic conditions in her life. As she makes other living creatures the center of her emotions, and as their interests are necessarily different from hers, woman is perpetually placed in the peculiarly difficult position of always having to choose between her emotions

and her interests." From the opposite camp she is met by the observations of Doctor Beatrice Hinkle, the psychoanalyst. Her book, *The Recreating of the Individual*, has stimulated thinking of women everywhere. In it she says, "How often is the modern wife sick with an illness for which she cannot account, possessed with all sorts of neurotic symptoms, or filled with an inexplicable dissatisfaction distressing alike to herself and her husband. . . . From my own experience I can state that the important psychological problem of a woman affecting her health and well-being is not that of her biological sexual health and its functioning, but the need for an adequate development of her individual possibilities, the bringing forth from herself, without the sacrifice of her feminine and material development, of those masculine functions of independent thought and feeling in the service of herself as a human individual."

Doctor Hinkle quotes a letter from a gifted young woman, written after a year of marriage, to illustrate the many-sided problem of modern wives:

"What men expect from women is appalling! And no idea in John's mind that it is anything extraordinary. They are and the love he expects, no matter what he does. If he is sulky or sick he can act as he pleases. If he doesn't feel like loving me he needn't. But I must always be there. . . . I am not filled with resentment so much as with amazement. So that is what a woman's love means. Self-sacrifice! Maternity! Why wasn't my work as important as John's? Why did I always have to be the one to sacrifice? . . . I see no way for me but to accept the responsibility of independence. Where shall I have the strength or it? It is doing two things; trying to make a home and love a deepening, enriching experience, and at the same time carrying something that has nothing to do with anybody but me—my art. I am like Paul, smitten down with revelation, and yet not like Paul, because I want both God and the devil,

and Paul was at least able to be single-minded."

For one woman to undertake so much spiritual responsibility is unjust. Yet it is the sort of thing which is undertaken by women every day. This girl will deny her maternal instinct since she feels she must save something from the destruction of her personality. She compromises. She will love John and maintain his home, but she divorces herself from the care and love of children and so gains a certain amount of time and freedom to do her own work. That she is only cutting herself off from her richest fulfillment doesn't occur to her.

There is a beautiful girl I know who has a husband, a home, and a fine baby; and who, instead of sitting at home and basking in her happiness, struggles with cooking recipes as sub-editor of a magazine. "Why should I struggle with pots and pans when in one week I can make enough to keep a better cook a whole month?" The feminist formula hasn't worked out so well for her. Before she married she had studied to be a concert pianist. Marriage somehow put an end to that. The poignancy, the imperious necessity for self-expression somehow tones down in the mild warmth of the happy domestic hearth. Her job doesn't give her the necessary stimulus so she takes it out in being psychoanalyzed, and resigns herself to her half-world of tempered happiness and regret.

Then there is the girl, highly successful in her profession, with a beautiful apartment, and owing nothing to anybody, who confesses an intense longing for a "home." She is one of thousands of professional women who are willing to lead lonely lives rather than make a compromise with the spirit within them. How many times did you hear in your youth, "She didn't love him, but she married for a home"? Attractive enough, the modern girl denies herself the human warmth she could so easily gain by playing some of the old, dishonest female tricks. But her com-

pensation is a rarer form of happiness—the happiness of an incomplete poet.

The woman who is a complete artist also has this dualism of her nature to face. We went into the Grand Duc in Paris one night last summer to hear Buddy play his drums. The only other persons in the tiny fashionable cabaret were a woman—manifestly aristocratic, with real emeralds and real pearls against her carefully prepared skin—accompanied by two handsome men: dominant and bored and English, splendid in the large spaces of their evening black-and-white. A negress, magnificent in her orange-brown skin and her abundant sensuous body, ablaze with animalism, arose and sang a too coarsely questionable song, and danced—danced a denial of everything civilized, a denial of everything the jeweled lady of station and her forbears stood for. Yet she sat there, in high-keyed and much-voiced animation and appreciation to keep up, in the eyes of the men, with the veiled creature. I spoke about it to one of my companions, a young and arrogant poet. He looked over with contempt at the British lady's loveliness. "X or Y could do her act much better. They've got more beauty, breeding, pride. But they're too spirited and intelligent to spend a lifetime petting one stupid man." The women he mentioned—one a poet, the other a writer of exquisite prose, well-known on both sides the Atlantic—have both paid dearly for their integrity; and whenever a woman does so she becomes as they are: tender toward all women and conscious of the high price women pay for a soul.

Many professors and Dominant Males think that submerging women in their maternity is the only answer to this restlessness and sex-consciousness. It is not possible for a woman to have children in numbers patriarchal enough to stifle completely her hunger to be a person in her own right. It is not that she has not enough mother love in her. Modern economic conditions make it impossible. And her husband would not

be complaisant to such a procedure. "I want a child," said a newly wed girl, "but Walter says we cannot lower our living standards any further."

I have a friend who could very well sit in classic friezes as Maternity enthroned. She is the mother of five children. She cooks their food, gives them lessons in French, Dalcroze eurythmics and every other modern cultural food which they cannot get at the country school. Yet she has her inner hungers and though she has made her choice—a lusty troop of children and a husband she adores—she wants her own life too. She was a garden architect before her marriage, and I found her the other day typewriting a gardening article, giving the bottle to the latest arrival, and nursing an intermediate young lad who had broken her collar-bone in to vigorous play.

Most married young women—and men—will not accept this kind of responsibility. We will not have the responsibility of working with our own hands at mending stockings, at bathing babies. We will not bear the responsibility of poverty buoyantly, gaily, as our mothers did. We work all day at some stuffy job to pay the hire of some ignorant, unsympathetic nurse for our babies. And as there is no reality in the thousand-and-one jobs which we do—as they are hardly ever jobs that teach us more about life, that make us more brave, that bring us into any contact with the raw sources of vitality—we devitalize ourselves in the name of higher freedom! We are poorer human beings, often, for all our exercise in freedom. I think it was George Moore who once asked Æ if the poverty of his family did not bear heavily on his conscience. "I give them as much of a chance as I had," the great Irishman answered. No man, or woman, dares more when the daring means that it must vitiate his spiritual essence.

Women, in winning respect for themselves as individuals, will stop trying to live through the lives of the people

they love. As they grow stronger they will have more respect for the personalities of others and will stop trying to manage the lives of their children.

But, objects the Typical Male, carrying through the whole of this self-expressionistic program makes women too strong. And strong women make men weak. Well, a little weakness (or a little acknowledgment of the weakness in them) will not hurt the masculine contingent. History is choked with the victories of men beset by doubt and sin and weakness. It is only the conquerors, the Napoleons, who are stupid and who in the end see themselves and their works destroyed.

If a man has a job that is bad for him; if he is doing his work under conditions that are galling—isn't it vastly better that he be free to take another chance because his wife can carry the family along on her earnings? And if he should fail utterly and be an idler is he any more negative than the woman who dles and lies her way through life? Sometimes, at that, the wife has much more to give society than the husband. The only true morality is fruitfulness.

The problems of to-day's feminism approach more nearly the problems of artists than they do those of the average man conquering and working in material realms. The average man is not concerned with his soul, nor is he suffering from soul-sickness. His problem, by and large, is concerned with making better and more matches than any other man; with having a bigger and better car and a bigger and better home and family than his neighbor. It is not from the man who does the world's practical jobs, to-day or in the past, that the artist or the poet or the religious martyr has received sympathy and help. It has always been from rather weak men, and from women, that the radiance of understanding has come. Behind every great man there stands a shadowy figure—some woman who saw, beyond and against all reason, the spiritual power of

the man who drew his energies from her love. Women understand artists—not necessarily their art—because they, like artists, are absolute creators: creators of flesh and blood, carriers of the divine spirit. Every creator who wishes to approach perfection has a Hound of Heaven dogging his footsteps. The artist (who, with rare exception, must struggle to attain this clarity of the soul) is prepared to sacrifice material things because material things are not essential to his success. But a woman must work her success through human beings, as well as through a pure spirit, and her transition and adaptation to her task is heartbreaking.

She longs for a home, a husband, and children. She longs to give herself completely to her chosen work. She is a human being and has the right; more, it is her duty to society to develop herself in all her capacities. Too often she cannot have both her love life and her career. She shrinks from choosing her career and going on alone. There are enough women who are lonely through inescapable circumstance. But if she takes on the burden of a sensitive and pure relation to her inner forces, she must go where they lead—alone. Every woman who has been of value to the world has had to find her way for herself and establish her own realities. There are no signposts for her. She must put them up for other women. As she does this she makes a change in the conduct of women, and it is a change for the better. It is a change from accepted acquiescences and sometimes slaveries, which are hoary with the praises of men, into a clear and a controlled freedom that pays for what it gets.

She is not really a new woman, fundamentally. Earning her living for the most part, unwilling to take life except on the most absolute terms of honesty, she is simply the old woman come out into the open world. A woman cannot change her morals overnight just because she stands on her own feet financially; but financial independence enables

her to do the things she thinks right, even if she has to fly in the face of conventional manners to do it. Her basic morals spring out of her interests and her emotions; they come with her into life. If she is an honest, sensitive person—and strong—she pays for what she takes out of the world: pays in service to the individuals she loves, pays in her work through the exercise of a vision broadened by experience, compassion, and knowledge.

The feminist who thinks of herself as a conscious factor in this changing process of customs and conduct will make mistakes, sometimes frightful ones. But the error that is done through love and through honesty is not an error in the end. It is a path explored. It is enriching to all human life because it is a finding the way to the truth.

I know of one such feminist who wanted to be self-sufficing to such an extent that she had a child without the blessings of church or state and refused, on principle, to let the father take any responsibility toward his child. She has a small income so that it was possible to carry through her "experiment" with none of the terror of the poor girls who are daily turped out of public institutions, with no home, no work, and the hate of society to make their life a living hell. Indeed, she moved in an aura of sympathy and praise from her friends. She had taken no risks. It did not occur to her, evidently, that to have a child without an acknowledged and permanent obligation to its father is satisfying her ego at a sacrifice of the rights and feelings of the father and the child. Some day, being honest, circumstances will bring her to realize that her child is paying for her present excess of individuality. Who shall say to what an extent a father shapes his young? Who shall say to what extent he is necessary in the psychic development of his child? If psycho-analysis is proof positive, this girl may be storing up a lot of trouble for her young. He may pay all his life for her sense of freedom

and power through a distorted and perverted psyche. As her child grows older she will realize that he cannot be used as ammunition in a war.

It is not that children in themselves are an end. Any woman who has sunk herself in her children, if she strips herself of her emotional attitudes and answers from the depths of her heart, knows that at the last they elude her. At last they elude her love and her anxiety. At last they leave her and go their strange ways and she is left, lonely, her vicarious fulfillment snatched from her when she needed it most. So that in the life of every woman—she who despises the feminist idea—there comes a time when she mourns the loss of her individuality. One such was a grand old woman who with courage only and love had come to a strange land, reared her children, and served their children in turn—helping the young into the world, nursing them through childhood, burying the dead; old and feeble she became, but serving, serving always. Her dearest son died and a granddaughter, poor herself, asked whether she should take care of the orphaned little half-sisters. "My daughter, take no more burdens on your shoulders than you must. Children bring their own fate into the world with them. Somehow life will take care of them." A profound nihilism out of this unending well of love—a soul confronted by itself, alone at last, alone and wearied, knowing that the flesh has its own urgencies and will survive.

No one is self-conscious without being solemn. We may be feminists, but consciously our job is just the job of trying to be human beings. We are not pioneers. Life and a modern industrial world has pushed women on to where we can with comparative economic safety maintain attitudes of social or anti-social conduct which women would not have dared a generation or two ago. Our spiritual and æsthetic content is no greater than was our grandmothers for their day. The machine age, by

needing us to feed it, has given women the chance to express themselves.

The little tradition-bedeveled farmer's wife on my road bobs her hair and writes her little poems, wishing she were as modern as the young people who dash up and down the road. But if she could listen to them she would hear the same old talk of ensnaring the man. So the young feminist who thinks she is finding new modes of conduct is only keeping abreast of her times. As such she is more significant, more a part of the real life about her than was a real rebel like George Sand. She smoked cigars because she liked cigars; yet there are thousands of women who with a singular sameness of taste have ventured only as far as the cigarette—we won't talk of the pipe. She wore men's trousers because that seemed a logical expression for her rebellion. She explored the whole range of a woman's emotions without fear and against an amazed world, because that was her protest against the degraded emotional condition of the women of her class in marriage. In her necessity to be an individual she broke out from the most traditional society in the world. She was a pioneer, and pioneers are always aristocratic. She belonged to that group (few and rare and precious) which in every generation, besieged by the hate and the indifference and the fear of the entrenched multitudes, rejects the banal, sees new truths, feels new beauties, and somehow lives past prejudice and persecution to be honored by the generations which follow.

Yet even such a tradition-breaker and artist found her complete happiness when, through with her youth of trial and error and achievement, she sank back into the age-old institution of family life. Staying up all night to dress a doll for her grandchild was a bliss. She busied herself with a thousand little domestic happenings: with flowers and births and sickness and other human things. And with all this womanly ripeness she sang her little song because she

must (so she wrote Flaubert) caring little whether the world would stop to listen, so happy, so content was she at last.

We women too shall drop our awkwardness and learn to sing our little songs in easy robust mood—singing because we must, not caring whether the world listens or not—and we too shall bathe in the love and service of our families.

Feminism is no answer to life. It is no answer to the struggle of doubt and faith that we must go through to find, for each of us, an individual answer. Feminism is an attitude of courage, a positive attitude—an attitude of going forward.

No sensitive woman who wishes to live to the full the possibilities of her nature will admit the defeat to which Madame Lombroso resigns women. For Madame Lombroso, the anti-feminist, there is only one way out: and that is going backward, admitting inferiority and accepting it, hugging old traditions and making the most of them. It is giving too much honor to the past and too little honor to ourselves. We too have something to give to life. We too may, nay must, make our contribution to the sum of rich experience which is all that civilization is. We cannot cripple ourselves at the outset by admitting, or even imagining, that the difficulties are insurmountable. They are not insurmountable and every honest woman who takes her life in her hands and determines to use it bravely and sacredly, to love and to love abundantly, to serve and to serve abundantly, and to do her own work in the world to the limit of her powers—that woman has done a great deed. For herself and for those she loves and for the women to come she has made life a more free, a more noble thing.

Not in retreat is there an answer for the soul-sickness which troubles intelligent women to-day, but in an advance—carrying the pack of love on erect shoulders, past feminism, past sex-consciousness, and out into the open valleys and pitfalls and mountains of plain human maturity.

PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XVI

A Monarch Who Aided America—and Why

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

IT still hangs faintly in the air, the last, unfinished melody of the French monarchy. Thin and remote, it seems to drift among the trees at Trianon. Yet sometimes, before it wavers and dies away, one may catch it, like a band of violins busy with a brisk *rigaudon* of Philidor or some solemn concert piece of Pergolesi. Other ages return upon us with a fuller note. Rome was a gust of trumpets across Europe; and the Church may live again in the slow thunder of an organ in a distant aisle. Islam returns in a wailing minor and a strange, regular throb of little drums. The lost empires of the East are found again in a sound of temple bells or a wild clamor of gongs. But of that time the note which still hangs upon the air is a faint throb of busy violins.

The King was a little dull. Perhaps the dwellers in eventful periods seem always a little dull to their sage posterity. Lamentably deficient in perspective, they are in many cases quite disgracefully unaware of their own times. But it is so easy, when one has the wisdom to be born a century later, to appraise the significance of facts. They seem to fall in line, to range themselves processionally, to move off smartly at the word of command towards an inevitable destination. Those insistent drums, one feels, must surely have assailed intelligent ears; that bright banner, which led in the long column of marching circumstance, can hardly have escaped the dull contemporary eye. But to the crowds, which watched them pass, they

were a disorderly and divergent throng. It filled the scene; it formed, and shifted, and melted, and formed again; and the air was full of the vague murmur of its movement. There was just (as there always is) a passing welter of events, lacking all symmetry, untuned to any dominant note, and totally unproductive of judicious reflections. This agreeable turmoil is all that contemporaries observe of grave historical events. It may, perhaps, excuse their dulness. Even ourselves, bewildered travelers in an overcrowded train of consequence, may stand one day in need of such posthumous indulgence. But, undeniably, the King was a little dull.

He was never sprightly. To Mr. Walpole, although reminded by him of a Duke, he seemed "an *imbécile* both in mind and body." The great nose jutted from a mild, lethargic face; his lips were set in the fixed smile of ceremony; and he was unhandy in his movements. He had stared, a weak-eyed boy, at the bright, bedizened world where his tall grandfather sat with a surprising Countess, who juggled with oranges at table. Once (but the child can hardly have been present) she threw her powder over the King and called him *Jean Farine*. The waning century was in its third quarter now; and the long round of public scenes—the shuffling crowds at *Levée*, the Guards, the *cordons bleus*, the staring faces, the whispering at a *lit de justice*—went slowly on in the failing sunshine. They prompted him: and he made the movements of a Dauphin, with solemn airs



MARIE ANTOINETTE

"Glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy."

(A reproduction from an old mezzotint)

at mass and stiff bows for foreign gentlemen who came to Court. They prompted him again: and he stumbled through a wedding in the tall, gleaming chapel at Versailles with a fair girl beside him, who smiled and turned her head. There was a touch of thunder in the air; and when they were back again in the Château, the storm broke. The scene, the long unmeaning scene changed slowly round him. Soon he was stand-

ing with his brothers at the foot of a stair, while the King, in a stifling room beyond, muttered repentance to a Cardinal. The old man wavered and failed, and rallied, and failed again. There was a long silence in the great room. A candle was snuffed at a window, and the waiting riders spurred out into France with word that the King was dead. Then he was King himself. More faces stared; there was an ecstasy

of etiquette; and the vague eyes and the unchanging smile looked down from a throne. Sometimes he nearly seemed at ease, when his Queen went riding in the Bois, and he kissed her soundly in a cheering crowd. His air was almost royal as he stood, crowned and in ermine, amongst the candles in the great nave of Reims, whilst a tall girl beside him wept for joy and weariness, and guns and carillons and singing birds proclaimed him. But mostly he went a little heavily with slow, uncertain movements. He seemed to lumber through a world of pirouettes; and in an age of general urbanity he had a rustic air. A fine Italian gentleman found his rusticity almost Iroquois. He seemed *selvaggio*, even *rozzo* to the fastidious observer from Naples. One might almost say that he was born and bred under the sky—*nato ed educato in un bosco*—that he had learned his breeding in a wood.

In a wood, but a quite other wood, his lady lived. It lay, in a most elegant disorder, beyond the straight walks of the Château. That interminable perspective drove, like a knife, towards the two poplars in the west; the trim borders parted neatly as it swept by; and solemn alleys disclosed respectful statuary down grave, rectangular vistas. Somewhere beyond, a decorous avenue ended in a tiny palace of white stone. Built, years before, for Pompadour (and paid for, by a delicious subterfuge, under the solemn rubric of Foreign Affairs), it still kept something of her grace. Its slim pillars seemed to have all the elegance which had held a tired man for twenty years; and in the shapely windows there was, perhaps, a memory of her fine eyes. Beyond it the little paths wandered uncertainly among the trees. They were disposed in the English mode, with rocks and waterfalls in calculated disarray. Plantations out of line, streams that perpetually curved under little bridges, a temple, and a ruin or so composed an

odd, delightful blend of the *ton grec* with the *ton chinois*. And there, among the trees, the Queen lived, *petite reine de vingt ans* in her *Petit Vienne* as they called it. Mr. Burke had seen her—"it is now sixteen or seventeen years since"—and his great spectacles still gleamed at the recollection. He saw her "just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy." Mr. Walpole could recall a figure "in silver, scattered over with *laurier-roses*" seen at a *bal-paré*, where "it was impossible to see anything but the Queen. Hebes and Floras, and Helens and Graces are street-walkers to her." But that had been at Versailles. Her true life, like Louis' breeding, was in her wood—in *un bosco*—at Trianon.

M. de Caraman, that accomplished soldier, had planned it. The polite world (other than tax-payers) found it perfect. The Prince de Ligne, stern critic of horticulture, failed to detect a single fault except in a solitary parterre, which offended him by its *air un peu trop ruban*; but he adored the grotto. A lyric Abbé recited some charming couplets on the subject; and a young gentleman contributed to the *Almanach des Muses* for 1780 an elegy (subsequently reprinted in his *Amours*) which did equal credit to his sensibility and his botanical knowledge. Even the King was pleased. Stout, nervous, a little sleepy, he was rarely at ease in company. He preferred the easy contacts of the hunting-field to the grave ritual of his palaces. But he was often at Trianon. Versailles was a *corvée*, where one sat in ceremonial attitudes or wandered, for a blameless distraction, in the high attics to watch the men and horses moving like flies in the great court below. But one could go down to Trianon on a bright morning for breakfast with a smiling, high-colored lady; sit half the day at ease in her garden, reading a book in the shade of

a tall tree; sup with her, play a hand of cards, and drive back to the Château through the cool darkness.

It seemed to lie remote from the busy actual world, where M. Turgot made his economies and M. de Vergennes had his policies—those unending policies which were to regild the fading glories of Versailles. That exquisitely frowning rock, which only learned to frown correctly after fourteen models had passed the royal eye; the artless recesses of the grotto, seven times rehearsed by patient architects; the quiet pools; the stream; the little bridges; those adorable sphinxes, sedately couchant round a marble octagon, smiling eight different smiles and wearing their charming plaits in eight differing modes—one of them (how like a sphinx) *à l'égyptienne*—these made a world separated by exquisite distances from reality. It was a pleasant, summer world, where the light fell slanting through tall trees, while far guns boomed across the Chesapeake and woke strange echoes

in French minds. Queens played at dairymaids in becoming hats, or exchanged lambs with duchesses as pledges of village friendship. Gentlemen walked at ease *en frac*; or fluted in bushes on fine nights, disguised as Roman shepherds, whilst the lifting note of hautboys played by two elegant satyrs kept time from an adjacent hedgerow, and a bright blaze behind the little temple outlined the god on his pedestal and gleamed in the dark lake. Sometimes (for even the actresses were unreal at Trianon) a royal lady took the lighted stage in a tiny playhouse of blue silk; to siraper through the operatic virtues of *Perrette*; to present *Agathe*, the chaste laundress, ironing linen; to embroider cuffs for a stage valet, the coy offering of a stage *soubrette*. Once her sovereign, smiling in his seat and staring through the myopic haze, ventured upon a hiss. The indignant actress checked her song, swept him a curtsy and, bold as brass, retorted, "*Monsieur, si vous n'êtes pas content des artistes, allez à la porte et on*



THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 6, 1789, AT THE PALACE

"When Paris marched on Versailles and stood outside the palace and roared and waited."

(From the painting by Baader.)

vous rendra votre argent." She took her pleasure with eager hands, as that official knew who, harrassed for a trifle of furniture, once wrote to a colleague, "*Vous connaissez notre maîtresse: elle aime bien à jouir promptement.*" Swiftly indeed she took her pleasure under the trees. For the leaves were falling at Trianon.

Sometimes reality intruded upon them. Once, when the reign was barely a year old, it came surging in through the iron gates below the Château. It flooded the great courtyard, and in the spring sunshine of 1775 it roared for bread below the palace windows. The solemn windows stared as it thundered against the bolted doors; and the busts in the *Cour de Marbre* looked down with their blind, marble eyes. But the great palace stood silent in the sunshine. The bayonets were somewhere out of sight; and, by the King's order, there was no musketry. Then, as the Guards began to muster, he stood in one of the tall windows and spoke from a balcony. But his words died on the uproar; and as he turned away, the boy (he was just twenty) shed tears. It was a wild and testing day, and the world seemed so difficult. He faced it with heavy, tearful eyes; and as the great crowd rolled off towards Paris with the noise and movement of a reflux wave, he moved slowly about the palace.

But reality did not always visit them in such crowded and tumultuous forms. Once it was introduced in a plain suit, wearing the delicious incognito of "Count Falkenstein." He came, imperially, from Schönbrunn to see a royal sister at Versailles, and the sensibility of poets was moved to rapture by the devoted pair:

*Dis avec moi, ma Glycère,
Rien n'est si bon que le frère,
Rien n'est si beau que la sœur.*

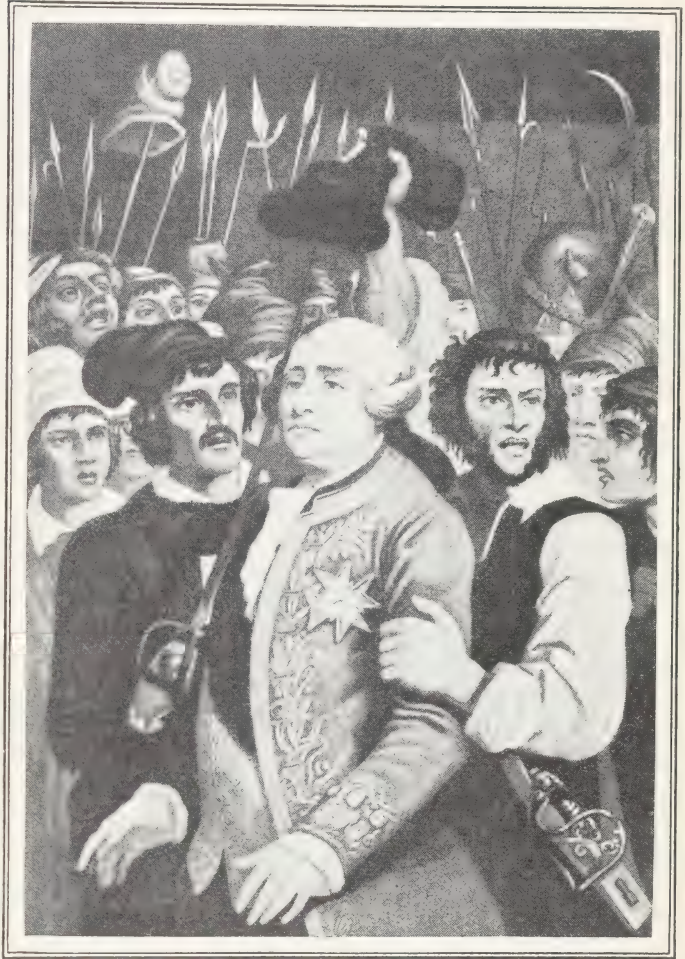
His conversation was, in the main, improving. Joseph was always a little trying. But when he spoke from the

double pulpit of an elder brother and a blameless Emperor, he rose to strange heights of good advice. He alluded, in a steady flow, to the vice of extravagance, the impropriety of games of chance, and the undesirability of bad companions. He spoke, with profound emotion, of family life; nor did the prevailing mode of hairdressing pass unnoticed by his stern eye. In vain they tried distractions—Italian opera, a dinner among the trees at Trianon, a ballet, and the *Comédie Française* in a diverting piece. But actors, *corps de ballet*, cooks, and singers plied him in vain; and the relentless stream of good advice flowed on. He even found time (for Joseph was an indomitable sight-seer, who was to visit in a crowded lifetime almost all his own dominions) for a few helpful words upon the sights of Paris, of which the King of France was lamentably ignorant. "*Vous possédez le plus bel édifice de l'Europe,*" observed the informing visitor. His patient brother-in-law inquired a little dully, "*Lequel?*" "*Les Invalides,*" was the firm reply, spoken (one feels) with assurance and a slight German accent. Louis had heard so. Shocked by his languor, Joseph pressed him further. Had the King, then, not visited this jewel of his crown? "*Ma foi non,*" said the stout young man. "*Ni moi,*" cried his cheerful Queen, "*non plus.*" Her brother turned upon her the unvarying smile of brothers: "*Ah!*" he said, "*pour vous, ma sœur, je n'en suis pas étonné, vous avez tant d'affaires.*" And so, in a cloud of good advice, he departed.

Late in the same year (it was 1777) a more vivid reality came to Court. For the sloop *Reprisal* had made an abominable passage of thirty days from the Delaware; and Doctor Franklin was knocking at the exquisite doors, behind which French policy lurked in the busy mind of M. de Vergennes. The Count was most obliging. For that accomplished man had already reached an intelligent conviction that "Wise and happy will that nation be which will be the first

to adapt its policy to the new circumstances of the age, and to consent to see in its colonies nothing more than allied provinces and no longer subject States of the mother-land." It was, perhaps, unfortunate that this enlightened view was reached too late for application to any colonies of France; because, since the last war, there were none. But it was sound philosophy; and was not philosophy *à la mode*? It might even serve a loftier end, since England, with an incurable lack of philosophy, still had colonies; and the grand experiment of liberty might well be tried *in corpore vili*. There are few more touching spectacles in history than the degree to which hostility to England reconciles foreign statesmen to the noblest causes. No quest can be too high, no crusade too quixotic, if only its prosecution conduces to the discomfiture of

England. Her victims groan unheard for generations until an enterprising rival inclines a sympathetic ear. For the cry of Ireland, the complaint of Egypt, the low call of India have always made a peculiar appeal to her enemies. The Thirteen Colonies were not unfavorably placed, since M. de Vergennes was already proclaiming that *le moment est venu de venger les puissances maritimes de la suprématie insolente de l'Angleterre*. Such a view was not unpromising for the Colonies. His grasp of the major issue of taxation was uncertain; and perhaps the finer feelings of one who had observed without undue distress the First Partition of Poland might be a trifle blunted.



LOUIS XVI IN THE HANDS OF THE MOB

(Reproduced from an Old Print)

But he felt no doubt of his country's attitude to England: *Il faut la faire rentrer dans l'ordre des puissances tributaires où elle a réduit la France, lui ravir l'empire qu'elle prétend exercer dans les quatre parties du monde, avec autant d'orgueil que d'injustice*. That was a conviction, by the clear light of which a man might take his way through the mazes of American policy. Nice questions of taxation, the awkward problem of belligerent recognition, points of blockade and prize, could all be solved by a simple craving for *revanche*. That it had little reference to the heroic colonists was immaterial. Their cause would serve to thrill the *salons*, to flush

young ladies at Versailles with thoughts of liberty, to ship young gentlemen overseas—*braves comme leurs épées, pleins de courage, de talents, et de zèle pour notre cause*—in defence of the mysterious sanctity of representative institutions. But French statesmanship had other thoughts behind the pale gilt tracery of its exquisite doors, where the lyre, the tripod, and the sphinx replaced the Loves and bouquets of a more frivolous time. Under Louis XV it had laughed a little wily at defeat. But under Louis XVI it remembered bitterly the long war with Mr. Pitt, the sunken fleets and the lost colonies. A second war might revive commerce and win new sugar islands. It might, above all, break England and regild the lilies. Had not Choiseul foreseen it, when he wrote twelve years before, *La révolution d'Amérique remettra l'Angleterre dans l'état de faiblesse où elle ne sera plus à craindre en Europe?* To miss that simple path would have required less than a man, less than a Frenchman; and when M. de Vergennes followed it, it brought him straight to the American alliance.

His royal master was advised of the course of French policy. He stared with heavy eyes at a long memorial by Vergennes, and he heard Turgot object at Council. But Turgot always objected, and Vergennes was full of reasons. So his country drifted into the last war of the French monarchy, while Doctor Franklin sat writing in his room at Passy, and persons of fashion cultivated the republican virtues, and Versailles watched the smoke curl slowly above the royal workshop or heard the faint echo of the King's hunting horns. His ministers, after a year of gun-running, grasped at the new alliance. There were long talks at Mr. Deane's in Paris, hasty copyings and recopyings at Passy; and at last, on a Friday, the treaties were signed. *Les insurgens* were promoted to alliance with the Most Christian King. Then Doctor Franklin had his audience, dressed in his best. He wore no powder on his head, plain

silver buckles, white stockings, and a dark suit; and Madame Campan was enraptured by this *costume d'un cultivateur américain*. Unsuitedly, perhaps, for agriculture, it was yet in exquisite contrast with Versailles. Simplicity had been preserved, without disrespect. The fur cap—that "martin fur cap among the powdered heads of Paris"—was laid aside. But when they saw the gray hair of the sage, it was felt that the new Republic had appeared in character. Royalty murmured two formal sentences "with manly sincerity"; and the dazzled embassy withdrew. That night the Queen at cards desired Doctor Franklin to stand near by her, "and as often as the game did not require her immediate attention, she took occasion to speak to him in very obliging terms." So reality came to Court in the early spring of 1778.

It came again to Versailles in the years that followed, seeking to pay the price of Doctor Franklin's treaty and M. de Vergennes' crusade, which France could ill afford. Once it walked in procession over wet pavements on a May morning in 1789, when the States General went down to their first meeting and Bishop Talleyrand limped in canonicals behind the bulk of M. de Mirabeau. Once again it streamed, under umbrellas, into a tennis court and took an oath. But it came for the last time on a dull October day, when Paris marched on Versailles and stood outside the palace and roared and waited. Somewhere beyond Meudon there was the crack of fowling-pieces in the woods, where the King was shooting. But the Queen was among the fading autumn flowers at Trianon. There was a pale gleam of sunshine; and she sat among the fallen leaves beside her grotto. Then a scared boy brought her a letter. She read, and turned for the last time towards the white house among the trees, where the leaves had fallen. She had a mind to run down the long walk to the Château; but she waited for the carriage and they drove to the palace. The King returned from

shooting; and as the light faded, the crowd still surged in the rain beyond the railings. That night they tried to sleep. La Fayette marched in at midnight and placed his sentries. But Paris swept in at dawn. There was a little killing in the palace, as she ran half dressed through the great empty rooms to sanctuary with the King. Then, as the slow day came up, the place was cleared; and she stood with La Fayette on a great balcony above the *Cour de Marbre*. The square was packed with faces, and the busts in their niches looked down with blind marble eyes. The whole courtyard was thundering at her; someone pointed a musket; but La Fayette took her hand and knelt to her on the balcony. The clouds drifted above the palace; and after noon, as the rain shut down on the short autumn day, they drove through the din down the long road to Paris. The guns, the pikes, the cries, the faces seemed to run all the way from the great square before the palace to the reeling city. For the King had left Versailles, left Trianon, left his woods and gardens and all the grace of gilt and candles. Before nightfall they were in the shadow of Paris. It screamed, thrust torches in their faces to look, and thundered round them like a sea in flood. But behind them at Versailles, in the silence and the darkness of the *Cour de Marbre*, the busts still looked down with their blind marble eyes.

The coach jolted down the long street towards the packed and roaring square. He read his prayers in the closed carriage; and as the tall, shuttered houses slid past the window, he thought—he must have thought—of a woman;

of a tall girl with gleaming hair; of a smiling Queen among the trees at Trianon; of a haggard woman, who waited still in a tall tower with narrow windows. For he had loved her in his heavy, fumbling way; and as the coach jolted on, his love was ending. He drove down the long street between the silent houses, still reading in his corner; and the soldiers stood to watch the coach go by. They fingered their muskets or sat their horses in the cold morning; and the pale flame of burning matches flickered beside the guns as the coach rumbled past. There was no other sound. The lonely carriage checked in the great square. But he read on in his corner; for the prayers in his hand were the prayers for the dying. When they were finished he stepped out; and the day struck cold as he stood for a moment at the foot of a ladder. An unceasing thunder of drums troubled his ears; and he said, a little sharply, "*Taisez-vous.*" Then he stripped his coat and they bound him. He spoke a sentence; and as the drums broke out again he looked out across the staring faces towards the square palace and the palace garden and the pale winter sky. Perhaps he made as if to speak again. Perhaps he was silent to the end. He knew now, as he saw the tall machine, that he had lost her. If any cry rose in him it was the formal, sweet lament which had wailed so often through the busy violins at Trianon. *J'ai perdu*—he was on the reeking planks now, above the crowd—*j'ai perdu mon Eurydice*. So she was lost; and he, at last, was silent; and still the violins come wailing down the wind in the last, unfinished melody of the French monarchy.

MEMOIR OF A LAUNDRY SLIP

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

ONE midsummer morning several years ago I was standing in the midst of a long line of fellow unfortunates, aviator prisoners of war in Germany, waiting to be examined by the captain in charge of that branch of service at the prison camp at Karlsruhe in Baden. We were ushered, one by one, into a large bare room where we removed our clothing, placing on a table in front of the captain such small articles as we chanced to have in our pockets. A *Feldwebel* then examined the clothing, garment by garment, and when satisfied that nothing had been concealed there he surveyed with painstaking and rather embarrassing thoroughness our naked bodies. This was the fourth search for contraband we had undergone in as many weeks, but Captain B— of the British Royal Air Force had still a compass, almost microscopic in size, and Lieutenant E— of the U. S. Air Service had thus far kept possession of a map on oiled silk, of the Swiss and Dutch frontiers, by attaching it with adhesive tape to the bottom of his foot. When my turn came I waited with confidence and as much dignity as my naked condition would permit while the captain took note of the contents of a small cloth-bound pocket book.

"What is this?" he said, regarding me severely. He held up a fragment of note-book paper, bearing, as nearly as I can remember, the following inscription:

4 chemises	1	fr.
6 paires de chaussettes60	
2 paires de pyjamas	1	fr.
10 cols militaires	1	fr.
	3.60	fr.

Pour acquit—Mme. Bernard

"It is a laundry slip," I replied.

"Who is Madame Bernard?"

"She is a laundress in France."

He turned the paper over in his fingers, smelled of it, held it against the light.

"Is it your custom," he said at length, "to save old laundry slips?"

"No," I replied, "but I hope—"

"Then why have you kept this one?"

Had there been time I believe that I might have quieted the suspicions of this very suspicious *Hauptmann*, but there were many prisoners yet to be examined and such explanation as I was able to give at the moment was not satisfactory. The laundry slip with its supposedly cabalistic inscription was confiscated and, for anything I know to the contrary, it may be filed away at this moment in the archives at the German War Office. I sincerely regretted the loss of it. Perhaps some more sympathetic auditor will permit me, even at this late date, to explain why.

In France, on the Aisne front not many miles from the town of Soissons, there is, or was in 1917, a stone farmhouse which stood on the bank of a small river. From the doorway of the house, shaded by an ancient poplar tree, one had a charming view of a little valley, inclosed and sheltered by low green hills, and of an unimportant country road which seemed to leave it reluctantly, mounting the slope to the eastward. Sometimes, sitting at the table in the front garden, one could hear high overhead the whimper of passing shells, and their far-off detonations would rattle the dishes on the table and cause a slight stir among the leaves of



MESDAMES BERNARD AND AUGUSTINE
BECAME INTERESTED IN THE STORY.

the ancient poplar tree. At night the reflected glow of trench rockets could be seen along the northern horizon; and at all hours of the day and night the air vibrated with the drone of *aéroplane* motors of the patrols going to and from their flying fields on the plains beyond. But all of this seemed to belong to another world. The little valley lay inviolate in the midst of desolation and the farm, which was called *La Ferme de la Petite Vallée*, had a special peace of its own—a sunny quietness which all the

bellowing mouths of war seemed powerless to disturb.

Madame Bernard lived here with her sister, *Mademoiselle Augustine*. Madame Bernard's husband and son were at the front. *Mademoiselle Augustine* shared with her the labors of the household. They were both of middle age, quiet, cheerful, hard-working women with ample bosoms, broad shoulders, and stout red arms. They wore their hair done up in tight knots on top of their heads. They seemed to find their chief

pleasure in life in providing *salades*, *omelettes*, fresh bread and butter, and *café au lait* for soldiers, and their prices for these priceless luxuries were well within the limits of a soldier's modest income. They washed clothes, too: one day Madame Bernard would be the laundress and Mademoiselle Augustine the cook; the next day they would change occupations. They worked from dawn till dusk and seemed never to be weary. Whatever they touched with their capable hands thrived. Their kitchen garden provided an endless supply of succulent red beets, radishes, lettuce, mealy potatoes. They had two cows which gave more milk than five ordinary cows; and their hens laid larger eggs, more of them, and more regularly than any other hens in northern France.

During the early autumn of 1917 I was attached for a time to a French pursuit squadron which was stationed at an aërodrome not far from La Ferme de la Petite Vallée. Patrols going out to the lines often assembled over Madame Bernard's house. As I write these words I can see vividly the diminutive Spad biplanes of my squadron drawn up before the hangars, ready for the sortie; and I can hear above the deep throb of motors Captain Chardon's voice as he shouted, "*Rendez-vous à deux milles metres chez Madame Bernard!*" Now and then when pressed for time we delivered our parcels of soiled linen from the air, on our way to the front, flying low over the house and dropping them into the garden. Once, I remember, Lieutenant Villiers, as the result of a wager, attempted to deliver his laundry from a height of ten thousand feet; but the parcel was insecurely fastened and burst open in the air. Socks, handkerchiefs, shirts, pajamas were distributed all along the Aisne sector. Not a garment or the fragment of a garment was ever recovered.

When the front was quiet and we had only the customary two patrols per day to perform, we carried our parcels to

Madame Bernard. The front garden was a delightful place, filled with old-fashioned flowers and the dappled shade of the poplar tree. One could dream through an idle hour there pleasantly enough. Cocks crowed in the barnyard and butterflies fluttered through the afternoon sunshine. One could all but forget the reality of war in that quiet spot, but most aviators, I believe, liked better to remember it. For theirs was adventure unique in the history of mankind. Never before had men traveled the fields of air, to say nothing of having fought in them: that was a splendid assurance—it kindled thought, quickened the blood. Always from the depths of consciousness came a monotonous jubilant song, like that of a bird hidden in a green wood: "There is something new under the sun!"

At any hour of the day one could be sure to find a group of off-duty airmen sitting around the table under the poplar tree, men of all branches of aerial service: day bombers, night bombers, pursuit pilots, reconnaissance pilots, air photographers, machine gunners—discussing their adventures in a language which was becoming specialized to meet the needs of their particular branch of service. I recall very clearly the September afternoon when I last visited Madame Bernard's. I had come for a parcel of laundry left the week before. Having paid Madame Bernard, I put the bill in my pocket and joined a group of three men sitting in the front garden, smoking their pipes in lazy silence. There was a Canadian reconnaissance pilot, a French lieutenant—member of a famous *escadrille de chasse*—and an American attached to a British pursuit group. We were all good friends, having met there at least three times before. The Canadian had lost his right leg below the knee in the infantry in the early days of the War. It had been replaced by an artificial limb and, finding that this would not discommode him greatly, he had asked and been granted permission to transfer to the Air Service as a

machine gunner in a squadron flying two-seater planes. We were curious to know how this artificial limb was attached. He showed us the mechanism, and with particular pride a little secret compartment in the stump which contained a compass, a small steel saw, and a map of the German frontiers—articles which would be of use in case he should

telling twenty-five years from now, when they've had time for meditation upon their war-time experience! Tall ones? Wow!" with a gesture expressing the limitless possibilities of expansion.

The Canadian took his pipe from his mouth.



WE WERE SOON TALKING AS FREELY
AS THOUGH WE HAD KNOWN EACH
OTHER FOR YEARS.

one day be taken prisoner. We examined this with interest, then fell silent again. Overhead the planes of Spad 76 were assembling before going out to the lines, the faint hum of the motors seeming to accentuate rather than disturb the stillness of the little valley. We watched them idly for a time and presently the American said, apropos of nothing:

"Think of the yarns airmen will be

"Time for meditation?" he said. "There's no need for it. How are you to improve upon stories of aerial experience? The bare fact of most of them is better than any possible or impossible fiction could be."

There was another interval of silence. At length the American said, "Well, let's have it. What's this big yarn that can't be improved?" And the Canadian

with the artificial leg, having aroused the expected interest, began:

"Have any of you ever come across our Third Day-Bombing squadron? You may know the insignie—a rattlesnake with his fangs in the neck of a German eagle. Well, what I'm about to tell you happened to two of that outfit. They had not been long at the front—a matter of three weeks perhaps—just time enough to get settled in barracks and to look over their sector. They were flying D-H Nines, and their first real job was a morning raid to the railroad yards at Metz. They left the field at dawn, dropped their eggs, and were on the way home when they ran into a swarm of Fokkers. What happened is neither here nor there, except as it concerned the two men I'm speaking of. They found themselves in a tight hole, hemmed in on every side. The gunner was serving his Vickers to the rear as best he could, and his pilot was making steep climbing turns, trying to get above the Boches. Fine chance of doing that in a crowd of single-seaters! He soon saw that it was useless. Then what did he do but shove his stick clean forward and dive with full gas! He was so rattled he hadn't thought to shut down his engine or to warn his gunner; and as it happened his flying partner wasn't strapped in. The tail, coming up with a jerk like that, pushed him right out of the cockpit. He held to the handles of his gun and

the strain jerked them loose from the rail. The next minute the gunner found himself three miles high with nothing between him and France but so much air.

"Now the pilot didn't know that he had lost his gunner. The possibility had not crossed his mind. He was too busy

making himself small and scarce to think of what might be happening to the poor devil behind him. He had his head drawn in between his shoulders, and without daring to turn it, was rolling his eyes from side to side on the lookout for the tracer bullets of the Boches. Not seeing any, he remembered to throttle down, and then pulled up in line of flight. Just as he did this his plane gave a lurch, nosed up in a peculiar way, lost speed, and fell off on a wing so that he had to dive into the slip before he could look behind to see what had happened. What do you think *had* happened?"

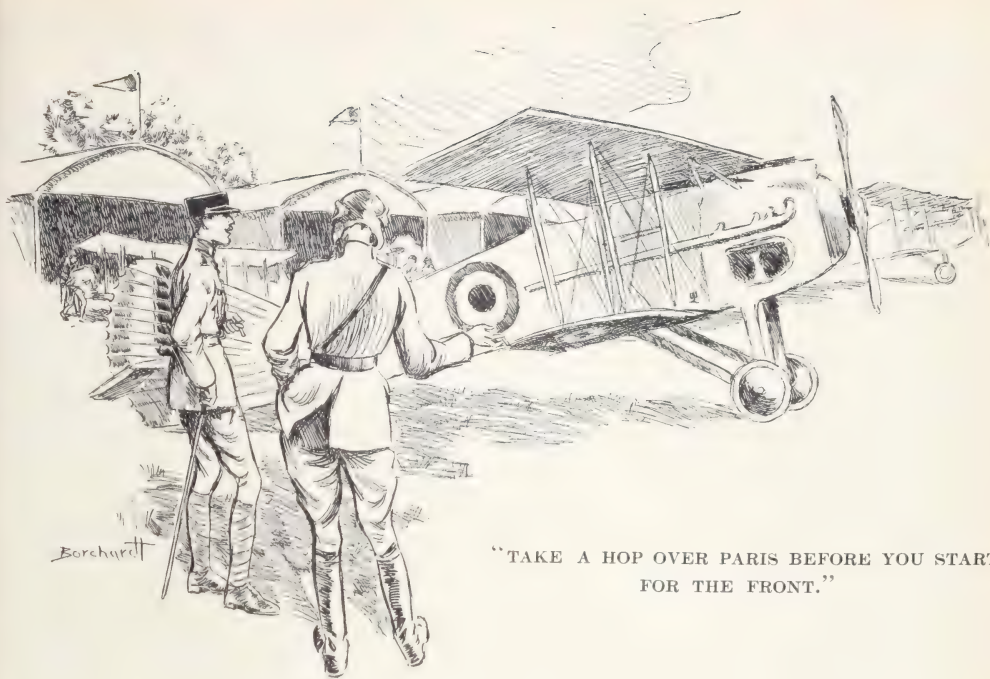
Cries of protest broke the deep silence. Madame Bernard looked up from her washing

board on the river bank, and Made-moiselle Augustine hurried to the doorway with a plate and a dishcloth in her hand. The Canadian smoked impassively but there was a ghostly twinkle in his eyes.

"It's a fact!" he said. "I had this from a pilot who had it from a sergeant mechanic of the Third Squadron. That gunner had landed a-straddle of the fusilage after a fall of three thousand



THE FRENCH PILOT WAS ATTIRED IN PAJAMAS AND BEDROOM SLIPPERS



"TAKE A HOP OVER PARIS BEFORE YOU START
FOR THE FRONT."

feet. He got a grip on the edge of the cockpit and pulled himself in. The plane is still tucked away in the corner of a hangar at their squadron headquarters. The C. O. indented for a new bus but they didn't take the dent out of the old one. It's as deep as half a hogshead; and when they tell the story to visitors, the gunner—who is still in service—gets astride of the fusilage just as he landed—it fits him like a saddle—and the C. O. says, '*Voilà!*' triumphantly. There you are. Of course, take it or leave it as you like. But what I'm getting at is that the stories we'll be telling at reunions twenty-five years from now won't need any frills—no place to tack 'em on."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the American, reflectively. "It seems to me that something might be added even to this yarn. You say that the pilot didn't know he had lost his gunner. But you might make him a little more curious to learn what had become of the Germans behind him. Well, looking back he finds to his amazement that instead of Boches, his flying partner is hurtling over and over in the air above him. Then you

must say—and you will be saying it in a few years' time, and believing it too—'Now this particular pilot was one of the best in the service as well as the worst practical joker unhung. What do you suppose he did? He dived in front of his gunner for three thousand feet, teasing him into thinking he was going to let him splash, then ducked under and gathered him in only fifty feet from the ground!'"

The French lieutenant, who had listened with great interest to this narrative, then proceeded to relate an incident which he said was even stranger, less credible. Unfortunately I was to hear only the beginning of his story. He had no more than started when a plane, traveling at top speed, passed over Madame Bernard's house so close that the wind from the propeller fanned our faces and showered the table with leaves from the poplar tree. The pilot made a steep bank and returned, looking down at us over the side of the car and waving his arm vigorously as he passed. It was a plane from my own squadron. Evidently I was wanted, so having said a hasty good-by I hurried up the road

to the flying field. When halfway there I remembered that I had left my parcel of laundry on the table in Madame Bernard's garden. I decided to call for it the following day.

Arriving at the aërodrome I learned that orders had been received for three escort patrols of three planes each, to accompany the machines of a reconnaissance squadron which was to photograph various sectors back of the German lines. We were to leave the field within the half-hour. The pilots were already at the hangars and the mechanics were getting the motors started. My plane was an ancient one which had served two former pilots before being passed on to me. The motor had already given more than eighty hours of service—a better than average record for an aëroplane motor in war time. Cartier, my mechanic, had been working over it since early morning; at last he gave up in despair. Throwing out his hands with that expressive Gallic gesture, "*C'est impossible!*" he said, "*Voilà tout!*" Folding his arms he turned his back on it. Captain Chardon was superintending the departure of the patrols. "Now then! Off you go!" he said to me. Of a sudden he slapped his hand to his forehead. "But I remember! This is that ancient *coucou!*" "*Oui! mon capitaine!*" said Cartier. "*Vous avez bien raison! Il a déjà fait son devoir, ce coucou-ci. Il peut plus.*" "Well, it's time you had a new one," said the captain, turning to me. "You can't go on this patrol, that's certain." He looked at his watch. "There's just time for you to catch the four o'clock train for Paris. Hurry up! And tomorrow go to Le Bourget and fly back as soon as you can with a new Spad."

Three hours later I was in Paris. I had my coffee that evening in front of a café on the Boulevard des Capucines. While sitting there watching the passing crowds I fell to thinking of the story the Canadian machine gunner had told that afternoon. Then I noticed that a

British major of infantry, sitting at an adjoining table, was looking at me. He nodded.

"I'd be glad to be amused, too," he said. "I confess I've been watching you smiling to yourself."

"Jove! That *is* a tall one!" he said, when I had told him the story. "But I shouldn't be at all surprised if it were true."

He was a man well along in middle life, with a youthfulness of spirit and a capacity for interest in anything and everything which made him a delightful chance companion. We were soon talking as freely as though we had known each other for years. He was in the regular army, he told me, and had been an infantryman since the beginning of his career as a soldier. He had been trying for the past year to transfer to the Air Service but his petitions had all been refused because of his age.

"You airmen have the best of it in this War," he said. "Yours is the only branch of service with an element of romance in it, and a soldier needs that—it is the only reason for his being a soldier in so far as he has any choice in the matter. Let me tell you of an incident which happened about three months ago. It was not particularly romantic, I suppose, but it seemed so to me after sitting in mud holes waiting to be killed these past three years.

"My regiment was on the Somme at the time, with very little to do except to hunt for fleas, read old letters from home, and wonder when the War would end. One morning, a little after dawn, we witnessed a splendid battle over our sector—two planes going at it hammer and tongs about half a mile above us. They were as game as possible, those two pilots. First one had the advantage, then the other. I was watching them through my glasses. I had never before seen such skillful maneuvering for position. The fight must have lasted about ten minutes and it ended right over our trench. The German lost. His plane crashed in No Man's Land not one

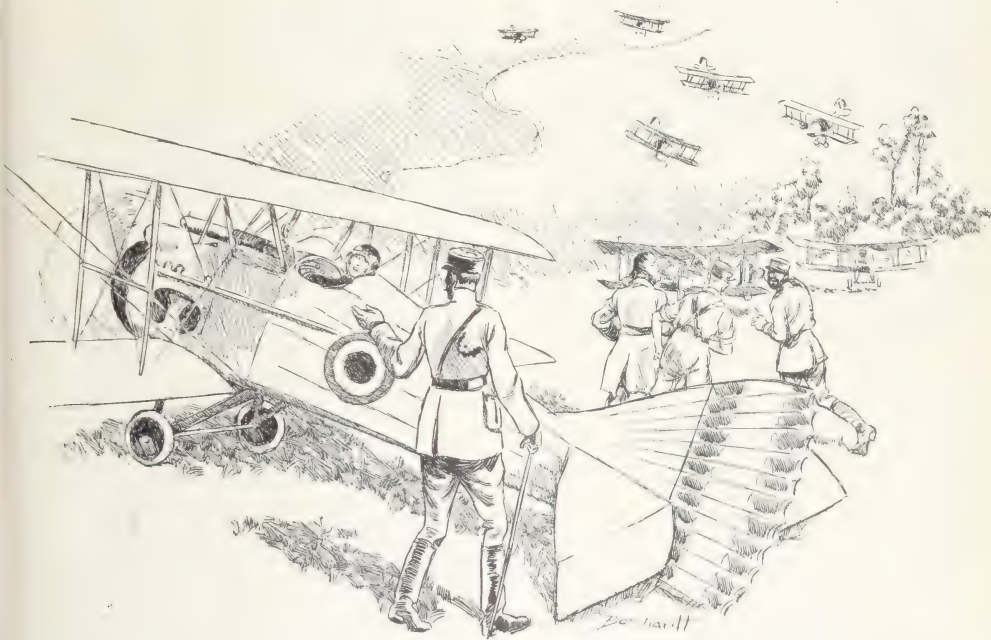
hundred yards from where I was sitting. The victor was a Frenchman. He had landed near the Boche. I was surprised and worried at this, thinking that he might not have known where he was. The German infantry turned machine guns on him at once. I saw him jump out of his plane and disappear in the grass, and was beginning to think he had been killed when we heard him hail us from beyond the wire. I sent a sergeant out through a sap to show him the way in. He had not been hurt but had been forced to land, the German pilot having shot his motor full of holes with his last burst of fire.

"He had on only a pair of pajamas, with bedroom slippers on his feet—it was fearfully hot weather just then. I can't tell you how odd he looked in that costume in a front-line trench. He had crawled out of bed to go on early patrol and had not bothered to dress, expecting to be back at his *aërodrome* in time for coffee.

"Well, he didn't get back then or later. I had written an order on our Brigade Headquarters requesting that a car be placed at his disposal to take him

to his flying field, thirty miles away. And just then the Germans opposite us decided to make an attack. We had been expecting it for several days and it came before the ink was dry on the order I had written. It opened with a fairly heavy bombardment: we had a hell of a time while that was on and lost a good many men. Then the infantry came over—it was one of those local shows along a half-mile of front and lasted about two hours. This Frenchman was as good a soldier on the ground as he was in the air. I told him to lie low in my dugout but he wouldn't hear of it. He lobbed Mills bombs over with the best of them and was killed while doing it—shot through the head. He was a fine young man, a soldier in the best sense, and he could not have wished a better end. We buried him just as he was, in his pajamas—the slippers had been lost in the excitement of the battle. I still have the order on our Brigade Headquarters I'd written for him.

"You know," he added after a brief silence, "I've never kept a diary, but for many years now I've saved trifles of various sorts to remind me of certain



"ALLEZ! EN ROUTE!" SAID CAPTAIN DU PONT. "YOU'RE DUE AT BELFORT."

events. It's surprising what vivid reminders they are, too. That service order, now: some day (years hence, perhaps) I'll run across it and remember that young French aviator, down to the letters of the monogram on the breast pocket of his pajama coat—and I shall be able to recall the events of that morning a thousand times more vividly than I could if I had set down the record of it in a notebook. I shall remember this meeting, too, and the story you've told me, and the flavor of this very good sherry. My system is vastly better than Pelman's—let me urge you to try it. What, for example, have you to bring back twenty years from now the memory of this evening? You've just told me that you have come to Paris to fly back with a new plane. You are not likely, of course, to forget so happy an event as that; but the color and texture, so to speak, of this evening you will forget without something to bring it all back to you."

"Well," I replied, "I have a laundry slip."

I told him then of La Ferme de la Petite Vallée and how I'd gone there for my laundry that afternoon, little thinking that I was to spend the evening in Paris.

"The very thing!" he said. "Save that! And this little adventure of yours isn't over yet. There may be any number of incidents connected with it before you rejoin your squadron; and you'll be certain to forget many of them without some visible reminder of the whole sequence. By all means save your laundry slip!"

"All right," I said, "I will."

Early the following morning I took a street car for Le Bourget, the great aviation supply depot north of Paris. Having presented my papers at the various bureaus I was given an order for a new Spad and went on to the hangars to select one. The depot at Le Bourget was an enormous one. There were scores of hangars filled with hundreds of

planes ready for service at the front. In the Spad Division I met a young test pilot whose business it was to try out new machines as they came from the factories.

"*Ah, mon vieux!*" he said, "I've just the bus for you! I tried it out not half an hour ago."

"What is it?" I asked. "A one hundred and eighty?"

"Yes, and the engine built by the Hispano-Suiza people themselves. It's not one of those botchy contract jobs out of a war-time factory. Come on! You can see for yourself."

At that time Spad pursuit planes with motors of two-hundred and two-hundred-and-ten horse power were being built but they were still in the experimental stage and not at all reliable. The one hundred and eighties, on the other hand, were splendid motors and a Spad plane equipped with one could out-maneuver, out-climb, and out-fly the best German combat plane of that period.

"You are making no mistake," my companion said, "in choosing a Spad one-eighty. As for this particular one"—he kissed the tips of his fingers—"she's a marvel! Look! There she is in front of that hangar."

She did, in truth, seem a living thing. One would have said that the chocks under the wheels alone prevented her from leaving the solid earth, so lightly was she poised, so ready and eager she seemed for flight.

"Try her out!" said the test pilot. "Take a hop over Paris before you start for the front."

Having plenty of time I acted on this suggestion. I flew over Paris for nearly an hour, surveying it from a height of twelve thousand feet, and never from that morning have I been able to think of a Spad pursuit plane as a mechanical thing. Mine, assuredly, had intelligence—a soul, I am tempted to add. She soared like a hawk without the least seeming effort and when I shut down the motor she skimmed through the fields of air singing softly to herself without

a false note. I was reluctant to come down to earth even for a moment but I wanted to disburden myself of a little of the debt of gratitude which I felt was owing to the *receptionnaire* pilot. Landing at Le Bourget I taxied up to the hangar, where I found him busy with another plane.

"Well, how does she do? Are you satisfied?" he asked.

"Vastly more than that," I replied. "I'm very grateful to you."

"Oh, don't speak of it. She's a fine little ship—as nearly perfect as they make them in these days. But you'd better fill your tank, hadn't you? You've been gone about an hour."

We chatted for another five minutes while mechanics replenished the gasoline. Gasoline! What a name for the priceless ichor which flows through the heart of an *aéroplane* motor! And motor! What a name for the tenement housing the soaring spirit of a plane! And plane!—but the circle is as vicious as the names inclosing it.

Leaving Le Bourget I followed a north-easterly course along the railroad line that runs from Paris to Soissons. I had been flying only a few minutes when the *aérodrome* at Le Plessis Belleville came within view. To all pilots in the French Air Service this village was known as "G. D. E."—an abbreviation for *Groupe des Divisions d'Entrainement*. It was the depot for new pilots, as the one at Le Bourget was for new planes. Newly fledged birdmen were sent here to await assignment to squadrons at the front, and while waiting they perfected themselves in machine gunnery, acrobacy, group flying, and combat tactics. I descended for a closer view of that familiar spot. The air was alive with planes: Spads, Nieuports, A-R's, R-Elevens, Letords, Voisins, Sopwiths, Salmsons, Breguets. I saw the usual group of aviators in front of the commandant's office, eagerly scanning the assignment lists on the bulletin boards.

It was a quarter to ten when I landed

at our *aérodrome* on the Aisne sector. Several off-duty pilots were loafing at the hangars, Lieutenant Villiers among them.

"Hello!" he said, "what are you doing back here? Oh! I remember; you've been to Le Bourget, haven't you? How's the new bus?"

I gave him a brief account of the flying qualities of my new Spad.

"A good thing," he said, "you'll have a chance to test her out before evening. Your outfit has gone, you know."

"Gone! Gone where?"

"Down to the Swiss border, I think. They were detached from the group for special duty of some sort. Oh! by the way, here's a parcel of laundry belonging to you—at least Madame Bernard said it was yours. You left it on the table in her front garden."

Just then Captain Du Pont came up.

"You're back, are you? Well, off you go again! You're to follow your squadron to Chaux, near Belfort. The others left at dawn this morning."

"What are we to do there?" I asked.

"I don't know. Break your journey at Toul and go on right after lunch."

The mechanics and the rest of the squadron's non-flying personnel had left in motor trucks the night before, taking our belongings with them. I had nothing to carry but my parcel of laundry which I placed on the seat under me. Just before I left the field the planes of a daylight bombing squadron were returning from a morning raid. They had been attacked on the way home and the machine gunner of one of the planes killed. He was hanging, arms down, over the side of his cockpit as his pilot taxied across the field.

"*Allez! En route!*" said Captain Du Pont. "This doesn't concern you—he's dead, poor chap! You're due at Belfort."

I stopped for gasoline at a flying field near Toul and had lunch with the pilots of a reconnaissance squadron there. They had recently captured intact a German reconnaissance plane which

they were using to good advantage in their work. The two men assigned to it had had many interesting and tranquil adventures far back of the enemy lines. They had landed spies and made observations without being molested thus far. Their only danger lay in crossing the French lines, when they were attacked by their own anti-aircraft batteries, and once they had barely missed being shot down by a patrol of French Spads. In order to lessen this danger, tricolor *cocardes* had been made on strips of cloth and these were attached to rollers operated by strings from the observer's seat, so that he could cover or uncover the German crosses at will. The rollers were very ingeniously concealed and could not be detected unless one made a very careful examination of the plane. The talk at mess that day was of a hazardous visit to be made in this machine to an enemy flying field near Metz. The pilot and his observer, both Alsatian Frenchmen who spoke German fluently, were to land at the enemy aërodrome for gasoline and information.

At one-thirty I was again on my way to Chaux. My engine ran beautifully. I climbed to seventeen thousand feet, far above a mass of cloud blowing up from the southwest, which at length cut off all view of the earth. During this lonely flight I witnessed a battle which began and ended with the suddenness that usually marks an aërial combat. The two planes were widely separated when I first saw them, more than a mile below me, and considerably to the left of the course I was following. Whether hostile or friendly, or both, it was impossible to determine at that distance: so I descended for a better view. They closed in swiftly and before I had covered half the distance one of them burst into flame—a conflagration which looked no larger than the flame of a match. Both planes vanished at once. Only a film of oily smoke, soiling the purity of the cloud bank, marked the scene of the encounter. Emerging within view of the

earth I saw the conquered plane burning fiercely on the ground, the flames throwing a crude light in the gloom of a deep ravine where it had fallen. King Arthur's last weird battle in mist was not more weird than this nor of such swift and terrible decisiveness.

Late that afternoon I rejoined my squadron at Chaux. For two days we patrolled a sector of front which seemed as peaceful as a country churchyard after Verdun and the Aisne sector. On the evening of the second day, while we were at supper, Captain Chardon read us the following extract from the orders of the day:

"The General commanding the Nth Division wishes to thank the pilots of the squadron Spad X for the aërial protection they have offered His Majesty the King of Italy during his visit to the French lines of this sector."

"So that's what we have been doing?" said Sergeant Du Marmier. "Where are we off to next, I wonder?"

It was a purely rhetorical question and called for no reply. The events of to-morrow were glamorously veiled.

But in those days, whether veiled or not, adventures were often glamorous enough. There was glamour in the air one breathed, fragrant with the never-to-be-forgotten odors of a flying field; in the noonday hush when, from afar, ruffling the silence like catspaws darkening the surface of quiet water, came the throb of motors of returning patrols and the distant mutter of gunfire—a world away from the green fields where we waited and yet within a quarter of an hour of swift flight. Indeed, the most prosaic of errands had its glamorous possibilities: that is why I regret the loss of my laundry slip. It was the only visible reminder I had of the time when, setting out to bring home my washing from Madame Bernard's, I proceeded by route of the air to the extremity of a far-flung battle line where I did what I could, in a small way, to protect the King of Italy.

THE BIG DRUM

BY WILLIAM GERHARDI

THE brass band played "*Im Köpfle zwei Äugle*," and it seemed to her that the souls of these men were like notes of this music, crying for something—elusive, for something in vain. To blare forth one's love on a brass trumpet! An earnest of one's high endeavor fallen short through the inadequate matter of brass; but withal in these abortive notes one felt the presence of the heights the instrument would reach, alas, if it but could!

It touched her to the heart. She would have liked her Otto to play the trumpet instead of the big drum. It seemed more romantic. Otto was not a bit romantic. He was a soldier all right, but he looked more like a man who had started life as a shoemaker's apprentice, had grown old, and was still a shoemaker's apprentice. The band played well—a compact, synthetic body—but Otto was a forlorn figure who watched the proceedings with sustained and patient interest and was suffered by them, every now and then, to raise his drumstick and to give a solitary, judicious "*Bang!*" And he—a tall gaunt man—seemed as though he were ashamed of his small part. And as she watched him she felt a pang of pity for herself: wedded to him, she would be forgotten—while life, indifferent, strode by; and no one in the world would care whether she had her share of happiness before she died. And the music brought this out acutely, as if along the hard stone-paved indifference of life it dragged, dragged on excruciatingly its living, bleeding soul. It spoke of loneliness, of laughter, of the pathos, pity, and futility of life.

She watched them. The bayonets at their side. The military badges of rank.

The hard discipline. And the music seemed to say, "Stop! What are you doing? Why are you doing this?" And thoughts flowed into her mind. Of soldiers dreaming on a Sunday afternoon. A fierce old corporal, of whom everyone was afraid, talking to her of children and of daisies. Soldiers who too had dreams in long waves—of what? she did not know—but not this. And the men who stood up and blew the brass trumpets seemed to say, and the shining brass trumpets themselves seemed to say: "We were not born for the army; we were born for something better—though heaven only knows what it is!"

That was so. Undeniably so. Yet she wished it were otherwise. It helped to make allowances for Otto. Whatever else he lacked, it made her think at least he had a soul. But to be wedded for life to the big drum! She did not fancy the idea. It didn't seem a proper career. But Otto showed no sign of *wanting* to "get on"—even in the orchestra. The most exasperating thing about it all was that Otto showed no sign of even *trying*! She had asked him if he would not, in time, "move on" and take over—say, the double bass. He did not seem to think it either feasible or necessary. Or *necessary*! He had been with the big drum for twelve years. "It's a good drum," he had said. And that was all.

There was no . . . "go" in him. That was it—no *go*. It was no use denying it. As she watched him—gaunt and spectacled—she wished Otto were more of a man and less of an old maid. The conductor, a boozier with a fat red face full of pimples, was a gallant—every inch a man. He had the elasticity and suppleness and military alertness of the

continental military man. She could not tell his rank from the stripes on his sleeves, but thought he must be a major. His heels were high and tipped with india rubber, and so were straight and smart; but his trousers lacked the foot-strap to keep them in position—poor dilapidated Austrian Army! how low it had sunk!—nevertheless they were tight and narrow and showed off the major's calves to advantage. He wore a *pince-nez*, but a rimless kind, through which gazed a pair of not altogether innocent eyes. But a man, and a leader of men—while Otto had no rubber on his heels. His heels looked eaten away. He wore a pair of spectacles through which he peered from afar at his neighbor's music stand, and at the appointed time—not one tenth of a second too late or too early—down came the drumstick with the long-awaited "*Bang!*" So incidental, so contemptible was Otto's part that in addition to handling the drum he had to turn the pages for the man who played the cymbals. It seemed to her humiliating. It was very wrong that Otto had no music stand of his own.

He smiled shyly and she turned away, annoyed. The little *modiste* walked on, meeting the stream of people who promenaded the path surrounding the band-stand—a man on high heels, three girls with a pinched look, a famous Tyrolese basso with a long ruddy beard, a *jeune premier* with whiskers and hair like a wig, whose look appeared to imply: "Here am I." Innsbruck looked morose that Sunday morning and the military band in the park executed music which was tattered, gross, a little common—yet compelling, even like the daily fare of life. Oh, why were there no heroes? Of course she would have loved to be dominated. That's what men were for. She was a womanly woman. From Vienna. Exalted, brimming over with life. These men of the Tyrol! And as for Otto? Why, she could have only waved her hand!

She began to wonder whether she had not really better break it off with him.

If men would but realize how little was required from them. Only an outward gesture of romance: a touch sufficed, the rest would be supplied by woman's powerful imagination. Not even so much. A mere abstention from the cruder forms of clumsiness, a surface effort to conceal one's feeblest worst. A mere semblance of mastery, a glimpse of a will. In short, anything at all that would provide the least excuse for loving him as she so wished to do. A minute she stood, thinking—"A minimum. Hardly as much." There passed along the man on high heels, the three girls with the pinched look, the Tyrolese basso with the long ruddy beard, the *jeune premier* with whiskers and hair like a wig, whose look seemed to say, "Here am I"; then again the man on high heels, the three girls with the pinched look, the Tyrolese singer, and again the *jeune premier* whose look implied "Here am I." They walked round and round as if the park were a cage and there was nothing to do but walk round—with heads bent, lifeless, sullenly resolute. And again there came along the man on high heels. "The minimum of a minimum. . . ."

The music resumed. She consulted her program. "Item 7. Potpourri from the operette *Die Fledermaus* by Johann Strauss." She returned to the stand, prepared to give her fiancé another chance. Otto's part, as before, was contemptible—more contemptible than before. He was inactive. He smiled shyly. She colored. And, looking at him, she knew. She knew it was no use, her love could not bridge the chasm. He was despised by the rest of the band. A stick-in-the-mud. Not a man. A poor fish. Not for her. . . .

The *potpourri*, as if suddenly turning the corner, broke out into a resounding march and behold, the big drum now led the way. *Bang! bang! bang! bang!* Cleanly he whacked, never once missing the chance; and the man with the cymbals, as if one heart and brain operated their limbs, clashed the cymbals in astounding unison—the big drum pound-

ing away, pounding away without cease or respite. And the trumpeters smiled as who might say, "Good old big drum! You have come into your own at last!" *Bang! bang! bang! bang!* The big drum had got loud and excited. And all the people standing around looked as though a great joy had come into their lives; and if they had not been a little shy of one another they would have set out and marched in step with the music, taken up *any* cause and, if only because the music implied that all men were brothers, gone forth if need be and butchered another body of brothers—to the tearing, gladdening strains of the march. (Since it is not known from what rational cause men could have marched to the War.) And if in the park of the neighboring town there were just such a band with just such a drum which played this same music, the people of the neighboring town would have marched to this music and exterminated this town. The conductor—like a driver who, having urged his horse over the hill, leans back and leaves the rest to the horse—conceded the enterprise to the drummer, as if the hard intricate work were now over and he was taking it easy: his *baton* moved perfunctorily in the wake of the drum; he looked round and acknowledged the greetings of friends with gay informal salutes of the left hand, his bland smile freely admitting to all that it was no longer himself but the drum which led them to victory. Or rather, the hard fight had already been won and these, behold, were the happy results! *Bang! bang! bang! bang!* Strangers passed smiles of intimate recognition, old men nodded reminiscently, small boys gazed with rapt eyes, women looked sweet and bright-eyed, ready to oblige with a kiss; while the big drum, conscious of his splendid initiative, pounded away without cease or respite.

"Wonderful! Beautiful!" said the public surrounding them. And thought: "Noise is a good thing."

The band had described the first circle and was repeating it with added gusto

and deliberation. The drum and the cymbals were pounding, pounding their due through the wholly inadequate blaring of brass. But these did not mind: "Every dog has his day"—and they followed the lead of the drum. He led them. He—Otto! Her Otto was leading them. God! Merciful Virgin! What had she done to deserve such happiness? Otto! . . . And she had doubted him, thought there was no "go" in him. No *go!* She burned red with shame at the mere thought of it. He was *all* "go." And didn't he make *them* go, too, the whole lot of them? How he led them! Puffing, the sweat streaming down their purple faces, they blazed away till their cheeks seemed ready to burst, but Otto out-drummed them—annihilated their efforts. He—Otto! O, God! Watching him, people could hardly keep still. But that none of them stirred and all of them wanted to, added piquancy to the illusion of motion. They stood rooted—while the drum carried on for them: *Bang! bang! bang! bang!*

"Marvellous!" sighed the public around them.

Her Otto—cock of the walk! She could scarcely believe her eyes. Standing in front of the crowd, only a few paces from his side and raising herself on her toes ever so gently in rhythm with the music, so that by the very tininess of her movements she seemed to be sending added impetus into the band—as if indeed she were pressing with her little feet some invisible pump—she scanned his face with tenderness, in dumb adoration. And Otto at the drum must have felt it for, at this turn, he put new life into his thundering whacks: *Bang! bang! bang! bang!* he toiled and the conductor, as if divining what was afoot, at that moment accelerated the pace of the march.

"Bravo, bravo!" said the people surrounding them.

There was no doubt about it. This was Art. The unerring precision. The wonderful touch. *Otto!* . . . Otto, as never before, whacked the big drum—

whacked it in excitement, in a frenzy, in transcending exaltation. Thundering *bangs!* And now she knew—what she couldn't have dreamed—she knew it by his face. Otto was a hero! A leader of men! Something fluttered in her breast as though a bird had flown in, ready to fly out.

"Now it's all over," thought the people, "and we are going home to lunch." And everyone smiled and felt very happy and gay. A sort of pro-

longed accelerated thundering of the big drum, and then one tremendous *Bang!*

The thing was over. The conductor raised a bent hand to the peak of his cap, acknowledging the applause. The bird in her fluttered more wildly than ever. She wanted to cry out but her throat would not obey. She clutched at her heaving breast with trembling fingers. "My love," she thought. "My king! My captain! My lord! My padishah!"

THE MOTHER AT THE TELESCOPE

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

I SAW the moons of Jupiter!
 The cloth for tea was just laid on,
 And toasting of the cheese begun,
 When out of doors I sensed a stir
 And one child calling "Wait for her!
 O mother, come and see this star,
 Brought down as close as lanterns are!
 And round, like Earth! we knew they were;
 But think! to see a rounded star!
 And rounded stars look much more far!"
 Apron and all, I ran to share
 My boy's great moment. What a night!
 Frost, a new moon, sweet biting air,
 And through the telescope, I swear,
 A fragile berry filled with light!
 I saw it with these very eyes;
 With such nearsighted eyes as these,
 That had been watching bits of cheese,
 I saw the drop of light that swung
 Its four faint sailing moons among!
 (The moons looked only half the size
 Of scales of minnows.) "And that star
 Has me transported twice as far
 As Jupiter from Earth," I said;
 For in my veins and in my head
 Great joy and wonder blazed and shone
 To think what I had gazed upon—
 Moons of a planet in the skies
 Seen with these kitchen-gazing eyes!

DRAGON MUSIC AND GHOSTS

Legends of the Carolina Beaches

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

THE road that we were traveling an hour before dawn on a morning in May passes through a country abounding in foxes and ghosts. Lest the reader take fright, the ghosts are not dangerous, and you need not see them unless you so desire. We saw none along the way because we were thinking about other things, but we did see a fox, just for an instant, in the glare of the automobile headlight, at a place where thick wampy woods border the road. It made a good beginning for the day and we felt that our queer quest—which, however, had nothing to do with foxes—was going to be crowned with success.

It is said that there are seven thousand kinds of lunacy. Ours is the kind that will get you out of bed at 3.30 o'clock A.M., and send you fourteen miles out into the woods to hear dragons bellow. A certain negro had put the notion in our heads. He lives close by the shore of a beautiful lagoon in the Low Country of South Carolina, and he asserted that never before had he listened to such alligator-concerts as those which had awakened him each morning for several mornings past. There were more 'gators and bigger 'gators in the lagoon, he said, than had ever been known there before, and, judging from the noise that they made in the early mornings, they seemed to consider themselves owners of the place. We had heard alligators boom their long-drawn mournful melodies in the old rice-field backwaters and along the Low Country rivers and creeks, but we had never listened to such a chorus as this man described. It seemed worth while to hear this dragon music.

We had all but lost hope of hearing it, however, when, just at the beginning of dawn, we pushed and poled the little bateau, which we found at the lagoon's edge, through the thick aquatic growths along the shore out into the open water. If the dragons were going to sing, it was time for them to start singing. They are queer creatures, these big saurians. Why they should lift up their doleful voices along the rivers and backwaters on one spring morning and remain mum the next I do not know, but such is their exasperating habit. Apparently this was one of their silent days; but if we could not hear them we could reasonably expect to see them, and we paddled on.

As yet it was too dark to see what moved on the surface of the water—too dark to see anything except the tall columns of mist drifting down the lagoon, vague gigantic shapes taking on all sorts of fantastic likenesses in the dim light. Dawn and dusk are the best times in the old plantation country, for it is a country full of old wistful memories and wraiths out of the past. Four miles or so to the northwest of us, where we floated amid the dawn mists, was the site of Crowfield Hall, an estate of the Middletons, one of the great families of the Province. When Eliza Lucas visited Crowfield, about 1742, she wrote to a friend in England that new beauties discovered themselves on every hand—a “spacious walk a thousand feet long,” a lawn “ornamented in a Serpentine manner with Flowers. . . a large square boling green, sunk a little below the level of the rest of the garden,” a lake “with a mount rising out of the middle” and upon it “a roman temple.”

There were great days at Crowfield then. To-day the woods have swallowed the place, and nothing is left to tell the story. The old house has gone but near the eastern shore of the lagoon the parish church of "St. James, Goose Creek," where the people of Crowfield and all the neighboring plantations worshiped, still stands amid ancient discolored tombs. In the rectory of this church, according to tradition, "Mad Archie" Campbell of Scotland won his maddest bet. At a ball in Charleston, then held by the British, Captain Campbell staked his Arab war horse against fifty pounds that within three days he would win the proud Tory beauty, Paulina Phelps. He took her driving in his gig, a wild drive at breakneck speed over rough woods roads and wilderness trails, and so frantic was his love-making that when he lifted her from the gig at the rectory of St. James in the forest, the girl was almost in a faint. Parson Ellington was no more able than she to resist the crack-brained, masterful young Scotchman. The minister mumbled something, but when a pistol was leveled at his head he thought it best to do as he was ordered—and "Mad Archie's" precious Arabian was safe.

This is the stuff—these old memories and legends—of which the ghosts of the Low Country are made: ghosts which the mind conjures up out of the adven-

turous and romantic past. Most of them come from the old plantations, like Crowfield, Wantoot, Medway, Rice Hope, Hampton, Wappaolah, Tomotley, Mepkin, Wadboo, Pimlico, and Parnassus, and from forgotten battlefields hidden in the great tracts of woods which cover most of this region. Near the lagoon there is one such battlefield. There Captain Chicken—what a name

for a hero!—met the Indians drunk with blood after a frightful massacre near the Santee fought them to a standstill, and saved the town. There must have been phantoms from that battlefield in the drifting mist columns that morning, and we might have seen some of them had not the strangest feathered inhabitant of the lagoon put an end to our ghost hunting.

We saw the big bird, as the light grew stronger, circling above tall pines that came down to the edge of the water. Up there night was

over, day had come, and we had a fine view of *Anhinga anhinga*, the snakebird, as he swung round and round above the trees flapping his wings at intervals, then sailing like a hawk. "Water turkeys" the Low Country woodsmen call the Anhingas a fairly good descriptive title, since they are lovers of lagoons and backwaters and since their fanlike tails give them somewhat the appearance of the wild turkey in flight. But the name is too commonplace for so uncanny a creature.



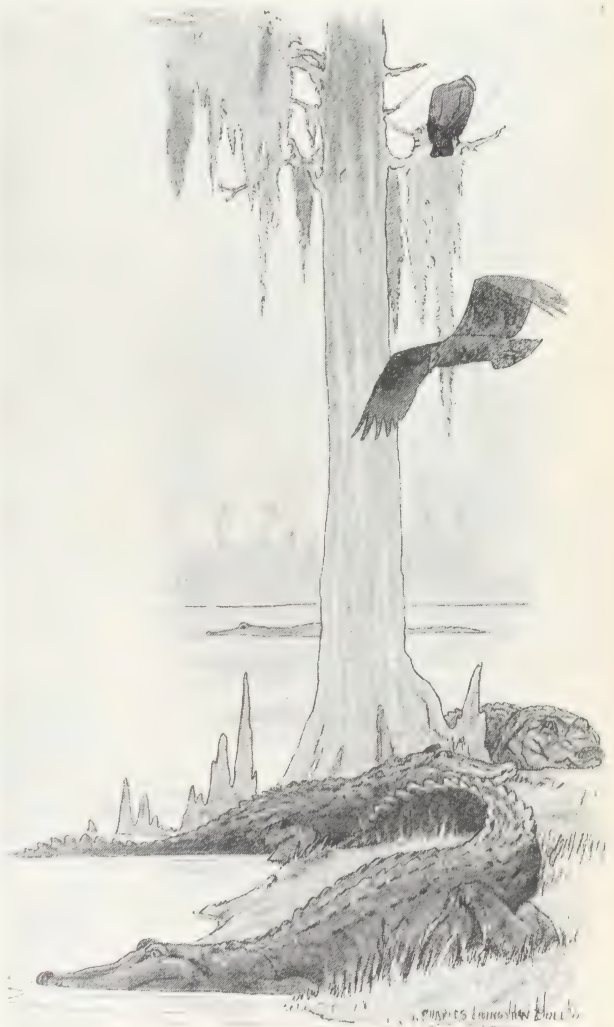
THE SNAKEBIRD OR WATER TURKEY IS AN UNCANNY CREATURE

Anhinga is the Spirit of the Swamp—an evil spirit, one is apt to think, as one studies the black pterodactyl-like being perched in some tall dead tree rising out of the water, his somber wings half spread after the manner of a vulture, his incredibly long and snake-like neck thrusting this way and that as he watches with sharp little eyes all that goes on around him.

Nearly always, it seems to me, I have seen the Anhinga in places memorable for their tragic associations. Perhaps this superstition arose out of my earliest experiences with the bird. One spring morning many years ago I was paddling for the first time along the upper reaches of a long, narrow lagoon. Dense, dark forest hemmed the place in, and many trees stood well out in the water, which was very high, and the surface of which was dotted with thickets of willow through which we steered a tortuous course. It had been a fairly adventurous morning. The thickets were alive with birds. Ringing out above the crazy laughter and doleful moaning of scores of gallinules, the spring music of hundreds of songsters filled our ears and the bright colors of nonpareils, summer tanagers, orchard orioles, and prothonotary warblers flashed in the sun. Rounding a clump of willows we had come upon a wood duck and her brood of little ones swimming on the still water—a rare and beautiful sight; and once, paddling as silently as we could, we came almost within a boat length of a big alligator—apparently sleeping, half submerged—in the seclusion of a little willow-bordered grotto of the lagoon. Down he went with a heave and surge of the dark water; and we were still chuckling

over the unseemly haste of his disappearance when, glancing up, I saw circling in the air a strange long-necked bird which I knew at once was none other than Anhinga the snakebird, until that moment a half-mythical being in my mind, as unreal as *Archæopteryx* or the toothed *Hesperornis*. Thrilled by the sight, we headed the punt for the bank, intent on exploring the woods along the shore above which the weird fowl was soaring.

It was a fruitless search. We found no Anhinga rookery either in the trees or in the willows at the water's edge. But in the woods we came upon the



ALLIGATORS IN THE BACKWATERS OF THE LAGOON

ruins of what had once been a fine old plantation manor—a brick house of stately design and spacious proportions—of which only four tall weathered pillars and some jagged sections of wall remained. There are many such ruins, in various stages of decay, in this region: tragic reminders of the Low Country's wars and of its Golden Days, which its last great war ended—the days when the old planters lived in baronial affluence on their great estates, growing vast crops, hunting the deer, drinking their wine, ruling Carolina, and all but ruling the nation—but these were the first of their kind that I had ever seen

and they made a deep impression on my mind. This was once Ralph Izard's mansion. Here he lived like the great country gentleman that he was (you can see his portrait, by Copley, in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston), and here upon one occasion no less a personage than the Marquis de Lafayette was entertained. Now only these ruins remained, neglected and forgotten, hidden in lonely woods, the home of the wild turkey, the lynx, and the deer. It was a place of fascinating but deeply melancholy memories, a place which told of decay and death and the passing of the Low Country's Heroic Age and of



CHARLES HINGSTON DILL

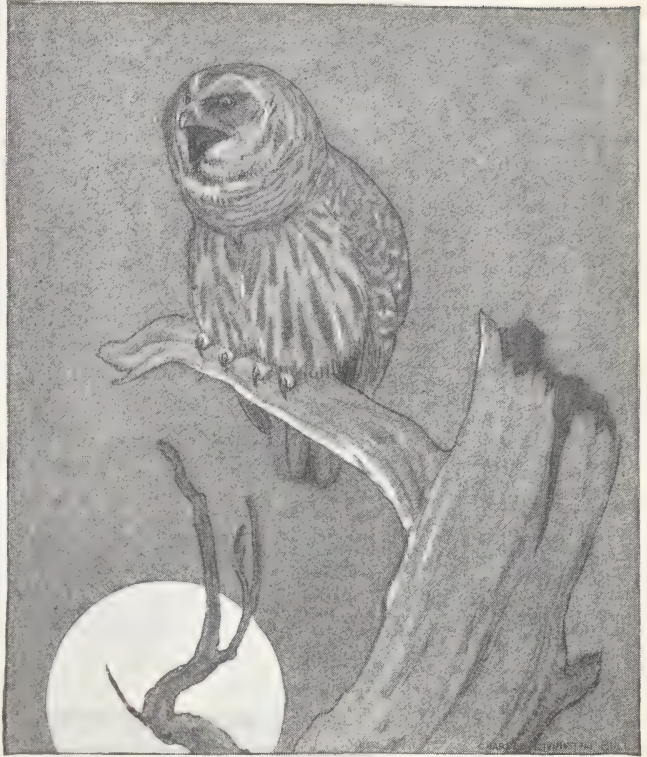
A WOOD DUCK AND HER BROOD SWIMMING ON THE STILL WATER

the gay plantation life that was snuffed out forever when Sherman marched to the sea. The somber grotesque Anhinga, circling over the spot, had led me to it.

Those wonderful days of the great plantations before the Civil War are not too far away to be remembered vividly. Many of the old houses, some of them built long before the Revolution, still stand and recall to the wayfarer the brilliance and elegance of that remarkable plantation civilization which flourished in the Low Country for so many years, then suddenly perished at the zenith of its prosperity. Among the negroes you may still find a few old men and women who can tell of the great days which have gone and of which they were a

part; but, except by having recourse to musty books, it is hard to go back farther than this into the Low Country's romantic past. If any legends of an earlier period have survived among the negroes, they are mere fragments.

Thus some of the old men will tell you that the shouts of the big swamp owls are really the whoops of ghostly Indian hunters following the deer; but they do not know *what* Indians. Not one of all the splendid names of the red warriors of Carolina has come down to them. They have never heard of Canacaugh the Great Conjurer, Wommony the Prince of St. Ellens, Corane the Raven of Toxawa, Attakullakulla the Most Excellent Little Woodcutter, Owasta the Head Beloved Man, Shadoo the Captain of Edisto, Moytoy of Tellequo Emperor of the Nations, Sinnawa the Hawk's Head Warrior, or Ishiagaska of Pocotaligo, bearer of the Bloody Stick, the emblem of war. Attakullakulla's name in the myth of the big swamp



THE BIG SWAMP OWL SITS SERENE ABOVE THE MOON

owls would make it a myth worth while; but, as the negroes tell it, it is never Attakullakulla who is hunting and whooping in the night but merely "Injuns," nameless red men, impersonal and therefore rather unreal.

Yet one would think that some trace, some memory or legend of the Most Excellent Little Woodcutter (or Little Carpenter, as he was generally known), might have remained among the dusky people who have supplanted the copper-colored owners of this region. He was the greatest of all the red chiefs and, hill man though he was, he has left his trail in the Low Country and in old Charles Town. There he was seen many times in paint and feathers, going to and from the council chamber or dancing the Eagle-Tail Dance before His Excellency Lord Charles Montagu, by whom he was received in audience with his colleagues, the Raven of Tugaloo, Tiftoe of Keowee, Oeconostota, known as the Great Warrior, and the Prince of Chote. At first

a minor chief of the Cherokees—that mighty nation of tall braves who, long before the arrival of the whites, had come out of the West to Carolina and exterminated a “moon-eyed people” they found living there—Attakullakulla, despite his dwarfish stature, became the most influential leader of the tribe. Though he was not above getting gloriously drunk upon at least one notable occasion—for which escapade his tribesmen “stripped and dry-scratched him with snakes’ teeth to remind him of his bad conduct and make his blood good”—he was capable of noble enthusiasms. One might search the Indian annals in vain for anything finer than Attakullakulla’s rescue—at risk of his own life—of Captain John Stuart, who was spirited out of the Cherokee camp by his old Indian friend and hunting companion and delivered safe and sound to his fellow countrymen after a perilous journey of nine days through the wilderness.

I have hunted, from time to time, for Indian lore among the Low Country negroes but with ill success; and, because pirates appeal to me even more than Indians, I have hunted for pirate lore also—with less hope and with even poorer results. But a poet friend of mine may possibly have found in the negro habit of making Indian ghosts out of owls an inspiration leading to a pleasing pirate fancy. The ornithologist will smile at finding his familiar *Rynchops nigra*, the skimmer, translated to the realm of the supernatural. But poets sometimes know more than ornithologists about birds, and this poet has discovered, in the occult way in which poets make their discoveries, that the beautiful long-winged skimmers of these shores are not ordinary birds but the spirits of high-born ladies captured long ago by pirates off this coast and compelled by the fierce buccaneers to walk the plank into the sea.

The sea took them, ending their torture, but before long it gave them up. Assuming the form of slender and

graceful sea birds they winged their way back to the land, and you can hear them now crying plaintively in the dusk as they fly restlessly back and forth along the beaches of the barrier islands. There they must meet at times the ghosts of their murderers; for it is as certain as anything of the sort can be that the pirates also haunt these beaches and inlets and walk at night amid the sand hills of the islands which knew them so well in bygone years, and which still hide under their shifting dunes the chests of Spanish coin that the buccaneers are said to have buried.

Once there was wrecked on this coast a pirate vessel whose crew made their way into Charles Town and, swaggering about the streets, boasted that they had carried the Cross-Bones flag into the Red Sea and had plundered the treasure ships of the Great Mogul. The corsairs were free spenders, and the thrifty shopkeepers had no objection to taking the Great Mogul’s gold in exchange for their goods. They made their picturesque and open-handed visitors welcome. But later, when Charles Town had become a thriving seaport with merchantmen of its own, the colonists found that the freebooters who had their lairs in the inlets up and down the coast could not be relied upon to confine their attention to the ships of the Great Mogul and the King of Spain.

Then began the war between the Colony and the sea rovers, a war which lasted for years and during which many thrilling battles were fought and many pirates hung in chains from lofty gibbets on the marshy shore of Shute’s Folly, opposite the city. On one occasion the town lay almost under the guns of a pirate fleet commanded by Blackbeard and Stede Bonnet, who blockaded the port, captured many ships, and terrified the community with frightful threats of death to their luckless prisoners—among whom was Samuel Wragg, a member of the Council of the Province. That was the dark hour just before dawn, for shortly afterwards



CHARLES LIVINGSTON CUTLER.

THE GHOSTS OF PIRATES HAUNT THESE LONELY BEACHES

Blackbeard was killed in battle and Bonnet and his crew were taken and brought as captives to Charles Town.

Bonnet escaped but was captured again in the myrtle thickets of Sullivan's Island—the island where, many years later, Poe wrote "The Gold Bug." Tried before the stern judge, Nicholas Trott, the pirate listened (at first with perfect composure) to a carefully detailed description of the horrors of eternal damnation. "Consider," thundered the learned jurist, citing certain Scriptural passages, "that death is not the only punishment due to murderers, for they are threatened to have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone . . . words which carry that terror with them, that, considering your circumstances and your guilt, surely the sound of them must make you tremble, for who can dwell with everlasting burnings?"

Bonnet, before he became a pirate, had been a soldier. But the smell of the brimstone was in his nostrils as he

heard Trott pronounce his doom, and his spirit broke. He begged pitifully for his life. "I heartily beseech you'll permit me to live," he wrote to Governor Johnson, "and I'll voluntarily put it out of my Power (to return to the ways of piracy) by separating all my Limbs from my Body, only reserving the use of my Tongue to call continually on, and pray to the Lord, my God, and mourn all my days in Sackcloth and Ashes." His plea, surely one of the most remarkable on record, was fruitless. Not long afterward he was led—almost insensible with terror—to the place of death where, forty-eight hours before his trial had begun, twenty-two men of his crew had been hanged; and where, a few weeks later, twenty-three buccaneers of Richard Worley's company, captured after a desperate battle just off the harbor mouth, were executed.

If the graceful skimmers, those winged ghosts of "pirate-tortured ladies," were afraid of meeting the ghosts of the buccaneers they would not fly over Charles-

ton in the dusk, as I have seen them flying, passing over the town from river to river a little southward of St. Michael's steeple. Somewhere between St. Michael's and the Battery, where the city's twin rivers join, stood old Charles Town's Execution Dock, a desolate place of marsh and mud where, in accordance with the old English law, pirates were put to death "within the Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea." The exact spot cannot be fixed with certainty, for the city long ago grew beyond the ancient tide marks; but, as you walk southward from St. Michael's, you pass close by the place.

Was it a mere coincidence that, one evening when I was walking along that way, I heard plaintive cries in the gloom overhead and realized that skimmers were flying over? My poet friend had not divulged the secret then, and I did not know that these birds were really the wraiths of beautiful young girls whom the corsairs had captured in the old buccaneer days. But now that I know this to be true, I wonder whether it was chance which brought the skimmers there that night to utter their wailing cries in the dusk above the spot where Stede Bonnet and his men, and Worley's cutthroats, and many other rovers of lesser note expiated their crimes.

The great difficulty in the Carolina Low Country is to confine one's thoughts to the business in hand. We set out to hear dragon music—or, putting it more soberly, to hear alligators bellow—and we have been afloat for an hour on the lagoon where the dragons live. Yet scarcely a thought has been given to the dragons or their music. That is foolish, perhaps, but it will happen to you again and again in this strange lovely region which is as full of history and romance as a bit of old England; and yet, far from being a tamed, domesticated country like England, remains to-day one of the greatest surviving strongholds of wild nature east of the Rockies. Wherever one goes in the

Low Country—in the woods, on the rivers, amid the marshes and rice fields, on the old baronies and plantations, on the wild, lonely sea islands, in the towns—one comes upon reminders of a rich, vivid, tragic past. From Anningas and alligators one's thoughts wander to Indians and pirates, ladies in gay brocades, old battles, old legends; soon, instead of looking for 'gators, one is likely to be looking for ghosts.

Yet there *is* one 'gator in the tale. The snakebird had scarcely disappeared when the dragon that we had hoped to hear (or at least to see) came grimly out of the low-hanging mists. So slowly as to make not the slightest ripple on the water, he glided into the open from his hiding place behind a low peninsula of water growths. Perhaps our silence and stillness deceived him. At any rate, instead of sinking noiselessly out of sight he circled the boat at a distance of not more than fifteen yards—his huge, seemingly shapeless head and fully eight feet of his black, armored back showing above the surface.

I could almost have taken oath that he was more than twelve feet long—a veritable modern Fafnir—and I would have given much to hear him bellow, for he would have made the air shake with his hollow thunder. But as silently as he had come he passed on down the lagoon; and when he had gone, the inner man—which prefers hominy and bacon to 'gators and ghosts—admonished us severely that there had been enough of this philandering on an empty stomach and that fourteen miles lay between us and the breakfast table. Even as Stede Bonnet, poor wretch, had smelled brimstone from the Fiery Lake, we scented bacon across those fourteen miles—but with feelings very different from those of the pirate. Dipping our paddles into the water, we made a quick trip to the shore. Soon we were rattling, in our little horseless gig, along the road that "Mad Archie" traveled in the legend when he drove with his fair and flustered Paulina back to town.

OLD SAUL

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

I CANNOT think of any word
To make it plain to you,
How white a thing the hawthorn bush
That delicately blew

Within a crook of Tinges Lane;
Each May Day there it stood;
And lit a flame of loveliness
For the small neighborhood.

So fragile-white a thing it was,
I cannot make it plain;
Or the sweet fumbling of the bees,
Like the break in a rain.

Old Saul lived near. And this his life:—
To cobble for his bread;
To mourn a tall son lost at sea;
A daughter worse than dead.

And so, in place of all his lack,
He set the hawthorn tree;
Made it his wealth, his mirth, his god,
His Zion to touch and see.

Born English he. Down Tinges Lane
His lad's years came and went;
He saw out there behind his thorn,
A hundred thorns of Kent.

At lovers slipping through the dusk
He shook a lover's head;
Grudged them each flower. It was too white
For any but the dead.

Once on a blurred, wet, silver day
He said to two or three:
“Folks, when I go, pluck yonder bloom
That I may take with me.”

But it was winter when he passed,
The road wind-wrenched and torn;
They laid upon his coffin lid
A wreath made all of thorn.

A NEW WAY WITH OLD MASTERPIECES

III—*Jonathan Swift*

BY ERNEST BOYD

AFTER the cloistered fame of Milton and the too remote and overpowering glory of Shakespeare, the luminous English eighteenth century opens for us with a work whose vitality and enduring popularity place it beyond the need of artificial academic respiration. *Gulliver's Travels* is a living classic of such universal appeal, it has been spread abroad in so many editions and translations, that it has taken on something of the anonymity of a legend or folk tale, existing outside of critical time and space. Children all over the world have followed Captain Gulliver's adventures amongst the Lilliputians, and their elders have watched or shared their amusement without pondering too deeply on the significance of the innocent work. Thus it has been passed off as a juvenile masterpiece, and classed with the dreary *Pilgrim's Progress* and the moralizing *Robinson Crusoe* as a book for the edification of the young. In maintaining this polite fiction great assistance has been derived from the literary mandarins, who have made a bogey of Jonathan Swift and have entreated all who would listen to avert the eyes chastely from the horrors concealed beneath the deceptive surface of Swift's works.

The method by which this end has been accomplished is twofold: Swift's own life has been held up as an awful warning, and his work has been put away on the top shelves of the library, amid shuddering allusions intended to console us for the substitution of popular bowdlerizations of *Gulliver's Travels*. "No

fouler pen than Swift's has soiled our literature. His language is horrible from first to last. He is full of odious images, of base and abominable allusions. It would be a labor of Hercules to cleanse his pages. His love-letters are defaced by his incurable coarseness. . . . It is a question not of morality, but of decency, whether it is becoming to sit in the same room with this divine. . . . In this matter Swift is inexcusable." Thus in characteristic terms does one of these "bloodless persons of good taste"—to borrow an appropriate French phrase—undertake to frighten away the unwary. Having done so, he then meditates upon the irony of fate which has turned into "a child's book and a suitable Christmas present" a work which was Swift's "gospel of hatred, his testament of woe, upon which he expended the treasures of his wit, and into which he instilled the concentrated essence of his rage."

The great ironist himself would have thoroughly appreciated this irony, but it may be doubted if he would have had much difficulty in explaining it. The recoil from his ideas fits in very naturally with this conception of human intelligence: "Expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of, and you will every day find my description of the Yahoos more resembling." One of the first things Swift did not expect from such an animal was intellectual courage, and intelligence was not precisely the outstanding characteristic of "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the face of the earth." Con-

sequently, the contortions of the commentators who have relegated *Gulliver's Travels* to the nursery are not without their humor. "It has no moral, no social, no philosophical purpose. It was the mere ebullition of cynicism and misanthropy. A savage *jeu d'esprit*. And as such wise men will regard it." Against this dictum of Professor Churton Collins there stands, of course, the awkward fact that Swift's greatest contemporaries admired and appreciated this work; that the most intelligent and civilized of all literary worlds—that of the Eighteenth Century—had no hesitation in enjoying "so merry a book," which "was universally read—from the Cabinet Council to the Nursery," to quote the author of *The Beggar's Opera*. Moreover, as a horrified critic of to-day reminds us, "Maids of Honour chuckled loudest over those very passages for which buyers [of modern editions] will look in vain." In the circumstances, all that the professor can say is: "At no period distinguished by generosity of sentiment, by humanity, by decency, could such a satire have been universally applauded. Yet so it was. The men and women of those times appear to have seen nothing objectionable in an apologue which would scarcely have passed without protest in the Rome of Petronius."

This disarming innocence concerning the Rome of Petronius would seem to imply that Professor Collins read his *Satyricon* in an edition as effectively denaturalized as those currently sold of *Gulliver's Travels*. Perish the Eighteenth Century, provided injustice be done to Swift! As he himself said, "when a great genius appears in the world, the dunces are all in confederacy against him." He lacked that discretion which he defined as "a species of lower prudence, by the assistance of which people of the meanest intelligence, without any other qualification, pass through the world in great tranquillity and with universal good treatment, neither giving nor taking offence." His attitude to-

wards life did not allow of his being fitted into any of the categories to which Anglo-Saxon optimism incessantly strives to reduce all the spiritual currents of English literature: constructive energy, moralistic good sense, and a genial tonic humor. Although his birth in Ireland was an accident, he was the first great Irishman in English literature, for his Anglo-Irish origins are typical of almost all the best-known Irish men of letters who have succeeded him down to our own day. It is not for nothing that we find in him so many of the qualities that have come to be particularly identified with Anglo-Irish literature—from the political challenge to England in his own writings (and in those of his contemporary, Bishop Berkeley) to the paradoxes of Oscar Wilde, the rationalistic irony of Bernard Shaw, and the harsh Rabelaisianism—without the mirth of Rabelais—of James Joyce.

In the year 1667, when Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin, Milton published *Paradise Lost*; but the Puritan epoch, as well as the last faint echoes of Elizabethan poetry, had disappeared when the eighteenth century opened and it was most appropriately not until then that Swift's first book was published, *A Tale of a Tub*, in 1704. He thus inaugurated the Augustan Age, which was the age of great English prose, during which modern literature—as it is commonly understood to-day—was born in the novel, the essay, and the periodical. The first of the moderns, Swift belonged peculiarly to that age of reason which, in spite of all that has intervened—the rise of Romanticism, of industrialism, of democracy—is the nearest classical period to our own time, nearer than nineteenth-century Victorianism, and with an immediate appeal to us which none of the earlier periods of English literature can have for any but scholars. It was a time, like the present, of questioning and skepticism, of transition. Deism and free thought were stripping religion of its mysticism and the phi-

losophers were seeking new principles; while moral, ethical, and political concepts were subjected to the deflating process of rational analysis illuminated by wit. Poetry contented itself with rigid classic formulæ, for prose was the instrument which was perfected to correspond to the intimate needs of a society which found its fullest expression in satire, criticism, and journalism. It was an age without faith—consumed by a desire for clarity, logic, and exact thinking; but below the surface one discerns the deep undertone which was to swell out, as the Eighteenth Century closed, into the American and French Revolutions and the mystical romanticism and humanitarianism of the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. Then came the dark night of industrial democracy, and plumbing and profits became the natural tests of progress and civilization.

All the elements of the eighteenth century seem to reach their maximum of intensity in the person of Jonathan Swift. The contrast between latent passion and inexorable reason produces in him a profound and tortured spiritual antithesis, and the drama of feeling and thought reaches heights of tragedy in his life, of which little or nothing transpires in his works. Swift never betrays himself; he never loses his hold upon his emotions. His prose is the tersest and lightest; more perhaps than Defoe and Dryden, he is the father of modern English. He anticipates the great pessimists of modern literature—Leopardi, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche—for his doubts are deeper and more radical than those of Voltaire and the French philosophers who made the French Revolution possible. While the form of his work, the ease of his wit are essentially of his own century, his doubting scrutiny sees far beyond temporary, local, and surface foibles; and while he portrays these he also tears aside all the veils of sentiment and fiction which disguise mankind and conceal us from ourselves. When he reduced the human race to the

level of Yahoos he gave us a word with which we still describe the elemental creature which slumbers in all of us and emerges on such little provocation that we usually disguise its collective manifestations, at least, with some lofty ideal. As in literature, so in life, we cannot stand a truth which "banishes from decent households a Fourth part of one of the most brilliant and delightful of English books," to quote Sir Edmund Gosse's criticism of the last part of *Gulliver's Travels*.

As the supreme expression of an age which was a defiance of all the ideals and conventions of the modern industrial era, but which curiously corresponds to this present time of transition when the moralities, no less than the practical achievements of that era, have been definitely shaken out of their complacency—Swift is a problem for the champions of utilitarian Christianity. The bulk of his writings are inaccessible, and on the literary map their whereabouts is indicated by the ancient superscription of fear and ignorance: "Here are lions." We may have him as the author of a child's book or not at all; and in order to dampen whatever enthusiasm or curiosity might prompt the average reader to go further, Swift's personal career has been exhibited with much rumbling of stage thunder and melodramatic indignation and wiping away of crocodile tears. Apart from the literary handbooks—which provide what might be termed the broadcasting of the actual performances—we have the performers themselves, including some of the most celebrated stars in the repertory: Macaulay, and Thackeray, and others known to owners of five-foot bookshelves. These gentlemen have pictured Swift as a godless parson, a disappointed place-hunter, a political opportunist, a coarse bully, and a black-guard in his relations with women; ending his days in the solitude of his deanery at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, haunted by the terrors of madness, his body racked with pain. In short, a

solemn example to us all of the dreadful retribution which is the due of those who presume to question the divine plan in Nature.

The decisive proof of his infamy has been seen in his three love affairs, none of which has met with the approval of posthumous critics, although at the time (so far as our evidence goes) no particular indignation or comment was excited by them. The first and briefest was with a young lady in the North of Ireland, whom he named Varina, and to whom he proposed marriage while he was the unhappy Rector of Kilroot, an Ulster parish full of Papists and Presbyterians—both equally obnoxious to Swift. Varina rejected him, but some years later—when he was appointed to a more substantial living—she wrote reminding him of her existence and suggesting that she was obviously designed to be his lawful spouse. He did not think so, and suggested that she was hardly fitted to be the wife of a poor parson. She accepted the suggestion and there ended Swift's first and only offer of marriage. He has received as little credit for it as for his subsequent failure to make such an offer in circumstances which have perplexed, fascinated, and irritated all his commentators ever since. In fact, so perverse are the ways of commentators that the very absence of all mention of marriage has impelled some of them to invent one. As there were two ladies in this later case, this invention has the double charm of making an honest woman of one, and of making Swift out to be a scoundrel towards the other, while proving that he could not have acted otherwise.

The situation arose out of his intimacy with Esther Johnson who had been, like himself, a protégée of Sir William Temple, and whom he had first met as a young man just over age while she was a child of six. Esther, having grown up into a very beautiful girl, received in her turn a classical name, Stella, and in that capacity she has become one of the

heroines of English literature and almost of English fiction. She came to live in Dublin with her chaperon, and between these ladies and Swift there developed a relation which still defies the searchers after simple facts—since the absence of simplicity in facts is intolerable. Stella would not marry any of her worthy but obscure suitors and preferred to be the one great passion of Swift's life, the one intimate in his confidence and affections, rather than to lapse into the oblivion of a regular and respectable existence apart from him. The *Journal to Stella*, which records this *amitié amoureuse*, is a document unique in confessional literature, and so remarkable an account of the relations of a great man and an unusual woman that even Swift's fiercest detractors become sentimental over it and are kind enough to grant that the inventor of the "little language" in which they caressed each other was a human being. From that to assuming he was a married man was but a step.

The gossip and hearsay upon which this assumption is based will be found in most of the biographies and will supply the cynical with curious reading. Even the biographers who have too much sense to decide in favor of law and order adopt a non-committal attitude with the emphasis in that direction. This enables them all to raise cries of horror when Swift becomes entangled with the third lady to whom he lent a classical name, Vanessa. Vanessa was an intellectual young woman but, I regret to say, she had "a baby face" (according to Swift), and a boyish form, and a third point in common with many of her successors to-day—a decided indifference to the ideals of Mr. Volstead. Their friendship began in the usual way, but it soon developed in a way which is also not unusual, and their correspondence shows him alternately scolding and petting, humoring and flattering her—trying to satisfy her with intellectual friendship and to evade the obvious implications of her every word and attitude. In the poem "Cadenus and

Vanessa" in which this philandering was recorded, Swift wrote:

But what success Vanessa met,
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantick strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphick ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.

The lines very fairly reflect the actual situation, and Vanessa specifically absolves Swift from being responsible for the fact that the affair drifted beyond the limits which he had assigned to it. The melodramatists insist that Vanessa discovered Swift was married by writing to Stella and asking the question, and that, as a result of a subsequent scene with Swift, she died of a broken heart. They regard this as a proper punishment for such unheard-of wickedness on the part of a married man.

There is every reason to suppose that the marriage was as apocryphal as the story of Vanessa's death. She, like Stella, seems to have preferred her relationship with Swift to all the comforts of a home, and every scrap of direct testimony from the ladies themselves runs contrary to the convenient theory. For some reason this attitude on the part of Stella and Vanessa is never considered, and Swift is blamed, first, for having offered to marry Varina and been refused; second, for not marrying Vanessa, when he is alleged to have been already married to Stella; third, for not acknowledging his marriage to Stella, thereby hastening her death. The only person who was confessedly unhappy was Vanessa, and her unhappiness—as she admitted—was due to the overpowering love which she had for Swift and his avowed inability to reciprocate it. Nevertheless a vast amount of indignation and pity has been aroused by the plight of Stella—immortalized in the *Journal* and contented, as she well might be, to be the closest friend

and confidant of the most brilliant figure of his time.

An aspect of the case which Swift's innumerable censors have failed to consider is one which cannot but interest us, now that we are all psycho-analysts or psycho-analyzed. I refer to the deduction that Swift's mother may not have really been his parent, and that Sir William Temple was very probably his father. The relations between Jonathan and his mother, to say the least of it, were unconventional. His nurse ran off with him from Dublin to England when he was one year old, and his mother left him there for three years on the pretext that he could not stand the journey back. She was a "beautiful, but flighty and peculiar woman" and on one occasion, when she came to Dublin to see her son, she took lodgings and, after asking the landlady if she could keep a secret, informed the good woman that the rooms were for the purpose of "receiving the visits of a gallant," who was simply the Reverend Jonathan Swift, Rector of Laracor, near Dublin. It is further significant that when Jonathan was leaving college she should direct him to the care of Sir William Temple—an important personage, high in the councils of State—who made no demur but took the greatest interest in him and looked after him. A contemporary document in *The Gentlemen's Magazine* of November, 1757—when Stella's mother was still alive and also Sir William Temple's heir—declared that Swift "was ignorant of his natural relation to Stella" and did not discover it until he proposed to marry her. Linking this with the scene, often related, of how Swift passed a friend coming out of the library of the Archbishop of Dublin, and how the Archbishop said, "you have just this moment passed the most miserable man on earth, but as to the cause of that misery you must never ask a question," one arrives at the conclusion that this was the occasion when Swift discovered that he and Stella were both the children of Sir William Temple. The

article in an important and reputable magazine was not refuted when there were first-hand witnesses to do so, and we have the now illuminating statement in Swift's own words that "the only woman in the world who could make him happy as a wife was the only woman in the world who could not be his wife." Emphasis upon the adverb "only" in the second clause of that sentence brings us to the point where we may ask if Swift did not precede Byron, with Stella in the place of Augusta Leigh, but without a Harriet Beecher Stowe to air the scandal in a family periodical.

The irony of the protests against the ambiguity of Swift's relation to Stella—especially because of his failure to publish the banns—becomes, in the circumstances, a counterpart to the irony of the fate of *Gulliver's Travels*. Nowadays, for all our avidity for scandal, how easily our authors thrive on a tithe of the gossip, suspicion, and hostility which Swift and Stella aroused! I submit, with newspaper headlines in mind (true sign of greatness in this era of democracy), that Swift has claims upon the attention of the plain people. It is unfair of the professors to allow the general public to be fobbed off with "gift book" editions of one work, and to depict him as a foul-mouthed fellow who carried on with women as though he were an important movie star, but without sharing the latter's creditable enthusiasm for more and better marriage, and to deprive him of the pitiless publicity with which the aforesaid enthusiasm is associated. Instead, they shake their heads over the apparently unparallelled example of his unwillingness to marry, and hint at dark mysteries culminating in insanity—the advantage of this being that it can then be argued that the first two books, relating Gulliver's adventures among the Lilliputians and the Brobdingnagians, are charming, benign fantasies; humanity seen through the two ends of a telescope. But the third book, with the floating

island of Laputa, where the imbecility of pedants is seen in all its glory—with Glubdubdrib, where the glorious dead are resurrected and reveal the absurdity of the true causes of their renown in the best Shavian style; with Luggnagg, where the Struldbrugs upset the romanticism of *Back to Methuselah*—the third book, it seems, marks the beginning of Swift's mental decline. As for the fourth, where we encounter the Houyhnhnms, the horses that are so superior to the humans, the Yahoos—it is dismissed as the filthy product of a diseased body and a diseased brain.

This notion of insanity has been widely used to discredit Swift, just as it has been charged, with a sneer, against Nietzsche that he died insane—the intention being to suggest that they need not therefore be taken too seriously. Yet even this point has never been so well established as to permit the assumptions based upon it. The medical testimony has favored the theory that Swift's disease was "not a case of gradually developing insanity, which might have affected his reason, even while its development was proceeding; but a case of specific malady, which tortured him during his life, and which ultimately produced a definite injury to the brain, but which up to that point in no way obliterated his reason." This disease—which has been analyzed by Oscar Wilde's father, Sir William Wilde, and many other physicians—eventually produced paralysis, and it was not until then that "the brain, already weakened by senile decay, at length gave way, and Swift sank into the dementia which preceded his death." In other words, here is a man who died at the age of seventy-eight, after years of ceaseless literary activity, as the nineteen volumes of his amazingly varied work testify; yet it is argued that his achievement is marked by insanity—although his literary activity ceased, through old age and ill health, many years before his brain even began to be seriously affected.

What, it might naturally be asked, is

the formidable character of Swift's work which renders necessary the insinuation that only one who was insane could have written it? Is it merely that it was in places obscene or disgusting? That has been alleged—especially in relation to *Gulliver's Travels*—but the more honest exegetists have frankly recognized that “the Augustans were free-spoken, and to a certain extent also foul-spoken,” and it has not been argued that Sterne, Smollett, or John Cleland were mad. Indeed, one highly indignant but conscientious professor records that Swift's satire “in its broader aspect” was keenly relished. “The Queen and the Princess of Wales were in raptures with it. One noble lady facetiously identified herself with the Yahoos; another declared that her whole life had been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and in treating the best as her foes. And so surely could Swift rely on the most disgusting passages of his work being to the taste of the ladies of the Court, that in a private letter to one of the Maids of Honour he not only referred facetiously to one of its most indecent passages, but added to the indecency.” From this we are to conclude that the moral degradation of the period was complete—not, if you please, that the Eighteenth Century had its conventions, and that it is as unreasonable to expect Swift to conform to any others as it would be to call a woman shameless to-day because she wears fewer and shorter clothes than her grandmother did.

In the absence of any such thing as an objective standard of obscenity the application of moral tests to literature, without reference to the person concerned and the prevailing standards, usually leads to illogical and incoherent censorship. The bowdlerization of Swift may be counted, therefore, not as an effort to save us from the ravings of a lunatic but as one of the necessities of the false principle invoked, with the insinuation of madness thrown in as a makeweight to bolster up the case.

Even the professional moralists do not pretend that the authors of books which offend their pruriency are insane. Swift must have committed a graver offense than “The Lady's Dressing Room” or “Strephon and Chloe” in an age which read Cleland's *Fanny Hill* and Mandeville's “Virgin Unmasked” and “The Fable of the Bees”—an age which might have subscribed to the lines which the author of *The Beggar's Opera* wrote for his own epitaph:

Life is a jest: and all things show it.

I thought so once, and now I know it.

To mention Gay and that charming piece—in which Swift is supposed to have had a hand—is to come at once to the fundamental objection to Swift as he appears to his nineteenth-century censors: “the apostate politician, the ribald priest, the perjured lover, the heart burning with hatred against the whole human race,” to quote the most celebrated summary of the indictment. The light paradoxes of *The Beggar's Opera* have annoyed very serious persons, but they are as superficial and harmless as the humor of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. There is a topsy-turvy morality in this “Newgate pastoral” but its thrusts at society are as painless as the allusions to the House of Lords in “Iolanthe.” But we find that Swift's satire is more destructive; it is, in fact, so deadly that successive generations have labored, as he would expect them to, in order by various devices to deflect his blows. He stands in the same relation to Gay and the other wits of his time as Bernard Shaw stands to Gilbert or to Oscar Wilde. England was enchanted by the happy melodies and playful fancy of Gilbert and Sullivan, and smiled at the epigrams of Oscar Wilde, but when the author of *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant* turned that boasted “normal” vision of his upon the institutions and society around him, his gibes and mockery were resented.

It is interesting to compare these two Anglo-Irish writers, who never lose an

opportunity of reviling Ireland and of working rebelliously for her interests as against those of England. "His deficiency on the side of what we commonly call sentiment is not less remarkable. Sentiment is never likely to be found in any degree where the transcendental instinct is lacking. But the total atrophy, or rather non-existence, of both in a man of strong affections and of acute susceptibility to emotional impression is an anomaly rare indeed. . . . Its expression in language he regarded as cant, its expression in action as affectation and folly. For him life had no illusions, man no mystery, nature no charm. . . . His sole criterion as a critic and judge was unsublimated reason. . . . In his estimate of life and the world generally he saw everything in the clear cold light of the pure intellect. From no mind of which we have expression in record had the Spectres of the Tribe, the Den, the Forum, and the Theatre been so completely exorcised. But, as the eyes of the body may be blinded by excess of light, so the eyes of the mind may by excess of reason be blinded—by the very power that gives them sight." These words were written when Shaw was still the obscure Socialist author of "Widowers' Houses," and they occur in the last full-length study of Swift to appear in English. How often were they to be applied, with minor variations, to Shaw during the greater part of the following thirty years which witnessed his gradual rise to success and popularity. By a pleasant coincidence that popularity finally culminated in something akin to Swift's. The scourge and terror of the orthodox provides as good an evening's laughter in the theater as *Gulliver's Travels* in the nursery or drawing-room.

Bernard Shaw now amuses where he once horrified; but not so Swift, when his own ideas are presented as he conceived and expressed them. Swift had no faith or panacea; Shaw had, and it has proved his undoing, thereby absolving future professors from the task of

making him obscure and inaccessible through expurgation and the thousand-and-one devices of pedantry for rendering literary virtue hateful. With an effort we now remember that Shaw labeled his work as Socialism, and delayed his reception at the hands of the general public until everybody was assured that the Home was not about to totter, and that the Servile State had no such charms with which to soothe the British breast as the Fabian Society pretended. His propaganda became obsolete long before his audience could be persuaded, and now he is confronted by a generation which is neither interested in nor frightened by what he offered as the constructive side of his philosophy. He is a skilled dramatic craftsman who can furnish an excellent show. His ideas are accepted in so far as they respond to the skepticism and iconoclasm of the times. We look to him for confirmation of our doubts, not for solutions to our insoluble problems.

As the greatest of doubters and iconoclasts Swift is supreme, and it is in their flight from his merciless irony, his superb irreverence, and his magnificent contempt for the incurable imbecility of the human race that the orthodox have done everything possible to frustrate his influence. A dead rebel is usually a picturesque figure, just as pacifists in the ranks of one's enemy in wartime appear as truth-seeking idealists, entirely unlike the unpatriotic domestic product of the same kind. English literature has had many such romantic characters whose pleas for anarchy, free love, vegetarianism, communism, universal peace, and other similar abominations excite later idealists to deep enthusiasm and kindle a benign, almost tearful smile of understanding condescension in even the sternest academic pillars of society. Jonathan Swift gives no opportunity for this liberalism by proxy; he offers no chances for easy magnanimity. He is so much alive, so inescapable a menace to all the illusions and humbug essential to what we deem our happiness that one

may suppress him but he cannot be explained away. Hence that blessed word "insanity," which covers a multitude of cynicisms. Had he only advocated some dogma, however revolutionary, time would have proved it as futile as all things and retrospective tolerance would have acquitted him of wickedness, if not of heresy, now fortunately harmless.

Swift's contribution to the literature of Utopias has nothing of the fervor of the Encyclopædists and those romantic inventors of the idea of Progress who, as another dean, also accused of cynicism—Dean Inge—points out, enslaved three different philosophies to what is in the last analysis a question of statistics or, as I have said, plumbing and profits. The Houyhnhnms, not the Yahoos, are perfectible. Lemuel Gulliver, when he returns from his travels, finds no joy in seeing his wife and children again. He can only gradually accustom himself to the contact of his fellow men, and when he at last resigns himself to the society of the usual lords, politicians, cut-throats, lawyers, and fools, he has for ever renounced all projects for the improvement of the Yahoos of the United Kingdom. The sarcasm of Voltaire, the sentimental apostrophes of Rousseau, the smiling skepticism of Montaigne are mild reformist platitudes beside the ruthless misanthropy of Swift, but there is an echo of him in the merciless last chapter of *Penguin Island*, where Anatole France's vision of the future is a not very inspiring point in that vicious circle known as the story of mankind.

Swift, then, committed the unpardonable sin of disbelieving in human perfectibility, and of expressing that disbelief in terms so memorable that timid souls are shocked and terrified by his reversal of Dante's descent into hell, for no stars are visible to restore hope to the soul. Like all pessimists he is charged by complacent optimists with reflecting his own personal misery and discontent, and of mistaking these for a picture of the world. That Swift was often un-

well, and that—towards the end of his life—he was a very sick man (both physically and mentally), is as undeniable as the fact that the authors of glad fiction and manuals of right thought are frequently bilious. But nothing could be further from the truth than the idea that a disillusioned view of life is the mark of disappointment and personal unhappiness. Adapting Tennyson, one might say there lives more joy in honest cynicism than in half the creeds for which hollow-eyed and gloomy fanatics die or struggle on behalf of progress. Swift once said that "the latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former," and the consequent adjustment of one's disbelief in human nature produces that happy equilibrium known as skepticism, which is erroneously believed to reflect discontent. One must lose a great number of illusions before existence, above the vegetable state, becomes tolerable.

In the enormous range of Jonathan Swift's writings there is ample proof of this, and overwhelming evidence against the theory—so sedulously fostered—that he was a gloomy, morbid malcontent whose one moment of pleasant fancy was the composition of the Lilliput and Brobdingnag parts of *Gulliver's Travels*. The variety of his interests, the delightful irony of his humor, and the fertile wit and mischief of his subtle intellectual play, added to the famous Irish pamphlets—which have easily survived their immediate object, unlike most political pamphlets—are all a sufficient answer to his detractors. They show a man who up to the age of sixty years was incessantly active, alert, and stimulating, and who unostentatiously did more good of a practical kind than most romantic humanitarians brooding and weeping over the injustices of the world. He had no belief in the abstraction Justice, but the "Drapier's Letters" actually abolished the definite injustice of Wood's halfpence in Ireland. He had the greatest contempt for the plain

people of Ireland, but his "Modest Proposal" remains to this day one of the greatest indictments of England's exploitation of them. If he left his fortune to found a Hospital for Lunatics and Incurables for the nation that needed it most, the tangible fact of his gift is not diminished by its being accompanied with a sardonic witticism rather than with a pious platitude.

The essays, pamphlets, letters, and occasional pieces of all kinds which are preserved in the collected editions of Swift's works are seldom seen by others than specialists, and the average reader must be content with an expurgated *Gulliver's Travels* and a nodding acquaintance with such writings as *A Tale of a Tub*, *The Battle of the Books*, and the *Journal to Stella*. It is upon that supposition that the legend of Swift has flourished—a legend well calculated to make most of us rely upon our childhood memories of Captain Gulliver to serve us all our lifetime. Yet, much that delights the heart of this unregenerate age has its counterpart in Swift, to a degree which encourages the belief that at no time since the close of his own age has there been an audience better fitted to appreciate him than now. The essay on "Polite Conversation," with its priceless dialogue, is as effective a record of inanity as the Discussion on Death in the *Book of Burlesques* of H. L. Mencken; it is an authentic "clinical note." On June 20th, 1709, in *The Tatler*, Swift faced the now palpitating question in advanced circles: Can Men and Women be Friends? His advice to a common he-man, who complains, "it is my misfortune to be six feet and a half high, two full spans between the shoulders, thirteen inches diameter in the calves; and before I was in love, I had a noble stomach, and usually went to bed sober with two bottles"—his advice to this victim of the higher feminism has a flavor of *actualité*. "This order of Platonic ladies are to be dealt with in a manner peculiar from all the rest of the sex. Flattery is the general way, and

the way in this case; but it is not to be done grossly. . . . A Platonne is not to be touched with panegyric: she will tell you, it is a sensuality in the soul to be delighted that way. You are not therefore to commend, but silently consent to all she does and says." The effect of this procedure having been illustrated, Swift concludes that "she will fall in with the necessities of mortal life, and condescend to look with pity upon an unhappy man, imprisoned in so much body, and urged by such violent desires."

There is the humor of a Gilbert and Sullivan libretto in the elaborate fooling of the "Scheme to make an Hospital for Incurables," with its schedule of the cost of maintaining incurable knaves, incurable scolds, incurable scribblers, incurable liars, and so forth: "incurable fools are almost infinite; however at first I would have only twenty thousand." Another typical piece of satire is the "True Narrative" of how London behaved when it was believed that the end of the world had come, how "no less than one hundred and twenty-three clergymen" were ferried over to Lambeth to petition that a short prayer might be penned, as there was none in the service for such occasions, but "as in things of this nature it is necessary that the Council be consulted, their request was not immediately complied with." The whole town became seriously religious, but "all the different persuasions kept by themselves, for, as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in prayer with the other." The grave irony of this is as irresistible as the conclusion of the argument against "The Abolishing of Christianity" wherein he says, "I do very much apprehend that, in six months time after the act is passed for the extirpation of the gospel, the Bank and East India stock may fall at least one *per cent*. And since that is fifty times more than ever the wisdom of our age thought fit to venture for the preservation of Christianity, there is no reason we should be at so great a

loss, merely for the sake of destroying it."

One has only to dip at haphazard into Swift's writings to realize that the picture of him as a malevolent hypochondriac rests on nothing more substantial than the common superstition that a skeptic must be abnormal and miserable. His capacity for seeing himself in perspective does not even absolve him; and while it has been solemnly demonstrated that he was a good churchman, he is not credited with seeing the eternal humor of "a set of men suffered, much less employed and hired, to bawl one day in seven against the lawfulness of those methods most in use, toward the pursuit of greatness, riches, and pleasure, which are the constant practice of all men alive on the other six." His Latin epitaph upon himself is quoted with pitying concern, but it must be read in conjunction with the poem upon his death in which he describes, with the most cynical good humor, how the news is received and credits his three best friends with remembering him for one month, one week, and one day, respectively.

The horrible physical pain of his last years must excite pity, but Swift's life and achievement are above the cheap melodramatics with which they have been clothed. A great English critic, but naturally not a pedagogue, stands almost alone in his appropriate if brief treatment of Jonathan Swift. With an irony Swift would have admired Hazlitt wrote, "There is nothing more likely to drive a man mad than the being unable to get rid of the idea of the distinction between right and wrong, and an obstinate, constitutional preference of the true to the agreeable." And he answered the sentimental moralists by saying, "nothing solid, nothing valuable is left in his system but virtue and wisdom. What a libel is this upon mankind!"

Swift was the embodiment of his age, and it was an age which, as a whole, found itself subjected in some degree to the same reproaches as he—which may be summed up in the word materialism. The Augustans were not, we are told, idealists; they had none of the exaltations, romantic and revolutionary, which possessed the eighteenth century at its close. By that time the illusion of progress had become so well fixed in certain minds that to suggest doubts as to the beneficent results of the French Revolution was to incur the anathema of the millenium-makers.

Nowadays we can measure exactly how beautifully that Revolution and all its accompanying cant served the spread, not of liberty, but of industrialism and that form of democracy which is the negation of the only kind of freedom that is conceivable—that which fosters the development of intelligent individuals. "Some men," said Swift, "admire republics, because orators flourish there, and are the greatest enemies of tyranny; but my opinion is that one tyrant is better than a hundred." The day of the rabble was approaching and Swift described the Yahoos. In the dark years of his slow death an ardent youth from Switzerland named Rousseau made his appearance in Paris, preparing a message on Equality, to which Swift's posthumous "Directions to Servants" reads like a grimly ironical retort. He once assessed the number of superior persons in Britain at twenty-five, and at one thousand those "who have a tolerable share of reading and good sense." The estimate is a little over-generous, but let it stand, for it represents the audience to which Jonathan Swift addressed himself and to which he will always appeal: the happy few whose happiness consists in accepting the ironies of life and rejecting its illusions.

THE MAN WITH TWO BEARDS

A Father Brown Detective Story

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THIS tale was told by Father Brown to Professor Crake, the celebrated criminologist, after dinner at a club where the two were introduced to each other as sharing a harmless hobby of murder and robbery. But as Father Brown's version rather minimized his own part in the matter, it is here retold in a more impartial style. It arose out of a playful passage of arms in which the professor was very scientific and the priest rather skeptical.

"My good sir," said the professor in remonstrance, "Don't you believe that criminology is a science?"

"I'm not sure," replied Father Brown, "do you believe that hagiology is a science?"

"What's that?" asked the specialist sharply.

"No, it's not the study of hags and has nothing to do with burning witches," said the priest smiling. "It's the study of holy things—saints and so on. You see, the Dark Ages tried to make a science about good people. But our own humane enlightened age is only interested in a science about bad ones. Yet I think our general experience is that every conceivable sort of man has been a saint. And I suspect you will find that every conceivable sort of man has been a murderer."

"Well, we believe murderers can be pretty well classified," observed Crake. "The list sounds rather long and dull but I think it's exhaustive. First, all killings can be divided into rational and irrational, and we'll take the last first because they are much fewer. There is

such a thing as homicidal mania or love of butchery in the abstract. There is such a thing as irrational antipathy, though it's very seldom homicidal. Then we come to the true motives; of these some are less rational in the sense of merely romantic and retrospective. Acts of pure revenge are acts of hopeless revenge. Thus a lover will sometimes kill a rival he could never supplant, or a rebel assassinate a tyrant after the conquest is complete. But more often even these acts have a rational expectation. They are hopeful murders. They fall into the larger section of the second division; of what we may call prudential crimes. These again fall chiefly under two descriptions: man kills in order to obtain what the other man possesses, either by theft or inheritance, or to stop the other man from acting in some way; as in the case of killing a blackmailer or a political opponent or, in the case of a rather more passive obstacle, a husband or wife whose continued functioning as such interferes with other things. We believe that classification is pretty thoroughly thought out and, properly applied, covers the ground. But I'm afraid it sounds rather dull; I hope I'm not boring you."

"Not at all," said Father Brown, "if I seemed a little absent-minded I must apologize; the truth is I was thinking of a man I once knew. He was a murderer; but I can't see where he fits into your museum of murderers. He was not mad; nor did he like killing. He did not hate the man he killed; he hardly knew him and certainly had nothing to

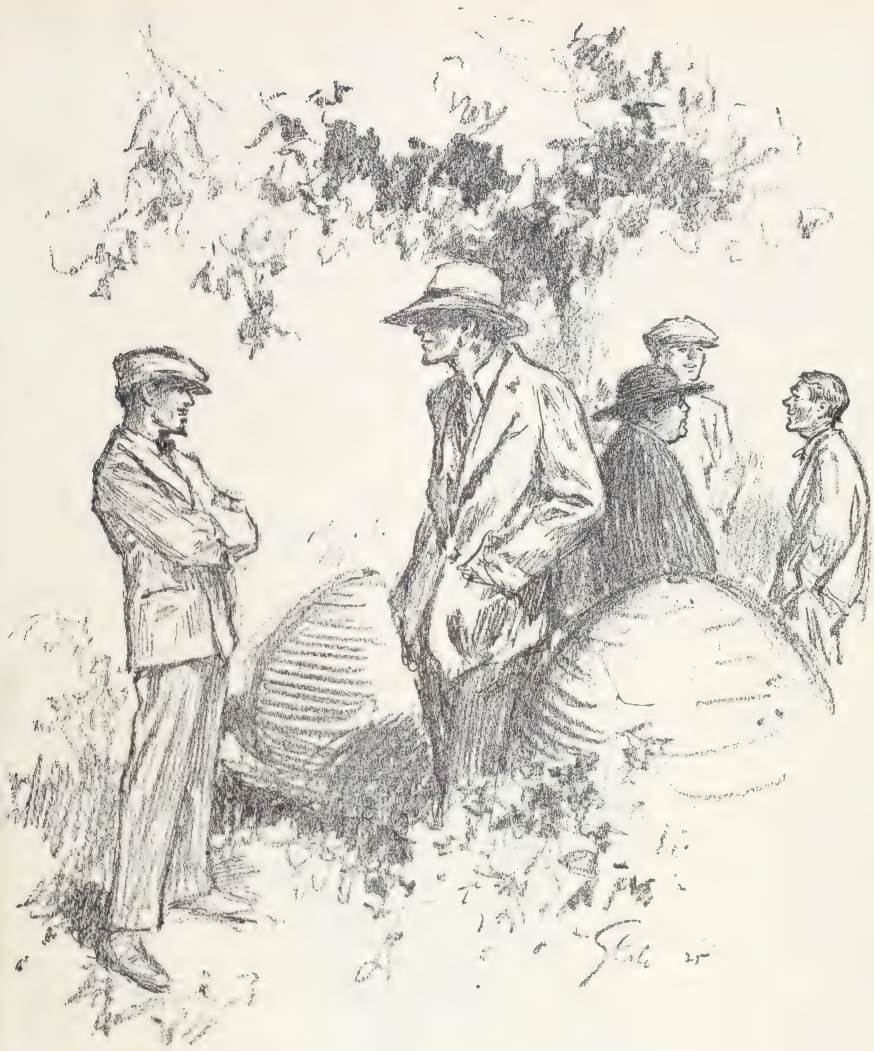
avenge on him. The other man did not possess anything that he could possibly want. The other man was not behaving in any way which the murderer wanted to stop. The murdered man was not in a position to hurt or hinder or even affect the murderer in any way. There was no woman in the case. There was no politics in the case. This man killed a fellow-creature who was practically a stranger and that for a very strange reason, which is possibly unique in human history."

And so, in his own more conversational fashion, he told the story. The story may well begin in a sufficiently respectable setting—at the breakfast table of a worthy though wealthy suburban family named Bankes, where the normal discussion of the newspaper had for once been silenced by the discussion about a mystery nearer home. Such people are sometimes accused of gossip about their neighbors: but they are in that matter almost inhumanly innocent. Rustic villagers tell tales about their neighbors, true and false, but the curious culture of the modern suburb will believe anything it is told in the papers about the wickedness of the Pope or the martyrdom of the King of the Cannibal Islands, and in the excitement of these topics never knows what is happening next door. In this case, however, the two forms of interest actually united in a coincidence of thrilling intensity. Their own suburb had actually been mentioned in their favorite newspaper. It seemed to them like a new proof of their own existence when they saw the name in print. It was almost as if they had been unconscious and invisible before—now they were as real as the King of the Cannibal Islands.

It was stated in the paper that a once famous criminal known as Michael Moonshine (and many other names that were presumably not his own) had recently been released after a long term of imprisonment for his numerous burglaries; that his whereabouts was being kept quiet, but he was believed

to have settled down in the suburb in question which we will call, for convenience, Chisham. A résumé of some of his famous and daring exploits and escapes was given in the same issue. For it is a character of that kind of press, intended for that kind of public, that it assumes its readers have no memories. While the peasant will remember for centuries an outlaw like Robin Hood or Rob Roy, the clerk will hardly remember the name of the criminal about whom he argued in trams and tubes two years before. Yet Michael Moonshine had really shown some of the heroic rascality of Rob Roy or Robin Hood. He was worthy to be turned into legend and not merely into news. He was far too capable a burglar to be a murderer. But his terrific strength and the ease with which he knocked policemen over like ninepins, stunned people and bound and gagged them—gave something almost like a final touch of fear or mystery to the fact that he never killed them. People almost felt that he would have been more human if he had.

Mr. Simon Bankes, the father of the family, was at once better read and more old-fashioned than the rest. He was a sturdy man with a short gray beard and a brow barred with wrinkles. He had a turn for anecdotes and reminiscence; and he distinctly remembered the days when Londoners had lain awake listening for Mike Moonshine as they did for Spring-heeled Jack. Then there was his wife, a thin dark lady who was very modern if not very young. There was a sort of acid elegance about her, for her family had much more money than her husband's, if rather less education; and she even possessed a very valuable emerald necklace upstairs which gave her a right to prominence in a discussion about thieves. There was his daughter Opal, who was also thin and dark and supposed to be psychic, at any rate by herself; for she had little domestic encouragement. Spirits of an ardently astral turn will be well advised



"I WARN YOU MY BEES DO NOT ONLY MAKE HONEY. THEY STING."

to materialize as members of a large family. There was her brother John, a young youth particularly boisterous in his indifference to her spiritual development, and otherwise distinguishable from the others by his interest in motor cars. He seemed to be always in the act of selling one car and buying another; and by some process hard for the economic theorist to follow, it was always possible to buy a much better article by selling the one that was damaged or discredited. There was his brother Philip, a young man with dark curly hair, distinguished by his attention to dress—which is

doubtless part of the duty of a stockbroker's clerk; but, as the stockbroker was prone to hint, hardly the whole of it. Finally there was present at this family scene his friend Daniel Devine, who was also dark and exquisitely dressed, but bearded in a fashion that was somewhat foreign and therefore, for many, slightly menacing.

It was Devine who had introduced the topic of the newspaper paragraph, tactfully insinuating so effective an instrument of distraction at what looked like the beginning of a small family quarrel; for the psychic lady had begun

the description of a vision she had had of pale faces floating in empty night outside her window, and John Bankes was trying to roar down this revelation of a higher state with more than his usual heartiness. But the newspaper reference to their new and possibly alarming neighbor soon put both controversialists out of court.

"How frightful!" cried Mrs. Bankes. "He must be quite a newcomer; but who can he possibly be?"

"I don't know any particularly newcomers," said her husband, "except Sir Leopold Pulman at Beechwood House."

"My dear," said the lady, "how absurd you are—Sir Leopold!" Then after a pause she added, "If anybody suggested his secretary, now—that man with the whiskers. I've always said ever since he got the place Philip ought to have had—"

"Nothing doing," said Philip languidly, making his sole contribution to the conversation. "Not good enough."

"The only one I know," observed Devine, "is that man called Carver who is stopping at Smith's Farm. He lives a very quiet life but he's quite interesting to talk to; I think John has had some business with him."

"Knows a bit about cars," conceded the monomaniac John. "He'll know a bit more when he's been in my new car."

Devine smiled slightly. Everybody had been threatened with the hospitality of John's new car. Then he added reflectively: "That's a little what I feel about him. He knows a lot about motoring and traveling and the active ways of the world; and yet he always stays at home pottering about round old Smith's beehives; says he's only interested in bee culture, and that's why he's staying with Smith. It seems a very quiet hobby for a man of his sort. However, I've no doubt John's car will shake him up a bit."

As Devine walked away from the house that evening his dark face wore an expression of concentrated thought. His thoughts would perhaps have been

worthy of our attention even at this stage, but it is enough to say that their practical upshot was a resolution to pay an immediate visit to Mr. Carver at the house of Mr. Smith. As he was making his way thither he encountered Barnard, the secretary at Beechwood House, conspicuous by his lanky figure and the large side-whiskers which Mrs. Bankes counted among her private wrongs. Their acquaintance was slight and their conversation brief and casual. But Devine seemed to find in it food for further cogitation.

"Look here," he said abruptly, "excuse my asking, but is it true that Lady Pulman has some very famous jewelry up at the House? I'm not a professional thief but I've just heard there's one hanging about."

"I'll get her to give an eye to them," answered the secretary. "To tell the truth, I've ventured to warn her about them already myself. I hope she has attended to it."

As they spoke there came the hideous cry of a motor horn just behind, and John Bankes came to a stop beside them—radiant at his own steering-wheel. When he heard of Devine's destination he claimed it as his own; though his tone suggested rather an abstract relief for offering people a ride. The ride was consumed in continuous praises of the car, now mostly in the matter of adaptability to weather.

"Shuts up as tight as a box," he said, "and opens as easy—as easy as opening your mouth."

Devine's mouth at the moment did not seem so easy to open and he arrived at Smith's farm to the sound of a soliloquy. Passing the outer gate Devine found the man he was looking for without going into the house. The man was walking about in the garden with his hands in his pockets, wearing a large limp straw hat—a man with a long face and a large chin; the wide brim cut off the upper part of his face with a shadow that looked a little like a mask. In the background were a row

of sunny beehives along which an elderly man, presumably Mr. Smith, was moving accompanied by a short commonplace-looking companion in black clerical costume.

"I say," burst in the irrepressible John before Devine could offer any polite greeting, "I've brought her round to give you a little run. You see if she isn't better than a *Thunderbolt*."

Mr. Carver's mouth set into a smile that may have been meant to be gracious but looked rather grim. "I'm afraid I shall be too busy for pleasure this evening," he said.

"How doth the little busy bee—" observed Devine equally enigmatically. "Your bees must be very busy if they keep you at it all night. I was wondering if—"

"Well," demanded Carver with a certain cool defiance.

"Well, they say we should make hay while the sun shines," said Devine. "Perhaps you make honey while the moon shines."

There came a flash from the shadow of the broad-brimmed hat as the whites of the man's eyes shifted and shone.

"Perhaps there is a good deal of moonshine in the business," he said, "but I warn you my bees do not only make honey. They sting."

"Are you coming along in the car?" insisted the staring John. But Carver, though he threw off the momentary air of sinister significance with which he had been answering Devine, was still positive in his polite refusal.

"I can't possibly go,"

he said. "Got a lot of writing to do. Perhaps you'd be kind enough to give some of my friends a run if you want a companion. This is my friend Mr. Smith. Father Brown."

"Of course," cried Bankes, "let 'em all come."

"Thank you very much," said Father Brown, "I'm afraid I shall have to decline; I've got to go on to Benediction in a few minutes."

"Mr. Smith is your man then," said Carver with something almost like impatience. "I'm sure Smith is longing for a motor ride."

Smith, who wore a broad grin, bore no appearance of longing for anything. He was an active little old man with a very honest wig—one of those wigs that look no more natural than a hat. It's



"I'VE SEEN A GHOST!" OPAL EXCLAIMED

tinge of yellow was out of keeping with his colorless sort of complexion. He shook his head and answered with amiable obstinacy:

"I remember I went over this road ten years ago in one of those contraptions. Came over in it from my sister's place at Holmgate and never been over that road in a car since. It was rough going, I can tell you."

"Ten years ago!" scoffed John Bankes, "two thousand years ago you went in an ox-wagon. Do you think cars haven't changed in ten years—and roads, too, for that matter? In my little bus you don't know the wheels are going round. You think you're just flying."

"I'm sure Smith wants to go flying," urged Carver, "it's the dream of his life. Come, Smith, go over to Holmgate and see your sister. You know you ought to go and see your sister. Go over and stay the night if you like."

"Well, I generally walk over, so I generally do stay the night," said old Smith. "No need to trouble the gentleman to-day particularly."

"But think what fun it will be for your sister to see you arrive in a car!" cried Carver. "You really ought to go. Don't be so selfish."

"That's it," assented Bankes with buoyant benevolence. "Don't you be selfish! It won't hurt you. You aren't afraid of it, are you?"

"Well," said Mr. Smith, blinking thoughtfully, "I don't want to be selfish and I don't think I'm afraid. I'll come with you if you put it that way."

The pair drove off amid waving salutations that seemed somehow to give the little group the appearance of a cheering crowd. Yet Devine and the priest joined in it only out of courtesy, and they both felt it was the dominating gesture of their host which gave it its final air of farewell. The detail gave them a curious sense of the pervasive force of his personality.

The moment the car was out of sight he turned to them with a sort of boisterous apology and said, "Well—!"

He said it with that curious heartiness which is the reverse of hospitality. That extreme geniality is the same as a dismissal.

"I must be going," said Devine. "We must not interrupt the busy bee. I'm afraid I know very little about bees; sometimes I can hardly tell a bee from a wasp."

"I've kept wasps too," answered the mysterious Mr. Carver.

When his guests were a few yards down the street Devine said rather impulsively to his companion, "Rather an odd scene that, don't you think?"

"Yes," replied Father Brown, "and what do you think about it?"

Devine looked at the little man in black and something in the gaze of his great gray eyes seemed to renew his impulse.

"I think," he said, "that Carver was very anxious to have the house to himself to-night. I don't know whether you had any such suspicions?"

"I may have my suspicions," replied the priest, "but I'm not sure whether they're the same as yours."

That evening, when the last dusk was turning into dark in the gardens round the family mansion, Opal Bankes was moving through some of the dim and empty rooms with even more than her usual abstraction; and anyone who had looked at her closely would have noted that her pale face had more than its usual pallor. Despite its bourgeois luxury, the house as a whole had a unique shade of melancholy. It was the sort of immediate sadness that belongs to things which are old rather than ancient. It was full of faded fashions rather than historic customs; of the order and ornament that is just recent enough to be recognized as dead. Here and there Early Victorian colored glass tinted the twilight; the high ceilings made the long rooms look narrow; and at the end of the long room down which she was walking was one of those round windows to be found in the buildings of its period. As she came to about the



"DON'T LET ANYBODY MOVE," SAID CARVER IN CLEAR, COURTEOUS TONES

middle of the room she stopped—and then suddenly swayed a little as if some invisible hand had struck her in the face.

An instant after there was the noise of knocking on the front door, dulled by the closed doors between. She knew that the rest of the household were in the upper parts of the house; but she could not have analyzed the motive that made her go to the front door herself. On the doorstep stood a dumpy and dingy figure in black which she recognized as the Roman Catholic priest whose name was Brown. She knew him only slightly but she liked him. He did not encourage her psychic views—quite the contrary; but he discouraged them as if they mattered and not as if they did not matter. It was not so much that he did not sympathize with her opinions as that he did sympathize but did not agree. All this was in some sort of chaos in her mind as she found herself saying, without greeting or waiting to hear his business:

"I'm so glad you've come. I've seen a ghost."

"There's no need to be distressed about that," he said; "it often happens. Most of the ghosts aren't ghosts and the few that may be won't do you any harm. Was it any ghost in particular?"

"No," she admitted with a vague feeling of relief; "it wasn't so much the thing itself as an atmosphere of awful decay—a sort of luminous ruin. It was a face. A face at the window. But it was pale and goggling and looked like the pictures of Judas."

"Well, some people do look like that," reflected the priest, "and I daresay they look in at windows sometimes. May I come in and see where it happened?"

When she returned to the room with the visitor, however, other members of the family had assembled and those of a less psychic habit had thought it convenient to light the lamps. In the presence of Mrs. Bankes, Father Brown assumed a more conventional civility and apologized for his intrusion.

"I'm afraid it is taking a liberty with your house, Mrs. Bankes," he said. "But I think I can explain how the

business happens to concern you. I was up at the Pulmans' place just now when I was rung up and asked to come round here to meet a man who is coming to communicate something that may be of some moment to you. I should not have added myself to the party, only I am wanted apparently because I am a witness to what has happened up at Beechwood. In fact it was I who had to give the alarm."

"What has happened!" repeated the lady.

"There has been a robbery up at Beechwood House," said Father Brown gravely, "a robbery and, what I fear is worse, Lady Pulman's jewels have gone. And her unfortunate secretary, Mr. Barnard, was picked up in the garden, having evidently been shot by the escaping burglar."

"That man," ejaculated the lady of the house, "I believe he was—"

She encountered the grave gaze of the priest—and her words suddenly went from her, she never knew why.

"I communicated with the police," he went on, "and with another authority interested in this case; and they say that even a superficial examination has revealed footprints and finger-prints, and other indications of a well-known criminal."

At this point the conference was for a moment disturbed by the return of John Bankes from what appeared to be an abortive expedition in the car. Old Smith seemed to have been a disappointing passenger after all.

"Funked it after all at the last minute," he announced with noisy disgust. "Bolted off while I was looking at what I thought was a puncture. Last time I'll take one of these yokels—"

But his complaints received small attention in the general excitement that gathered round Father Brown and his news.

"Somebody will arrive in a moment," went on the priest, with the same air of weighty reserve, "who will relieve me of this responsibility. When I have

confronted you with him I shall have done my duty as a witness in a serious business. It only remains for me to say that a servant up at Beechwood House told me that she had seen a face at one of the windows—"

"I saw a face," said Opal, "at one of our windows."

"Oh, you are always seeing faces," said her brother John roughly.

"It is as well to see facts even if they are faces," said Father Brown equally, "and I think the face you saw—"

Another knock at the front door sounded through the house, and a minute afterwards the door of the room opened and another figure appeared. Devine half rose from his chair at the sight of it.

It was a tall erect figure with a long rather cadaverous face ending in a formidable chin. The brow was rather bald and the eyes bright and blue, which Devine had last seen obscured with a broad straw hat.

"Pray don't let anybody move," said the man called Carver in clear and courteous tones. But to Devine's disturbed mind the courtesy had an ominous resemblance to that of a brigand who holds a company motionless with a pistol.

"Please sit down, Mr. Devine," said Carver, "and with Mrs. Bankes's permission I will follow your example. My presence here necessitates an explanation. I rather fancy you suspected me of being an eminent and distinguished burglar."

"I did," said Devine grimly.

"As you remarked," said Carver, "it is not always easy to know a wasp from a bee."

After a pause he continued: "I can claim to be one of the more useful though equally annoying insects. I am a detective and I have come down here to investigate an alleged renewal of the activities of the criminal calling himself Michael Moonshine. Jewel robberies were his speciality; and there has just been one of them at Beechwood House which, by all the technical tests, is obvi-

ously his work. Not only do the prints correspond but you may possibly know that when he was last arrested, and it is believed on other occasions also, he wore the simple but effective disguise of a red beard and a pair of large horn-rimmed spectacles."

Opal Bankes leaned forward almost fiercely.

"That was it," she cried in excitement; "that was the face I saw—with great goggles and a red ragged beard like Judas. I thought it was a ghost."

"That was also the ghost the servant at Beechwood saw," said Carver lowly.

He laid some papers and packages on the table and began carefully to unfold them. "As I say," he continued, "I was sent down here to make inquiries about the criminal plans of this man Moonshine. That is why I interested myself

in bee-keeping and went to stay with Mr. Smith."

There was a silence and then Devine started and spoke: "You don't seriously mean to say that nice old man—"

"Come, Mr. Devine," said Carver with a smile, "you believed a beehive was only a hiding place for me. Why shouldn't it be a hiding place for him?"

Devine nodded gloomily and the detective turned back to his papers. "Suspecting Smith, I wanted to get him out of the way and go through his belongings; so I took advantage of Mr. Bankes's kindness in giving him a day ride. Searching his house, I found some curious things to be owned by an innocent old rustic interested only in bees. This is one of them."

From the unfolded paper he lifted a

long hairy object almost scarlet in color—the sort of sham beard that is worn in theatricals. Beside it lay an old pair of heavy horn-rimmed spectacles.

"But I found something also," continued Carver, "that more directly concerns this house and must be my excuse for intruding to-night. I found a memorandum with notes of the name and conjectural value of various pieces of jewelry in the neighborhood. Immediately after the note of Lady Pulman's tiara was the mention of an emerald necklace belonging to Mrs. Bankes."

Mrs. Bankes, who had hitherto regarded the invasion of her house with an air of supercilious bewilderment, suddenly grew attentive. Her face looked ten years older and much more intelligent. But before she could speak the impetuous John had risen to his full

height like a trumpeting elephant.

"And the tiara's gone already!" he roared, "and the necklace—I'm going to see about that necklace!"

"Not a bad idea," said Carver as the young man rushed from the room, "though of course we've been keeping our eyes open since we've been here. Well, it took me a little time to make out the memorandum, which was in cipher, and Father Brown's telephone message from the House came as I was near the end. I asked him to run round here first with the news and I would follow; and so—"

His speech was sundered by a scream. Opal was standing up and pointing rigidly at the round window.

"There it is again!" she cried.

For a moment they all saw something,



IT HAD THE LOOK OF A FISH NOSING
AT THE PORTHOLE OF A SHIP

something that cleared the lady of the charges of lying and hysteria not uncommonly brought against her. Thrust out of the slate-blue darkness without, the face was pale—or perhaps blanched by pressure against the glass—and the glaring eyes encircled as with rings gave it rather the look of a great fish out of the dark-blue sea, nosing at the port-hole of a ship. But the gills or fins of the fish were a coppery red—they were in truth fierce red whiskers and the upper part of a red beard. The next moment it had vanished.

Devine had taken a single stride towards the window when a shout resounded through the house, a shout that seemed to shake it. It seemed almost too deafening to be distinguishable as words; yet it was enough to stop Devine in his stride and he knew what had happened.

"Necklace gone!" shouted John Bankes, appearing huge and heaving in the doorway and almost instantly vanishing again with the plunge of a pursuing hound.

"Thief was at the window just now," cried the detective, who had already darted to the door, following the headlong John who was already in the garden.

"Be careful!" wailed the lady, "they have pistols and things."

"So have I," boomed the distant voice of the dauntless John out of the dark garden.

Devine had indeed noticed, as the young man plunged past him, that he was defiantly brandishing a revolver and hoped there would be no need for him so to defend himself. But even as he had the thought came the sound of two shots as if one answered the other and awakened a wild flock of echoes in that still suburban garden. They flapped into silence: and the silence seemed unnaturally long.

"Is John dead?" asked Opal in a low shuddering voice.

Father Brown had already advanced deeper into the darkness and stood with

his back to them, looking down at something. It was he who answered her:

"No," he said, "it is the other."

Carver had joined him and for a moment the two figures, the tall and the short, blocked out what view the fitful and stormy moonlight would allow. Then they moved to one side and the others saw the small wiry figure lying slightly twisted as if with its last struggle; the false red beard was thrust upwards, as if scornfully at the sky, and the moon shone on the great sham spectacles of the man who had been called Moonshine.

"What an end!" muttered the detective Carver. "After all his adventures, to be shot almost by accident by a stockbroker in a suburban garden."

The stockbroker himself naturally regarded his own triumph with more solemnity, though not without nervousness.

"I had to do it," he gasped, still panting with exertion. "I'm sorry: he fired at me."

"There will have to be an inquest, of course," said Carver gravely. "But I think there will be nothing for you to worry about. There's a revolver fallen from his hand with one shot discharged; and he certainly didn't fire after he'd got yours."

By this time they had assembled again in the room and the detective was getting his papers together for departure. Father Brown was standing opposite him, looking down at the table as if in a brown study. Then he spoke abruptly.

"Mr. Carver, you have certainly worked out a very complete case in a very masterly way. I rather suspected your professional business, but I never guessed you would link everything up together so quickly—the bees and the beard and the spectacles and the cipher and the necklace and everything."

"Always satisfactory to get a case really rounded off," said Carver.

"Yes," said Father Brown, still looking at the table, "I admire it very much."



Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

"WHAT AN END!" MUTTERED THE DETECTIVE. "AFTER ALL HIS ADVENTURES"

Then he added with a modesty verging on nervousness:

"It's only fair to you to say that I don't believe a word of it."

Devine leaned forward with sudden interest. "Do you mean you don't believe he is Moonshine the burglar?"

"I know he is the burglar but he didn't burgle," answered Father Brown. "I know he didn't come here or to the great house to steal jewels, or get shot getting away with them. Where are the jewels?"

"Where they generally are in such cases," said Carver. "He's either hidden them or passed them on to a confederate. This was not a one-man job. Of course my people are searching the garden and warning the district."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Bankes, "the confederate stole the necklace while Moonshine was looking in at the window."

"Why was Moonshine looking in at the window?" asked Father Brown quietly. "Why should he want to look in at the window?"

"Well, what do you think?" cried the cheery John.

"I think," said Father Brown, "that he never did want to look in at the window."

"Then why did he do it?" demanded Carver. "What's the good of talking in the air like that? We've seen the whole thing acted before our very eyes."

"I've seen a good many things acted before my eyes that I didn't believe in," replied the priest. "So have you, on the stage and off."

"Father Brown," said Devine, with a certain respect in his tones, "will you tell us why you can't believe your eyes?"

"Yes, I will try to tell you," answered the priest. Then he said gently, "You know what I am and what we are. We don't bother you much. We try to be friends with all our neighbors. But you can't think we do nothing. You can't think we know nothing. We mind our own business. But we know our own

business and we know our own people. I knew this dead man very well indeed; I was his confessor and his friend. So far as a man can, I knew his mind when he left that garden to-day; and his mind was like a glass hive full of golden bees. It's an understatement to say his reformation was sincere. He was one of those great penitents who manage to make more out of penitence than others can make out of virtue. I say I was his confessor; but indeed it was I who went to him for comfort. It did me good to be near so good a man. And when I saw him lying there dead in the garden, it seemed to me as if certain strange words that were said of old were spoken over him aloud in my ear. They might well be—for if ever a man went straight to heaven it might be he."

"Hang it all," said John Bankes restlessly, "after all he was a convicted thief."

"Yes," said Father Brown, "and only a convicted thief has ever in this world heard that assurance, 'This night shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.'"

Nobody seemed to know what to do with the silence that followed until Devine said abruptly at last:

"Then how in the world would you explain it all?"

The priest shook his head. "I can't explain it at all just yet," he said simply. "I can see one or two odd things but I don't understand them. As yet I've nothing to go on to prove the man's innocence except the man. But I'm quite sure I'm right."

He sighed and put out his hand for his big black hat. As he removed it he remained gazing at the table with rather a new expression, his round straight-haired head cocked at a new angle. It was rather as if some curious animal had come out of his hat, as out of the hat of a conjuror. But the others, looking at the table, could see nothing there but the detective's documents and the tawdry old property beard and spectacles.

"Lord bless us!" muttered Father Brown, "and he's lying outside dead in

a beard and spectacles." He swung round suddenly upon Devine. "Here's something to follow up, if you want to know. *Why did he have two beards?*"

With that he bustled in his undignified way out of the room. But Devine was now devoured with curiosity and pursued him into the front-garden.

"I can't tell you now," said Father Brown. "I'm not sure, and I'm bothered about what to do. Come round and see me to-morrow and I may be able to tell you the whole thing. It may already be settled for me and—did you hear that noise?"

"A motor car starting," remarked Devine.

"Mr. John Bankes's motor car," said the priest. "I believe it goes very fast."

"He certainly is of that opinion," said Devine with a smile.

"It will go far as well as fast to-night," said Father Brown.

"And what do you mean by that?" demanded the other.

"I mean it will not return," replied the priest. "John Bankes suspected something of what I knew from what I said. John Bankes has gone; and the emerald and all the other jewels with him."

Next day Devine found Father Brown moving to and fro in front of the row of beehives, sadly but with a certain serenity. "I've been telling the bees," he said. "You know one has to tell the bees. Those singing masons building hives of gold. What a line!" Then more abruptly: "He would like the bees looked after."

"I hope he doesn't want the human beings neglected, when the whole swarm is buzzing with curiosity," observed the young man. "You were quite right when you said that Bankes was gone with the jewels; but I don't know how you knew, or even what there was to be known."

Father Brown blinked benevolently at the beehives and said:

"One sort of stumbles on things and

there was one stumbling-block at the start. I was puzzled by poor Barnard being shot up at Beechwood House. Now even when Michael was a master criminal he made it a point of honor, even a point of vanity, to succeed without any killing. It seemed extraordinary that, when he had become a sort of saint, he should go out of his way to commit the sin he had despised when he was a sinner. The rest of the business puzzled me to the last; I could make nothing out of it except that it wasn't true. Then I had a belated gleam of sense when I saw the beard and goggles and remembered the thief had come in another beard with other goggles. Now of course it was just possible that he had duplicates; but it was at least a coincidence that he used neither the old glasses nor the old beard—both in good repair. Again it was just possible that he went out without them and had to procure new ones; but it was unlikely. There was nothing to make him go motoring with Bankes at all. If he was really going burgling he could have taken his outfit easily in his pocket. Besides, beards don't grow on bushes. He would have found it hard to get such things anywhere in the time.

"No; the more I thought of it the more I felt there was something funny about his having a completely new outfit. And then the truth began to dawn on me by reason, which I knew already by instinct. He never did go out with Bankes with any intention of putting on the disguise. He never did put on the disguise. Somebody else manufactured the disguise at leisure and then put it on him."

"Put it on him!" repeated Devine. "How the devil could they?"

"Let us go back," said Father Brown, "and look at the thing through another window—the window through which the young lady saw the ghost."

"The ghost!" repeated the other with a slight start.

"She called it the ghost," said the little man with composure, "and per-

haps she was not so far wrong. It's quite true that she is what they call psychic. Her only mistake is in thinking that being psychic is being spiritual. Some animals are psychic. Anyhow she is a sensitive; and she was right when she felt that the face at the window had a sort of horrible halo of deathly things."

"You mean—" began Devine.

"I mean it was a dead man who looked in at the window," said Brown. "It was a dead man who crawled round more than one house, looking in at more than one window. Creepy, wasn't it? But in one way it was the reverse of a ghost: for it was not the antic of the soul freed from the body—it was the antic of the body freed from the soul."

He blinked again at the beehive and continued. "But I suppose the shortest explanation is to take it from the standpoint of the man who did it. You know the man who did it—John Bankes."

"The very last man I should have thought of," said Devine.

"The very first man I thought of," said Father Brown, "in so far as I had any right to think of anybody. My friend, there are no good or bad social types or trades. Any man can be a murderer like poor John; any man, even the same man, can be a saint like poor Michael. But if there is one type that tends at times to be more utterly godless than another, it is that rather brutal sort of business man. He has no social ideal, let alone religion; he has neither the gentleman's traditions nor the trade unionist's class loyalty. All his boasts about getting good bargains were practically boasts of having cheated people. His snubbing of his sister's poor little attempts at mysticism was detestable. Her mysticism was all nonsense; but he only hated spiritualism because he thought it was spirituality. Anyhow, there's no doubt he was the villain of the piece; the only interest is in a rather original piece of villainy. It was really a new and unique motive for murder. It was the motive of using the corpse as a stage property—a sort of hideous doll

or dummy. At the start he conceived a plan of killing Michael in the motor, merely to take him home and pretend to have killed him in the garden. But all sorts of fantastic finishing touches followed quite naturally from the primary fact: that he had at his disposal, in a closed car at night, the dead body of a recognized and recognizable burglar. He could leave his finger-prints and foot-prints; he could lean the familiar face against windows and take it away. You will notice that Moonshine ostensibly appeared and vanished while Bankes was ostensibly out of the room looking for the emerald necklace. Finally, he had only to tumble the corpse on to the lawn, fire a shot from each pistol, and there he was; it might never have been found out but for a guess about the two beards."

"Why had your friend Michael kept the old beard?" asked Devine thoughtfully. "That seems to me questionable."

"To me who knew him it seems quite inevitable," replied Father Brown. "His whole attitude was like that wig he wore. There was no disguise about his disguises. He didn't want the old disguise any more but he wasn't frightened of it; he would have felt it false to destroy the false beard. It would have been like hiding; and he was not hiding. He was not hiding from God; he was not hiding from himself. He was in the broad daylight. If they'd taken him back to prison he'd still have been quite happy. He was not whitewashed but washed white. There was something very strange about him; almost as strange as the grotesque dance of death through which he was dragged after he was dead. When he moved to and fro smiling among these beehives, even then—in most radiant and shining sense—he was dead. He was out of the judgment of this world."

There was a short pause and the Devine shrugged his shoulders and said "It all comes back to bees and wasps looking very much alike in this world doesn't it?"

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN

A Novel—Part VI

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

XXIV

AT Brakey Bottom Daniel's welcome was very much what he had expected. His mother kissed him and reproached him for having gone away; Christopher—whose good looks had become more striking in the last two years—gave him some languid attention. Emmy swooped in cordial competence upon Thomas Helier, and the children were friendly and noisy, even after it was discovered that Uncle Daniel had not brought any sweets.

"You don't seem to have brought anything at all except yourself and the kid," said Len. "Where's your luggage?"

"Following to-morrow from Lewes."

"How are you off for money?"

"I've got a shilling."

"And how d'you propose to live on that?"

"I don't propose to live on it—nor on you neither, so don't worry. To-morrow I'm going out to look for work."

"And it's precious hard to find."

"I know that—but I'll find it somehow. I'll take anything that's going."

"You're lucky to have been out of all our troubles," said Leonard; "we've had some fine times here without you, and not a word from father since he sailed."

"Oh, your father," groaned Kitty—"he take me away from my dear country and my dear family and then he leave me. Did your uncles send me any message, Daniel?"

Daniel gave what ought to have been the messages of Uncle Philip and Uncle Eugene but were not.

His mother sat by him while he had his supper—the others had finished theirs—and he told her about the Pêche à Agneau and his cousins and a little about Moie Fano and Rose. But she did not really listen much; her mind was full of her own trouble. She spoke of Tom Sheather as if he had deserted her six months after their marriage, instead of after thirty years.

"Oh, you men are cruel and faithless to us poor women who work for you."

"No, Mum, we ain't," said Christopher, who was sitting at the table beside his mother. He rubbed his head against her shoulder—but she pushed him away.

"You do not love me—you are courting."

"What, Chris courting? Who is she?"

"She's Mary Wright at Exceat, and soon I shan't have even him left—" and her tears flowed.

"You will—you will," cried young Christopher. "Maybe I shan't marry her, and if I do she'll have to say you'll live along of us."

"That always leads to trouble—the wife is always jealous of her husband's mother."

"Well, I don't know as I shall marry her. I haven't asked her yet and, seeing the way most marriages turn out, maybe I never will. Why, your girl, Dan, that you used to be so struck on—Belle Shackford that was—reckon she leads poor Ernley Munk a proper life—reckon he wouldn't be so sorry to have his single days again."

"What! ain't they happy?"

Kitty shrugged her shoulders.

"As happy as most, maybe—but there's few men wouldn't like to see their single days again soon after marriage. They all go off and leave us sooner or later."

"But there's been no trouble—no quarrel—has there?"

"Not that I know of—but most-like a lot that I don't."

Daniel could not be sure whether his mother was speaking from the bitterness of her own grievance or whether she really had grounds for her suspicions. He decided to let the matter drop for the moment, but Chris pursued it rather mercilessly:

"I remember how gone you used to be on her, Dan. Three years ago you'd have wanted to punch my head if I'd told you that you'd soon be marrying another woman."

"Yes, thank God it all come to nothing!" cried Kitty, "and it is somebody else's son who marries a woman who is not a lady."

"What are you talking about, mother?"

"Well, no one can say Belle Shackford was ever a lady. I know how a lady should behave: and other people know—that is why they did not let their rooms for this September at the Crown. She's a big scrambling thing—and she let the visitors see her with her hair down. . . . I myself see her with her hair hanging on her cheeks like straw and her dress all undone at the back, so as you could see right through to her stays."

"Come, Ma—" broke in Em Sheather, who had begun to clear the table—"I reckon Daniel's tired after his journey and wants to go to bed. I've had to put you in with the children. Danny—I know you don't mind, and I haven't got room for you anywheres else."

The next morning Daniel went over to Bullockdean. He wanted to see Mr. Marchbanks and to see Ernley, and perhaps Belle. He would go to the rectory first, but before he went to it he must

pass between the two inns that stared at each other across the village street. There they were—the George and the Crown. The creak of their signs in the wind seemed a familiar music, but he knew that the hearts of both had changed.

The Crown had changed outwardly too. It had grown a new wing, of red brick like the rest of the house, with clematis and Virginia creeper already beginning to hide its crude contrast with the mellow, timeworn bricks of the old dwelling. The George had not changed—it looked cracked and mean as ever, and peering through the taproom window Dan saw the bar as it always had been, except for a strange young man in his shirt-sleeves, serving Messrs. Hobday and Hitch's beer to a couple of silent farmhands.

He went up the village to the rectory. Here were more changes, though perhaps they were less changes than intensifications. The house seemed more deeply sunk than usual into its orchard and garden—due, Daniel censoriously felt, to his successor's defective pruning—its roof and its lawn had a shaggy, unkempt look, and the Rector kept a pig, judging by the smell that floated round from the backyard. Daniel rang the bell disapprovingly.

After a time the door was opened by Mr. Marchbanks himself.

"What! Daniel!" he cried—"I didn't know you were back yet. Come in."

"I came back last night."

"But you haven't written to me for a year."

"No more I have," said Daniel sheepishly.

"Well, come in and have some dinner. I'm just getting it ready. Jess Harman has gone into Lewes."

The kitchen was pleasant with the smell of frying bacon. Daniel took the pan while the Rector laid the table; he also made some tea, and with that and bread and cheese they had a fine dinner—which Brakey Bottom would have despised. The Rector told him about

the struggles he had had in church and parsonage since Daniel went away. Tommy Pilbeam, his immediate successor, had lapsed from house and altar after a few months, and since then there had been a difficult variety of doubtful youths, till at last, in self-defense, Mr. Marchbanks had become his own gardener and sacristan.

"That's why the place looks so awful," he said ruefully. "I can cope with the church but the garden is beyond me. Jess Harman's a splendid girl but she's got more than enough to do indoors—and I'd arranged to sell the pig when I heard you were expected home."

As he finished speaking the door opened and Jess walked in, elegantly dressed in a saxe-blue coat and skirt and a picture hat trimmed with a wreath of silk roses to which, either from neglect or pride, the price ticket still adhered.

"I heard down at Auntie's that you'd come home, Daniel," she said as she shook hands, "so I thought I'd run back and have a look at you."

Evidently she saw no necessity to maintain the relations of employer and employed out of working hours. She sat down beside Daniel and fired a round of Bullockdean news.

"Reckon we're all glad to see you home," she finished, "and uncommon glad to see you here. The place has been all mussed up by those louts of boys and we're looking to you to put us straight again."

"But I don't see how he's to do it," said Mr. Marchbanks—"he's living over at Brakey Bottom."

"Why can't he live here? You've eleven empty rooms, as I scrub the floors of only. You could let him have one of those, or the lot if he likes."

"But how about furniture?"

"Reckon we could manage that. It isn't as if he'd need much—he's not used to anything special."

"But I've got a baby with me, you know," said Dan deprecatingly.

"So you have!—that'll be just sweet. I could do with a kid to mind. Look

here"—she addressed her employer—"if you let him have a room, furnished, and his meals, and I look after the kid, then he can work the outside for us and you needn't pay him nothing. I don't say it's grand but it'll do while he looks around for something better. What about it, Daniel?"

"Reckon it ud suit me very well. But I dunno how Mr. Marchbanks feels about it."

"Oh, I should be delighted. I wish I could offer you a proper job, but this ud be better than nothing."

They discussed details and at last everything was settled, since all three were eager that the plan should materialize. Daniel thought it a first-class plan since it would spare him dependence on Len's anxious charity during the search for work, which he felt would probably be a long one; and when he got work it meant that he would be able to afford quite a good sum every week for his mother, and wipe off the stigma he wore in her eyes.

That afternoon Daniel cleaned the pigsty and then (very necessarily) himself, and afterwards set off towards Brakey Bottom to make his final arrangements with Len and spend his last night in the disturbing if beloved society of Len's children. But on his way he would call at the Crown.

When he came to the inn for the second time he saw that in the new wing was a properly equipped front door, with a bell and a letter box, but somehow he shrank from approaching it and turned to his old entrance through the bar, even though he knew it would be closed against him.

He knocked and the door was opened by Maudie Harman.

"Hullo! Daniel!—this is good. I heard you'd been in the village but I never thought you'd come around here. How are you?"

She ushered Daniel into a long low room with French windows, cream walls, saddle-back armchairs. It was hung

with sporting prints, and with his own eyes he saw the glories of Ernley's electric light. Maudie switched it on to make the splendor complete.

"There now! See what the Crown has got to! I'm lucky to be still here. I feel the next thing ull be a barman in a white coat and cocktails."

A whimpering sound came from the room above.

"Babies," said Maudie, as she went out—"we have 'em too. Everybody's got 'em now, seemingly."

She had not been gone a minute before steps sounded in the passage and the next moment Ernley was in the room, gripping both Daniel's hands in his own.

"Thank heaven you're back. This is splendid, Dan. And you've not changed a bit—except that you look bigger, somehow. And now I suppose you're out of a job. What do you propose to do?"

"I was wondering if you'd take me on as a barman."

"The devil you did. But—joking apart, Daniel—it's a rotten job looking for work these days. I know many a good chap who's been landed on his uppers. I'm damn lucky to have this place—though sometimes I feel I'd like to burn it down."

"But you're doing well, ain't you?"

"We're doing famously. Think—we're let for Christmas already. . . . Hullo, Belle!"

"Hullo, Daniel," said Belle.

Dan rose scrambling out of the armchair as she came into the room.

His first impression was that Belle had changed—she had a sleek trimmed look about her, somehow, different from her old rich blowsiness. Her hair was all smooth and coiled—it must have been in a forgetful moment that Kitty Sheather had seen it hanging on her cheeks like straw; her dress had elegant lines and no immodest gapes, her ankles were silk and her feet shining. Dan had a supreme sensation of awkwardness, of being just a common boy—a common country boy in common clothes with

common, clumsy manners—as he scrambled out of the leathern armchair, treading on his hat which he had laid beside him on the floor. His hand, clean with that painful scrubbed cleanness which is so much more damning than dirt, was in Belle's: and then he knew that she wasn't really sleek and trimmed—she only looked it. She had only brushed herself up a bit in his honor and in honor of the Crown; she was really just the old Belle in spite of her changed life and looks, just as he, in spite of his, was just the old Daniel.

"I'm pleased to see you again, Belle," he said, gripping her hand.

"And I to see you, I'm sure."

She gave a nervous giggle and he wondered how he ever could have thought her fine.

"I heard your babies crying a minute ago," he said, friendly, "you've got a pair of 'em, I'm told."

"Yes—Jill and Peter. You have one too, haven't you, Daniel?"

"Yes—Thomas Helier, named after his two grandfathers. I'll show him to you, Belle, some day. You'll let me see yourn, won't you?"

Ernley laughed.

"They're not much to look at—I think all children under twelve should be farmed out. It's too humiliating to be reminded at every turn that the early stages of one's life were so entirely animal."

Daniel thought Ernley's attitude unthankful. After all, the problems of existence seemed wondrously settled for the landlord of the Crown. He looked round the comfortable room with the saddle-back armchairs and the sporting prints on the walls—he looked at Ernley, and detected just the faint sketching of a curve under his waistcoat—and then at Belle with her glowing face under her gleaming hair, and thought of her as Ernley's wife, as Ernley's rich and comfortable possession. . . . And there was he, without a home or money or a job or a wife . . . some words were ringing in his

ears—"And yet the dogs shall eat the crumbs. . . ."

"A penny for your thoughts," said Ernley jocosely.

"You're welcome—I could do with it. I was only thinking I was a bit unlucky—that's all."

"Yes, you've had a pretty stiff time in some ways. But it ull change—you're not the sort to keep down. I wish I could think of something for you, though. I've a plan in my head for buying the stream field and starting a few head of poultry and a couple of cows—'Eggs and milk from the home farm,' you know—but it won't be for a great while yet. Can't Len give you a bit of work, just for your board and keep?"

"No—he's doing that for Christopher."

"Well, he'll house you till you've found something, I reckon."

"I'm going to live along of Mr. Marchbanks."

"The devil you are. Well, you must manage your own affairs."

"What's the matter with this?"

"Oh, nothing. I don't care for Marchbanks, that's all. Visitors don't like his sort—they like a family at the rectory. Marchbanks doesn't even live like a gentleman."

Daniel rose to go, feeling ruffled at Ernley's criticism of his benefactor. Also it would be past tea time at Brakey Bottom. . . . As he rose he met Belle's eyes.

"Won't you stay?" she said, "and have a cup of tea with us and see the children."

But her eyes weren't saying that. They were saying, "Please go—I can't bear to see you, all poor and homeless as you are, while I have silk dresses and silk stockings. I'm very sorry for you, Danny, so please go."

XXV

The next morning Daniel moved his son and his other belongings over to

Bullockdean, borrowing the Brakey Bottom trap. His family were obviously relieved to find that he was making some sort of a home for himself, though they too were inclined to be contemptuous of the poverty and celibacy of Bullockdean parsonage. As it happened, Dan's life at the parsonage involved much of what Len would have thought menial if he had known its details. He had started with the idea that he would look after the pig and garden, clean the boots, and carry the coals, while Jess Harman worked indoors with the scrubbing, dusting, cooking, and the care of Thomas Helier. But after a week or two their positions altered. Dan had always been secretly fond of housework, and on an occasion when Jess was away again in Lewes it was discovered that he was very much the better cook of the two. Not in vain had he cooked for his Rose at Moie Fano. . . . Also, he had learned to make coffee in the same school, and for months Mr. Marchbanks had been drinking Jess's tea as the lesser of two evils. . . . So after some friendly discussion the matter was resettled. Jess still had charge of Thomas Helier—except at nights, when she went home to her Auntie's—also of the cleaning and bed-making: but instead of cooking she took over the lighter part of Dan's gardening job, pushed the lawn-mower and trimmed the borders, while he stood in the kitchen with her sacking apron tied round his waist and his sleeves rolled above his elbows, spelling out slowly from the cookery book which guided his more ambitious efforts.

On the whole the scheme worked well. Daniel liked living with Mr. Marchbanks and liked working for him. Their friendship was a sound one for it was accompanied by a certain shyness which made each appreciate and respectfully leave standing the barriers between them. On one side was Eton and Oxford and a theological college—on the other was the son of the inn, the chucker-out of drunken men, the country boy work-

ing with his hands (never quite clean), his mind holding the confused dregs of a board-school education. They met on the common ground of their poverty, both living by contrivance from day to day—Dan bringing his friend the gift of his willing service, and in return sitting at his feet for the greater necessities of life, the good things he had forgotten while he was in Sark.

He was fond of Jess Harman, too, and they went through the day's work as comrades. Soon all difference disappeared between the male and the female tasks and Mr. Marchbanks never knew whether it was Dan or Jess who would feed the pig or make the beds or mow the lawn or take Thomas Helier out in his pushcart. Jess had produced the pushcart from some unknown source, also the furniture she had promised for their bedroom—a camp bed, a crate, a packing case or two, a few hooks, a jug and basin, and a chair.

As October wore on into November, Daniel became anxious on the score of his unemployment. It is true that he worked hard for his keep but he was not actually saving the Rector's money, as he knew that he and the child together cost more than the few shillings Mr. Marchbanks would have paid Tommy Pilbeam or Freddie Pont for the outside work. Thomas Helier was a glutton for milk, and Dan knew that he himself ate a terrible lot—he couldn't help it. He called at the Labor Exchange in Lewes two or three times a week, and regularly studied the advertisement columns in the *East Sussex Herald* and the *Sussex Daily News*. But it was a bad time to be out of work—winter was at hand, with stagnation on the farms, and everywhere money was short, economy rife, and labor profuse and rampant.

He soon gave up the hope of finding work on a farm or at an inn, and in time his ambition sank even below the status of Corporation employee which Len had despised. He was not proud—he would stick at nothing. All the same he could not help wondering what his brothers

and his mother, or even Jess and Mr. Marchbanks, would think when at last he found a job as conductor of a motor bus plying between Newhaven and Uckfield.

The first person he told about it was Belle. When he came back from the motor-bus company's offices in Lewes, Mr. Marchbanks was out and Jess was sweeping in some distant part of the house, having left Thomas Helier asleep in his soap-box cradle. Daniel was an adventurous father and, unimpressed by the advantages of a sleeping child, he decided to take his son out for an airing in the pushcart. To be rudely awakened, to have your woolly cap crammed over your head by a well-meaning but male hand, and finally to be strapped sitting up into a pushcart intended for a child three times your age, is an accumulation of pains not to be suffered in silence—and Thomas Helier was not silent.

"What are you doing, Dan?" shouted Jess out of an upstairs window as they went down the parsonage drive.

"Taking out the kid."

"That's plain enough—poor little mite! Why couldn't you leave him alone? He was sleeping beautiful."

"It ain't healthy for him to be always indoors."

"He ain't always indoors. You are a meddler, Daniel."

"Well, he's my own child. I can do what I like with him."

"Oh, hark to that now! There's a Christian father! Poor little soul, his cap's right over his face. Really, I'll be thankful when you've got a job and won't come interfering. . . ."

Dan walked out of earshot, rather haughtily, and as soon as he saw he was out of eyeshot too, he stopped and pulled the baby's cap off his eyes, tickled his neck, and otherwise tried to propitiate him. But Thomas Helier still howled mightily, and at that moment Belle appeared.

"Hullo, Daniel!—and you've got the baby!"



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

"POOR LITTLE SOUL. HE ISN'T COMFORTABLE," SAID BELLE

She came and stooped over the pushcart. Dan wished she could have found his son in a more engaging mood, but he saw that her eyes were both eager and tender as she looked into the crimson, furious little face.

"Poor little soul! He isn't comfortable. May I lift him out, Daniel?"

"Of course you may, Belle."

"He isn't old enough really to sit up in a pushcart. There, there, my beautiful—I've got you. Isn't that better, my gem?"

The soft curve of her arm was under Thomas Helier's backbone—his yelling suddenly died down.

"Is this the first time you've seen him?" asked Daniel.

"Oh, I've seen him about now and then, but this is the first time I've held him—there's a sweet—there's a lovely boy."

"I never knew you was fond of children," said Daniel idiotically.

"I don't know that I ever thought about them much till I had them of my own. You like my Jill and Peter, don't you?"

"Reckon I do, though I haven't seen much of them either."

"You haven't seen much of any of us. I expect you've been busy."

"Yes—I've had a lot to do for Mr. Marchbanks, and I've been looking for work besides."

"Haven't you heard of anything yet?"

"I've just got a job this morning."

"What sort of a job?"

"Oh, a grand job. I'm to be conductor on the Downs Omnibus Company's bus between Newhaven and Uckfield. I shall wear a fine coat with brass buttons. You'll be proud to know me."

He laughed without malice. She was wearing a fur coat and a velvet cap pulled low over the golden hanks of her hair. Beside her was a man who was glad to get thirty shillings a week as conductor of a country bus—a man who had loved her, whose arms had held her before she wore fur and velvet.

"Well, I'm glad you've found some-

thing, though I wish it had been better. Will your hours be long?"

"Nine till seven—and I've got to get to and from Newhaven."

"It sounds heavy—but I suppose you'll have half a day off and your Sundays."

"Yes, I'll have that."

"You must come and see us when you're free. Ernley was saying only yesterday that he's scarcely seen you since you came back to Bullockdean."

"I've been cooking for them at the rectory and doing a lot of work besides, as well as going in to the Labor Exchange three times a week. I've meant to come round a dunnamany times. Now I've got a job, maybe I'll be able to look in now and then after supper."

"Come and have supper with us."

"Reckon you'll have too grand suppers for me these days."

"Don't talk nonsense, Daniel. We won't have it with the visitors—not that we think you aren't 'grand' enough, but we'd much rather be by ourselves."

"Don't you like the visitors?"

Belle shrugged her shoulders and laughed a little ruefully.

"I dunno—they scare me, somehow—at least our sort do. Such ladies and gentlemen! Dan, I wasn't meant to be a hotel-keeper's wife."

"It's a difficult job, but you look very well in it, Belle."

"Do I?" she asked almost eagerly—"do you think I've improved?"

"Yes—you're more elegant somehow. And I like your clothes—not but that I didn't like the old ones."

"Oh, they were rubbish, and I was always untidy. I'm often untidy still, but Ernley's taught me a lot. He's dreadfully particular about what I wear and what I look like."

"Well, reckon he must be pleased anyway."

She seemed touched by his goodwill.

"Dan, you don't—I mean, you've quite forgiven me for the way I treated you all that time ago?"

Perhaps she ought not to have said it

till they had knit together more strands of their severed acquaintance, but she could not help it.

"It wasn't forgiving I had to do, but forgetting," he said slowly.

"But you've done that."

"Yes, I've done it now—sure enough."

There was a moment's awkward silence. Then he said:

"Anyways, I'm uncommon glad we're friends again. It was terrible being shut of you and Ernley. . . . I must come around and see old Ernie as soon as ever I can."

"Come and see him now. He'll be in by tea time, and till then we can sit in the nursery and watch the babies. I'd like to see how mine and yours get on together."

The idea pleased Daniel and they walked on towards the Crown, Belle still carrying the peaceful Thomas Helier. It was rather wonderful, Daniel thought, that after all she should carry his child in her arms.

The nursery at the Crown was in the new wing. It was a beautiful room with a frieze of nursery rhymes and a crawling-pen beside the fire. Dan's eyes opened wide at the sight of it and of the nurse in uniform.

"Lord, but you are fine, Belle! Reckon this is a grand place for kids . . . and look at their toys, too."

He realized for the first time that Thomas Helier had no toys. He was rather young for any, it is true; nevertheless Dan experienced his first real pang of envy as he looked at the shelf on which sat a teddy-bear, Pip and Squeak, and other more indefinite animals.

Belle sat down by the fire with Thomas Helier on her knee and held up a woolly ball before him. He stretched out his hands and kicked delightedly. It was wonderful how she managed him, thought Daniel—better than Jess, better certainly than his poor father.

Her own children were two fair, sturdy little creatures—one about two years old, the other the same age as

Thomas Helier. They wore little silk smocks which made Dan painfully conscious of his son's limitations as a well-dressed baby. It was a pity that he would kick in that ecstatic way and show what inevitably suggested comparisons. He tried to straighten his legs upon Belle's lap but Thomas Helier only kicked harder, while otherwise grossly testifying his delight in the situation.

"What a darling he is!—come and look at him, Jill. Look at the dear little baby."

But the little Munks were as uninterested as small children usually are in one another. Their curiosity centered in Daniel.

"Tick-tick," demanded Jill.

"Ain't got none," said Dan.

But Jill's experience did not so far include man as apart from watch. Once more she demanded:

"Tick-tick."

"Don't bother him, darling—he hasn't got a tick-tick. But he's got a dear little boy just Peter's age. Come and look at him."

"Ugh," said Jill at the sight of Thomas Helier. Then she gripped Dan's trouser leg and repeated "tick-tick."

Both Dan and Belle laughed.

"Aren't children funny?" said Belle. "I'm glad you're laughing, Daniel. But don't let her worry you—I'm afraid I don't always realize what a nuisance she is. Ernley says these two annoy the visitors, and the trouble is I can't see it, so don't stop it."

He noticed that she seemed unable to speak of Ernley without some sort of self-depreciation.

"Well, you can't keep children in a house as if they was rabbits," he remarked sagely; "they're bound to spannel about a bit."

"Oh, Ernley doesn't mind for himself. It's for the visitors. You've no idea what a difference it's made, him having charge of this hotel. While his father was alive and ran it he didn't bother about it much, but now it's all the

world to him. . . . Hark! there he is, I believe," as a motor-cycle was heard in the street. "We'll go downstairs if it is, Daniel, as he likes to find his tea ready."

The motor-cyclist proved to be Ernley, and he was delighted to see Daniel, and they all three had a comfortable, friendly tea together in the smoking room of the Crown. They talked about Dan's new work, which amused Ernley very much, till at last Dan began to have uneasy thoughts of Thomas Helier's bedtime and Jess Harman's wrath at its delay.

"Reckon I must be taking the kid back home. Thank you, Belle, for the cup of tea—glad to have seen you, Ernley."

Ernley tried to keep him but Belle knew the importance of a baby's bedtime, and herself fetched Thomas Helier and packed him as comfortably as might be into the pushcart. Then at the last moment she stooped and put beside him the woolly ball.

"Let him take it home. He loved playing with it so."

For a moment Dan had no voice to thank her. Thomas Helier's reproach among babies had been taken away—and taken away by Belle, with a gesture which made him realize how little of her he had really lost.

XXVI

During the first months of his new work Dan had not much time to spare for calling at the Crown. He was generally so tired when he came in of an evening that he could think only of supper and bed. His Wednesday afternoons were full of long arrears of work in house and garden, and his Sundays were spent at Brakey Bottom. But shortly before Christmas he unexpectedly met Ernley in Lewes High Street. It was a rainy night and he had just come off the last bus, which had been run into Lewes for repairs, when he saw him turn the corner out of Station Road. Munk hailed him with eagerness:

"Hallo, old Daniel—it's good to see you. Where are you going?"

"I'm just starting home."

"Come in and have a bite of something with me, and I'll run you back in the side-car. I've wanted a talk with you this age, but I never seem to see you anywhere."

"I've been wonderful busy on the bus."

"I bet you have—and you look as if it suited you. You're a marvellous chap, Daniel."

A few minutes later they were sitting in the warmth of the coffee-room, the day's rain steaming off Daniel's clothes. They had chops and tomatoes, with porter, followed by treacle roll and coffee. Daniel was in high spirits—it was months since he had had such a meal on a week day, and he was pleased to find that he and Ernie had slipped back so happily into the old relationship. Distrust and jealousy were gone and Ernie was talking to him as in the old times, laying down the law on politics, racing, farming, and innkeeping—chiefly the last.

Afterwards they had coffee and Ernie had two brandies. These seemed to turn his conversation into more personal channels. He finished a sentence he had begun before dinner:

"It's so good having you back again and finding that we've got over all that muddle—you and me—about Belle, you know."

"Yes, I'm glad of that."

"When I heard you were coming back I wasn't sure how you'd have got over it. You'd been away two years and you'd married another girl, but somehow I'd an idea you might come back feeling pretty much the same—about me, I mean . . . thinking I'd taken Belle from you and suchlike."

"I never thought you'd taken her from me, Ernie—she'd left me before she went back to you."

"But she left you because of me—she told me she did. It seems that I was troubling her more or less all the time. Queer, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's queer."

Dan had a sudden memory, so acute as to be almost a vision, of himself facing Belle in the little parlor at Three Cups Corner: and for the first time since his return some of the misery of those days came back to him. He felt his love for Belle driving through his heart—not as an actual reality but as a memory too much alive. He said no more but sat in silence, smoking one of Ernley's cigarettes.

Munk dropped the stump of his own into his coffee.

"Damn it all, Dan—now you're at it I can talk to you. There's no one else I can talk to, for I never was much of a chap for making friends. Now, when you saw Belle and me together, what did you think of us?"

"I thought—I thought you were all right. Don't tell me I was wrong."

"You weren't very sharp. But of course—Oh, I suppose one tries to hide these things."

"What things?"

"That one's making one's wife unhappy."

"You ain't never telling me that!"

His heart began to beat quickly with sickness and anger.

"Yes, I am. Did you think I'd stopped doing it just because I'd married her? No—I haven't. I've gone on like I always did. But the queer thing is that though marriage hasn't changed me, it's changed her. She's become something different. You know what Belle always used to be—the wild roving kind, out for passion. I never thought she'd turn into the mother kind of woman—children first, husband nowhere. . . ."

"Come, Ernley—that isn't true."

"Maybe it isn't. That's just what's wrong with me. I exaggerate everything. The truth is that Belle's turned into a thoroughly good wife and mother, and I don't appreciate it."

"That wild kind often does—it's what they're out after all along, though maybe they don't know it."

"Then she ought to have married you."

"What nonsense! She didn't love me."

"She'd have loved you if you'd married her. I know it's my own fault that she didn't, and it's right I should be punished for it—but not right that she should be."

"It seems to me you're talking some unaccountable rubbish. Belle ud never have been happy along of me—I'm too quiet for her. But she'd be happy enough along of you if you weren't always criticizing her, and pulling out your feelings to look at 'em and make other people look at 'em when they don't want to."

"I'm sorry, Dan. I know you don't want to, but you must. If you don't, Belle will have to. It does me good to have things out, and it's such ages since I had anyone to talk to—openly. I can't talk to Belle. She thinks I'm unnatural because I don't care for spending all my spare time in the nursery."

"You'll never tell me you ain't fond of those kids."

"Oh, I am—I am. But I don't want them always—hearing them when I don't see them. I want my wife."

"Well, reckon you've got her."

"But not as I'd like to have her. I want my old Belle as she used to be."

"No one ud be madder than you if you had."

"I don't mean looking and behaving as she used to. But I want my old fires lit."

Dan shivered. Ernley went on:

"I know it's not her fault, but I feel they'd have gone on blazing if she hadn't changed like this—run all to wifehood in a way I'd never have thought. . . . Perhaps I shouldn't have minded so much if the change had been of another kind—if she'd turned sleeker and more sophisticated. D'you remember Pearl?"

Dan nodded grimly.

"Well, she was my ideal woman—outwardly. I shouldn't have quarreled with Belle if she'd taken to that sort of

thing. But she's as untidy as ever—only without the blaze, somehow. I can't see love in this jog-trot way. You can—that's why she'd better have married you."

"Adone do, with your talk of Belle marrying me! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"So I ought—and if she had married you I shouldn't have been any happier. For the queer thing is that I love her."

"I don't see as it's at all queer."

"Not that I should be able to stand outside like this and curse and criticize—and yet feel that somehow, in spite of it all, I could never live without her?"

Dan put out his cigarette with an unsteady hand.

"Have another?"

"No, thanks."

"You're not mad with me, are you, Daniel? It's not quite my fault. We're all such insects when we try to live . . . flies dancing over stagnant water—that's love—a dance of flies."

Daniel rose to his feet.

"Well, I must be going now."

"I have made you angry then."

"Only a bit."

"I tell you it's not my fault—unless being what I am's my fault, as I daresay it is. What you are doesn't matter in love, but it matters in marriage. Women ask so much more of marriage than a man does. God knows what Belle wants. She hasn't got it, anyway."

Dan felt in the midst of Ernley's speech as a man feels who sinks slowly into a swamp. With an effort he threw himself out of it.

"All she wants is for you to be kind and good to her, and speak kind, and care for her and the children, and understand all the trouble she has with them and the place. She doesn't want much, but maybe more than you can spare from yourself."

The color rose in Ernley's cheek and for a moment they faced each other in an angry silence. Then Munk spoke, quite calmly:

"Don't let's quarrel, Dan. I couldn't

bear another separation. I'm sorry if I've upset you about Belle—I know I exaggerate things. If you'll stay my friend you'll help us both a lot."

The appeal found Dan's vulnerable part. His wrath collapsed and he felt a little ashamed of it.

"I'm sorry I spoke rough—but hearing you talk on and on like that . . ."

He said no more, and they went out together.

After a sleepless night Daniel went through the next day little more than half awake. The hum and rumble of the bus swept him into a drowsiness which was sometimes actual sleep. He slept standing on his platform for brief dangerous minutes.

He was half asleep again when he walked up Bullockdean street at the end of the day, and it was as in a dream that at the rectory gate he met Belle Shackford. She was certainly Belle Shackford, and not Belle Munk, for she came to him out of the moonlight looking exactly as in the old days—all her sleekness gone. Her hair was rough and towish under the moon, which was bright enough to show him also her careless tam o'shanter cap and the piece of dyed cat-fur that lay at odds upon her shoulders.

"Hullo, Belle!" he greeted her. "Where have you been?"

"Over to Batchelors. Lucy's been giving a party."

"You don't tell me you've walked back all by yourself?"

"Why not?—it isn't far by the Down and the moon's lovely. Ernie wanted to fetch me but I knew he was busy, it being so near Christmas, and I'm always a bit nervous when he comes over to Batchelors—he and my Dad don't hit it off."

She sighed, almost as if she regretted Batchelors with its toiling, quarreling ways. Then she asked:

"How are you getting on, Dan?"

"Oh, well enough—it's hard work but healthy."

"Do you get Christmas off?"

"Only the day."

"Well, you must come and see us some evening when you're free—what about supper? You promised us weeks ago that you'd come to supper."

Daniel hesitated. He felt unwilling in part—in part too eager.

"Do come," said Belle.

"Well, I'd like to. . . ."

"Wednesday's your afternoon off, isn't it. Come next Wednesday."

Daniel struggled in himself. He asked in himself, "Who'll I meet?—Belle Shackford or Belle Munk?" But all he could say outwardly was:

"Thank you kindly. I'd like to come."

XXVII

Daniel knew he was a fool to go to supper at the Crown. If he was beginning to feel like this again about Belle, he ought to keep away from her. There was no good telling himself that he was going to see Ernie—he had plenty of opportunities for seeing Ernie without his wife. No—he might as well be honest—he was going because he wanted to see Belle, and also—to be frank as well as honest—because it would be a treat to have supper at the Crown. He wondered what they would have to eat . . . chops, sausages, cutlets . . . a fowl, even. . . . And he would be able to sit and talk to Belle, to watch her mouth when she laughed, and the big column of her throat, and her hair that would be like spun sugar in the glow of the new electric light. . . . He was a fool to think of going, but of course he went.

When Wednesday came he devoted nearly an hour to his preparations. First he had a comprehensive wash at the sink, then he changed into his Sunday clothes, put on new-blacked boots, and sleeked his hair with some hair cream specially bought in Lewes. It would never do to appear a shabby fellow.

The Crown was brilliantly lighted up

—pouring the reflections of its electric light into the road and across it into the dim, lamplit windows of the George. He went up to the doorbell and faced the parlormaid, who brought him into the Munks' private sitting room, where they both waited. To-night Belle surprisingly wore black, and Dan was abashed not only by the return of her sleekness but by the deepening of her beauty. The black made her skin like milk and her hair like honey—it gave her an air of pale delicacy which he had never seen her wear before. It was a delicacy of color rather than of outline—in outline she was still the richly molded, splendid Belle whose bigness he had loved.

They spoke together rather awkwardly till dinner was ready—for it was certainly dinner and not supper to which he had been invited. It was served in the hotel dining room, where the visitors already sat in high-class dispersal, and Dan's eyes opened wide at the sight of the two waitresses in black-and-white uniforms who brought in the soup.

"Lord, Ernley, but you have come on!"

Ernley smiled complacently.

"Yes—we haven't done so badly. As I used to say to poor Dad—'It pays to launch out a bit.' We were quite full for Christmas, though we're slacking again now."

It struck Daniel that Ernley was looking extremely prosperous in spite of his inward distress. There was certainly a curve under his waistcoat and his jaw was thicker. But his heart was lean withal—except when he talked about the hotel he had all his old questing bitterness.

"Egad, you're a lucky fellow, Dan. You look straight ahead of you and don't worry about what's at the side. If you had this pub now there'd be nothing else you'd want."

"Reckon there would be a fat lot I'd want," said Dan, who resented this description of himself.

"Well, I mean a wife and children

with it, of course. You wouldn't go wanting to look beyond the horizon. You'd be satisfied with the common business of life. I believe you're satisfied now, even as you are."

"I ain't, but I haven't got it in me to make a fuss about things like you."

Ernley seemed pleased at this and laughed. Dan was beginning once more to find him irritating but he would not let his feelings betray him any further. Not only was he Ernley's guest, eating his very good food, but he did not want to give any added distress to Belle by goading her husband. He watched Belle secretly while he ate, watched for any expression of her face or speech which should betray her feelings. Was Ernley really making her unhappy as he thought he was, or was she merely accepting him with that motherly toleration which is so often the female response to male unreasonableness?

He could not tell, for she sat very nearly silent. Indeed, the conversation being little more than a monologue by Ernley, it would have been difficult for her to do otherwise. But he noticed that she did not smile—as she might have, pityingly or comprehendingly—though this again he should not have expected, for it had never been Belle's way to smile at men, except in allurement.

After supper—which though a little distressing on the human side had been most comforting in the matter of food and drink—they returned to the sitting room where Belle took out some sewing and Ernley went on talking.

In the midst of Ernley's talk a waitress came in and told him that he was wanted on the telephone. He threw his cigarette into the grate and went out, leaving Daniel and Belle to entertain each other on lower intellectual levels. No sooner had he shut the door behind him than Belle looked uneasy.

"I think I hear the children," she said, and going to the door she opened it and listened. The house was silent, save for Ernley's distant voice on the telephone. She came back into the room

but did not return to her old chair—sitting down instead on one nearer the door, which she had left open.

"I don't hear any kids," said Daniel. "No."

The monosyllable came blankly, and he suddenly realized that she was listening intently—listening to Ernley's voice.

"The children are very quiet as a rule," she continued, then shut her mouth and listened again.

Dan had a sudden dreadful intuition that she doubted the innocence of Ernley's telephone call. She was trying to overhear as much of it as she could. From where he sat he could hear nothing but a voice, but probably from her position by the door she could distinguish words. This suspicion so appalled him that if Belle wanted his silence she could not have been better served. She had never been subtle in her methods and he soon became convinced that she was listening, for beyond making a few random remarks about the children, she scarcely opened her mouth while Ernley was away.

After a time she evidently heard him put down the receiver, for she shut the door and strolled back to the chair she had been sitting in when he went out. Dan sat rigid with embarrassment and misery, and had not even succeeded in making a remark about the weather when Ernley came in.

"Well," said Belle at once, "who was your call from?"

"Barker," said Ernley, "he was ringing me up about that sherry."

"But the shop's closed."

"He rang me up from his home."

"Do you generally call him 'kid'?"

Dan felt his skin go like a goose's, not so much for Ernley's being snared in a delinquency as for the manner of Belle's snaring. He saw Munk's face grow hard, though he answered quietly:

"I certainly don't call him that."

"But I heard you. You said, 'Don't be silly, kid;' and then 'Good-night, kid,' at the end."



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

DANIEL SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT BELLE WAS LISTENING INTENTLY TO ERNLEY'S VOICE

Belle had always been crude in her methods—Dan had been present at many a scene like this in the old days—but it was the first instance he had known since her marriage. Ernley turned crimson and Dan blushed with him and for him.

"You must have good ears," he said, "to hear so distinctly through two shut doors."

"I need 'em in this house."

"Well, I feel this is a matter more interesting to you than to Daniel, who probably doesn't care how I address my wine merchant. Did you ever go to Barker's, Dan, when you were in business?"

"I dunno—we—we were a tied house, you know," stammered poor Dan.

"For your wines, I mean, of course." Ernley seemed annoyed at his failure to assist in the diversion. "I suppose you stocked wines."

"Yes, we stocked wines in a manner of speaking—sherry and port and such."

Ernley discoursed on port and sherry as he had formerly discoursed on German reparations. But the rest of the evening was sheer agony to Daniel. He knew that Belle was only waiting for him to be gone before she re-opened her attack. Her parting lips and heavy brow were an earnest of the storm that would break when she had her husband to herself. She sat silent, huddled and lumpish, her eyes fixed sullenly on Ernley. Sometimes Dan almost felt sorry for Munk when he thought of what he would be put through in the next hour or so. But more often he was angry and not sorry. Ernley had almost certainly not been talking to his wine merchant and he richly deserved to be told off. Dan was outraged and disgusted at the idea of his slightest unfaithfulness to Belle. If he made her unhappy through being unsympathetic and tiresome, that was bad enough; but if he distressed her through any treacherous friendship with another woman, Ernley was nothing but a swine.

Ten o'clock struck and Daniel rose to

his feet with muttered excuses. It wouldn't do any good to stop on, so he'd better go and let them get it over. But as he went out he felt sorry and ashamed for them both.

Once in the dark and empty street he pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. Whew! that had been dreadful—that glimpse of married life. . . . Ernley a philanderer and Belle a shrew. He had suddenly been shown the dark side of both his friendship and his love. Ernley, that companion of so many years, had appeared before him as a gross and selfish man: unhappy and yet spoilt by prosperity, thinking of nobody but himself, and already—after barely three years of marriage—fallen into deceit. Belle—whom even since his return he had seen as all maternal kindness, the wanton ripened and sweetened into the mother—he had seen to-night on the level of vulgar jealousy and suspicion, dragged by them below the decencies of common reticence . . . exposing her husband before the man who had once loved her.

He had reached the parsonage gate but felt too much shaken to go in at once and face the questions of Mr. Marchbanks and Jess Harman. They would want to know what sort of evening he had spent and he wasn't yet in a fit mood to tell them. He walked up the lane which, just beyond the parsonage, shriveled into a cart track and led under some skew-blown thorn trees to the open Down.

As he walked into the great spread loneliness of Heighton Hill, Dan's heart was full of offence because the love story of Belle Shackford and Ernley Munk had not yet been given its happy ending. He had lost her not to joy but to sorrow. He felt that she was unhappier with the man she had chosen than she would have been with the man who was not her choice. Ernley had not the power to make any woman happy—he was too self-centered, too restless, too exacting. Daniel remem-

bered him as he had been in courtship—that courtship which had been one long series of quarrels and reconciliations. In marriage he was just the same—it had not changed him. But marriage had changed Belle—it had made her a wife, whereas Ernley was still only a lover.

He told himself that she was happy in her children. But he could have given her those . . . and he would not have stood apart from them, contemptuous and fault-finding, as Ernley stood. Ernley would have preferred to be without them, he did not like this change in Belle—he did not really want a wife but a mistress. He wanted his old fires rekindled—damn him for a silly fool!—and since Belle could not do so he was carrying the torch elsewhere.

Dan was always wretched when he hated. The emotion of hate caused him such acute pain that whenever it was raised in him his whole being seemed to concentrate on putting it down. Now he reminded himself of all Ernley had endured in the War, the experiences that had given him not only the pain of old wounds to harry him but also had left his mind torn and gashed. Daniel knew how, still in dreams, Ernley groveled in the craters of no-man's land, cowering and sweating till the inevitable crash came which brought both the full horror of his dream and a terrified awakening. Ernley's mind bore old wounds like his body—wounds both of mind and body which Daniel had been spared by his better luck and his duller constitution. You must judge him morally as you judged a cripple physically. . . . And Belle, too, had been very trying. It was maddening to be suspected . . . even if you were guilty . . . there had been something vulgar and womanish in her method of reproach. . . . But Daniel could not judge Belle, and thoughts of her brought him back into all his rage at Ernley. It was Ernley's fault that she had behaved in such a low fashion—she had been driven to it by his conduct, by her own desper-

ate efforts to defend her marriage. She was in despair, poor Belle, and had been unable to keep up her disguises. Ernley was not worthy of her big, generous soul—he did not appreciate the graces it had acquired through marriage. Dan thought of her stooping over Thomas Helier with the woolly ball in her hand.

XXVIII

The first weeks of the new year were depressing. It was mortal cold on the bus. Thomas Helier was cutting his teeth and turned night into day at the parsonage.

Daniel did not go again to see Ernley and Belle. He kept away unhappily and self-consciously, feeling that he could do no good either by going or by staying away. Curiosity urged him to go; apprehension kept him away. Now and then he met Belle or Ernley in the village, and they exchanged greetings and perhaps a few more meaningless words, but there was no re-opening of confidence on Ernle's part, no return of motherly sweetness on Belle's. They were both aware of the insight he had had that night into their home life, and fought shy of him in consequence.

Daniel learned most about them from the young man at the George. The new tenants at the George were going out on Lady Day. Their tenancy had been a failure.

"Who's coming in here after you?"

"I dunno. Maybe someone out of Hobday and Hitch's. But I'll tell you what I've heard. I've heard as how Munk over there is thinking of buying the George."

"I wonder if he'll do it."

"Well, there's no telling. He's a clever sort of man, and ambitious. I believe he'd end up big some day if it wasn't for his marriage."

"You think that ull stop him?"

"Well, a man's missus means a lot to his getting on or his getting out, and by all reports the missus at the Crown is a bit of a trial."

"How d'you know that?"

"I don't know it, but I've heard it. Maudie Harman often steps across here and has tea with my wife, and she's told us that they have some fine rows now and again. But most likely you know more'n I do, seeing you're friends."

Dan uneasily scraped his foot among the sawdust.

"I don't think there's anything much wrong. She ain't used to hotel life, being a farmer's daughter. But I haven't been near 'em since New Year."

"Well, seemingly she's having a jealous fit now. She's got an idea he's after another girl, Maudie says."

"And ain't he?"

"Maudie doesn't think so. There's a young woman he takes out a bit—one he used to know before his marriage. But Maudie doesn't think there's anything in it."

"How the devil does she know?"

"By his temper. He's always as cross and difficult as he can be, and a man ain't like that when he's just got a new girl."

"It must be jolly over there," sighed Daniel, "her jealous and him contrary."

The young man nodded.

"There's nothing for pulling a man and a woman down like an unhappy marriage. But you and me know that married life has no call to be like that, don't we, Mr. Sheather?"

Daniel and the young man exchanged some opinions and confidences on marriage, a subject on which they were both of the same mind.

Early in March a tide set into the affairs of Daniel which definitely altered their course. The start was nothing more exciting than the Downs bus company altering their time-table, but this very ordinary piece of spring tactics resulted in their employee's complete uprooting. The first bus was scheduled to leave Newhaven at seven instead of nine. Work was starting earlier on the farms and it became necessary for most of the Newhaven-dwelling laborers in

the Ouse Valley to be at their posts by half-past seven at the latest. Therefore the Downs Company put on an extra bus which should run as far as Lewes only, and be back to take up its normal traffic at nine o'clock.

It would be extremely difficult and trying for Dan, who had not yet saved enough money to buy a bicycle, to be in Newhaven by seven. The rest of the company's employees lived in the town but this was out of the question for young Sheather, who had to stick to his free lodging at Bullockdean parsonage if he was still to send half his wages to his mother at Brakey Bottom. He could, of course, apply for transfer to another route—several buses left Lewes in northward and westward directions at fairly reasonable hours—but he realized that his home at Bullockdean put him at a disadvantage even for these, and he was terrified of losing his job by interfering with the conditions of his employment.

The problem was in this state when an unexpected solution of it came from Brakey Bottom itself—through Chris jilting his Mary Wright. The exact reasons for this catastrophe were obscure but Dan was not altogether surprised. As it happened, Chris was now in a good position to marry. The Squire of Hoddern Place, on the other side of Telscombe, had taken a fancy to him and had engaged him as chauffeur. He was having him taught to drive his Austin landaulette—Chris having had hitherto only an experimental acquaintance with Fords—and had promised him a good cottage to live in as well as generous wages. There was never a better opportunity for Chris to marry his Mary Wright, but in point of fact his Mary Wright lived on unwed at Exceat while Chris brought his mother to the comfortable eight-roomed cottage beside the garage at Hoddern gates. Kitty Sheather had won at the last.

Dan felt contemptuous and indignant but could not fail to realize the blessings of what had happened. His mother

would now be provided for, comfortable and happy for life. There would no longer be any need for Daniel's fifteen shillings a week—he could have them for his own and buy with them the freedom to live where he liked. He decided almost immediately to move into Newhaven. If he did not move he might lose his job, and once more he was restless to be away from the Crown. There was no need to go across the water this time. Once he was in Newhaven he would not have to dread these occasional evening meetings with Belle—he would not have to hear the village gossip about her and Ernley. His work would fill his days and his evenings would be devoted to Thomas Helier. He had made up his mind to take the child with him—he could easily find some motherly woman who would take charge of him while he was at work.

He was sorry to be leaving Mr. Marchbanks and the parsonage, and knew that his services would be missed both in the garden and in the church. But if he stayed on he would have no time with his new early hours, either for housework or for serving the altar, and if he lost his job he would come once more upon his friend's hands and purse. No, he must clear out, everything seemed to demand it, and he'd better start at once to find some decent place to go to.

Mr. Marchbanks approved of his decision. He did not say much but Dan knew he was glad that he was going out of reach of Belle. Neither did Jess Harman seem to mind his going away—certainly as not much as he would have thought—but in one respect her opposition surprised him: she was indignant at his taking Thomas Helier with him.

"You'd never, Daniel! The poor little thing! You can't take him to a strange place and then leave him alone all day."

"Well, I can't leave him here."

"Why not? I'd look after him—and take him home along with me at nights. I know Auntie ud let me."

"Thank you, Jess. But I couldn't allow it. He's an unaccountable nui-

sance here at the parsonage—it'll make up to Mr. Marchbanks a bit for my going if he don't have the kid yelling at all hours."

"He doesn't yell at all hours. You shouldn't talk so! Poor little mite—he'll die with nobody but you to look after him."

"He won't have nobody but me to look after him. I'll go to a place where they'll undertake it, or maybe put him into a creech while I'm working."

"Why not put him out to a baby-farm at once and have done with it. And him, too, poor little innocent!"—and Jess Harman walked out, tossing her chin.

Emmie, his sister-in-law, took much the same view of the matter. She had begged Dan to let her have the baby at Brakey Bottom. Of course he knew that Thomas Helier would probably be happier there than in a "creech" or with his father, but there was something at the bottom of Dan's heart which absolutely refused to let him part with him. Whenever he thought of it he seemed to see his Rose Falla looking up at him from her big low bed in Sark, and murmuring with dying lips—"*notre Helier*." He must not be unfaithful to that union which he still had with her in the child. In Thomas Helier, Rose was still alive, still able to receive his love and cherishing. She no longer slept under her white French stone but lay in his arms and received his kisses. He could not leave her behind in Bullockdean—in another grave.

Moreover, Thomas himself was now an engaging infant who, if he occasionally yelled in the stresses of bodily development, knew his father and approved of him, signifying the same by various gross noises which were very nearly words. It would be good to find Thomas Helier to welcome him home at the end of the day, when Bullockdean was seven miles up the valley, when both the tavern and the church were strange, and Belle Munk—who was half Belle Shackford—no longer walked in twilight down the street.

XXIX

Daniel was not long in finding a convenient lodging. He took a room in Greville Row, a small blind row running out of Bridge Street. The houses were mean and slatey, but from his window he had a view through chimneys of the masts of ships. Also, his landlady seemed a pleasant woman and favorably disposed towards Thomas Helier, which even a brief experience of lodging-hunting told him most landladies were not.

Into these new quarters he moved at the end of March, ready for April's changes. The first evening was one of unparalleled misery. Indoors he missed his company—Jess Harman talking and working, Mr. Marchbanks reading and smoking—and outdoors he missed the clear pure ridges of the Downs against the sky and the low northward horizon where the sky met the Brooks in the midst of the Gate of Lewes. Here he felt cramped and lonely—cramped by the four walls of his room and landscape of masts and chimneys that shut out all but the topmost reaches of the sky; lonely with no company but that of Thomas Helier, who lay in his cot, chewing and sucking Belle's woolly ball.

The next day, after an early breakfast of tea and bread and butter, he was off to his work leaving Thomas Helier to the care of the landlady till it was time to take him to the "creech," which did not open till nine. This especial creech was run by a local welfare committee on highly scientific and hygienic principles. When Dan called for his offspring at six o'clock he found him in an unwonted atmosphere of fresh air and pine-tar soap. His clothing had obviously been

put in a sterilizer, and on the whole he seemed almost too antiseptic to handle with a pair of workworn hands, not innocent of car oil. But the matron and her assistant were both exceedingly cordial and kind. Dan was a relief to them in their day of inefficient yet obstinate mothers, stuffed with worn-out maxims and old-wives-~~tales~~. They gave him a feeding chart for Thomas Helier and all sorts of practical and intimate information. They told him that he was just the proper weight for his age and much better looked after than many a baby who came to them from a mother's care. He went off glowing with pride while Thomas, full of good cheer, pulled off his father's cap half a dozen times on the way home and threw it on the pavement, thus providing him with introductions to any number of women if he had cared to know them.

After that first day he was not so lonely. His work filled up eleven hours and his early rising made him want to go early to bed. He had supper every night with his landlady and her husband, while his Sundays and Wednesday afternoons were mostly spent at Hodder with his mother, though he still paid occasional visits to Brakey Bottom.

Of Bullockdean during this time he saw nothing beyond its distant cluster of houses from the Lewes road. Once or twice Mr. Marchbanks came to see him in Newhaven and they sometimes went to the pictures together on Wednesday afternoons. On other Wednesdays Jess Harman would come in and go to the pictures with him—but neither she nor Mr. Marchbanks ever gave him any news of Belle. Perhaps they would if he had asked, but he never did.

(To be concluded)

THE LION'S MOUTH



A NEW ENGLAND PORTRAIT

BY KATHRYN WORTH

SHE faces life across a willow plate
And makes her buckler of a Wedgwood
jar.

How can you crush by any sort of fate
A soul that sits behind a samovar,
Drawing ancestry round it like a shawl?
She has to harbor paying guests at last
Within the lilac-guarded house whose every
wall
Tells of the twice three generations that are
past.

Yet she can wear her service like a crown
And condescend with every silver spoon.
Sitting at tea, she will describe the gown
She wore for Grant one long-gone afternoon.
You cannot call her keeper of a boarding
place
Who rings herself with aureoles of race!



THOUGHTS ON TRADING IN A TYPEWRITER

BY ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

I NEVER really meant to do it any-
way. The repair man came to tinker
the escapement on my typewriter—an
old-fashioned Winchester of the maga-
zine type—and we got to talking, and

before I knew what he was about he had brought me a new one to try—a novel-style Kenilworth. I suppose I was hypnotized by the glitter of the thing; anyway, I did not regain consciousness till I had signed on the dotted line of a contract that accepted my old machine as first payment (\$7.50) on a long-range, rapid-fire indebtedness. When he picked up the old typewriter to carry it off, and my feelings nearly overcame me, I supposed it was mere nervousness from the shock of the operation; but the fact is they have been coming over me more and more ever since.

I don't suppose everyone would feel that way. I know, for example, a popular writer in the semi-professional class who trades typewriters as fast as a Kentucky cousin of my grandfather used to swap horses. He says airily that a typewriter pays for itself anyway in a week or two. I daresay his do, but they don't pay for him; he has another job that does that. I had my old machine for twelve years and I think it nearly paid for itself—with such manual help as I could give it; but it wore itself out in the process. "It doesn't owe me anything," I said to myself as the agent dumped it into the back of his flivver, but the thought haunts me wrong end to—do I owe anything to it? Perhaps I ought to write this, "Ode to a Typewriter," and begin it:

"Oh thou . . ."

I ought to have turned the old creature into the paddock for the rest of its natural life.

I could weep over the thought of that poor old machine trying to do office work. Fancy the air of faded gentility with

which it will either suppress or express the fact that it has seen better days. Picture its sheer inefficiency at billing when it knows naught but cooing. Suppose I should chance to enter one of those festering sinks of commerce and find it toiling at its loathly task, could I look it in the eye? Would it blush and turn aside? Should I falter and avoid its appealing gaze? On what terms could we meet in such a situation after the long intimacy through which it has shared every inmost secret thought and passion that I ever intended for publication? Better had I slain it mercifully with my own hand! If I were to see it embalmed I might endure the thought of its unchanged peace. I might find solace if I could hope that they would renew its youth by transplanting glands from some younger machine. But I am pursued by the horrid suspicion that they will mercilessly pluck out its useful parts to rejuvenate some varnished trull and cast the residue on the junk heap.

How different the fate I intended for it! How often my inner eye has seen it in the museum of the future among its peers: the quill of a Keats, the celluloid shaft of an Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the bottomless rubber reservoir of a Harold Bell Wright! I ought to have put it under a bell glass on the mantelpiece. How else should posterity ever know? Now, even should it (happily or unhappily) preserve its entity and appear in the window of a second-hand dealer marked "A bargain at \$7.50," or words to that effect—imagine the cold eye of a future Pierpont Morgan falling on it and passing it by in scorn! Think what he would miss! Just as if you were to stumble over a rum bottle and kick it aside, thinking it was empty, and never know it was the identical bottle the parrot was singing about—or the dead man—or somebody—in *Treasure Island*. He wouldn't know that it was the very machine that wrote the "Ode to Bolshevism" (the one that begins, "Oh thou . . ."), and the "Ode to a Boot-legger" (the one that begins, "Oh thou

who . . ."), and the "Ode to Volstead" (the one that begins, "Oh thou who shalt be eternally . . ."), not to mention "The Enchanted Vacuum Cleaner, a Fairy Trifle," and that immortal fancy, "Where the Cow Slips, there Slip I." Of course I don't mean to say that these works are famous now, but I know they will last because I am preserving them myself. They are right here in the drawer of this desk, and the manuscripts are in excellent condition. Only two or three editors have read them; at least, I think they did.

The new machine is so infallible that it makes me nervous. It has an air of conscious superiority which it wears like a halo. I feel sometimes that I simply can't live with it if it is to be sniffily reminding me of my shortcomings all the time; it is too much like "domesticating the recording angel." The old one never pretended to be infallible, and I didn't either; it never learned to spell; I never could cure it of stuttering or teach it to keep its teeth brushed. Yes, we had our faults. For example, since it always skipped a space with the release of the shift key, I always came down on the back spacer with one finger as I came up on the shift key with the other. The result is that now I always pile the second letter on top of the capital; then I talk to my machine as an illustrious predecessor of mine talked to his:

So oft a daye I mot thy werk renuwe,
It to correct, and eke to rubbe and scrape,
And al is thurgh thy neeglygence and rape.

I suppose it is unreasonable of me, since its only fault is that it writes "true after my making," but that only brings us back to the original question: Ought I to do it at my age? Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.

And, speaking of rubbing and scraping, the old machine was muffled in the drifted crumbs of rubber and paper from years of experimental search for the *mot juste*. It was as comfortable as an old pipe well crusted. The new one is

like not daring to smoke in your grandmother's parlor. It is all black and shiny like a horsehair sofa, and looks as if it weren't good for anything but a wedding or a funeral. It makes me feel that I ought to get the right word the first time, or else have a butler to brush up the crumbs after each poem. Then too, I miss certain laparotomy operations I used to perform periodically with a long slender screwdriver; they gave a certain intimacy to our relationship that I don't feel nowadays—sentiment if you will, but there it is.

Perhaps it is not too late even yet. Possibly if I were to plead earnestly with that agent—but no; \$7.50 is seven fifty; with two months at compound interest it would buy me a pair of socks. Sorry, old thing, but really I can't afford it.

(Memo. To the Proofreader: Please watch your step; I am writing on the new machine.)



A SONNET TO BELLE AND BETTY

(After the manner of W. Shakespeare)

BY KATE WATERS

WHEN I have fears lest I should be a bore

And tease my friends with ceaseless, idle praise

Of two young nieces whom I do adore

With all their pretty, cunning ways;

When I expound their virtues one by one

And tell with glee their scraps of childish wit,

Their beauty—and my story being done,

Fatuous, I go all over it;

When I dilate on golden hair or brown

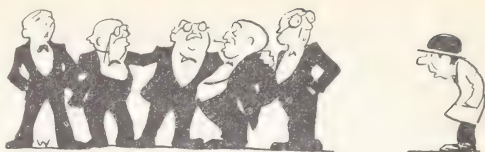
And speak of dimpled elbows without end—

When I tell their perfections to the town

I wonder that I ever have a friend:

Save that I know that those who have seen
you

Delighted, humble, worship with me too.



WE COLLEGE-BRED MEN

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

I BELONG to an old and exclusive club. The membership is generally intelligent and open-minded, and I take as great pleasure in it as ever I did. It is not really snobbish; but like other select societies it has acquired an *aura*. Outsiders peer curiously through this mist: sometimes with a jealous gaze, or with indifference, or with great respect, but not always discerningly. Because of this our members are prone to a certain self-consciousness and the acceptance of inbred notions about themselves. This club that I refer to is the ancient and honorable company of College-Bred Men.

Two chance remarks about us startled me on different occasions a few years ago and I have never since been able to forget them. The first was uttered by William Dean Howells, that man of gentle and perfected culture. "I never find myself in the company of assembled college graduates," he said, "without feeling as though I were somehow not properly dressed."

The second was voiced by an English publisher—a scholarly man, if I know what the phrase means—ripe in years, modest, but fired by a real devotion to the best ideals of his profession. He was visiting a great American university and had been surrounded by a group of scholars, each expert in a different field. He seemed able to meet each one on terms of a full understanding, discussing with all of them the bodies of literature on which they based their teaching. As he was coming away he said wistfully, "That was a delightful experience! I never find myself in such a company without regretting that I am not an educated man."

Because of these remarks from the outside I have often felt a certain humility at commencement time, when some fervid orator was addressing me and my fellows as though we were the very elect. I find myself gazing furtively about at the others, fearful that someone may betray me and wondering just what it was that happened, during a certain four years when I was an unlicked cub, which transformed me from common clay into the graceful and delicately tinted ornament I have become. Underneath it all is a sneaking suspicion that I am just the same old two-and-sixpence that I was before I went to college, polished in places, a little thinner from much circulation, and wiser in experience.

In fact, a doubt is growing in my mind as to the soundness of much of the doctrine that is a part of our club code. There is for instance this common belief that a college adds to a man more than he already had of native abilities. "It made us what we are to-day; it should be satisfied" is the chorus. Am I coming to be a traitor to our creed if I wonder whether a college education really *adds* anything at all to a man? If it is effective it helps him to find and to organize what he has got. Aside from that, I suspect there comes out of the mill exactly what went into it. If I am right, then a college owes the quality of its graduates very largely to the character of its sub-freshmen. Assembled alumni should not so generally boast that Major-General Howitzer graduated from dear old Siwash—but rather that the General's shrewd old father had chosen it as the place for his boy. The more popular theory is harmless enough, except for this: it may lead a body of graduates to be over-fearful of changes in the conduct of the college that made them. It is a dangerous thing, they feel, to alter the machinery of creation. But if that machinery is not creative, but rather a cutting and polishing process, then it must be completely readjusted from time to time to fit changing types

and generations of students. The diamond-cutters of Amsterdam might go far toward destroying a fine lump of coal.

Another current of opinion in our club has carried me along with it until I have suddenly found myself pausing to question. It is that the college owes a debt to its graduates which it must discover new means of paying.

What debt can a college possibly owe its graduates? Should it be grateful for the fame that comes to it by reason of their success in the world? That seems to me no debt at all. The present worth of a college is measured by what it is now doing and can do; it must not busy itself about its past. Its business is the future, in peculiar measure.

What does it owe them in return for their material gifts? Colleges must have money, and bodies of alumni with their growing group-consciousness are generously and increasingly giving it.

Graduate generosity has various stimulants. To many a man, college symbolizes his own youth. He revisits the campus and lives again in spirit four years of joyous and irresponsible playtime or regains some of his youthful ideals and ambitions; and he is grateful for such rejuvenation. College offers to others an opportunity of allying themselves with some force that is making for the spiritual progress of the world. A man will often grope vaguely for such opportunities until in his own college he suddenly discovers a power that will actually claim him as closer than an ally in this cause—almost as a son, in fact—if he will but admit the tie. Another stimulant is still harder to define. Man craves immortality. If he himself cannot live on he can at least become a part of something that will. So he gives of his substance to permanent foundations of all sorts. But if the college *turns aside* from its great business to do something for him in return, it ceases by just that much to justify his giving. It should not use its machinery for his comfort or

benefit until it can show that it actually has surplus energy which is being wasted. College service to its graduates must be a by-product.

Surely any college owes a great debt to its graduates for the moral courage that comes from their loyalty and support. But that debt can be paid only by undeviatingly "carrying on."

It is a sentimental picture that reunion orators paint of a threefold army—faculty, students, and alumni—marching forward co-operatively together under one banner (whatever that banner may be) with the college president as leader. But there is something wrong with the picture. The college must march ahead if it is to justify the support of its graduates; and even that much of an army, under our American system, too often kills its leader with overwork. If the graduates wish to organize and by their combined encouragement urge the college on to a finer accomplishment, they must raise up their own organizers and leaders; their generous giving of means and courage and their congenial association with one another must bring their own sure reward. We college-bred men possess the power to urge our colleges on and also the power to bother them greatly. It would be a pity if many of us came to feel that we could buy the right to be a bother!

I am honestly devoted to my ancient and honorable club. Its rooms are filled with good fellowship and happy reminiscence. But I think we have come to share a sort of masonic secret; and the

secret is this: that some of us ought never to have gone to college at all. To many of us the experience meant only a wider circle of friends and acquaintances—it was no more than a social melting pot. To some it meant only the acquirement of bad habits of mind or manners. As for learning, some of us stared the Sibyl in the face and knew not what questions to ask; some of us never even saw her. But to some of us she whispered, and the syllables still echo in our minds and take on richer significance as time passes.

Education is something that we dig out; not something that is thrust upon us. And not everyone gets it who goes where it may be gotten. Too many in our club are still basing advice to their own sons upon the belief that education is something they will get if they are pleasantly exposed to it.

Our college, if it was a good college, did the best it could to place certain materials within our reach. But it could grave no common mark upon all our varied surfaces, except a superficial one—cutting deep only when the material invited. Good colleges are now dealing more wisely with the question as to who shall come in, despite the increasing pressure. They know now that too many are applying just because they want to join the club, and that those should be directed elsewhere who might better use their time in some other way. I hope that in the future my club is going to lose some of its *aura*, but that there will be more real justification for pride in belonging to it.



WORLD'S END AND MEANWHILE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THAT the April number of this magazine comes out may be accepted as a sign that the world did not come to an end on the sixth of February, as was so confidently expected by a few people, and so widely advertised in the newspapers. Coming along after the eclipse of the sun, the end of the world would have been timely enough in these parts where the eclipse was visible, for that of course reminded one that all affairs of Earth are transitory, and not so durable as they look to us. Nevertheless, to the Easy Chair, Earth's finish in February did not look likely. Predictions of the end of the world almost always disappoint expectation. Apparently people can compute eclipses. We have all seen eclipses which they predicted and we know that they were true to the time-table. But as to the end of the world there has been no one who has guessed right since Noah, for that was substantially what Noah predicted. The world did not exactly end, but it did end for the people whom Noah knew about, except those who sailed with him.

Somehow the Flood has been coming nearer to us. It says in the Bible that it rained for forty days and nights—and no doubt it did rain—but according to contemporary judgment the main job of causing a large-sized flood is handled by geological disturbances: continents sinking, continents rising; water spilled off here, water shut in there; a new arrangement of land, and of course a lot of people drowned. Nobody seems

to object very much in these times to relating Noah's Flood to the sinking of a continent like Atlantis, or something of that sort. There was a flood. Noah with due notice might have built a ship and out-floated his world, as the Bible says. Theoretically it was possible. How much of the Bible story is fact and how much is legend it is not easy to say, except for a Fundamentalist, but in the main it looks like a story based in fact, for we practically know that, first and last, the end of the world has come for many, many people on this earth.

One may wonder how Noah's contemporaries bore it. It must have been quite like the loss of the *Titanic*. Were there folks on rafts in Noah's time who commented on Noah, and criticized him? No doubt there were. It is hard to think of any eye-witness of the Flood from outside of the Ark taking a cheerful or even a reasonably philosophical view of it. It was trying. Even Noah himself, after it was all over, felt the need of relaxation. Of course it was wet, probably stormy. People on rafts or in tree-tops would get so miserable physically, from wet clothes and lack of creature comforts, that their spirits would be much affected by it. But theoretically the prospect of the end of the world ought not to bother any really well-informed person, for it would be a great riddance of troublesome problems and people. It is just as Emerson said to the Millerite who told him the world would end in ten days: "No doubt we

"shall get along just as well without it." We ought to, and when we realize that we ought to, perhaps we shall be better able to endure the vicissitudes and imperfections of a world still with us, and widely felt to be too much so.

One of the encouraging signs of the times is the great prevalence of dissatisfaction with life as it is lived. There is an immense amount of action, particularly organized action, and vast differences of opinion as to whether most of it is doing any good. The Drys have moved heaven and earth to stay the flow of rum, and the Wets are sure that the harm which has been done by limiting free will and bringing law into contempt far more than offsets the gains of unwilling abstinence. In politics nowadays there is a more novel ailment than the ordinary ruction between opposed parties, to wit, the suspicion grown widespread that neither party is much good, and that government itself is such an imperfect instrument that there ought to be a consultation of doctors about it. The disposition, which at one time seemed to be gaining a little heat, to collect war debts from Europe is petering out and nowadays has come to be no more than lukewarm. Just as in the late presidential campaign it was impossible to get people interested about issues, so now they decline to be excited about foreign debts. Most of them do not want to think about the foreign debts. It is too complicated a subject. If their taxes are a little less they like it, but if they do think about the subject at all they begin to doubt whether our taxes can profitably be reduced by collecting money from Europe.

Where is all that fury of sentiment which finally developed over Mr. Wilson and the League of Nations? There is nothing like that now on any subject. Most of the leading promoters of it are dead, and those who remain talk to yawning listeners. Things are not going badly. These States are not failing altogether just now in their duty to

Europe. They are furnishing money in useful quantities to that continent. They have sent extremely good men over there to render specific services. The way they have accomplished it has done us credit, but as for a general, all-pervading interest in anything—even in Europe—it does not exist. What interest there is runs to details. Hereabouts there is a vast deal of building going on: road building, cathedral building, immense construction of abodes for schools and colleges, also of human habitations. The minds of men seem to have got away from general ideas and to be fastened just now on particulars.

Perhaps that is just as well. There is a time for all things and this seems to be the time for organization and construction. When we are carried away by a great idea and have a big job on our hands—as we had in the War—construction goes to grass. Everything not necessary to the accomplishment of the great purpose is cut out. The construction that is going on now is partly a War result. Besides that, there is another aspect of it: when people's nerves are bad, doctors set them to work with their hands. That is soothing and helpful; it applies to the ordinary routine of life; we all feel more or less the need to do something with our hands that we may the better do something with our heads. Manual training and golf are forms of recognition of that need. Society builds and organizes because use must be found for idle energy and idle money. Presently there may come along something that will sweep through all this construction and give purpose and motive to it. Do you remember how in the War days, as one traveled or drove about the country, he took a new notice of mills and factories and the accumulated apparatus of our civilization as so much power to win the War? So we go on now accumulating apparatus, for ends that are not clear yet, but which certainly has some sort of destined use.

For civilization does really require a very considerable apparatus. We are

not yet stocked up as well as Europe with objects interesting and stimulating to look at. We ought to be, and at the present rate of construction it will not be long before we are. We cannot provide ourselves with antiquity over night, but time works ceaselessly and will fetch antiquity without extra charge if only we make due provision of objects proper to become antiquated.

Meanwhile all this constructive effort does not go on without outcries. The big New York cathedral, whereof the building has started up again so prosperously, seems to some people entirely out of date—a useless fabrication not adapted to our day or to twentieth-century needs. But, of course, nothing so handsome as that cathedral will be when it is finished is ever useless. For beauty's sake alone it is worth the effort it calls for, and it may serve a very valuable turn in increasing unity among all varieties of religious people. It is unusual for anything like that to be accomplished without disagreement, and probably the cathedral will not be finished without some friction. But that is all in the day's work. Great expansion must be expected to arouse friction. It means readjustment, changed relations, the increase of this and the decrease of that and more administration.

Consider the case of Harvard College, which for fifty years past has been trying to keep its place in a rapidly growing country. Fifty years ago it was a college of national renown. In that half century colleges and universities have multiplied in the land, received immense endowments or liberal allowances of tax-money, and taken strong root, and old colleges which had no special advantages of some kind have lost in relative importance. Those that were not willing to take that loss have had to bestir themselves, and they have bestirred themselves. They have spread their organizations in the West, they have vastly increased their endowments, lay-

ing under tribute their graduates and anyone else who had money to part with. In fifty years most of them have quadrupled or more in size and they are still adding, scrambling for more money, organizing their graduates, advertising by their prowess in sports, and all the time building and undertaking new exploits in education. In all that they are like the rest of the country—some of them a little ahead of it. As for Harvard, one hears that it is full of dispute, that a certain proportion of its graduates are very dissatisfied with what it is now doing—that everything about it is criticized: its new Business School; its loss of Mr. Baker, the dramatic teacher, who was carried off by Yale; its recent deficiencies in the major sports; the disposition to put the standard up a little so as to reduce the number of lazy scholars. That college was the loser last year in all the major sports. Graduates who are chiefly interested in those concerns are sure the University is in a most unhealthy state. The loss of Mr. Baker produced a violent eruption of criticism. The gift of a large endowment to the Business School by another Mr. Baker, not yet a member of the Harvard faculty, suggested to a considerable cohort of observers that Harvard was turning to materialism and that the concerns of the mind and spirit were on the way to take places subordinate to more practical and material details of knowledge. Apparently the gentlemen who have been organized for purposes of money getting and construction have come to feel, not unnaturally, that their wishes must count for something in the administration of the University. And so discussion abounds in Cambridge and about it, and what does it all come to? Simply to this: that construction there and in the Boston district has come to a point where discussion has naturally broken out about what it is all for. What sort of life, what sort of character, what sort of ability shall all these vast endowments and buildings and organizations aim at?

That same question lies ahead for all of us. Here we are building all sorts of things, improving all the means of communication, piling up money, piling up education as we understand it, accumulating even knowledge, and driving straight on towards discussion of the question—what is it all about, what sort of a life are we planning for, what basis has it got, and shall we like it when we get it?

Every rich country can build; every rich country has built. The world abounds in such construction, some of it in ruins, some of it underground, some of it handsome but inoperative, a great deal of it still useful and busy. Building will go on and so will expansion. If there is money they always do. They went on in Germany for thirty years before the War to a marvelous extent. Some time since they went on in Nineveh, Babylon, India, Egypt, China, Africa, Ceylon, Yucatan, Mexico, and various parts of South America. It is a dull week for the newspapers nowadays that does not announce the discovery of some forgotten city. Thus, building is more or less instinctive and inevitable. It comes along when the materials for it are available. The great question for us is whether our turn at it will produce something which will endure, and whether human life will prosper in the apparatus we are contriving for it. Whether, in short, the soul of man will profit by that apparatus, or the contrary.

That is the whole question—the soul of man. If the soul prospers the apparatus will keep going and do good. If it does not, the apparatus will go to rot. In Germany, so lately, the apparatus was wonderful. It included a certain kind of learning, very remarkable in its department. But the soul did not prosper. That country put its entire trust in its apparatus and presently it fell down with a very heavy jolt—one, indeed, that shook the world. We do not want any more of those

jolts; especially we do not want them here. In this large, fairly comfortable continent a thousand years of progressive life is a moderate expectation. We have a great deal, we are getting more all the time, but we are far from being in agreement about what we are headed for, whether we ought to get there, whether the means we are using are helpful to get us where we ought to go. They say of Harvard College just now that it is full of blocs, each of which sees its own interest big and wants to be sure that it gets its share of the common fund. That is also the way of the country at large—it is full of blocs, no one of which wants any other bloc to get ahead of it. Very well; and what is the remedy? Is it in more organization, more money raising, more construction, more and better machines, more “education,” as the training for all these activities is now called?

No. God, who was not in the whirlwind, the earthquake, or the fire is not in the factory or the machine shop, or in salesmanship or advertisement. He remains, as heretofore, in the still small voice. Organization, construction, and all those useful things are like the operations of the body. When they need to be quickened or corrected or improved in some way, the doctors (if they are skillful) can usually do it. But when you see sick people to whom the doctors can bring nothing better than alleviation, and often not even that, then you say they need an infusion of new life and you wonder how they are going to get it. Sometimes they do get it and you see them get well, and recover energy, and go on and finish their course.

And so it is with the world. Organization and all that may benefit it but won't cure it. The cure has got to come from something that will increase knowledge and revive faith. Such succor to a troubled world usually has come from irregular and even disputable sources, and it may do so again.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS
IN
THE FOURTH AND LAST COMPETITION
OF THE
HARPER SHORT STORY CONTEST

The Editors announce the following awards in the last of the four quarterly competitions of the HARPER'S MAGAZINE Short Story Contest, which closed December 31, 1924:

FIRST PRIZE of \$1,250.00 to Wilbur Daniel Steele, for "WHEN HELL FROZE."

SECOND PRIZE of \$750.00 to Charles Caldwell Dobie, for "WILD GEESE."

THIRD PRIZE of \$500.00 to Phoebe H. Gilkyson, for "THE AMATEUR."

Two stories received honorable mention: "The Blue Bead," by Rose Wilder Lane, and "An Army with Banners," by Katharine Fullerton Gerould.

Of the three Judges—Meredith Nicholson, Zona Gale, and Bliss Perry—two selected "When Hell Froze" for first place. The other Judge placed this story fourth and "The Blue Bead" first.

The point system of scoring, decided upon in advance, gave second place to "Wild Geese" (with one second choice and two third choices) and third place to "The Amateur" (with one second, one third, and one fourth). Mrs. Gilkyson, be it noted, is a new contributor to HARPER'S.

The prize stories will appear in the next three issues of the Magazine.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

HAVE Ed Briscoe and his kind, who want to "get rid of this democratic junk," become a portentous force in American life? Are we drifting "from liberalism to reaction, from reasonableness to intolerance, from inquiry to abhorrence of knowledge, from humanitarianism to brutality"? Are anti-evolutionism, the K. K. K., Will Hays, and child-beating all symptoms of a new tendency in our thought? These questions are brilliantly answered in the leading article of the month by *Duncan Aikman* of the editorial staff of the *El Paso Morning Times*, who has contributed several papers recently to the *American Mercury*. If he is right, something ought to be done about the first half of the last line of the national anthem.

Englishman by birth, American by adoption, sea-going engineer, novelist and essayist, *William McFee* makes this month a welcome return to HARPER'S. His picture of Cartagena of the Indies is written with the same sure touch which made *Command* a delightful serial two or three years ago. He is now living at Westport, Connecticut, engaged in writing a novel and in lecturing; and he promises to contribute in due course other South American sketches.

Where are the feminists and suffragists of yesterday? They have gone home, says *Lizabeth Breuer*, of New City, New York (who has fought many a suffrage battle), to face the most difficult and discouraging problem of all: a problem which cannot be solved by organizing committees or marching parades, which comes to each woman in a different form, and which each woman must solve for herself. We commend "Feminism's awkward Age" to women who know they have not solved this problem, to women who think they have solved it, and to open-minded men. Mrs. Breuer was Director of

the Red Cross Bureau of Magazines during the War, and since then has served in a number of editorial positions.

When the Judges' decisions reached our office in the third competition of the Short Story Contest, it was discovered that the point system of scoring agreed upon in advance brought two stories into a tie for Second and Third Prizes: "The Hands of the Enemy," by Charles Caldwell Dobie, and "A Captain Out of Etruria," by a new contributor, *A. R. Leach*, of Parkersburg, West Virginia. Each was awarded a Second Prize of \$750. Mr. Dobie's story was published last month; Miss Leach's appears in this issue.

The sugared words exchanged from time to time between French and American diplomats about America's historic debt to Louis XVI take on a slightly ironic tone to the reader of *Philip Guedalla's* portrait of the king who aided the struggling Colonies. Mr. Guedalla has something to say about motives, and says it in his most pointed style. Is there anyone to-day who can match him, epigram for epigram and metaphor for metaphor, at the sheer art of brilliant writing? The Oxford wit of a dozen years ago, who became a barrister and later a historian, is following *The Second Empire*, *A Gallery*, and *Supers and Supermen* with a series of portraits of the Fathers (willing and unwilling) of the American Revolution. In HARPER'S for last December he sketched George Washington, and he will soon have something to say, as incisively as ever, about two other men but for whose peculiar qualities of statesmanship we might still be living under the British flag: Lord North and George the Third.

During the War *James Norman Hall* was an aviator and wrote thrilling accounts of

his adventures. After the War he drifted off to the islands of the Pacific and with another ex-flyer, Charles Nordhoff, produced *Faery Lands of the South Seas*, a book which had no small share in whetting the public taste for the literature of escape *via* Tahiti. Years have passed, Mr. Hall still lives at the other end of the world—and now suddenly he sends us a paper written out of his experience seven or eight years ago in France. War stuff, they say, is dead, and nobody wants to read it. But "What Price Glory" has already proved that every rule has its exception, and we believe Mr. Hall's "Memoir of a Laundry Slip" will prove it again.



The second story of the month is from the skillful pen of *William Gerhardi*, the young writer whose first novel, *Futility*, a study of Russian life, aroused critical enthusiasm and wide public attention a few years ago. Mr. Gerhardi is now living in Austria.



The Low Country of South Carolina is like no other region in the United States. Its wild life is unequalled east of the Rockies and its history, told in many a stately ruin buried in jungle growth, is romantic in the extreme. Its ablest chronicler is *Herbert Ravenel Sass* of the *Charleston News and Courier*, naturalist and antiquarian, who contributes this month one of his remarkable studies of the region he knows so intimately.



By way of making complete the variety of articles for this month, we turn from Ed Briscoe, child-beating, Colombia, feminism, Marie Antoinette, the guillotine, aerial nose-dives, and alligators to *Ernest Boyd's* extremely "New Way with Old Masterpieces"—the subject of his third critical assault being Dean Swift. Mr. Boyd, it will be recalled, is an Irishman who served many years in the English Consular Service and is now living in New York. In his present series he is throwing aside all the stereotyped formulæ with which generation after generation of professors have surrounded the great works of English literature, and is applying to them modern critical standards, let the academic fur fly where it may. Next month he will disturb the slumbers of Lord Byron.

The month's verse comes to us from three of the four points of the compass. *Alice Corbin*, otherwise Alice Corbin Henderson, of Santa Fé, New Mexico, is the author of several volumes of poetry and the compiler, with Harriet Monroe, of an anthology; *Sarah N. Cleghorn* writes essays, stories, and verse at Manchester, Vermont, in the intervals between her indefatigable labors on behalf of world peace and socialism; and *Lizette Woodworth Reese*, who retired in 1921 from the teaching of English at Western High School in Baltimore, where her most notable poem, "Tears," now adorns a bronze tablet.



Honors of The Lion's Mouth are shared between two newcomers to our pages—*Kathryn Worth*, of New York City, and *Kate Waters*, of Arlington, Maryland—and two professors of English whose writings are a more familiar pleasure: *Robert Palfrey Utter* of the University of California, and *Burges Johnson* of Vassar College.

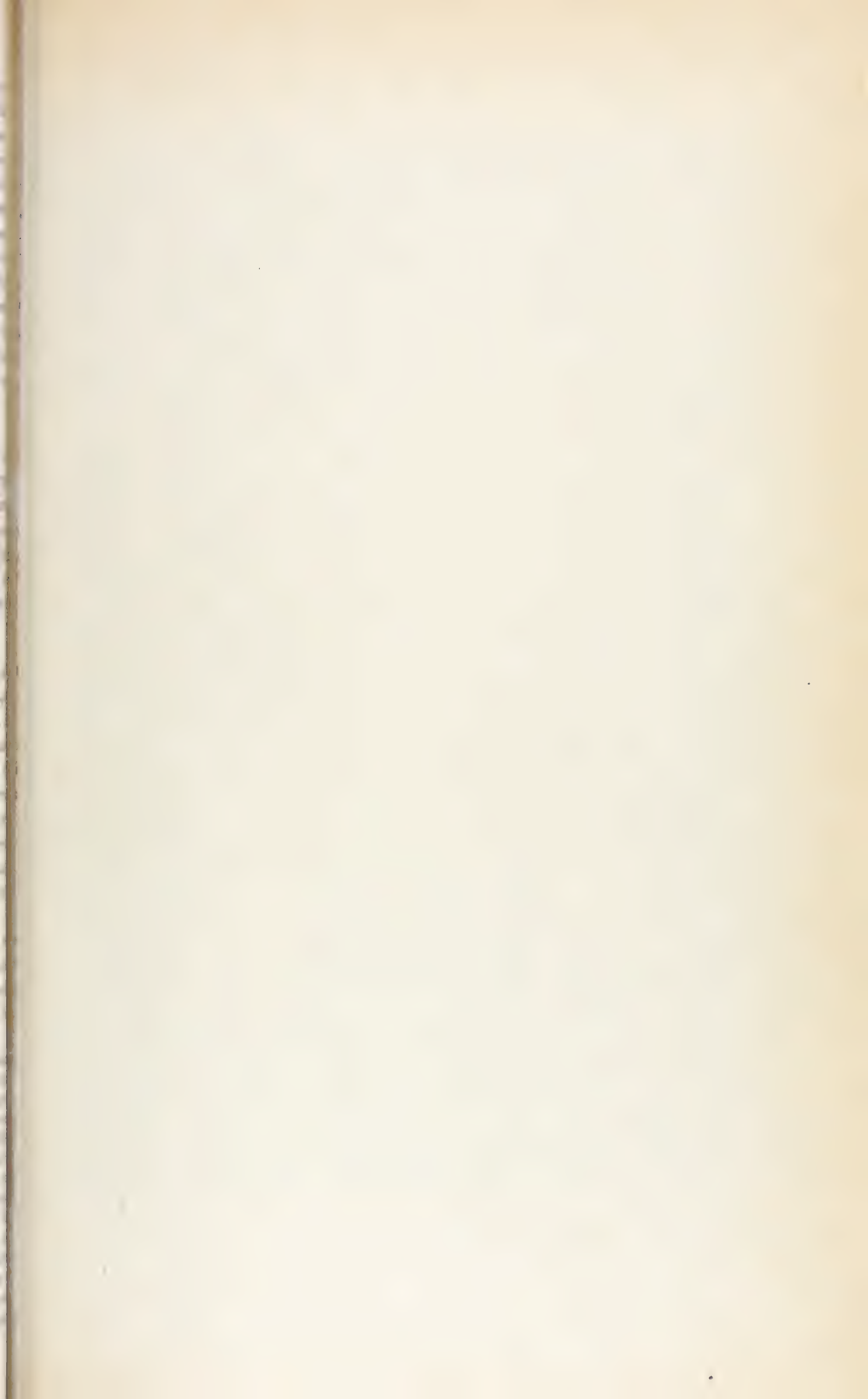


Carle J. Blenner, whose charming painting is reproduced on the cover of the Magazine, was born at Richmond, Virginia, in 1864. He was educated in Germany and at Yale University, and later studied for six years at Julien Academy, Paris. For several years he exhibited at the Paris Salon; since that time he has been represented in current American exhibitions and has won many prizes. He lives in New Haven, Connecticut.



It is pleasant to be assured of one's respectability. A contributor of two or three recent articles informs us that he would like to write another one, and concludes his letter as follows:

My desire to reappear in your pages may seem forward and unseemly, but the situation is this: my brief connection with HARPER'S MAGAZINE gave me, for the first time in history, a certain standing in the eyes of my wife's relatives. Previously they had said, "Why, this bird is only roughneck fiction writer"; but when I came out in HARPER'S their attitude changed as radically as if I had inherited money. Now they say, "Al we knew no respectable magazine would long tolerate his low productions." So if the suggestion above seems agreeable to you I would like to refute them. (Obviously the refutation of one's wife's relatives is an important item in the pursuit of happiness.)





Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

Illustration for "Jason"

SHE COULD NOT KNOW THAT HE WAS IN SEARCH OF ANYTHING THAT WOULD MAKE HIM
FEEL GENUINE—SIGNIFICANT



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CONGRESS INVADES THE WHITE HOUSE

Legislative Meddling with Executive Problems

BY CHARLES MERZ

WHEN Senator Chappelear arose in a recent session of the Ohio Legislature and introduced a bill to regulate the temperature—making it illegal for any thermometer in the state to register above 79° in summer or below 42° in winter—he denied that there was anything unorthodox about his measure. Laws had been used for everything else, he argued; why not a law to regulate the weather?

Legislatures work overtime, taking upon themselves responsibility for people's habits and the laws of nature. It is one cause, perhaps, of their unpopularity. People are indignant about Congress. Why? Not really because they suspect Congress of dishonesty. There have been fewer established cases of dishonesty in Congress in the last fifty years than there have often been in city politics, national banks, baseball, and the theater in a single season. Not because Congress accomplishes nothing and loafs at its appointed task. Certainly it can be proved statistically that no other legislature anywhere in the

world passes so many laws, such far-reaching laws, or so many more laws than the country can keep pace with. Rather, I think, because Congress has gone too far in the direction of Senator Chappelear, tried too many times to tamper with the weather, taken upon itself too many burdens too troublesome for it to carry and too easily spilled along the way. One such burden is the attempt by Congress to take over certain of the chief functions of the Executive.

The degree to which Congress has invaded the White House and sought to establish itself as an administrative agency is not commonly suspected. The myth persists that ours is a government of three branches—legislative, executive, and judicial—and that three quite formidable barriers separate each branch from each of the two others. That is what is taught in civics classes—but taught, I think, with more attention to Constitutional theory than to what actually happens. Consider the record of the Congress which has recently adjourned:

It was born, this Congress, on the 3rd of December, 1923. It died on the 3rd of March, 1925. It was in session nine months of the fifteen intervening between these dates. It enacted into law some five hundred bills and referred to one committee or another the amazing total of some seventeen thousand others. And during all this time, and amid all this avalanche of legislation, its energies were devoted largely to two kinds of problems: either to the routine appropriation bills which supply spending money to the Departments, or to details of administration which are theoretically the last affairs in government to make laws about.

Take the War Department measures. Congress not only debated at some length, as the theory of representative government requires it to debate, the annual supply bill furnishing the Army with its guns and rations. In addition, a long list of bills of an administrative character were introduced with a view to helping the Army run itself a little better. There was a bill, for example, to promote certain officers and retire certain others. There was a bill to regulate the promotions of first lieutenants to the grade of captains. There was a bill to make available an officer of appropriate grade for service in charge of public buildings in the District of Columbia, and another bill to define the status of that officer. There was a bill to classify, in the proper War Department pigeonhole, those retired officers who had been detailed as professors of military science at civilian colleges and training schools. There were more bills helping the Army administer this detail and that detail. Not one of them was concerned with any broad policy of legislation. Each of these questions, from the detail of an officer for specific duty to the question of which officer to promote, and how and when and why to promote him, was a matter of administration: properly the business of administrative offices and not of a legislature. The Army, however—and fifty other

executive agencies in Washington as well—can testify that no such considerations keep these questions out of Congress.

Take the same matter from another angle. What is the chief activity of the members of Congress individually? There is Representative George W. Johnson of West Virginia. I have chosen him at random as one of the quieter members of Congress not often in the headlines. Any one of several hundred members could be chosen in his place. Mr. Johnson, in the first session of the Congress which recently adjourned, introduced a total of twenty-seven bills. Nineteen of these bills were pension bills: that is, they were administrative bills in the sense that they sought to settle with a law the entirely administrative question of consulting records to discover whether certain soldiers, or the families of certain soldiers, merited a pension—a question which Congress will refer to a proper bureau of investigation once it is really ready to be rid of detail, and itself rest content with voting or not voting funds. Seven more of Mr. Johnson's bills were for adjusting claims against the Government—the same sort of administrative question which is raised by pensions. And the one remaining bill, the twenty-seventh, proposed a public building in the town of Spencer—this government still being run on the theory that no commission of engineers would be qualified to study the distribution of public buildings as a whole, and recommend each year a balanced program, but that each Congressman must plug for post offices if he wishes to be re-elected. This was the total of Mr. Johnson's legislative activity for the year 1924, except that he voted "yes" or "no" when the roll was called, and upon one occasion (and one only) arose to contribute a set speech to the real and fictitious debate which runs on endlessly. The Fourth District of West Virginia—in company with a good many other first, second, third, and fourth districts elsewhere—did not really

have a legislative delegate at Washington. It had a jobbing agent.

Nor would the story be materially different if, instead of one of the obscurities in Congress, one of its celebrities were chosen. Take Senator Curtis of Kansas, the present Republican leader of the Senate. Mr. Curtis has to his credit in this same session the impressive total of 243 bills introduced. Upon examination, however, the list turns out to include 185 pension bills, 40 private claim bills, and a scattering of 18 others chiefly concerned with such administrative matters as repairs for national roads in Kansas parks and the jurisdiction of courts over the affairs of Kansas Indians.

I am not arguing—it would be an unwary man who did argue—that the proportions indicated here should be reversed: that we should all be better off if, instead of trying to enact 225 private pension and claim bills and only 18 measures in any way concerned with public policy, Mr. Curtis had confined himself to 18 private bills and introduced 225 new public bills each year—while every other member, with the same zeal for public service, introduced 225 others. Probably most of us are agreed that what we need is not more laws but more attention to the laws already written. I cite the activities of Mr. Curtis and Mr. Johnson (there are exceptions on the other side) simply to suggest an emphasis which does unquestionably exist in Congress. How real that emphasis is, and how deeply Congress has become involved in administration, is suggested also by the list of administrative appointments which the Senate insists upon considering: a list including not only Cabinet officers, Supreme Court Justices, and the like, but Coast Artillery second lieutenants, captains in the Signal Corps, junior aides in the Coast Survey, circuit judges in Hawaii, consuls in Jerusalem, receivers of public moneys everywhere, collectors of customs, commissioners of immigration, doctors in the Public Health Service, delegates to the International Commission on Electrical Communications,

members of Farm Loan Boards and Railway Labor Boards and War Finance Corporations.

There is a concentration upon administrative detail which runs through the calendar of bills and marks the high point of most debates. Congress hurries tirelessly from one administrative problem to another: from technical details of reforestation to causes of the hoof-and-mouth disease; from the right way to protect fish in Alaskan waters to the regulation of left-hand turns in the District of Columbia; from the proper temperature for a botanical garden to the loan of the Marine Corps Band for a centennial in Florida. It is a common practice nowadays for Congress to spend days debating such administrative questions as which gun shoots best, how long paint lasts, how mail tubes are operated, why somebody ought to be made a captain in the Navy.

We have reached a point where the traditional separation of powers in government no longer exists, and in its attempt not only to write laws but to administer them each Congress is more insistent.

One reason for this state of affairs lies in the average Congressman's resentment of Executive encroachment. There is, and has been for several decades, a steadily developing belief in Congress that the Executive is usurping legislative powers, taking the lead too much in drafting the year's legislative program, issuing too many orders from the White House.

Mr. Coolidge, for instance, is accused by farm-bloc Senators of capturing his adversaries in the Senate, spiriting them away for a week-end aboard the steamship *Mayflower*, exposing them to suggestions of what a President can do in the way of federal appointments, and bringing them back his converts. Mr. Coolidge is accused of using his prestige and appointive power to coerce Congress, and Mr. Wilson was so accused before him. Senator Gore had a favorite phrase which he applied to the Administration leaders on the floors of Con-

gress—"White House parrots." Mr. Mann, Republican floor leader in those days, alleged that the Democratic committee chairmen did no thinking until Mr. Wilson gave the word. And Representative Campbell of Kansas was often so disturbed by Mr. Wilson's power over Congress that he foresaw the dawn of Kaiserism on these western shores.

These are somewhat spectacular expressions of opinion, but they are expressions none the less of a genuine and widely shared concern, and a concern which really does not need an aggressive President of the Roosevelt type before it sets Congress worrying. Even a mild-mannered President has so much advantage over Congress in that he has only one mind to make up instead of five hundred minds, and in that he is often voicing a single popular proposal instead of struggling desperately to catch up with an overburdened and impossible program, that Congress finds his single-mindedness and his prestige menacing. The Executive has the departments with him. He has the findings of no end of trained lieutenants to supply him with facts and support the legislation he approves. Congress, on the other hand, is better supplied with opinions than with facts, has more surmises than substantial data. Disgruntled, jealous, resentful of the popularity which the Executive often enjoys, and seeing in each new departmental move a plot to thwart the authority of Congress, that body retaliates with restrictions hobbling the executive departments; it attempts to administer the laws it writes. It is thought neither safe nor democratic to leave to the departments the details of government. Congress must put its own servants at the head of soldiers' homes, make certain for itself how well the newly shingled roofs at Leavenworth are lasting.

Here, then, in the determination of Congress to stand upon a certain set of rights and refuse to yield before the encroachments of the Executive, is one reason for the present attention which

Congress devotes to the business of administration. It is clear, however, that all this is only a by-product of a much wider change in politics: an incidental result of bringing more and more power into Washington.

For if Congress does so much more administrating than it ever used to do, the principal reason is because it has so many more compelling opportunities. The scene in Washington has changed since the authors of the Constitution first divided government in three and placed each third in separate compartments. At that time Congress was an annual gathering of statesmen who arrived by stagecoach for a decision upon a limited number of questions of legislative policy, and who then dispersed to their own localities without either having appropriated three billion dollars for federal activities or pushed federal authority one stage nearer to complete assumption of all local duties and responsibilities. Congress, in those days, was not regarded either as a possible source of funds for every local public enterprise or of possible correction for every local public vice. To a much larger degree the States and cities then ran their own affairs.

The scene is vastly altered. New and enormous powers have come to reside in Washington. Congress, through such media as its control of interstate commerce, reaches out to regulate intercourse between the States and decide what will and will not pass as fair practices in trade. We have Congress determining what foods are pure, what drinks intoxicating, what freight-rates fair, what crops worth saving, fish worth breeding, lands worth irrigating. We have Congress voting, in the form of direct subsidies to the States, the impressive sum of one hundred and forty-five million dollars annually—whereas, even so short a time as ten years ago, federal subsidies were not a twentieth of that amount. We have Congress being asked for good roads, better schools, smaller trusts and the abolition of monopolies, surplus

crops, and weevils. We have Congress going into the money market and loaning American farmers in a few years sixty times as much as it cost to run the whole federal government when it started. We have Congress buying wheat and settling strikes and weighing babies; running ships and equipping schools and debating formulas for nitrates.

It is a natural enough consequence that, with Congress doing literally ten thousand things which no author of the Constitution dreamed of Congress doing, this branch should find itself buried under burdens of administrative detail. There has been heaped up in Washington a host of administrative problems which either did not exist a few generations ago or else existed as the strictly local business of decentralized communities.

Congress goes in for administration. One consequence is a very substantial waste of time. For it is neither log-rolling nor oratory nor the play of partisanship which eats up the energies of Congress so much as this desperate attempt of five hundred and thirty-one many-minded men to constitute themselves a single-minded executive.

Only the committee system, of course, enables Congress to keep going. There are committees for everything from Foreign Affairs to Railway Mileage, and from Flood Control to the Disposition of Useless Papers. Everybody is on several committees; many committees are almost constantly in session. Each is a little Congress in itself. It meets, studies, wrangles, legislates. And, so long as the rest of Congress goes its own way in peace, its members severally occupied with committees of their own, the system works. It works because the classical idea of Congress as a single great legislative body has been abandoned and the admission tacitly made that on nine-tenths of the detail before Congress, nine-tenths of its members are, and must be, ignorant. Once let the system break, however—and it

breaks continually—once let either house actually attempt to give first-hand attention to its legislation, and Congress can lose weeks. The system is wholly undependable. You will find the Senate moving so swiftly on certain occasions that in a single day it will pass one hundred and thirty-seven bills—while the House (this occurred in the last session) meantime disposes of the greatest peacetime appropriation measure in the history of the country. And on other occasions you will find both houses devoting days of debate, leading nowhere, to such matters as the proper size of rooms for embassies abroad, the efficiency of pneumatic mail tubes, the superiority of one type of repeating rifle to another, the restoration of five retired army officers to the active list, and the refund to some private creditor of \$108.75.

Time is an important factor in any assembly which of its own choice volunteers for as much work as does Congress. But time is a minor item and its loss of small importance to the public compared with a second waste which all this attention to administrative detail involves. And that is waste of opportunities for good government.

Congress muddles many of its chances because it is ill-equipped with fact-finding agencies and obdurately resolved to handle to the last detail questions which only specialists have facts enough to settle. Perhaps the long tussle which Congress had with Muscle Shoals will serve as an illustration.

Rightly, of course, Congress took note of the fact that it had invested one hundred and forty million dollars of public funds at Muscle Shoals, and that any decision about dams and nitrate plants was ultimately a legislative matter. Congress, however, was not content to legislate. It chose to take up mechanics and turn engineer. It scorned the most direct method of procedure which would have been to constitute a commission of engineers, instruct that commission to prepare several alternate

plans—one based definitely on the theory of government operation, one on the theory of private operation; one stressing manufacture of nitrates, one stressing development of water power, and so forth—plans which would have left the final choice of policy to Congress, where it belonged, but would have equipped Congress with a number of alternatives all sound in their engineering. Instead, Congress chose to do its engineering for itself. It spent days debating formulas for fertilizer. It spent more days debating kilowatts and how many tons of water power make them. It devoted months to extensive committee hearings whose purpose was to produce a committee bill; and once that bill was reported in the Senate, promptly scrapped it and began all over again with a bill written out of committee and based on a totally different set of facts.

Meantime, for all this engineering, both houses watched the postman for a layman's tip from home. For after the lower house had voted Muscle Shoals to Henry Ford, and after the Ford bid had been subjected to a drumfire of criticism in the press which cost it much of its popularity, the upper house lost interest in Mr. Ford even before Mr. Ford lost interest in the Shoals. In the end we had the spectacle of the Senate accepting and rejecting three totally different plans for Muscle Shoals within as many hours—and then sending the first of these plans to a House and Senate conference: where six men who knew nothing special about the subject, but happened to be members of the right committees, did their best to unscramble everything that had been done to date.

All this is repeated, with endless variations, whenever Congress gets beyond its depth in detail or in engineering. And the result is to invite bad legislation because the process begins with blind legislation and ends with a compromise which is less often an attempt to fit policies to facts than to

jockey a belated measure through the jam of bills which always clogs the end of every session.

Nor is that the story's end. For once a bill is passed, once a law is finally written on the statute books, Congress continues to tinker with its administration. It continues also to quarrel with all those various administrative and fact-finding agencies—Tariff Commission, Trade Commission, and the like—which in moments of desperation it has created for the express purpose of dealing with these complicated problems of the modern scene. The record of government in Washington is written in successive stages like the record of early man in successive layers of telltale rock. Congress confesses that in the matter of tariff legislation, for example, it needs the counsel and co-operation of a commission of tariff experts; it creates that commission; it begins to be jealous of the authority and prestige of its own offspring and to suspect deep plots; it ignores the findings of its experts and with inadequate appropriations starves them into silence; in the end, repenting its own foresight, it is back again in the neighborhood of the point from which it started.

Only over the dead bodies of its chief committeemen, apparently, will Congress surrender its vested interest in administration. And the result is this: we have, at home, what we should have abroad if all 96 Senators and all 435 Representatives attempted suddenly to constitute themselves an expert Dawes Committee, went to Europe, sifted the intricate detail of European finance through 500 minds unaccustomed to that detail, and then attempted to construct a Dawes Plan. We have, on occasion, pandemonium.

To some such point as this an insistent interest in administration has brought the affairs of Congress. It is not a reassuring situation, nor does the moderate success with which Congress achieves a small part of an impossible program

disguise the fact that Congress could attempt less and do it better.

If there is a turning-point ahead it will come, probably, with a turning-point in the whole course of American politics. For fundamentally there is no way out of too many laws, too much detail, and too many attempts at administration except—through some degree of decentralization—to break into smaller and more manageable units the problems of government which Congress now attempts to handle in huge blocks. It will be difficult to effect any basic change in the present order of affairs, regardless of which party controls Congress, or whether it is controlled by some new party, so long as new powers continue to pile up in Washington and one new federal activity succeeds another. Inherent in the process of centralization is the invitation to Congress to overreach itself in executive affairs for which it is not fitted.

It may be, however, that the present stampede in the direction of centralizing all power in Washington—a stampede which finds Representative Brand now urging Congress to weigh everybody's loaf of bread, and Representative McLeod proposing that Congress fingerprint everybody's baby—will run its course as other over-stimulated tendencies in politics have run their course and bring us around to the business of decentralizing government. Given a healthier balance between Washington and the States, a greater readiness on the part of local communities to accept the responsibilities of government, a partial recovery of home rule, accompanied by a willingness to bear its costs—and the problem of a federal Congress overwhelmed with administrative detail resolves itself into simpler terms.

Meantime, pending such a change, and with Washington still absorbing powers at the expense of local governments, it is possible only to tinker with the Congressional system and not touch the heart of the problem. Yet such tinkering, if it is done in the right places,

is of course worth doing. And perhaps the best opportunity lies in the development of agencies subordinate to the will of Congress, which can supply it with those facts for which it gropes and relieve it at least in a small degree of its burdens of administration. Congress, as this outline has suggested, is suspicious of the committees and commissions it creates. It can all too easily ignore them. Yet the fact remains that, in certain limited fields of legislation, Congress has equipped itself with fact-finding agencies and detail-debating agencies very largely of the sort it needs. That is true, for instance, in the matter of damage claims against the government, which are referred to committee and never trouble Congress again save for a *viva voce* vote.

Certainly it is possible, even without decentralization, that experiment might equip Congress with better tools of government than it possesses to-day. These tools are pretty much the tools of 1796. They have been resharpened but Congress has never brought them up to date. And few people have ever cared whether Congress did or didn't. We are interested in experiments with tetra-ethyl lead—they may reduce the price of gasoline. We are very little interested in experiments with Congress.

If we were, it might make the task of reorganizing Congress seem a more adventuresome and worth-while undertaking to the average Congressman. Certainly it would be a good thing if we could get away from the conventional picture of Congress as an assembly of second-raters perpetually seeking opportunities for unimportant graft, and could understand more realistically the problem Congress confronts. The problem of a legislature struggling with administration, of Congress attempting to function as a new wing of the White House, is a problem which has never interested us, in spite of its importance. We really know as little of Congress as the average westerner knows of Vishnu. We are annoyed, and let it go at that.

HOW BIG IS THE UNIVERSE?

Notes on Recent Measurements of the Milky Way

BY HARLOW SHAPLEY

Director of the Harvard College Observatory

One of the most significant scientific events of the present day has been the discovery that the universe—the visible, measurable universe—is immensely larger than it has ever previously been thought to be. No astronomer has played a more important part in this discovery than Professor Shapley. At our request he now contributes what we believe to be the first authoritative and comprehensive article written in terms intelligible to the layman, on the new methods of measuring astronomical distances and their staggering results.

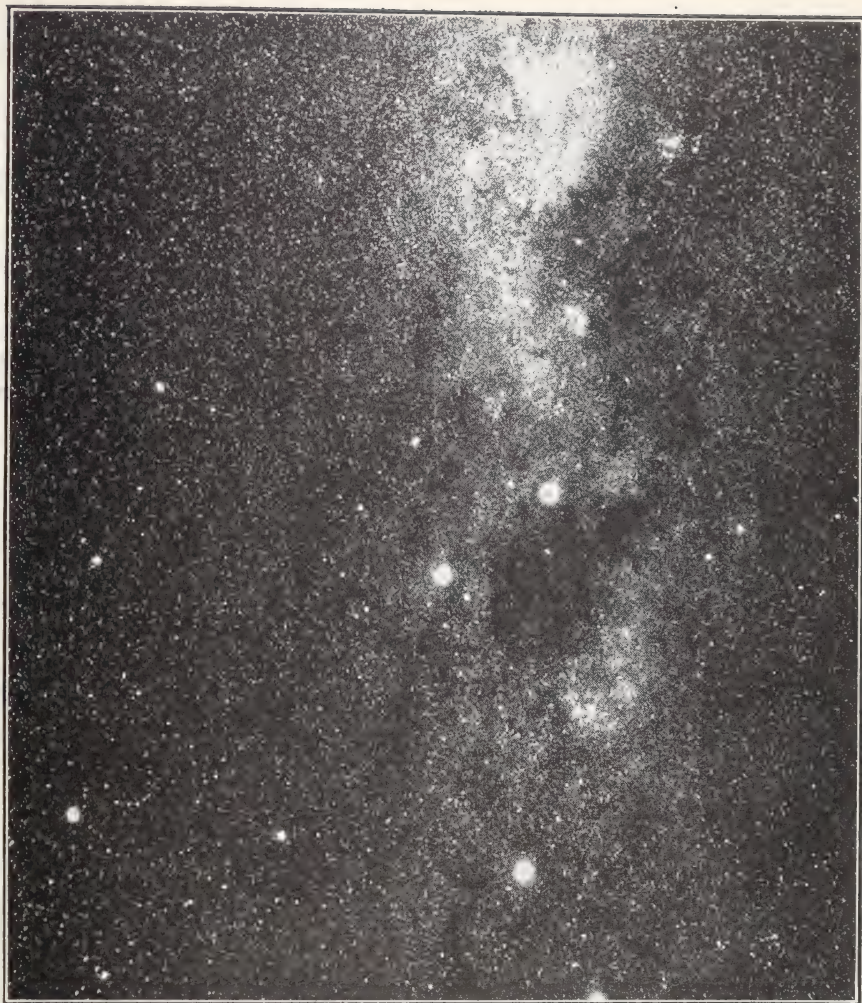
This article does not deal with the speculations on the extent of space that arise from the theory of relativity, or with universes beyond the bounds of the Galaxy or Milky Way. It is a statement of the size and shape and measurements of the Galaxy—the stellar system of which our solar system is an infinitesimal part.—*Editor's Note.*

THE methods and tools required for measuring stellar distances are for the most part remarkably simple in principle compared with the technic necessary for the analysis of bacteria or the mensuration of electrons. The essentials of the astronomical procedure can be described with a minimum of technicalities. In the following account of modern methods, and of the striking results they have produced, we shall begin by outlining the problem of the Milky Way and dealing briefly with variable stars, stellar clusters, and the star clouds of Magellan. These interesting classes of stellar objects are of fundamental importance in the recent work of sounding space. They disclose a way of measuring distance that far transcends the power of the surveyor's method of triangulation, which for many years has been successfully used for finding the distances and arrangement of stars comparatively near the Sun. Later we shall discuss the form, nature, and origin of the Milky Way, in so far as the newer astronomy can safely guide us.

First, to define the Milky Way, or Galaxy. Originally the term indicated only the band of celestial light which,

passing in a great circle around the sky, is clearly visible in some parts as silvery clouds. Until recent years it has generally been maintained that these galactic clouds are structurally distinct from the scattered naked-eye stars which immediately border them. Some of the Milky Way star clouds, it is true, appear to be isolated from their surroundings. They are now and then sharply delimited—either actually, by the absence of stars beyond the visible borders, or apparently, by the intervening masses of non-luminous dust and gas, called dark nebulae. But the galactic clouds in part represent the greatest number of objects that can be seen when an observer, situated in a flat watch-shaped stellar system, looks out in the direction of greatest extent. And even though there are occasional well-defined clouds of stars along the Milky Way, the gradual concentration of all faint objects toward the central galactic plane is responsible for most of the silvery band and indicates definitely the disc-like form of our system.

To us who live in northern latitudes, the part of the Milky Way in the constellations Cygnus, Aquila, and Cassiopeia appears to be brighter than the



A PORTION OF THE SOUTHERN MILKY WAY

This photograph, made at Arequipa by Miss Harwood, shows the dark "Coal Sack" (near the center). Just above it are four stars, two bright and two faint, forming the constellation of the Southern Cross.

regions in Taurus, Orion, and elsewhere. Some astronomers have believed that the high frequency of stars in Cygnus indicates that the center of the Galaxy lies in that direction. But observers in lower latitudes, or in the southern hemisphere, point out that we northerners underestimate the brilliancy of the southern Milky Way. The great star clouds of Sagittarius and Scorpio are partially lost for northern observers in the haze near the southern horizon, and the rich star fields of Vela and Centaurus are rarely seen at all. When the Galaxy is studied through star counts, or exam-

ined visually from a point on the equator, the superior brilliancy of the southern Milky Way stands clearly forth.

The existence of this sidereal band of light, disclosing a central plane in the stellar arrangement, signifies that nearly all the stars we know are organized into one dominating system. Our Galaxy is, in fact, a collection of systems, a group of groups, with intermingling random stars. We readily see many of the sub-organizations—groups of stars of similar color and motion—such as the Hyades, the Pleiades, the bright bluish-white stars of the constellation Orion, and that

large scattered group which contains the dog-star Sirius and most of the stars of the Big Dipper.

With a small telescope we are able to pick up numerous small open clusters along the mid-line of the Milky Way. Obviously, clustering is a prevailing stellar tendency. Remembering also the lesser organizations—multiple stars like Castor and Polaris, double stars like Algol and Spica, and even our own planetary system composed of a primary star surrounded by a bevy of secondary bodies—we infer that independent and totally isolated stars may not be the sidereal standard.

Each star, and group of stars, evidently must move under the gravitational direction of all the others in the universe. Our Sun, no doubt, moves in some complicated orbit, though we are yet far from predicting its future path. The Pleiades, two hundred strong, are moving rapidly along the plane of the Milky Way; but undoubtedly the whole

cluster, though remaining within the galactic system, will gradually change its direction of motion and continually influence the masses of neighboring stars and be influenced by them.

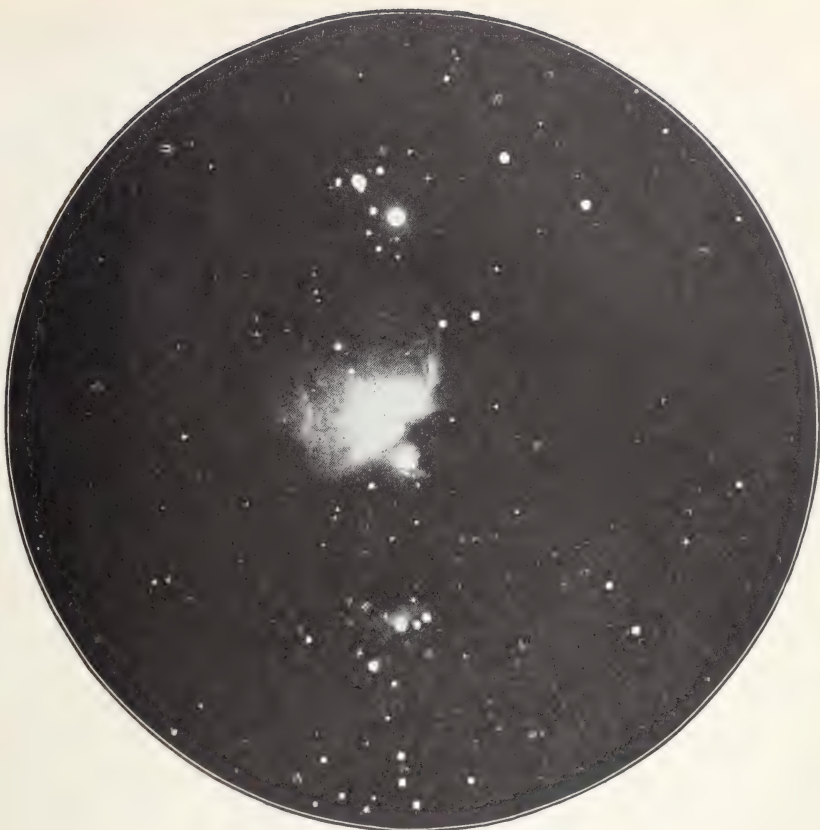
We are led to consider such questions as how this controlling body, the Milky Way system, may have come into existence with its thousands of millions of stars, and how extended it is along the galactic plane and at right angles thereto; how thickly its stars are scattered throughout the space it occupies, and how rapidly they move.

None of these inquiries can be finally answered. We are, however, more competent to answer partially the questions concerning extent. The work on variable stars and globular clusters has contributed during the last ten years something to our knowledge of the remoter parts of the stellar universe. Before then it had long been recognized that the stars are distributed around the Sun



WHERE THE SOUTHERN SKIES ARE MAPPED

The Harvard station at Arequipa, Peru. This station has for thirty-five years collected photographs, with several specially adapted telescopes, of the stars in the southern Milky Way, the Magellanic Clouds, and the southern hemisphere in general—supplementing the work done with similar telescopic equipment in the northern hemisphere at Cambridge, Massachusetts.



THE FAMOUS ORION NEBULA

Professor Shapley calls this photograph, recently made at Arequipa by Paraskévopoulos, "the best we ever have had of the Nebula." The whole of the "sword" of Orion is shown—that is, the three stars *iota*, *theta*, and *C*, all of which are multiple and are confused with the luminous and dark nebosity of the Orion region.

in a discoidal system, the central plane of which coincides with the galactic girdle. Estimates of the greatest diameter of the Milky Way varied from a thousand to thirty thousand light-years (light travels about six trillion miles a year), but no great weight was placed on any of these guesses. They rested on untried assumptions and indirect methods. They were not founded on the extensive modern results on star distances and luminosities.

Naturally, the Sun was then considered to be the center of the stellar system. There are two reasons for this erroneous deduction. In the first place, the Milky Way divides the celestial sphere into nearly equal halves (its uneven brightness was overlooked or considered irrelevant). In the second

place, the stars become less frequent in all directions as one goes out from the Sun. At present, however, we attach more importance than formerly to the inequalities of the Milky Way, and we explain the uniformly decreasing frequency of stars as a local phenomenon. We are more willing now to believe the evidence of our eyes and mathematics that the solar system is not centrally placed. And this concession with regard to the center leaves us open-minded also in our revaluations of the scale of the stellar universe.

The writer's interest in the dimensions of the Galaxy began with the study, with Professor Russell at Princeton, of the distribution of the eclipsing variables. Algol, in the constellation Perseus, is the best known of these eclipsing double



THE GALAXY OR MILKY WAY

Our stellar system, according to Professor Shapley, is approximately of a flattened, disc-like shape, like a watch. This diagram represents the conformation of our "universe" when viewed from the position in which one looks at the face of a watch. The circle in the upper left-hand portion indicates the position of our solar system and includes all stars visible to the naked eye from the earth.

stars which vary in brightness because the light traveling earthward is periodically intercepted. Eclipses occur as the two components of the double, in their orbital motions about the center of gravity, cross the line to the terrestrial observer and block each other's light. The light variations can be measured with special instruments and analyzed mathematically. The nature of the variation depends on the sizes of the stars, their relative intensities, and the kind of orbits they follow. Two or three years' work, spent on the computation of the orbits of nearly a hundred eclipsing binaries, led finally to the deduction of their distances and their distribution in space. Most of them are giant stars of high candle-power, with surface temperatures of ten thousand to twenty thousand degrees, and central temperatures of millions of degrees. But

they appear very faint because of remoteness. Many of them proved to be several thousand light-years distant and suggested that the dimensions formerly assigned to the stellar system might be much too small.

Another type of star that varies systematically in light power is the Cepheid variable, and it also is now known to be of high luminosity. If apparently faint when seen in a telescope, its distance must be great. The degree of faintness is indeed a measure of the distance. These Cepheids periodically brighten and fade, like their naked-eye prototype Delta Cephei, from which they derive the name. Polaris, the north pole-star, is a

Cepheid variable with a small range in light variation. Periodic pulsations—or tremendous eruptions—in the stellar atmosphere are the most probable cause of such variations.

The high luminosity of the Cepheid variables and their usefulness in measuring the Milky Way was not generally admitted until recently. But now astronomers agree that the typical Cepheid is from a hundred to ten thousand times as bright as the Sun. About twenty years ago Hertzsprung first called attention to the remoteness of some of the Cepheid variable stars. Ten years later the same problem was investigated by the present writer, extending the methods and deducing the individual distances for a hundred and fifty of these stellar giants. Some were found more distant than the limits formerly assigned to the whole stellar system, and

a revision of the scale of the Galaxy became necessary. Thus both kinds of variables—eclipsing stars and Cepheids—led us beyond the domain of nearby stars and indicated the technic we should use in fathoming the Milky Way.

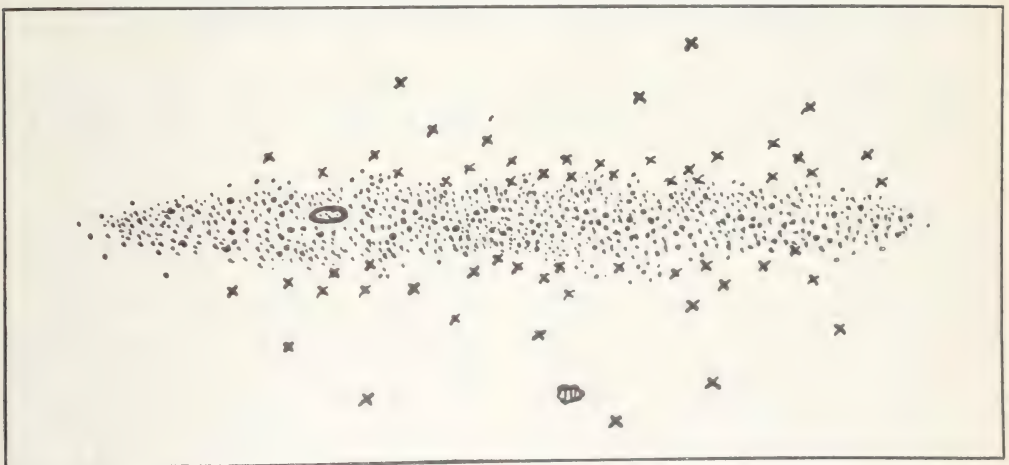
The derivation of the absolute magnitude, or total candle-power, of Cepheid variables is not difficult. It can be briefly described in two paragraphs, and merits the description because of its important place in modern consideration of these problems of distance.

A dozen or so Cepheids are visible without a telescope, and their positions have appeared in the star catalogues for a hundred years or more. From a comparison of old and new catalogues, the proper motions of bright typical Cepheids—that is, their angular movement across the sky—can be determined with considerable accuracy. Now this proper motion is largely the reflex of the motion of the Sun through space. The four hundred million miles covered by the solar system in a year makes the nearer stars appear to shift backward with respect to the faint and distant stars. The amount of the shift, called parallax motion, obviously depends upon

the position of the star—the nearer the star, the greater the shift. For the naked-eye Cepheid variables, the parallax motion is found to be abnormally small compared with other stars that appear equally bright. This can only mean that they are, relatively, far from the Sun and the total light emission of each must be enormous to make them visible without a telescope.

The problem stated here qualitatively can be treated numerically, and it is then found that the average distance of the naked-eye Cepheid variables is a thousand light-years, and their total light emission is, on the average, six hundred and fifty times that of the Sun. Hence, if a faint star cluster contains similar giants, it must be exceedingly remote. We shall employ the Cepheids to measure distances in clusters and Milky Way clouds that are too great for the ordinary triangulation procedure which serves only for the nearby stars.

The two star clouds of Magellan, which can be studied only from observatories of the southern hemisphere, contain hundreds of Cepheids that vary periodically in brightness. A careful study, begun at Harvard and extended at Mount Wilson, has revealed among



THE GALAXY AS SEEN EDGEWISE

Here the "watch-shaped" stellar system is presented edgewise to the observer. The small ellipse (at the left of center) shows the relative position of the "local cloud"—that is, the stars which are visible to the naked eye. The crosses indicate the position of globular clusters—outside the central part of the Galaxy but most numerous near it. The dark patch below is a Magellanic Cloud. The diameter of the system here represented is some 300,000 light years.

these variable stars a striking relation between the total light power and the interval of time between successive pulsations of light. If, for a variable star, the period between successive oscillations of brightness is twelve hours, the star is found to be about one hundred times as luminous as the Sun; if its period is twelve days, the brightness exceeds that of the Sun two thousand fold. The relation between period and candle-power is so definite that, wherever the variable may be, a study of its periodic variations in light yields readily the absolute value of its luminosity, and from that value a simple computation leads to the distance. In other words, knowing from its period of variability the actual light power of a star, the measurement of its apparent brightness indicates the distance from the observer. This method of measuring space is called photometric, in distinction from the trigonometric method used for nearer stars, planets, and comets. Fortunately for the problem of measuring the Milky Way, the Cepheid variables are widely distributed; they appear among the bright and faint stars of the Galaxy, as well as in the crowded population of remote star clusters and clouds.

Two distinct types of star clusters are recognized—the globular cluster, of which nearly a hundred are now known, and the open cluster, which is more than twice as numerous. The two kinds appear to be highly important in the history of the stellar universe. In compactness and quantity of stars, globular clusters are sharply differentiated from open groups, such as the Pleiades. A typical open system may have within its borders one or two hundred stars of more than solar brightness, whereas a typical globular cluster contains twenty or thirty thousand stars brighter than the Sun.

Also, in their distribution in the sky the globular clusters differ from open groups in a way that is significant for theories of the origin of the Galaxy. The open clusters are found along the Milky

Way, but not outside its central girdle. The globular clusters, on the other hand, avoid its central line and avoid also most of the northern constellations. They are, however, in the southern sky concentrated *toward* the Milky Way from both sides, becoming more numerous up to its very edges and then suddenly disappearing.

These facts of distribution show that both the open and globular clusters form a part of our own stellar system; they are controlled by its forces, governed by its mightier mass. In measuring their distances we are measuring the extent of our Galaxy.

My photometric study of the familiar globular cluster in Hercules, Messier 13, led to the detection of many blue-tinted stars. The colors when quantitatively measured were quite comparable with those of giant blue stars in the solar neighborhood. It seemed reasonable to assume these bluish stars in the cluster also to be giants, about one hundred times as bright as the Sun. On this assumption Messier 13 was computed, by simple formulæ, to be at a distance in excess of thirty thousand light-years.

A second deduction from these first determinations of color is that no evidence appears of the scattering and absorption of light in interstellar space. Until we were sure that space—or the fine matter it may contain—does not seriously diminish the passing light of distant stars, we could not use photometric methods of measuring great distances. Such light-scattering material would, if it existed, diminish blue light more than red. The orange-red sunset illustrates the point, the Earth's atmosphere and its dust being the agency of scattering and weakening preferentially the shorter waves of blue light. The observations described above, that the star colors are comparable for the Sun's neighbors and for distant cluster stars, is adequate assurance that the space beyond our shallow atmosphere is essentially empty and that our new method can be applied.



WHICH LOOKS FARTHER AWAY?

The Small Magellanic Cloud and the globular cluster 47 Tucanae. The Cloud, although it appears much larger in the photograph, is five times as distant as the cluster. The new methods of determining star-distances from the study of Cepheid variables were developed from investigations of the stars in the Small Magellanic Cloud.

In the Hercules cluster, in addition to the useful blue stars there are two Cepheid variables which help in the problem of distance. The study of their variability with the great refracting telescope at the Yerkes Observatory enabled Barnard to find the periods of variation. Later I used these periods and my measures of the apparent magnitudes in estimating the distance of the cluster. The result was the same as given by blue stars.

Similarly, red giants were found in the cluster, and their study led to similar

estimates of distance. Thus blue stars, Cepheids, and red giants agreed in yielding for this sub-system of our Galaxy a distance greater than we had previously set for the outermost bounds of the stellar universe.

Some of the other globular clusters have many variable stars of the Cepheid type. Notably is this true of the bright Omega Centauri of the southern sky, and the more northern globular systems which bear the catalogue designations of Messier 3, Messier 5, and Messier 15.

Long studies of their light variations at Harvard and Mount Wilson have produced the periods, and finally yielded accurate determinations of the distance. But the periods of the Cepheid variables are known for only a small number of the clusters. For systems devoid of Cepheids, other methods of measuring distance had to be devised.

By assuming, for instance, that all globular clusters actually have the same size and absolute brightness (an assumption that has been found to be justified) we can compute distances from measures of angular size and apparent brightness, and thus be independent of Cepheid variables. Using these indirect methods it was eventually possible, a few years ago, to get the distances of all known globular clusters. It then appeared that the Hercules system is one of the nearest. The most remote so far on record is N.G.C. 7006, which probably does not differ materially from the cluster in Hercules, but because of its great distance appears to us as diminutive and very faint. Its angular diameter is so small that only the largest telescopes can distinguish it from a single hazy star, or from a nebula. With the 100-inch reflector at Mount Wilson, Cepheid variables have been found within this distant object, and the analysis of their magnitudes has checked and proved correct the values of distance we had previously derived from comparing its angular diameter and apparent magnitude with the same properties for nearby clusters of known distance.

It is interesting to reflect that when we study the periods of Cepheids in N.G.C. 7006 we are photographing and analyzing waves or pulses of light that were emitted from the hot stellar atmospheres more than two thousand centuries ago. But the radiation, after its long interval in space, shows no measurable effects. It is identical, in natural properties, with the radiation from the Sun that has had an experience of only five hundred seconds with the rigors of space and time.

Considered as a whole, the globular clusters form a system of higher order—an organization that is equally divided by the galactic plane, and is about three hundred thousand light-years in greatest diameter. We can, for the present at least, take this organization of clusters as coincident with the general galactic system. Most of the thousands of millions of stars of the Milky Way are confined to a relatively thin and extensive segment—five or ten thousand light-years in thickness and two or three hundred thousand light-years in greatest diameter.

The center of the system of clusters, and presumably the center of the whole galactic system, lies in the direction of the constellation Sagittarius—the direction of the rich star clouds that so greatly enhance the brilliance of the southern Milky Way. The unequal intensity of the Milky Way may thus be explained in part as the result of our eccentric location. The same cause also accounts for the one-sided distribution of the globular clusters, which are nearly absent from northern constellations. It accounts, too, for the greater number of novæ found in the southern star clouds. Planetary nebulae, which are known to be objects of high luminosity and of great distance, are likewise more numerous in the direction of Sagittarius, for in the opposite part of the Milky Way the limits of the system are too near.

To give some numerical values: The remotest of all known globular clusters is about two hundred thousand light-years distant. Twenty globular clusters are more than one hundred thousand light-years away. The center of the galactic system is sixty thousand light-years from the Sun, or farther.¹

The numerous dark obscuring clouds in the constellations of Ophiuchus, Sagittarius, and Scorpio may conceal clusters and star clouds still more distant than any we have as yet measured. If

¹ A light-year—the distance which a ray of light will travel in one year—is about six trillion miles.

so, the galactic system may extend farther in some directions than we now have methods of estimation.

The prevailing conception of the physical universe has gradually evolved in close correlation with the mental evolution of man. To the primitive man the cosmos, of course, was anthropocentric—a natural deduction from the circularity of the horizon and the concentric character of the dome of heaven. At a subsequent stage of intellectual progress the universe was, no doubt, centered in restricted areas on the surface of the Earth rather than in the individual, and man adopted a lococentric or topocentric idea of the world. In this later stage the cosmos was perceived to be larger than formerly; and with each subsequent step in the widening of mental horizon, greater physical dimensions have been found. To Ptolemy and his school the universe was no longer lococentric but geocentric; and since the time of Copernicus the Sun, as the dominating body of the solar system, has been considered to be at or near the center of the stellar domain. We have in general accepted the heliocentric view of the universe for the last four centuries.

The researches of recent times have again changed the conception of the scale of the visible universe, and of the position of its center. Neither the individual, nor his abode, nor his earth, nor his sun has now the dignity of a central place. For one thing, the solar system is slightly to the north side of the central plane of the Galaxy and is increasing the distance from that plane as time goes on. In addition, as previously noted, we are at least six hundred centuries of light-travel from the central region of the Milky Way.

We have already mentioned the differences in distribution between globular clusters and the open systems which lie along the Milky Way plane. The explanation proposed for this difference is that the Milky Way was originally formed, and is still forming, out of clusters—in part if not in whole. The

various open clusters, moving groups, and star streams are believed to represent transition stages in the dismantling and dispersing of large systems, once external. Many of the globular clusters, whose motions have been investigated, are coming into the galactic system. They now move in orbits inclined to the galactic plane, in which they travel to and fro across the star fields of the Milky Way; but with each crossing they lose somewhat in stars and in compactness. Dynamical theory indicates that the inclinations of their orbits will gradually decrease, their motions will become confined to the denser stellar regions along the Milky Way, their dwarf stars will be slowly scattered and, in the course of the trillions of years that are available for cosmic evolution, the star fields of the Milky Way will be further enriched by the members of the globular clusters which are now extant.

Perhaps many of the external systems which anteceded the present groupings in our Galaxy were globular clusters, similar to Messier 13; or possibly the ancestral systems had already developed into miniature galaxies (such as the star clouds of Magellan) when they came under the permanent control of our ever-growing system. The present discoidal form of the Milky Way might be explained as a result of a gradual growth through the absorption of clusters, each addition from the outside increasing the dimensions, the flattening, and the total mass.

There is some evidence that the whole galactic system is moving through space. Possibly it will reach distant regions and absorb other globular clusters which as yet we have not seen. The future of the Galaxy may involve much growth, but already the scale of space, time, and members transcends our powers of full appreciation. Its stars are now numbered by the thousands of millions, its dimensions measured in hundreds of thousands of light-years, and the probable past duration in time is inexpressible in its immensity.

WHEN HELL FROZE

Awarded First Prize in the Fourth Harper Short Story Contest

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE -

IT was the biggest farm on the Footstool: it had smooth swelling fields, like waves; well-tended woodlots, and clean fat cattle. Addie Joslin was part of it. The strength of her eighteen years of married life had gone into it; season by season she had served its needs, spending much on the land and little on herself.

The only really hard time was the week in the fall when her husband was away in New York on his year's business, and especially now that he was taking Ray with him. But it was time their firstborn should be learning those other things, remote, but apparently as essential to the growth and well-being of the soil as the things that lay in her knowledge—tillage, drainage, and manure. And after all, no matter how long a week may seem on double and treble duty, it is only seven days.

She had the church, the grange, the Daughters of the Morning Star; she had her diversions if she cared to take them. This she seldom did. Her life had little in it that was separate from the farm. Even Frankie, the four-year-old, her baby, was not separate; little that was not of her or of the fields or cattle was in him. He was made of her and the earth, and she was made of the earth.

She was slow of speech and reason, a slow woman. This was because she saw all things moving in unalterable sequence. Seed, sprout, full stalk, threshed grain—as simply as that unfolded all the thoughts she needed. So her hair stayed brown and there were no wrinkles about her eyes.

This evening she was a little tired. But to-night John and Ray would be home; perhaps in time for the milking. The week was all but done.

A little tired, yes. When she had started the cows up from the lower pasture, instead of following at once she rested her weight on the fence in the shriveled shadow of an aspen and stood dreaming up the land, her eyes moving slowly from field to higher field, reaped and brown.

It all did look pretty, with the sun setting behind the mountain.

It had done well this year; well.

Would they be home in time for the milking? First there was Heather to be milked, then Sally, then Dapple, then Princess, then Snow. She must be getting lazy, she guessed. She had better be starting her boots.

But now there was a sound of music. It was strange to hear music down here. Forgetting the cows for another moment she turned to look. There was a path beyond the fence, leading up from southwest of the mountain, and a man came along it playing a harmonica. He was tall, red-headed, and lank; under one elbow he gripped a pack while with the other he beat time, a perfect vagabond. Observing Addie he halted and took off his hat.

"How d'you do? Good evening."

Not being much with strangers Addie kept her mouth shut, nodded slightly, and looked beyond him at the ridges, powdered pink with sunset. The man came and got up to sit on the fence. He played softly a few more bars. Addie turned to go. He whacked the

instrument on his thigh and said: "Excuse me, but do you know a town called Twinshead up this way, lady?"

"Yes." She stopped and eyed him. "I ought to, I was raised there."

"You was? Know a man named House there? Garage man?"

"I ought to, he's my brother-in-law."

"Well, I swear! He's the man I was figuring to work for."

"He is? Well, he's my brother-in-law."

"How far would you call it from here?"

"Over down in the next valley. Around six mile."

"Six mile, eh? Some step! Listen; any place around here a man could get a shakedown for the night, lady? I'm not much chopping wood, but if you got any Lord's kind of a gas-engine wants tinkering. . ."

"Well, if my husband gets home as I'm expecting them, there's the seedan's been knocking lately. Though I don't know certain he'll come. But then if he don't there's Hurlbut's, a half mile on down."

He got over the fence. "Well, what do you say we see?"

He came along a little at the trail, busy again with his tunes, as, climbing and clucking, she got the cattle through the successive gates. When they had come up into the last lane she said: "You play pretty. Although I must say I don't know those tunes."

"Latest things. I don't suppose they're up this way yet."

"I don't know. I'm not much on town. When I was a girl though, in town, I used to know all the songs going."

"I bet. Know this one? '*I thought it was a kiss, but it was just an idle dream.*' Remember?"

"Yes, certainly. . . Frankie!" she called to her child, who, halfway down from the house, had stopped at sight of the stranger. "Come walk with Mama, come!" And as the boy, pouting, edged a few shy steps nearer: "Yes, certainly,

I know that and a lot of others; the 'Merry Widow' and '*Come, come, I love you only,*' and all those."

"It's funny how those old ones stick by you. The ones nowadays—though now and then you'll find one—listen to this."

Cupping the toy in both hands he lifted his brows and drooped his lids. He breathed softly among the reeds. He loved it. When he reached the end he recited the ultimate phrase with the throaty husk of the devotee, watching her eyes for approbation: "*Kiss me, kiss me, aga-i-n . . .*"

She gave her thumb to Frankie.

"What's the matter with you, for Heaven's sake?"

"Is he my uncle?" The boy pulled around behind her. She laughed.

"Uncle? Land, no! He's nobody you know."

"What you been givin' him kisses fer then?"

Addie's mouth fell open. "Don't say such things; the idea!" She gave his hand a shake. "I—well,—you don't understand, that's all."

The stranger grinned, his amused eyes going from one to the other.

Frankie persisted. "Did you kiss him fer playin' so nice, Mama?"

The man laughed outright, arms akimbo, head up. "Look-a-here," he cried, bending suddenly and holding the harmonica out on his palm. "What you say to that, sonny? Like play moosic? Well, take that with my regards; that'll keep you busy, won't it now?"

"Oh, he shouldn't," his mother muttered, as the small fingers edged around her skirt. Once he had hold of it the boy was away like an Indian's shadow, through the fence and into the cover of the dogwood hedge beyond.

The man chuckled. "Oh, no, he didn't care for it at all; couldn't find house-room for it, Oh, no!" He shifted his pack and began to whistle.

When Addie came up to the yard after impounding the cows she found the

man sitting on the kitchen stoop, still whistling.

"I guess my husband ain't coming to-night after all," she said, looking up and down the darkening road. Entering the house she came out again with some pie and cheese and a cup of milk. "Though I shouldn't feel like turning you away without a snack. Then 'tain't far down to Hurlbut's."

As he sat munching, the man began to study her with a new obliquity.

"How long's your husband away for?"

"He goes a week every fall on business to New York City."

"Aren't you ever kind of lonesome?"

"No time for lonesomeness. I ought to be milking right now."

"Still, up here by yourself, everybody away." He took out a cigarette and lit it. "Eh? Don't you ever wish—well—there was some man around the place, nights?"

Addie shook her head. "There's nothing to harm a body up this way."

The man shook his. "I give it up." He wiped his mouth and got to his feet. "Then I guess I'll be on my way. Now I've had supper, thanks to your kindness, I guess I might's well go on through. Is it around this way out?"

She showed him, walking down as far as the gate.

"Still," he mused, "the men have all the fun, don't they. I suppose your hubby always tells you everything he does while he's in New York?"

"I don't see what you mean. If you mean he carries on, then you don't know John A. Joslin. And moreover, he's got Ray along; that's our oldest."

"How old?"

"Going on seventeen. But he's big for his age."

The man slapped his thigh. "I bet!"

"Well," he said, when he was done chuckling, "I suppose if you're dead certain you're not going to want protecting to-night—I might's well be on my way. Thanks very much for the bite, and if you're ever in Twinshead this winter, look me up . . . Good night."

For another moment Addie leaned there watching him off into the dusk.

What was all that talk of his? Who was he? Where had he come from? From as near as the nearest town? From as far as China? A strange irresponsible fellow riding his legs across the mountains, whistling across the world.

"I want my supper." It was Frankie at her elbow, whining.

"Heavens and Earth, what am I thinking of! Those poor cows!"

The men came that night after all, when the chores were done and Frankie in bed. Hearing the car turn into the yard, Addie put a piece of meat in the spider and began cutting up some cold potatoes to brown, so that by the time they came in their supper was half ready.

It always gave her a queer turn for a moment when they arrived, like two strangers with their good clothes and their suitcases, and the way, for the first instant, they looked around, as if it were a new hotel. She would have been glad if it could have lasted longer. That was why she had hurried to get things under way and their chairs drawn up to the table.

"If you'll set right down your supper 'll be on in no time."

"Well, no." Her husband gave her a kiss on a cheekbone—one of the year's two—and adding, "Might's well be comfortable," passed on upstairs.

She wondered if Ray would kiss her too this year. But just as he was on the point of it he remembered something more important.

"Oh, Ma, d'you know what? We bought you a present to bring home, a couple of nice aprons, and then what 'd we go and do but leave 'em in the train. Wasn't that a bright one?" And he too went upstairs.

Above the sputter of the frying meat she could hear their voices, Ray's mostly, fragmentary and muffled. Once Ray laughed. He came down in his corduroys and brown sweater, and in pulling off his shirt he had spoiled his



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

"YOU PLAY PRETTY," SHE SAID, "ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW THOSE TUNES"

hair. His father was in his nightshirt, over which he had drawn a pair of overalls. They might neither of them have been away.

They ate in silence, chewing like tired men, their elbows guarding their plates and their eyes centered in the flame of the lamp between them. They seemed to be dreaming. Once Ray chuckled, his eyes passing to his father. The old man cast him a dour look. "You calm down."

Addie opened some pears. "Everything all right in the city?" she inquired as she helped them. Joslin nodded at the lamp, protruding his lower lip. "I'd say so, yes, all right. . . ."

She went and got the new *Sentinel*. Joslin wiped his mouth, opened the paper, cast an eye over the deaths, and yawned.

"Frankie all right?" he asked by and by.

"Yes, Frankie's all right."

"Stock all right?"

"Yes, all right. Except a funny thing about Snow's calf —"

"What's wrong with Snow's calf?"

"Nothing, only the way she acts about the red rooster. It was the day you left—" Addie drew up a chair and put her elbows on the table. "No, it was the day *after* you left, I guess; yes, Wednesday morning—"

Joslin's lids drooped. His chin was sinking into his neck. He straightened up when Addie's voice stopped, and muttered: "Been a hard day."

"Been a hard week," Ray added facetiously, staring at the lamp.

His father got to his feet. "You be up and down by four sharp, son, that's all." He took a match and went upstairs. Ray leaned back and began to play a harmonica. It was "The Side-walks of New York."

"Where'd this thing come from?" he demanded, stopping in the middle of a bar. "I had one like it, but it was an 'A'."

"It's Frankie's." Addie began to scrape the plates.

"Where'd he get it?"

She didn't feel like talking any more; all that explanation. So she said: "Somebody or other give it to him, I guess."

Ordinarily she would have washed the dishes, but this was the night her husband had come home, so she stacked them and, asking Ray to put out the light when he came she went upstairs, taking off her apron. Just before she reached their bedroom she had a start. Then she could have smiled, for it was only Frankie, out of bed, half awake, in the dark hall.

He resisted her hand. "I wan' my thing; ut's mine."

"What thing? You're dreaming. Go back to bed."

"Who's 'at uts got ut, playin'?"

"Playing what? Oh, I see, yes, your —"

"My moosic thing, ut 'at man gin me, ut you kissed."

"Shhh!" Addie stood back on her heels. "Hush your mouth!" It was absurd but she felt helpless.

Frankie turned sullen. "No, but I wan' ut; ut's mine."

"Yes, all right, yes. You be still and run back to bed like a good boy, and I'll go straight and get it for you." She returned below stairs.

"Ray, gi'me that. Your brother's woke up fretting, and it's his."

The child was waiting at the top. She led him back and tucked him in.

"Here it is, Frankie, but listen, you shouldn't say that about that man. It's bad—naughty, because I never did. Now go bye-bye and forget it."

Smoothing his hair she left him. At the door, however, she vacillated. It was so laughable, yet it made her feel so helpless. She was used to dealing with things that had some logic in them. It exasperated her.

Returning to the bedside she got down and put her lips to his ear.

"If ever you say that again about my such a thing as kissing that or any other man, I'll spank you. I'll take

down your panties and spank you with the hairbrush, hard; you hear?"

Then she went to their room. The lamp was turned low. Her husband was in bed, asleep.

Well, he'd had a hard day, this traveling. He'd had a hard week.

She undressed and blew out the light, and, going to the window, stood there a while. The moon was up, sailing in a cloudless sky; under it the farm lay, sloping away; gently swelling smooth fields in the pale light, like pale breasts on the mountain, against the black hem of the woods below.

Her thoughts were in two layers. In the top layer there were these: now they've come home we can get the manure started out on the west plowing and we can decide if we'll change it to rye; we can weed out the pullets, and we can get to work and ditch the waste piece before it freezes.

In the bottom layer, the buried one, was this: They are not part of it, as I am; I am part of it and it is part of me. The deep reason for her being, the long, habitual, fruitful identity with the soil and its creatures, filled her unconscious thoughts. Who, to this dark Amazonian tenant of her soul, were those two men of whom she was a little awed; those two who went away and had a time, and left her alone at last with the autumnal land, at rest after the summer's travail, at peace for a little while? They owned the farm. Yes, but it was hers. . . .

What she was thinking as she crept under the blankets beside the sleeper was: "I wonder what color aprons they were." . . .

The men were cutting out brush in the waste piece, preparatory to ditching. It was the day which last night had presaged—perfect autumn, chill in the shadows, glassy clear. The mountain stood solid and separate; the sky, no longer weighing on the horizons, showed itself detached and whole, going on around. Beast and fowl made themselves heard, sounds reiterant, monotonous

and good, bawling of young cattle, ruffle and cut-cut of hens, pigs grunting, and Frankie marching to his harmonica, a suck and a blow, a suck and a blow, soul-satisfying, around the barn, around the orchard, around the sheds.

"Mama, kin I go down see Ray yet?"

"Not yet, you'll be in the way; run try and find Speck's nest."

Another circuit. "Mama, kin I go yet?"

"Not yet."

Even the apples Addie was sorting seemed to fall in with the cosmic rhythm: a cider, a cider, a cider, an eating, a pie. Under her breath, inattentively, she hummed fragments of old tunes. "*I thought it was a kiss, but it was just an idle dream.*" For her and for the farm it was the beginning of another year.

Clear reddening sunlight. Cut-cut! Moo-ugh! A loudening harmonica.

"Mama, kin I go down see Ray yet?"

"Yes, pester you, run along; I'll be down in a second for the cows."

Joslin was just coming up as she entered the lane, an axe over his shoulder and his one remaining forelock plastered on his brow. He was a lean wiry man, a hard worker, as faithful a worker as there was.

"Where's Ray?" she asked. He told her Ray was coming along. "Stopped a minute to set down. Trot Frankie. Hurry him up and hurry up them cows."

Crossing the upper pasture she heard music. It came from the brush in the corner of the waste piece, and it was "The Sidewalks of New York." In the midst of it there arose a disturbance. Howls. Yowls of young rage. Words exchanged, high, low, unintelligible at that distance. Addie halted in the bare field. She felt distracted. It was that sudden rent in the fabric of the day; the break in the smooth great throb of all creation.

She fingered her cheeks. "I'll show 'em!" She started that way. Before she had gone far the squabble had

quieted and her older son, pushing out of the thicket, climbed over the fence twenty yards away. At sight of her he fetched up, his head ducked a little and his mouth half open.

"Where's your brother?" she demanded with a hint of sharpness.

No answer. Ray looked queer. He looked fascinated, embarrassed, and sullen, and his face was turning a mottled red. He was large for his age and hardly knew how to handle himself.

Addie's feeling of distraction deepened.

"What's ailing you? Why don't you answer me?"

Ray closed his mouth, opened it, closed it again. Turning at right angles he started walking heavily and swiftly.

Frankie had appeared now, harmonica in hand. He too stopped short at sight of his mother. Then with a gulp of terror he scuttled back through the fence. She called after him into the brush: "Frankie, you come straight here!" The whole thing shamed and scared her in an unaccountable way; there was nothing to get hold of, no beginning, no why, no wherefore.

Lowering her eyes and pretending to think of something more important than naughty children, she turned back toward the lower lane. At the bars she couldn't help peeping. On the stony profile of the pasture Ray had stopped to watch her, a hulking, sulking silhouette; Frankie, sneaking out of the waste piece farther down, was scuttling up the hill to join him.

But why? But why?

As she brought the cows up in the gathering dusk her feet felt heavy. Nothing any longer kept time; the animals' hoofs clattered on the stones till the wooden jangle got on her nerves and she picked up a stick and drove them.

"Frankie wouldn't come to me; he ran went with Ray. Why? Why?"

She tried to throw it off at supper, talking more than her habit and laugh-

ing at nothing, so that Joslin began to study her, a little puzzled. But it wouldn't work. Ray wouldn't look at her. Chewing to himself he kept his eyes on his plate, his face sallow and dark red by turns. And Frankie lay as low as a mouse in a corner, an uneasy good little boy.

After his dessert Ray went upstairs. When his father had gone to the barn he came down in his serge suit and began hunting for his hat. Addie stood watching him. For the first time in her life she wanted to scream.

"Where you aiming to go to?"

He had his hat in his hand and the door open, his back to her.

"Down to the store, see some life; that's where I'm going to."

"Did your Pa say so?"

"What diff's that make to me?"

He spit out on the stoop. Then as though that act had fortified him: "What the hell's it to me? If he says anything you can fight it out with him; it's up to you, see? It's up to you!"

Was he turning crazy? Was the boy sick? When Addie tried to get her mind to think she began to grow frightened. Frightened of what?

She went at her dishes. Joslin came in by and by.

"Was that Ray I see going out? Where's he think he's going to?"

"Well, I wanted a spool of cotton down to the store."

"Cotton! Cotton, eh? And him having to be up and down at four!"

Where was Frankie? Addie went upstairs. She found the boy in bed. Gone of his own accord, undressed without a whine, and fast asleep. When she had been standing there a moment she saw he wasn't asleep at all.

"Please, please," he wailed of a sudden, "please don' spank me wuth no hairbrush!" He pulled the sheet over his head. "I never said ut, honest; I never tol' Ray ut; I never says you kissed 'at man; I never, I never!"

He screeched. But she was only sitting down, weak as water.

So that was the secret. She felt like laughing. Poor Ray! Poor mixed-up fellow, hurt and scared and scandalized! No wonder! Yet what a relief it was to know the why and the wherefore!

She couldn't spank the child; that was too much to ask of her. Giving him a pat and a tuck she returned to the kitchen to wait for Ray. She could almost see his face when she should tell him.

She sat with her hands in her lap and waited. Half hypnotized by the still flame of the lamp she thought and thought. She remembered Ray as a baby; then as a little boy of Frankie's age following her around; then his going away with his father last year on the trip. She hadn't realized till now that from that trip he had never come back. Nor ever would. She remembered him standing there to-night, spitting out, then swearing in a new angry audacious bass. She began again to have that feeling of helplessness. Little by little it crept and claimed her; why, she couldn't say.

Ray was in and had the door closed before she saw him. Studying his narrowed, bloodshot eyes she got up with a sudden misgiving.

"Come here, le'me smell your breath; you gone and been to Hearn's."

He rubbed a sleeve over his mouth and made for the stairs.

"Ray! Wait!"

Oh, she had never been afraid of anything—of tramps, of bulls, not even of death. But it was this helplessness.

"Wait!" she cried in her deep panic. "You listen to me, I know what's ailing you, don't you think I don't!"

He paused on the stair, glowering back. "I betcha."

"Well, you been listening to your brother, I know that, and I know just precisely what he's been feeding you."

"I betcha do." He went on upstairs and slammed his door.

Well, he wasn't himself. Addie sat down on the nearest chair.

Well, she would tell him in the morning.

She didn't tell him in the morning. How to bring it up; how to begin? She was so slow. Nor in the afternoon. She began to find she couldn't get near him except when his father was there. Well, why not with his father there? She was so confused, so helpless about it—so worn out by it—well, why rake Joslin in?

Time grew. It grew from hours to days. Five of them.

"What's ailing Ray?" her husband asked her. "He eats light and he goes around like he's swallowed a pill. Suppose he's coming down with something?"

If only she could have said then, matter-of-fact: "Well, he's got it into his head from something his brother said that a man that was here while you were away, that I kissed him —" But just there something in her rebelled.

"I don't know," was all she could say.

Another time: "I'm getting uneasy about that boy. Couple times to-day I caught him looking like he wanted to murder somebody. What's ailing him?"

"I don't know."

That was true. What did she know any longer about that brooding fellow, that averter and avoider, stranger than the strangest stranger? What did she know about anything? It used to be you plant a seed and reap a crop; you commit a crime and go to prison. Now she had done nothing, yet here she stood from day to day and held her breath. Every time Ray looked at his father, every time Frankie so much as passed his father, blowing that infernal toy, she held her breath.

Yet after all it wasn't to come directly from either Frankie or Ray.

Addie was sorting the last of the apples one afternoon. Joslin had been to the store. She heard the car return and a moment later he came into the shed. He sat down and began to eat an apple, a thing he never did; after a bite or so he threw it on the ground

and rushed out, only to return, his face contorted and his eyes narrowed. He stood with arms folded.

"Wife, what's all this talk I hear down to the Crossing?"

"Who?"

"I want you should tell me what you got to tell me, plain out."

His voice was obstructed. He spoke slowly, evidently determined to get to the bottom of this thing in a cold-blooded, judicial way. It was worse than any rage. It took all Addie's wits out of her.

"Wh-why, I don't know wh-wh-what—wh-wh-what talk?"

All right. He had done his part, given her her chance, fulfilled his obligations as a reasoning man. Let unreason have its way.

"Who was he? You tell me that, or goll-damn it!" Then he gave her no time. Pointing a fist at her he lifted his lip, showing the points of his teeth. "I want you to tell me, wife; how long was he here with you, on my farm?" All of his teeth became visible, brown at the bases. "I want you to tell me; what else did you give him besides your kisses?"

Addie wouldn't have known him; he wouldn't have known himself. Wheeling, he walked out of the shed and around the corner of the barn.

No one could blame him. It's terrible enough to ferret such things out in the home: but to get the first inkling at second-hand outside—common property, common gossip bandied over a counter or around a stove!

Addie nailed up the last box of the "Selected." She walked across the yard. Frankie came out of the kitchen door with doughnut crumbs on his cheek and, seeing her, began to play furiously on his rusting instrument. She took it and threw it on the steps and stamped on it. The child opened his mouth; presently the howl came out. Still knowing as little what she did, Addie grabbed him, sat down, held him in her lap, and patted his arm.

"There, there; but now see what you gone and done."

Ray came across the yard. She turned her voice on him.

"Now see what you done. Hearkening to foolishness; running to the store and gabbing lies. Now see what you gone and done."

"What I done!" Ray sunk his head between his shoulders. "I done! That's a good one, that is." He spit to his left and went on in.

The first half of supper passed in silence; it took all that time for Addie to get her words in order. She got up and stood by the sink.

"Listen, the whole lot of you's just going on something Frankie took into his head, and I should think it had come to a pass when you'll swallow for gospel what a baby his age says, and won't even hark to a grown woman you've lived with going on nineteen year."

Joslin raised his eyes for the first time. He looked lined and gray.

"That just the damn part of it. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklin's". He leaned heavily on his elbows and drummed with a knife. "For instance; if I and Frankie there, we'd been to town, and you was to ask me who I'd seen, and I says nobody, and he was to chirp in, 'Oh, no, papa, I guess you're forgetting that woman in the red hat you followed out back of the church shed and put your arm around her'—which 'd you take for the gospel, Addie?"

Addie turned and screamed at Frankie: "Tell 'em the truth! Tell 'em everything happened! Go on tell 'em every last thing you seen!"

Joslin pointed the knife. "Yes, Frankie, now, everything. Mind now, *everything*! Or else, you know, you could go be put in prison."

The child looked at this mother, then at his father, then at his brother; and his brother too was scowling at him in the same silent, awful way. He began to quaver: "I don' want 'at ol' mouf-organ—I never—I never—" and then

he was under the table in a heap of fright and woe.

Joslin looked at his plate. He pushed it away from him and got up.

"It tastes dirty." He took his hat and went out. Ray followed.

If Addie could have seen anything she might have been able to see red. But for a while she saw nothing. She stood at the window that night looking out; there was no moon and the stars were clouded and she couldn't even see the farm. Joslin's farm. "How long was he here with you, on *my* farm?" Was the reason she couldn't see it from the window that, in the super-human violence of his anger, he had torn it up and taken it away?

Her mind had been knocked down; it lay stunned and subservient to the beliefs of others. What was this sin she had committed? How had she, Addie Shoemaker, ever come to do it?

Addie Shoemaker! As she crept in between the blankets, chill with emptiness, the one thing she knew was nostalgia. The house had grown frightening in its silence, hung there over the mountain void from which the farm had been torn away in a shamed man's wrath. If she could only have heard Mama Shoemaker's voice downstairs, reading the *Sentinel*, or Papa Shoemaker's horses stamping in the livery stable out back.

Joslin slept with his son. Addie, coming down half-drugged with a snatch of sleep, found they had got their own breakfast and were gone about their business. She heard their axes across in the waste piece when she took the cows down.

The forenoon grew. With each hour that passed she sank deeper and deeper into the lethargy of the lost. Habit worked her hands. She got a good dinner—home sausage, mashed potatoes, stewed tomatoes, squash pie, baking-powder biscuit last. It was ready to the minute. She let Frankie ring the bell.

Ray was in the yard but he didn't

come. Then she remembered Joslin had gone off in the car at eleven. He was returning just now. They came in together, the father carrying two paper bags and a can.

"Well, dinner's on." She fastened Frankie's bib and sat down.

The men went to the sink. Joslin opened his can of pork and beans. In one bag there were crackers, in the other cup-cakes. Standing there by the drain-board they made their meal.

Addie sat and stared. There was something about this act that took away what little she had left of her powers. Her husband's face fascinated her. Under its stubble the skin looked hot and dry. But never a word.

Ray wasn't the man his father was. His mouth full of cracker paste, he couldn't keep his eyes from slipping to the fleshpots on the table. Caught by his mother he reddened and lost his poise. "Taste dirty, 'twould."

His father gave him a look to slay him. "Hush your mouth!"

Then Joslin hushed his own; he stopped chewing. He stared at the pump. He had suddenly envisioned the years to come. His mouth still full, he went outdoors, to return presently with a peach-butter can he had found in the dump. Bringing from the pantry a jar of concentrated lye he emptied it into the can, which he then proceeded to fill from the pump. All his movements were deliberate. He turned to his wife.

"See this? This is lye-water. Well, if so be you want to go on cooking for this family, come wash your hands."

"Come—what?"

"Come wash your hands."

Addie didn't "see red," she saw white. Where the other blow had stunned her mind, this cleared it. Clear as zero ice. Her voice sounded flat.

"You say you want I should wash my hands in that?"

Joslin inclined his head. Her eyes left his and played over the table, resting for a moment on the heavy castor, for another on the broad blade of the meat-

knife. Strange, rushing impulses. Fearful speculations. Lusts.

She heard her husband's voice: "Here 'tis; I'll leave it here."

"You can leave it there till hell freezes over."

Frankie gasped at the word. Joslin went to the door. "If it takes that long, so be it, wife."

When he and Ray were gone she got Frankie from his chair. She couldn't keep her hands from shaking. She pushed him out of the door, away from her. "Go with 'em! Catch 'em! Stay with 'em! Play down there!"

She put the knife away in the drawer. Then she scraped the untouched plates, carried the food out to the sows, and watched them swill it.

She went to her room and lay down. She remained there staring at the ceiling till she was exhausted with the muscular strain of rigidity, then she got up and prepared supper. She worked all around the peach-butter can but did not disturb it. She set the table with cold meat, potato chips, pickled beets, raspberry sauce, cookies, pie, doughnuts, cheese, and put the kettle on for tea. Into the kettle she stuck her thumb.

Frankie was eating all alone when she came in after milking and the others had gone to the store. She took all the food to the sows, put Frankie to bed, and went to bed herself after bolting the door. Once in the night a terrible loneliness came over her. She went on tiptoe and got Frankie. Almost as soon as she had him in bed, however, she began to shake all over again with the murderous license of her thoughts, and returned him to his room. When she awoke in the morning it was broad day. What matter?

So it went.

Hitherto, even when the men were away she had been surrounded by, and one with, the multitudinous life of the farm: the fields, the stock, the child. But now she felt so queerly about Frankie that she grew afraid; and as for the farm, she hated it. It *was* Joslin's

farm; it had been his before she came; it believed what he believed and looked at her askance with its hundred kinds of eyes as she went up and down—the foolish town girl, the wicked one.

She was alone on the farm. She hadn't had time yet to think of the outside world. One afternoon, however, two separate parties of her friends drove that way along the road. They didn't stop at the gate, only slowed down, necks craned and eyes slanting back at the house in morbid fascination.

And that evening at dusk when she went for the cows there were three men at the bottom of the pasture. They climbed in as she approached and when she would have turned back and avoided them, one took hold of her arm. Though it wasn't cold they had on overcoats with collars turned up, and their hats pulled down, so she could make nothing of their faces.

It was so fantastic she wasn't actually frightened. When the first one spoke, she said: "You're Albert Pease, from Lower Falls."

"You're mistaken," he growled. "We're more-less strangers this side of the county. But we know Joslin by reputation; we know what he's done with this farm; we know what he stands for in this community; and there's times outsiders can do more'n neighbors can. What we want to say is, this here's always been a God-fearing, law-abiding community, and it ain't going to begin winking at goings-on behind husbands' backs at this late date, nor at homes going to rack and ruin and men interfered with in raising this nation's crops, by no stubborn, unholy, un-Christian goings-on."

The second man broke in. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

The third: "Get along in the home, or get out of it."

When they let her go and went back toward the fence she looked about in a sort of daze. There was a chunk of rock near her feet; picking it up she threw it. It struck one man in the small of the

back. With the shock and hurt of it he wheeled and started for her, fists clenched, but the others caught him, expostulating in whispers. He puffed at her: "You—you—we'll get you yet, you—" But then one got a hand over his mouth.

She left the cows and ran home. With every step it grew darker and the footing steeper; her chest ached with the bursting of her lungs. When she came into the kitchen her face was red, her lips white, her hair in strings; she looked drunk; she had it in her mind to scream, scream, scream, and nothing more. Then she didn't. Flopping down on the nearest chair she surveyed the room. Of the supper she had left on the table not even Frankie's portion was touched, and the boy himself hid in shadow halfway up the stairs. Joslin sat against the farther wall with his hands in his lap and his best coat on over his overalls. Ray wore his too, and sat with his hands folded. And in a third chair, with his hands folded, sat the minister.

Addie had never been so embarrassed. She tried to stop panting and she couldn't; her face flamed; she dropped her eyes to the table-legs.

"How d'you do," she mumbled. "please to see you."

"I'm pleased to see you, Sister Joslin, I'm sure. As I was saying" . . .

He was a hard-working fellow, their minister, a lean man on a meager living, a little worried head and a big worried heart.

"As I was saying to Brother Joslin, I just dropped in going by. I often drop in on one or another of my people's homes, just simply without any fuss to kneel down in the family circle for a minute and talk with God, as you'd talk with your neighbor. It seems to me there's no prayer in any great tabernacle with stained glass and gilded steeple so helpful, so curative, nor so acceptable to our Father in Heaven as that." He got up suddenly and straightened his vest. "Might we pray?"

Addie couldn't budge; something held her. Tears burned her eyes. She choked: "I never done a thing—it's all lies, I keep telling you, telling you!" The minister's hand fell on her shoulder, firm and kindly.

"You and God know the truth of that, Sister, surely. But anyway, what about just talking it over with God? That's never harmed a living soul since the world was made. . . . Well, men?" He looked at the others who, appearing sober, impressed, and scared, got down with him by their chairs.

Still Addie couldn't budge. The minister popped up again, darted at the stairs and, catching Frankie with a reassuring chuckle, brought him down and planted him on petrified knees with his elbows in his mother's lap. Then he got back to his place and began: "Oh, God, our Heavenly Father" . . .

Those backs! It was too queer and too awful. Freeing Frankie's elbows she slid to the floor. She didn't kneel, just hunkered there, her arm on the chair-seat. The good man's voice, husky with the habit of supplication, filled the room with its immemorial sedative phrases. From beyond it, beyond the walls, came the supplication of the unmilked cows, lowing at the bars. Addie's muscles slackened. Under the influence of the harmonious repetitions her thoughts slackened too, lost focus, and became a hodgepodge.

"In Thine infinite mercy". . . "Moo-ugh! Moo-ugh!" . . . "goings-on behind husbands' backs". . . "Moo-ugh!" . . . "Vouchsafe that whichever of us is in darkness". . . The lamp was smoking. . . . The kettle was singing. . . . Somebody was sobbing. . . . "Moo-ugh" . . . She had hit him with a chunk of rock. Good! . . . "Father be good to us, we little children that don't know their A-B-C's. Teach us, Oh, Great Teacher". . . Somebody was sobbing. . .

Addie lifted her head. Something had happened. What had happened was that a spirit had come into the room. The minister had forgotten in his wor-

riment what he was doing; forgotten his calling, forgotten his husk; his voice had grown strident, insistent: "God, let's wipe it clean; let's look each other in the eye and see the truth and tell it and have the dirty business over with and begin all new again. There, that's right, that's right."

It was Ray sobbing. Frankie blubbered. Addie put her hand on his head. Little Frankie, little baby! And all of them! All gathered around the table again discussing the fields, the smiling fields, the fattening stock. All straight in the loving light of God again; all new. "Amen."

They got up, all new. Joslin blew his nose. How worn to the bone he looked. It was funny to see his face wet with tears. He walked to the sink, still blowing his nose. He looked at the peach-butter can, still there, still full. Was he going, was he going, Oh, Glory, was he going to dump it out?

"There, yes brother, vengeance is mine saith the Lord, there, there. . . ."

"Mooo-ugh . . . Mooo-ugh." . . .

Joslin didn't dump it. Before they knew what he was about, there went both his own hands into it, right down to the coat-cuffs.

"There's for anything I may've done ever," he whistled through his teeth as he withdrew the hands, gray with the caustic that dripped on the linoleum. "Son," he said, turning to Ray, "if so be you got anything——"

The overgrown boy had been through an overgrown hell these weeks. His diaphragm collapsed; he too ducked his hands to the cuffs; he too stood with them streaming. What deliverance! What brightness! Supper to-night!

And Addie was thinking, her eyes blind with water: "Supper to-night!" "Well, wife?"

Through the blur she saw them watching, waiting. Their eyes went to the peach-butter can and came back to her again. Well, Ma? Well, wife?

While she stood there trying to fathom it the minister came softly and,

taking one of Frankie's hands, curled its fingers around her thumb.

"A little child shall lead them."

"*Not on your life!*"

For an instant after that their faces looked so blank it was comic. Then the heavenly bubble that filled the room was shattered and the air was thick.

"You won't, won't you!" Joslin spread his smarting hands on the table. Ray bawled: "You double-crosser, you!" And Joslin again: "*You won't, eh?*"

"*Not till hell freezes over, I won't!*"

Before the distracted arm of the minister could catch her she had the door opened, and slammed again behind her as she ran.

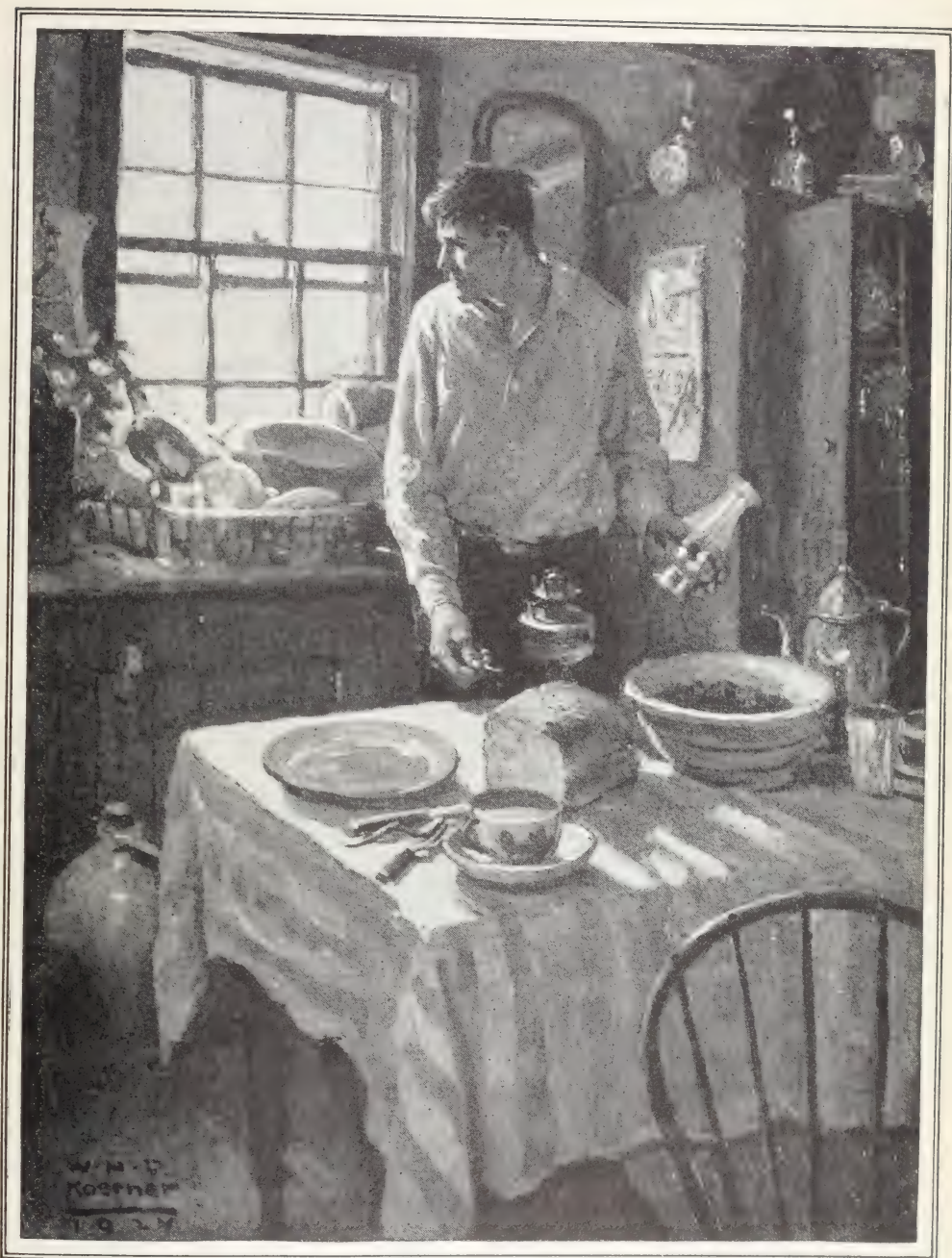
She stood panting in the middle of the yard, her knees half bent. A crescent moon in the west threw a phantom light across the world. She saw the white faces of the cows all staring at her across the bars at the lane, their black mouths all gaping at her. "Mooo-ugh!"

Turning, she fled around the corner of the house and down the path and out the gate and down the road that led to the valley of the Twinskill where she was born. . . .

Winter came and covered the mountain. In the short days the sun shone and there were occasional sounds. The long nights were silent. For a while in the early evening there was a light in the farmhouse on the ridge, but by eight it was gone. In the town of Twinshead, miles away but distinct in the bodiless air, lights burned in clusters till nine and ten and eleven.

November, December, January, February, March.

In late March a snow flurry met a cross wind and fell as rain. Another week and the gulleys were running water. Around the rags of drifts the earth seemed visibly to puff up, re-awakened and wishful. One evening when Ray had got a mock of supper huddled together on the table and was about to light the lamp, he looked and blew out the match instead a shaft of



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

RAY HAD GOT A MOCK OF SUPPER HUDDLED TOGETHER ON THE TABLE

pale magenta standing in at the windows from the west was enough to eat by. Spring had come.

With the coming of spring and the prying of light, the ravages of winter began to show themselves—to the eye, the nose, the cheated palate; even to the ear. When the beasts began to bawl. Frankie, who had been stupid all through the cold like any little animal that hibernates, began too. First to snuffle and then eternally, causelessly, to wail. Threats did no good.

His wailing wasn't the worst. He began to talk about his mother.

"When's my Mama coming home?"

"Hush your face and eat your supper."

"When's my Mama coming home?"

When nothing else served they sent him to bed. But next night as soon as it darkened he was at it again: "When's my Mama coming home?"

His father was a man; he could set his face like frozen leather and sit quiet behind it. But Ray couldn't. His nerves set him on the child.

"Your Mama? You ain't got no Mama, didn't you know that?"

"Ray," said his father, "eat! Think we want to be up all night?"

"Nothing I'd like better." Ray hulked over his plate for a few mouthfuls. But his nerves only got worse. An embittered restlessness pushed him to bravado. "Nothing I'd like better'n staying up all night once. I betcha one thing; I betcha Ma ain't going to bed no half-past seven or eight these nights in Twinshead. Huh-huh! Not Ma."

It kept at him. Doing the dishes later he resumed the attack.

"Not her, no sir! She knows when she's well off, I warrant you. Seeing everybody, tending shop for Aunt Hattie in the hat store, hearing everything going. And Aunt Hattie gives parties, too. Know what I heard to the store? Aunt Hattie give one party that Uncle Albert had every car from his garage lining the sidewalk to take the folks home. Don't you forget it, Pa!"

His father was reading the *Sentinel*.

"I won't forget it," he said in a steady careful voice. "if *you will*."

Forget it! Ray had planted the wind in his own soul: the whirlwind had him. Parties and cars, bright lights and goings-on. He couldn't sleep for thinking of them; all next morning was wishful bitterness. Springtime! It was he that ought to be out with the fellows and girls, and looking well, instead of penned in this makeshift life of two-legged pigs. With the afternoon a wild and weakling resolve took form. Well, he didn't care.

He got away; ran away, he didn't care. He went down to the store at the Crossing where there was a telephone booth. He got his aunt's house. His mother was at the hat store. He got the hat store. He didn't care.

"Ma, it's Ray. Ma, you having a good time?"

"Oh, Ray—yes, Ray; how are you, and how's Frankie?"

"He's all right. Ma, you having a nice time down there?"

"How's everything? How's the hay holding out? How's the cows, and have any of 'em come in yet? How are the hens for eggs?"

"All right, yes, O.K.; but you wouldn't fancy it up here, the good time you're having."

"Your Pa still got the lye-can waiting?"

"Ma, listen here, I'll dump it. I will! I will!"

"Your Pa wouldn't like that."

"I'm bigger'n Pa, Ma. I'm stouter'n Pa."

"Where's the use? Maybe you might see me dropping in, though."

"Ma! No! No, honest, Ma! Say, Ma—"

"Maybe it might be soon. Soon's to-night, maybe."

Ray got home breathless, praying his father hadn't yet come in. Luck was with him. For the last time he pawed together the leavings of things for their evening meal. The last time. Last time.

Frankie was at it again. "When's my Mama coming home?"

Ray paled. "Didn't I tell you you hadn't got no Mama?" His breathlessness wouldn't go. He made a saving to-do of getting his brother to bed, pulling the soiled blankets over him for the last time, for the last time.

His father was reading the *Sentinel*; he had read it seven times through in seven nights. Ray didn't wait to be told, he went at the dishes with a clatter. Puddling in the pan, he hadn't a thing in his mind but one—and that was as big as a mountain. A mountain at his elbow. There it stood, the peach-butter can, still in the same ring of dried slosh on the drain board, still full, each week's loss by evaporation made good with a dipper from the pump, as sure as church.

Hurry! Time was passing; no time to lose. At last he touched it with an accidental thumb. But not yet. He felt blown up like a Fair balloon.

"Pa," he tried at last, his face hot red, "this here can of slop here, it smells. How long we going to keep it, for Goll sake?"

Joslin turned a page and coughed. His bald spot looked sweaty but his voice was dry. "You heard her say herself. Till hell freezes over."

Time was passing. Ray thought once he heard a car in the distance. He looked at his father over his shoulder. "I'm bigger'n him, and stouter."

It was true, and he had never realized it till to-day. His father there was an old man. An old man with stooped shoulders and only a few hairs left, and they white, all in a season. A big bluff. He cleared his throat.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do; I'm going to dump it."

He laid hands on the sacred can. Then he let go, wheeled, and swallowed.

His father was halfway across the floor. He stopped with his feet wide apart and his jaw out. He began swearing in a low voice, words Ray had never heard. His veins stood out on his temples and his eyes looked crazy. Where

was Ray's bulk and muscle now? He hadn't figured on this. He hadn't seen what his father looked like till to-day; he hadn't seen what his father *was* till now. He went around the other way of the table, wiping his hands on his pants, and sat down; and still he couldn't get away from those crazy eyes or from that low-toned, almost whispering voice.

"You meal-mouthed sissy; you son of something—no son of mine; you white-gutted skunk; you—you—"

At the full of it the door had opened and Addie stood there in it, a suitcase in either hand.

"Well?" she said.

In the silence, in the dark of the yard there was the sound of an engine and a crackle of frosted mud as tires backed, turned, and gathered way, and at the last a dying hail: "So-long, good-by."

"Well?" She set the suitcases down, closed the door, and faced them.

Ray sat there like a lump. He hadn't emptied the can; what could he do or say? Then there came a new dread. If she were to let anything out; if ever his father were to know about that telephone! He sat up. He tried to wink. He began to stammer, "How'd you c-c-come, Ma? If you'd 've told me I could 've dr-dr-drove down."

"Oh, no bother about that. A friend kindly offered to bring me up. Mr. Hedge, a gentleman that works for your Uncle Albert in the garage, he was so good as to drive me up. He's been very good to me this winter, Mr. Hedge has."

She returned her eyes to the wooden image of Joslin.

"Well?"

She looked so queer. So strange. She had on a nice dress that fitted her, a nice hat, and brown kid gloves which she began now to pull off, her hands looking white under them as they appeared. She seemed to have lost some flesh but she had good color, high color, and her eyes were bright.

"Well?" she said for the fourth time. "Where's Frankie, in bed? I brought

him a present; isn't it pretty?" She had it out in her hand, a bright, brand-new harmonica. "I hope he'll like it and be satisfied."

Joslin stirred. He ran a sleeve over his mouth and backed away two or three stiff steps till he stood by the drainboard. His eyes still looked crazy and his voice was still low, almost a whisper.

"Well, you keep on saying 'Well?' Well what? Has hell froze over?"

"Oh, yes. Oh, long ago."

If there was anything on her face it was like a smile.

"Well, wife?"

"Oh, yes." She walked to the drainboard and, laying her gloves and the harmonica among the dishes, she dipped her hands into the lye, then drew them out and held them away to dribble on the floor. A spot of pink lay on either cheek-bone and her eyes were as shiny as dry diamonds.

"Now," she said in a queer light voice, "I hope we're all satisfied."

It was too sudden for Joslin and too complete; the strain of being adamant when he was only flesh-and-blood had been too long. All he could do was blow his nose and mumble: "There, Addie my girl, good girl. . . ."

Ray went to pieces too. With him it was all the winter's bitterness. His face down in his hands, he cried: "Aw, if you was going to do it, why for Goll sake couldn't you've done it last fall and had it done with, Ma?"

Addie had a slow brain. She stared at happy Joslin, then at Ray.

"Why couldn't I—" She stopped there. A slow brain, but it arrived.

Another moment and the room was filled with a soft sound of laughter.

She left them and went upstairs. She passed into Frankie's room and stood looking down at him in the little moonlight from the window.

The thought came to her: "You'd say I ought to kneel down." But she didn't; she sat on the bed's edge. "I oughtn't to give him this, or at least I should think I'd think I oughtn't." But she slid the new harmonica under his pillow. "I'd always have supposed I'd have cried for shame." She bent and kissed his hair and went to her own room.

She stood at the window gazing out. Under the moon the farm sloped away, gently swelling smooth fields like pale breasts on the mountain against the black hem of the woods below.

The thought that came to her in the top layer was: We'll sow it in rye this year; I like the green of rye growing; the oats can go in the waste piece. But that's so, there isn't any waste piece any more.

In the bottom layer of her thoughts was this: I'll make it yield because it belongs to me; it's part of me—the land, the stock, the men. But I'm not part of it. I'm not its property; I'm my own. I can go have a time in town with George and them, or I can stay here. And because I want to stay here, I'll stay, and I'll make it yield.

"How 'd you like some buckwheat cakes to go to bed on?" she called down presently from the top of the stairs. . . .

A FATHER OF THE REVOLUTION

Portrait of the Amiable Lord North

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

THERE is a sadness about statues. One commends it to those sensitive observers who distill their finer feelings from the aspect of old buildings, from bare trees seen against evening skies, from the slow lunging flight of swans across still Irish lakes. They might do worse sometimes than spare attention for the depressing qualities of statues. Some, perhaps, are sadder than others. Statues in gardens have a neglected air which makes an irresistible appeal.

Memorial sculpture on consecrated ground has, possibly, an unfair advantage. But saddest of all are those strange effigies of public men with which all civilized communities love to punctuate their open spaces. They dispense a melancholy which challenges and baffles analysis. Perhaps it comes from the sad fact that their originals are almost always dead. For the statuary is never far removed from the monumental mason. Or it may derive from their appealing stillness in the midst of movement. They stand, those mournful watchers of the traffic, so motionless in their rigid draperies. Strangers disagree about their identity; birds alight upon them; shifting tides flow round their pedestals. The hand is half-raised in its eternal gesture; the blank eyes look down beneath the marble hair, through which no wind can blow; and the dismal effigy rides its spirited horse in a perpetual attitude of immobile triumph. One sometimes wonders that few passers stop to weep at the sad spectacle. For there is nothing frivolous about a statue: sculpture is, perhaps, the only art which has no humor.

But there is possibly a deeper reason for the sadness of statues. The sites for these depressing objects are selected with an exquisite perversity; and almost invariably they are erected in the wrong place. Statesmen at crossroads may have a vague significance. But soldiers should not prance in palpably civilian streets; economists are out of place in gardens; and there is a positive discourtesy in placing royal persons just outside exclusive clubs. This ineptitude is not confined to the blunder which erects statues in the wrong quarter of the town. For quite often they are in the wrong country, too. Thus Lord Beaconsfield, whose main achievement was the preservation of the Turkish Empire, broods in bronze above the traffic in Parliament Square; while his effigy is almost unknown at Angora, and even in Constantinople that stately silhouette is strangely unfamiliar. Columbus, by the same wild inconsequence, adorns a quay-side at Genoa where a grateful Italy repays in bronze the debts of America; and Mr. Gladstone, whom thankful Greeks might have crowned with olive, confronts the indifferent Strand. A well-meaning committee, which ministers patiently to the exquisite misunderstanding of two continents, has even deepened the confusion by erecting in the ungrateful heart of London memorials to two benefactors of the United States. For one may venerate the work of Washington and Lincoln without desiring to see it so irrelevantly commemorated in the capital which one injured deeply and the other never affected in the least.

The place of statues is dictated too

often by the accident of birth or the far stranger hazard of a subscription list, too rarely by the truer test of a man's real achievement. His image, if we must have it, should stand where he leaves benefits behind him. The place for Napoleon is far less in France, which he helped to weaken, than in the grateful squares of Germany and Italy, which he united. That work should have earned him a throne in every *Sieges-allée*, a marble niche in every Valhalla ever hewn from the colossal quarry of German gratitude. King George III is cut of place in Cockspur street. That neat military figure, when America pays her historical debts, will ride down Broadway. For he helped, more than most men for whom the claim is made, to found the United States. A similar piety should impel every town in the Union to erect a statue of Lord North. With that monument in view these notes may serve, perhaps, as a foundation for the public appeal. A modest pedestal might proclaim that, though not strictly a Son of Liberty, he was yet a Father of the Revolution.

This embarrassed man, who was (with his sovereign and General Washington) the official architect of the Republic, was a person of family. He had an ancestor whose rare political agility enabled him successively to support Lady Jane Grey, to take office from Queen Mary, and twice to entertain Elizabeth. Another fought at Blenheim and had a sister—the marvel of her age—who “emaciated herself with study” and, becoming by these drastic means familiar with the Latin, Greek, and Oriental tongues, died of a sedentary distemper. As King Charles followed King James and King James succeeded to King Charles, the Norths married judiciously and thrived at Court, while younger sons embraced the Church, the law, and even letters. A pious North preached before Charles II at Newmarket and raised (it is to be hoped) his hearer's thoughts from that low environment. Another, fortified by

the precept that a glass of wine is the equivalent of exercise for sedentary persons, even scaled the Woolsack and, sedentary there, kept his sovereign's conscience. That aphorism was perhaps the family's chief contribution to medicine, just as its highest achievement in physical science was the discovery of the springs at Tunbridge Wells.~

This little nest of pensioners twittered happily through the first sunny years of the Eighteenth Century. The reigning North took the head of the long dining table at Wroxton; and attendant Norths admired the pictures (the Lord Keeper was extremely fine, and there was a lively portrait of Prince Henry “about twelve years old, drawing his sword to kill a stag”) or enjoyed the noble prospect of a lake which tumbled obligingly, with due regard to the laws of perspective, over “a fine cascade.” The seventh Baron served his country in the Bedchamber of Frederick, Prince of Wales. He added a library to Wroxton, built a new chapel “in a pretty Gothic taste,” and erected an obelisk in the park to his royal master *in loci amœnitatem et memoriam adventûs ejus*. Such loyalty was hardly too well rewarded when the Prince stood godfather to his companion's heir and the happy child received the name of Frederick.

Thus early was the young brow of North fanned by the breeze of royal favor. His father was assiduous as Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, rose to be Governor to his royal son, and dreamed of an earldom. The accomplished Baron (had he not built a library?) directed the studies of Prince George; and by a queer conjunction the father of Lord North played tutor for five months to George III. But the dreadful tennis-ball removed his master; he died in French and, with a corresponding elegance, there were cards in the next room. But as the busy candles moved about Carlton House his Lord of the Bedchamber was sent through the spring night to take the news along the Mall to the King. There were cards at



Frederick North, Second Earl of Guilford.

LORD NORTH

"Below the powdered regularity of dressed hair his eyes stared hard."

(From a painting by N. Dance)

the palace, too, that evening; and the sovereign, who was looking over a table, received the sad announcement with mild surprise. The little Prince became a Prince of Wales; and his noble Governor was superseded by an Earl, although Mr. Walpole thought that "there was no objection but his having a glimpse

of parts more than the new one." But he got his earldom.

So the latest North breathed an exalted air, while his father was away at Kew in waiting; and the little Frederick bore the proud burden of his royal name through the big rooms at Wroxton. There was a strange look of his Han-

overian godfather in the vague, protruding eyes; and as he aged he even seemed to carry loyalty to the odd length of reproducing his sovereign's profile. An arch whisper gave him credit for royal blood. But there was no ground for the scandal beyond the faint surviving flavor of Prince Frederick's reputation. His little godson was indeed to serve the royal House, which he so resembled.

But the boy was not yet in the King's service. His mother died; and his father, a frequent bridegroom, married two more for him. A small stepbrother shared his chicken pox; and the young mind was sent to Eton, to be formed for seven years upon that anvil of true sagacity, Latin verse. A candid tutor called him "a blundering blockhead, and if you are Prime Minister, it will always be the same"; whilst more graceful pens commended his blushing parents upon his judgment, taste, and scholarship, adding (more credibly, perhaps) that he was extremely popular. From these scholastic triumphs and the performance of a small part in Addison's *Cato* before the Prince of Wales he passed to Oxford, still whispering from her towers (so Gothic, yet so refined) the last enchantments of the Middle Age. An ornament of Trinity College, he was rewarded almost at once with a Master's degree in recognition, no doubt, of his noble birth and of that "uniform attention to the minuter points of duty," which so impressed his tutor. The course of his studies is unknown; but there, or in private reading, he acquired that graceful familiarity with stray fragments of dead languages which marked him for public life. The boy was capable and witty; although upon one occasion he wrote, with rare ineptitude, to congratulate his father on having the gout. This ill-timed felicitation earned a stern denial that gout was "a matter for congratulation when it comes to a healthy person, though it may be a great relief to a person labouring under worse distempers," together with the more suitable reflection of his suffering parent

that "the Christian religion . . . seems to be the only solid foundation for constant cheerfulness."

But Latin tags and Court connections were not his sole equipment. He trod, with rare persistence, the long road of the Grand Tour, posting industriously about Europe in pursuit of learning. He visited Leyden in search of the Law of Nations; he lay at Leipzig and was distressed by a "want of good butter"; he found an Italian master at Vienna and a ball at Milan; parties in Rome were more frequent than in Mr. Walpole's day, when he had disconsolately watched the nobility "mope in a vast palace with two miserable tapers, and two or three monsignori"; and there was still, there was always Paris. But he brought home with him something more than the usual catalogue of inns and post chaises. His French was fluent; he danced "the most graceful minuet of any young man of his day"; he could be agreeable in Italian; and he possessed the rarer accomplishment of German recitation, including within his range an invocation which began *Komm, Doris, komm*. So this cheerful young man, whose *ton* was perfect in spite of a poor appearance, came upon the town. He had a turn of wit, a fund of classical quotation, and a father. The choice of a career was plain; and at twenty-two he entered Parliament.

His rise was discreetly slow. At twenty-five he seconded the Address; at twenty-seven he got a place. He roared with agreeable impartiality for Mr. Pitt, Lord Bute, and Mr. Grenville. He vindicated the cause of order against the atrocious Wilkes. He raised what Mr. Walpole termed his *bellow* in defense of ministers; and for political principles this vociferous understrapper, whose thick voice "rumbled" like stage thunder at the Whigs, seemed to share the strange ideal of Mr. Pitt and his sovereign. For both men (and with them Lord North) believed that England should be governed by national ministers, uncontrolled by faction. That belief, which was challenged by the stricter

Whigs, united the queer trio. It lighted in Mr. Pitt an unwavering faith in the non-party dictatorship of Mr. Pitt; it sent the King groping vaguely after Bolingbroke's ideal of a *Patriot King*, who should "espouse no party"; and it kept Lord North in command of an odd crew of King's Friends at the national helm, where (like the incautious Palinurus) he not infrequently slept. Thus the same road which had led to Minden and Plassey and the Heights of Abraham, ended at Yorktown and Saratoga; and North was, in many ways, the heir of Chatham. Indeed this queer political paternity was almost acknowledged when he urged an angry King in later years to increase Pitt's pension. The sage disciple kept his place while the King conducted his first experiment in national government. But when the Whigs returned in force and the blameless Rockingham made him an offer, Frederick "goggled his eyes, and groped in his money-pocket; more than half consented; nay, so much more, that when he got home he wrote an excuse to Lord Rockingham"; and so preserved the chastity of his ideal. The Whigs were tried and found even themselves wanting. Faction had failed; and Chatham marched back to place behind the national banner.

Remembering North's patriotic ideals the King offered him a minor office in a letter of tremendous courtesy. The efficiency of the King's service, the political life of his Government, and the continued happiness of Chatham appeared to depend upon Lord North's acceptance of the post of Joint Paymaster-General. He complied; and the world went on again. But the stout young man had higher prospects. His gifts were scarcely meretricious; but the House of Commons forms strange attachments, and he was undeniably liked by that queer assembly. Twelve years in Parliament had made him a sound debater. His manner, as Burke observed it—"the noble lord who spoke last, after extending his right leg a full yard before his

left, rolling his flaming eyes and moving his ponderous frame, has at length opened his mouth"—was deplorable. But an easy wit and his unfailing temper saved him; the solemn Grenville talked gravely of his "great promise and high qualifications," and even Townshend could cheerfully point out "that great, heavy, booby-looking seeming changeling" and prophesy with rare precision that "if anything should happen to me, he will succeed to my place, and very shortly after come to be First Commissioner of the Treasury." Brilliant as ever, Townshend fulfilled his own prediction; he died, and left the Treasury to North, who was promoted Chancellor of the Exchequer at thirty-five. Three years of apprenticeship remained in which he displayed once more that "uniform attention to the minuter points of duty," introduced judicious Budgets, and earned a reputation for sober qualities. But the King was growing restive as ministers became more Whiggish; and at last, on January 23, 1770, at "40 minutes past 10 a. m." he turned to North, and North accepted.

They were an odd pair, the two young men with their smooth faces and protruding eyes. Friendship and official duty had united their fathers; but the sons, with a rarer unanimity, seemed to share a single profile. Both brows, both chins receded with a common design; and below the powdered regularity of dressed hair each pair of eyes stared hard in the comic fierceness of weak sight. The King was thirty-two and knew his mind. The minister was thirty-eight and, more judicious, knew his place. For, inclined to compliance by his natural good manners, North held a doctrine which rendered his sovereign almost irresistible. Sharing Lord Chatham's queer *marotte* that party was less than country, he added a yet stranger notion of his own that the country was personified in its King. For him the voice that spoke in jerks was England's; an embodied nation showered minute

instructions upon him; and when his country issued its orders from the Queen's House at "2 min. pt. 5 p. m." and "57 min. pt. 11 a. m.," disobedience was almost treasonable. Such a minister was unlikely to defy the Crown.

Indeed, since he firmly denied the existence of his own office, it was doubtful how far he was prepared to dominate his colleagues. For his daughter remembered how "he would never allow us to call him Prime Minister, saying, there was no such thing in the British Constitution"; and he once told the House of Commons that "he did not think the constitution authorized such a character. He stood responsible as one of his Majesty's Cabinet Council, but not as that animal called a Prime Minister." Some vague duties of leadership were performed by a functionary termed "Minister of the House of Commons." But Dr. Johnson, ever avid for authority, could complain that "there is now no Prime Minister; he is only agent for Government in the House of Commons." Cabinets were intermittent; ministers rarely shared responsibility for the acts of their colleagues; and the King was steadily becoming head of his own Executive. So, in his duties as well as in himself, the new minister was hardly such stuff as Pitts are made of.

This obliging person, who managed the House of Commons with his monoele and his little jokes, brought in a reputation for "very good parts, quickness, great knowledge, and (strangest praise of all) activity." His virtues, and to a large extent his work, were those of a party Whip. He smiled; he promised places; he sometimes threatened; but he offended no one. Argument was mainly left to his Law Officers—to the terrifying play of Thurlow's eyebrows and the painfully precise articulation of Wedderburn, still striving to repress an irrepressible Scottish accent. But majorities obeyed the bland persuasive man who sat between them and seemed to sleep as dreamlessly as though the Treasury Bench had been a Chinese

summer house at Wroxton. Mr. Gibbon might quote Virgil upon the fate of Palinurus; writers of catches were mildly disrespectful about *Boreas*; and caricaturists reveled in the cosy outline of "the Badger" who (with the Fox) was their delight for a generation. But North's tellers always brought back a majority from the lobby. Political management was his art; and for four years his sovereign rarely corresponded with him upon larger topics. The ministry was engaged upon a solution of the problem of Indian government which displayed a real sense of responsibility for Indian welfare. Its Canadian policy, with toleration for French law and Catholic worship, startled the neighboring Protestants of Philadelphia into illiberal protests against its bold treatment of "a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world." But the King's frequent minutes to his minister dealt with the more immediate problems of division lists, incumbencies, Court vacancies, and Regius Professorships; until, at "46 min. pt. 6 p. m." on a winter evening in 1774, he discussed "the mode of compelling Boston to submit to whatever may be thought necessary." General Gage had used heroic language at the palace about "lyons" and "lambs"; and his delighted sovereign, flown with these lively metaphors, presented Lord North with the American question.

The prospect was uninviting. Other problems might be solved by an application of common sense. North and his colleagues had shown a real capacity for imperial matters; the India Act and the Canadian settlement were just and intelligent. For in both cases they had been free to determine policy without regard to past errors or old commitments. But America, in 1774, had a long and awkward history. Almost every group in English politics was committed by some former action to oppos-

ing the Colonial claims. Mr. Grenville had taxed; the Whigs had repealed the tax but, with unhappy pedantry, reserved the right; Mr. Townshend had taxed again. North himself at the Exchequer maintained the tea duty; and as Prime Minister he "heartily wished to repeal the whole of the law, from this conciliating principle, if there had been a possibility of repealing it without giving up that just right which I shall ever wish the mother country to possess, the right of taxing the Americans." That dismal point of law, upon which he conceived "the controuling supremacy of England" to rest, was common ground in almost every quarter of the House. Whigs, King's Friends, and Tories were equally committed to it. No Ajax could have defied that collective lightning. Even Lord Chatham, by the intermittent glare of his suburban Sinai, had desired somehow to assert "the sovereign authority of this country over the colonies"; and Mr. Burke still praised the fatal pedantry of the Declaratory Act.

Boston was out against taxation; and North's problem in 1774 was to determine the direction of British policy. But he was hardly free to choose. For his main concern was to keep a majority for the King's government; and if he wavered upon taxation he could not take ten members with him into the lobby. That factor was decisive. Nine years of tangled politics had created a permanent majority for American taxation; and North, whatever his opinions, could not defy it. The King, the Whigs, the Tories all dictated his decision; and, upon grounds within the comprehension of any party Whip, he settled the future of the Colonial Empire. So with a failing heart he resolved to break the will of Boston. Another factor must, one feels, have inclined him to the same inevitable choice. The Colonial cause had, unfortunately, become the cause of disorder. It mobbed, it tarred and feathered, it fired revenue cutters and boarded East-Indiamen at anchor. England had lived, was living through an awkward

phase of popular tumult in which the sinister grimace of Mr. Wilkes seemed to preside over a whirling Brocken of Middlesex electors. The sawyers rose; the sailors marched on Westminster; the coal heavers "robbed in companies and murdered wherever they came." Gin and torchlight flared together in the London streets; and a cool observer of the English scene in 1774 must have predicted that the mob would fire the Tower of London long before their friends in Paris ventured to storm the Bastille.

In this uneasy stir ministers were unnaturally firm. North, always steady, watched a mob break up his carriage, heard the crash of glass when the stones came through his windows, and saw his postilion reel in the saddle as a pistol shot cracked on Hounslow Heath. But the stubborn mood in which they rode out the storm was unfriendly to quiet negotiation with popular risings. Seen from three thousand miles away, Boston was not unlike the London mob. So, both in London and overseas, North and the King held firm. They turned on Boston as they had turned on Southwark; and Boston made the war.

From that point the slope dropped steeply away. In '74, when the Revolution seemed an affair of street fighting in a single town and the Boston Port Act was to save the Empire, he still hoped that "four or five frigates will do the business without any military force." In '75 he was for non-taxation, "ready to punish, but . . . nevertheless ready to forgive"; insisting only that the Americans should tax themselves, and scandalizing strict patriots by his disgraceful willingness to "treat with rebels." But the repression of Boston had done its work. The shots at Lexington deepened, after eight weeks, into a steady roll of musketry on Bunker Hill—and North had unintentionally made the United States. His conduct of the war lacked fire. His sovereign might exclaim that "blows must decide" and cheerfully announce that "every means of distressing America must meet

with my concurrence." The royal pew was full of plans and angry Admirals gathered in every corner of the House of Commons.

But the Prime Minister had little taste for strategy. With an intelligence rare among civilian statesmen in time of war, he left the war to soldiers. His distaste was deepened by a vague foreboding of the result. While the official imagination of 1777 watched Burgoyne and Clinton racing for laurels along the Hudson, North could write that a despatch "is very unpleasant and begins to make me feel rather uncomfortable"; and even before the news of Saratoga he was half inclined to "take advantage of the flourishing state of our affairs to get out of this d——d war." The flavor of defeat depressed him; his health was poor; he broke his arm in a riding accident; and money worries (since he was an honest steward of the public corruption) weighed on him. After Saratoga the French, with ostentatious chivalry, joined the winning side; the fleet was unready; the armies fumbled vaguely about New England; and North, in a final effort for peace, seemed to acknowledge independence "not *verbally* yet *virtually*." He turned, as men in danger always turned, to Chatham. But the King, who had a steadier nerve and detested unruly genius, clung with embarrassing affection to Lord North; and Chatham sat muttering at Hayes until the day when, led in by two young men, he limped on crutches to his place, made his last strangled speech, and fell gasping in the House of Lords.

The war dragged on; and North interminably tried to escape from office. But his inexorable correspondent at the Queen's House pointed to duty, appealed to friendship, alluded to desertion in the hour of danger, referred with

touching frequency to the Constitution—"the most beautiful combination that ever was framed"—and even, with rarer condescension, to the feelings of a man. "Year after year," as North said later, "I entreated to be allowed to resign, but I was not allowed." He played like an actor who dislikes his part. "I hate," he wrote, "my situation." Indeed the emotion was not surprising. Most men would have been broken by those years. Revolution in America; war with France, Spain, and Holland; a growing menace in Ireland; and a new war in India composed the picture. The soldiers failed; even the sailors were only intermittently successful. There was an alarming interlude when for four days the town was mad for "No Popery" and Lord George Gordon. The sky was red over London with the dull glare of burning houses, and strange figures crouched and ran with blue cockades and broken railings carried at the trail like pikes.

As the prospect darkened even Parliament found its voice and North's majorities began to dwindle. British defeats are the most sustaining nourishment of British Oppositions; and the Whig murmur deepened in the gathering gloom. The pack was after him. It charged "the noble Lord in the blue ribbon" with incompetence, treachery, stupidity, even (on a day when he had lost a son) corruption. But he struggled on until the news of Yorktown came and North took it "as he would have taken a ball in his breast, opening his arms and exclaiming wildly, 'O God! it is all over.'" Four months later he was out and subsided with a smile into private life, while Dr. Johnson grimly entered in his little book: "The Ministry is dissolved; I prayed with Francis and gave thanks." The Colonies were free; and North had earned his statue.

PREVENTING BUSINESS DEPRESSIONS AND BOOMS

The New Method of Scientific Planning

BY CARL SNYDER

THERE is varied evidence that long before any written history the trade routes, of Europe and Asia at least, were almost as extended as, say, in the days of Columbus and Vasco da Gama. They ranged from the Baltic to India and even beyond. But it was largely barter and in small sailboats and galleys; and a year's volume of it probably would not equal a day's movement of goods between New York and Buffalo. So vast has this trade become under the ægis of steam that even in this country alone its extent transcends the imagination.

Very recently we have attempted a measure in the only unit that will serve every variety and kind. The larger part of trade and commerce is now carried on by means of bank checks; actual cash transactions have come to count for relatively little. This year the total of bank checks drawn in this country will probably amount to close upon 600 thousand millions of dollars—600 milliards, or as we say so incorrectly, “billions.” Payments in actual money would probably run to fifteen per cent more, possibly beyond this, so that the gross total of transactions which the trade of the country involves would undoubtedly run very near to or over 700 of our “billions.” To our old friend the standard “average family” this would mean transactions to the amount of over twenty-five thousand dollars each year for every family unit.

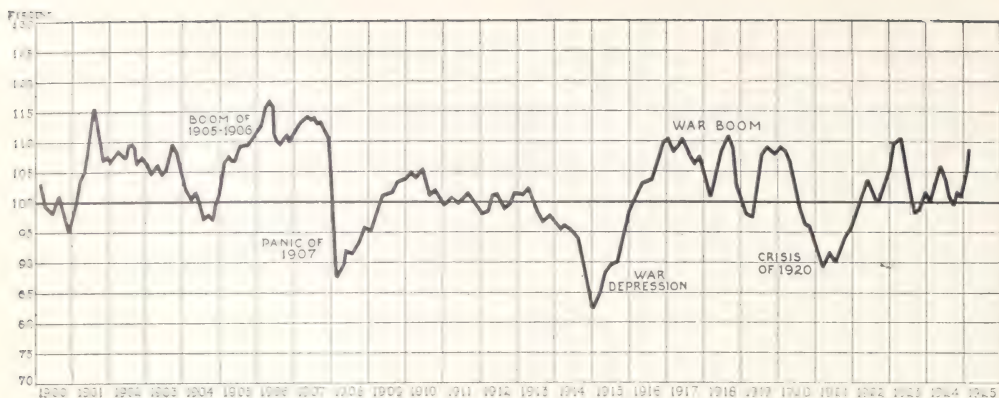
It is from this incredible volume of exchanges that our livelihood or national income is derived. This income, accord-

ing to estimates made by the National Bureau of Economic Research, now amounts to something like 60 or 70 “billions” of dollars; so that what we call business, or trade, means a turnover of something like ten dollars for every dollar of actual income. There exists no similar measures of trade for other countries but we can get a rough idea of them from their national income; and we know that, measured in terms of money, our national income is somewhere near three times that of either Great Britain or Germany or France and probably more than all three of them combined.

This of course does not mean “real” income because the scale and standard of expenditure, and in general the cost of things in other countries, is not nearly so high as in the United States; so these estimates are, in a sense, quite misleading. But if we want to enjoy our Bigness—and evidently a great majority of us do—it is quite safe to say that the total trade of the United States is at least equal to that of the next four most important commercial nations of the world.

But what is of very real interest to us, far beyond any question of positive measures, is how this fabulous volume of trade varies from year to year (and also how it grows), for it is the changes in this volume which so deeply affect our income and make up what we call prosperity and “hard times”—at least this was what we used to call them; “depressions” is the word we use now.

It is singular how this phrase of “hard times” has almost dropped out of our



THE TREND OF AMERICAN BUSINESS IN THE PAST QUARTER-CENTURY

The line at 100 represents the normal growth of business, and the peaks and valleys in the wavy black line show the booms and depressions during this period.

popular and newspaper vocabulary. And yet these "hard times" were once a very real thing, celebrated in familiar songs, and often of quite regular occurrence throughout the last century and more. What is still more notable is that up to the end of the last century these long grinding depressions seemed, to those who observed them and considered these matters very carefully, to be steadily growing worse. It is quite interesting now to reflect upon the quantity of literature, or whatever one may care to call it, that used to appear about these matters and the confident predictions that were made. These vaticinations have failed so signally that it makes one wonder whether any guesses now of the future can be any more reliable. But there is one great difference between the discussions of that day and of this: that the writers of this former day dealt largely with what the chemists would call qualitative rather than quantitative knowledge.

They were largely newspaper reports of things, for the chances for accurate measurement were few. We now know very definitely that instead of these depressions or hard times getting worse they have been steadily growing milder, until in the last quarter-century the old phrases have become outworn. And we know too that even while all these bold and often fervid prognostics were being

made, foretelling "the collapse of our modern civilization" and all the rest, this steady amelioration was going on, and probably had been going on for a long time.

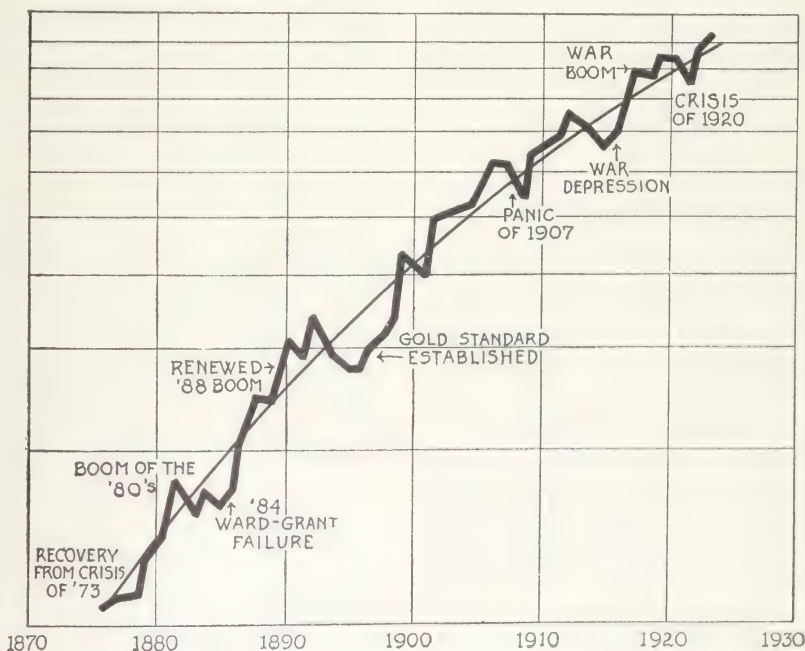
We now have careful and reliable measures of this volume of trade, and of its ups and downs, running back a full half-century; and what a study of popular accounts and ordinary talk of the day would then suggest can now be depicted in charts and graphs and even closely measured in actual percentages of variation from what we call the normal line or rate of growth. So one thing that is quite new and definite is the proof that our modern industrial civilization is not going to the bow-wows any more than it is being destroyed by the foolish "class wars" of Karl Marx and his followers; but is steadily growing more strongly and highly integrated, more stable, and more efficient, meaning thereby that the average livelihood is becoming surer and the chances of starvation, even for the most poorly equipped members of society, growing less and less, and that we may confidently look forward to a day when what we call poverty will be practically extinct. A highly remarkable prospect! But how do we know this, and how can we be so certain?

It seems a rather far cry from these questions of social misery and social well-

being to problems of banking. But we have learned in the late War, and especially in its aftermath, what the economists have long suspected and some of them have preached—that a knowledge of these matters is quite as vital to good banking and to the proper use of our credit machinery as it is to the students of social questions. So an investigation was begun several years ago towards obtaining those definite measures which alone could yield sure knowledge, and this work is now largely completed. The methods that were followed were the same as those of any other scientific inquiry, and these in turn do not differ very greatly from the methods of everyday life—for example, surveying. If you wish to buy a piece of land you ask the surveyor to come and measure it. And how does he do it? Largely by the simplest methods of triangulation, that is, actually measuring a little piece, or sample, and then by means of his telescope or theodolite, as he calls it, comparing and measuring all the rest. So also does the astronomer when he meas-

ures the distance of the moon or the sun or the infinitely distant stars.

We have done the same. The War gave a quite remarkable stimulus to every kind of industrial and commercial numeration—what is so clumsily called “statistics”; and Mr. Hoover, since his accession, has encouraged this idea in every way. So that for the last five or six years at least we have had an astonishingly wide sampling of business activity in almost every form. In a new index of the Volume of Trade we were able to include, for this period at least, some fifty-six independently calculated series, sampling almost everything in the way of business measures from all our old friends such as bank clearings, pig-iron production, employment, and imports and exports, to new measures of wholesale and retail trade, the most diversified forms of industry: car loadings, electrical power production, and even such things as the volume of new life-insurance written, advertising, amounts paid for amusements, and speculation in stocks and cotton and grain.



THE RISE OF BUSINESS IN FIFTY YEARS

The heavy line depicts the ups and downs of the irregular course of business in the United States in the last half-century. The light line shows the trend or average rate of growth.

All these were combined into what is known as a weighted index, that is, one giving each of the fifty-six items a weight according to its importance and representative value; and this composite index is now available by months from January, 1919. Each of these series was calculated in terms of its normal rate of growth or computed trend of past years.

Thus if the amount of cotton consumed by the cotton mills in this country has shown, like the population of the country during the last eighty years, a very definite and characteristic rate of growth—interrupted only by the Civil War—then we may compute this rate or trend, as the mathematicians call it, and then measure the variations from this trend, in any given month or year, in percentages of the normal or expected amounts. Practically every industry and form of trade activity, taken separately, shows such a characteristic rate of growth; but almost always, if you take the period long enough, this shows a steadily decreasing tendency.

All this corresponds closely to our rate of growth in population, which was very high in the first enumerations of the Young Republic and has been slowly declining ever since, forming what our mathematical friends call a parabolic trend.

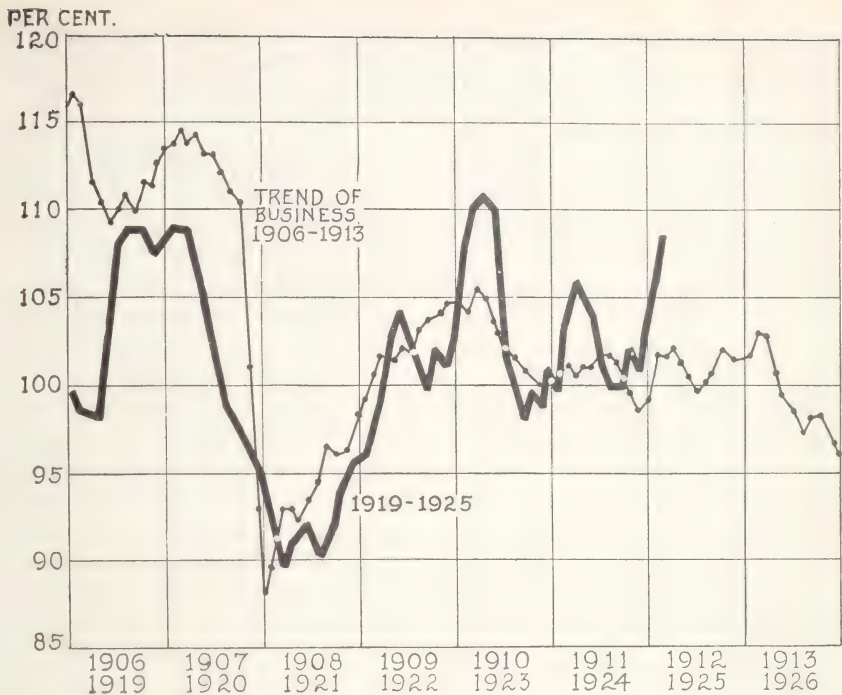
Obviously, if we can put in their proper importance all these monthly percentages, and if the sampling is truly representative, then we can compute very accurately in percentages what a change from high prosperity to deep depression really means. What this composite shows is that the change from the fictitious prosperity of war-time to the deep depression of the collapse that followed, and back again to the general well-being of the last two years and more, is a change from about ten per cent above to ten per cent below this normal line of growth.

As a matter of fact these percentages are the outside limits of the real change for the whole country, since almost all the material or "data" which we possess

relates to urban activity and large-scale production, and very little to the small-town and farm activity and small-scale production. Actually the change from the peaks of good times to the troughs of bad times may be something on the order of five or eight per cent above or below this normal line. How does all this compare with former days?

Building on the foundations of the last five or six years of business it was possible to construct other measures, by months, running back fifty years. One of these was bank clearings, after allowance was made for the wide changes in the general level of prices which have occurred within this period. Another was the variations in the so-called rate of turnover of bank deposits—the amount of checks drawn each month against the average amount of deposits in the banks of various cities. Another was the output of pig iron each month, making allowance for the fact that as the oscillations of actual trade have been growing steadily less, those of pig iron production have been growing rather wilder than before. And still another was the stock market, which turned out to be no such reliable forecaster of trade as many have imagined but, at least in latter days, is a fairly good index of the actual state of trade—sometimes a little ahead of time, sometimes a little late, and at others right on the dot.

Now, what was found was that these ups and downs of trade, these oscillations which, following Professors Wesley Mitchell and Warren Persons, we have come to call (perhaps a little hardily) the business "cycle" have, in these fifty years for which we now have definite knowledge, been steadily growing less and less; or, as the electricians would say, the wave has been "damping down." And, as this damping has been so even and continuous, the clear inference is that it will continue until what we call the business cycle has been largely ironed out. Of course we shall always have wide variations in different industries and lines of activity as the



THE STRIKING RESEMBLANCE OF TWO PERIODS OF BUSINESS

The two lines showing the course of trade from 1906 to 1913, and from 1919 to 1925, reveal how similar were the tendencies of the two periods.

leaders in these different groups make good or bad guesses as to what the demand or consumption will be in their particular lines. But these bad guesses or overestimates will scarcely be so synchronous and general as to prostrate the whole country in grinding periods of distress such as we had in the Nineties, in the Seventies, and so often in earlier times. Now that we know definitely and in numerical terms just what the business cycle is and what it means, there seems much less likelihood of a return to those prolonged periods of workless millions that we used to have. If we should it would seem like the stupidest of all crimes—that of needless ignorance.

This seems like saying that we really know definitely just what causes these waves or “cycles” of business activity and therefore may anticipate them, but this would be an overstatement. Of theories there is no end. We find a Sir William Petty writing on cycles of Dearth and Plenties away back in 1662, a generation before the Bank of England was founded.

And, for that matter, we know that Joseph in Egypt was utilizing the cycle idea to forecast economic conditions perhaps two thousand years before Sir William.

In more modern times we have had Professor Stanley Jevons’ famous “sun-spot theory” to account for the varying fertility of the earth, and the very latest developments in astrophysics have given a far greater plausibility to this idea than most economists are aware, although the cycle of crop yields may not have any more distinct regularity than we find in the actual measurements of business. Similar thoughts of some definite physical causation have been the basis of some interesting work in our own day by Professor Henry L. Moore who, like the ancient Greeks, looks to the influence of Venus as an inciting cause!

More widely accepted are the views of those who, like Professor Mitchell, seek the mainsprings in the mechanism of business and trade itself and, if you please, in human nature and the tradi-

tional tendency to yield to the temptations of large profits—thus breeding overexpansion and consequent disaster. The force of these observations is obvious, but the working out of such principles is not so definite and so regular that we may, as a rule, base upon them any very specific predictions; and it is evident that there are yet deeper underlying factors.

What we formerly lacked was a reliable measure of the extent and duration of these cycles, and now we have it. And so we may say now: If in the last quarter-century we have had no depression which has carried business below normal for more than about fifteen months, and never for more than a month or two shown trade at more than ten per cent below this normal; and if, on the other hand, no boom has lasted much more than two years or carried the volume of exchanges for more than a month or two much beyond this same ten per cent above the line of normal growth; and if, further, the waves or cycles of the last twenty-five years have been distinctly less in amplitude, as the physicists would say, than in the previous twenty-five years—then it seems as if we might have reasonable assurance that the next twenty-five years would show no more violent ups and downs than the last twenty-five and in all probability would show less. So for our purpose here we need not needfully indulge in the pleasant pastime of spinning ingenious theories to guide us on our business way.

If every business man were fully informed of the facts which are now available, the chances are large that we should have no such wild booms as we have had in the past and even as late as five years ago. And with no booms—no depressions and no hard times. This at least seems certain. The singular thing about all the theories and “cures” for depressions and hard times, which appear like flocks of croaking ravens whenever these waves of distress come, is that there has rarely been

any serious proposal for the cure of booms. Almost never when the booms are on!

But we have now, it would seem, a very simple and almost automatic safeguard against these periods of excessive optimism and overexpansion and consequent overproduction—if our business men can be familiarized with the new knowledge which we now possess. And this perhaps is coming rather quickly. It is a very striking thing that the oldest and foremost of our universities has taken the lead in broadening the university curriculum to include even business and trade phenomena as a subject not for trifling but for intensive university study. The Harvard Committee of Economic Research, devoted especially to the development of business statistics and their use as means of anticipations of the future, and the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration which has recently acquired an endowment of over five millions of dollars, are probably the most outstanding educational developments of this generation; finely maintaining the spirit and tradition which has characterized that institution since the advent of its great remolder and President emeritus.

Hardly less remarkable have been the enlightened undertakings of some of our most highly organized corporations, such as the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, whose policies have been so largely guided by and its outstanding success so largely due to the intelligent use of statistical research. Most laggard in this regard have been those organizations whose influence could have been the most powerful and most salutary, our railways; but even these must inevitably feel the pressure towards more intelligent anticipation of the needs of the future; and with them, let us hope, our unenlightened legislators whose bungling attempts at regulation have so seriously hampered progressive railway management.

The same influence we find extending even to the field of banking—and in one

of our chief interior cities we have the interesting experiment of an institution whose innovating president imported into the bank's councils one of our leading statisticians and whose policies are now largely dominated by the results of statistical conclusions. In the same way we find scores of manufacturing and business enterprises which have discarded the "hunch" and the rule-of-thumb to take up with the more trustworthy and, in the long run, far more profitable methods of intelligent investigation—what we may call statistical inference (shying a little at the word forecasting, so discredited by charlatan organizations which have brought serious and scientific efforts in this direction into an undeserved disrepute).

Important, in time, must this new knowledge prove to the manufacturer and to the employer everywhere. It provides him with maps and charts, signal stations and observation towers in what has hitherto been very much of a trackless jungle. In a sense all larger business enterprises are adventures in exploration, and really reliable guides and pathfinders in this field have been relatively scant. There were few business men who were able to anticipate the panics of 1907 or of 1893, or the violent collapse of business which came in 1920. If they had then been able to anticipate or to foresee business conditions these collapses would not have occurred—for they were essentially due, as always, to overconfidence and overcommitments.

Now we have a definite background from which every business man may judge his own adventures. It is very hard when trade is moving briskly and prices rising not to take advantage of the tempting profits offered and drive on to excess. Competition in almost every line is very keen and, as the picturesque phrase goes, it is a great temptation to everyone to "get his" while the getting is good. And conversely, when things have gone all wrong from general excess, it is very difficult to have the courage of one's convictions and adventure early on

the return of prosperity. Here are new props, alike for caution and courage at the right time.

But what is true of general business is equally true in our larger industries. In several of these of late we have had, in the midst of general prosperity, quite severe depressions. No good business man would have thought, for example, of continuing heavy wheat planting when the prospects for wheat prices were bad, but our farmers did just this. So, too, a miscalculation as to the probable demand for new motor cars has been fraught with serious consequences, not merely to this but to several allied industries. And something the same in the cotton trade. I venture to think we are already in possession of methods by which much of these disturbances could have been avoided.

In other words, as I see it the character of business adventure will take on a new phase. It will have more of certitude and of calculated foresight. It was anomalous that the depression in the iron trade and in railway traffic at the end of 1920 and in 1921 should have been the worst in the forty years or more for which we have numerical records. It was equally anomalous that such a standard industry as the cotton trade should then, and again in the last year, have gone so wrong. These were due in considerable part to lack of such information and knowledge as is now available, and of ignorance of the newer methods of business guidance. We shall probably have less of enthusiastic "go-getters" in the saddle and more of business science.

By this I do not mean we shall reduce business management to a formula or a table of coefficients of probability. Most assuredly, business judgment and foresight will continue to be one of the highest possessions of society. But it will cease, I believe, to be of the rule-of-thumb or rule-of-three variety; and it should be largely guided and aided by the new and trustworthy measures of business which we now possess.

THE CHIEF MOURNER OF MARNE

A Father Brown Detective Story

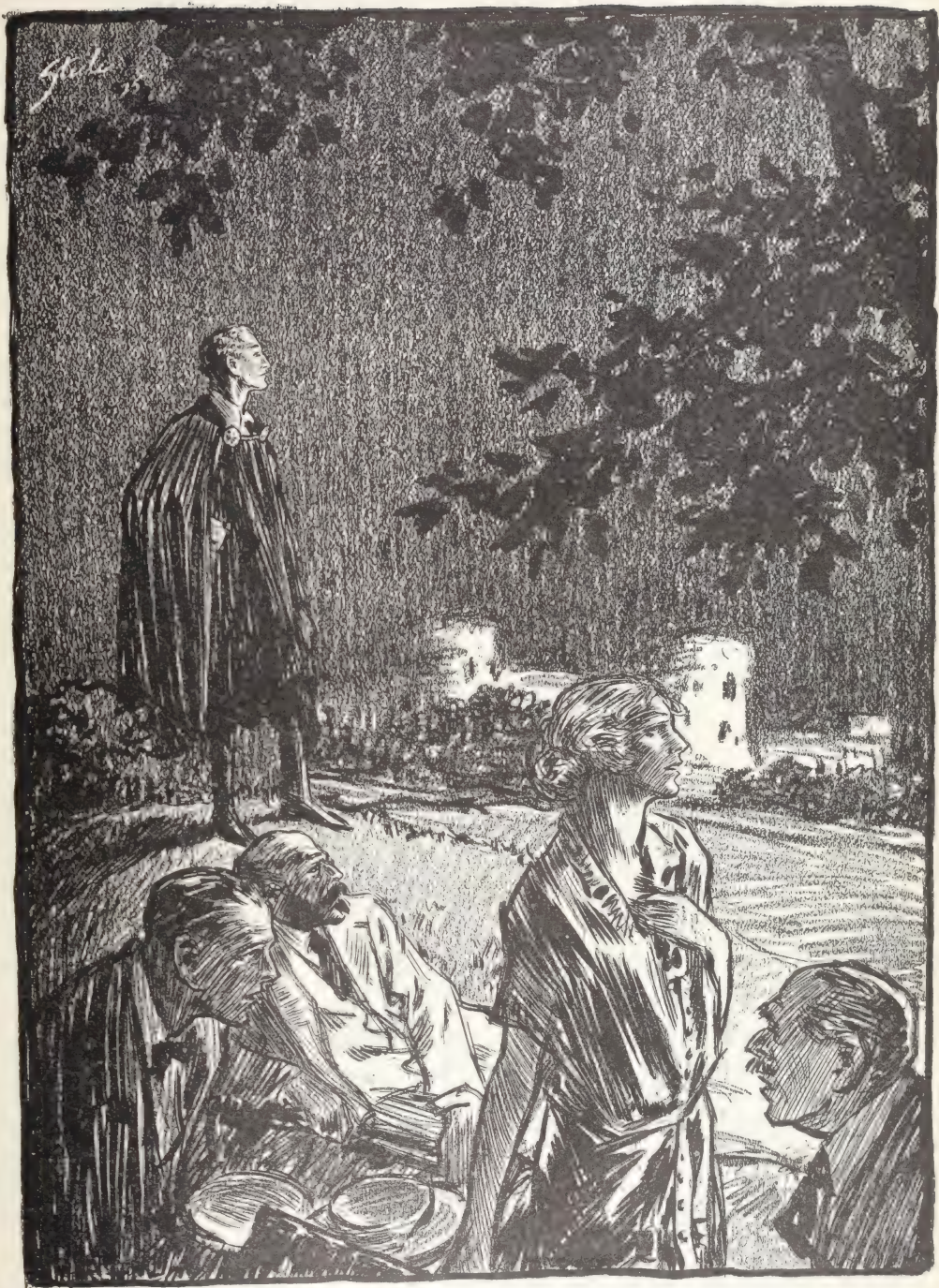
BY G. K. CHESTERTON

A BLAZE of lightning blanched the gray woods, tracing all the wrinkled foliage down to the last curled leaf, as if every detail were drawn in silver-point or graven in silver. The same strange trick of lightning, by which it seems to record millions of minute things in an instant of time, picked out everything—from the elegant litter of the picnic under the spreading tree to the pale lengths of winding road at the end of which a white car was waiting. In the distance a melancholy mansion with four towers like a castle, which in the gray evening had been but a dim and distant huddle of walls like a crumbling cloud, seemed to spring into the foreground and stood up with all its embattled roofs and blank and staring windows. And in this at least the light had something in it of revelation. For to some of those grouped under the tree that castle was indeed a thing faded and almost forgotten, which was to prove its power to spring up again in the foreground of their lives.

The light also clothed for an instant in the same silver splendor at least one human figure that stood up as motionless as one of the towers. It was that of a tall man standing on a rise of ground above the rest, who were mostly sitting on the grass or stooping to gather up the hamper and crockery. He wore a picturesque short cloak or cape fastened with a silver clasp and chain which blazed like a star when the flash touched it; and something metallic in his motionless figure was emphasized by the fact that his closely curled hair was of

the burnished yellow that can really be called gold, and had the look of being younger than his face, which was handsome in a hard aquiline fashion but looked, under the strong light, a little wrinkled and withered. Possibly it had suffered from wearing a mask of make-up; for Hugo Romaine was the greatest actor of his day. For that instant of illumination the golden curls and ivory mask and silver ornament made his figure gleam like that of a man in armor; the next instant his figure was a dark and even black silhouette against the sickly gray of the rainy evening sky.

All the other figures around him had made the ordinary involuntary movement at the unexpected shock of light; for though the skies were rainy it was the first flash of the storm. The only lady present (whose air of carrying gray hair gracefully, as if she were really proud of it, marked her as a matron of the United States) unaffectedly shut her eyes and uttered a sharp cry. Her English husband, General Outram, a very stolid Anglo-Indian with a bald head and black mustache and whiskers of antiquated pattern, looked up with one stiff movement and then resumed his occupation of tidying up. A young man of the name of Mallow, very big and shy, with brown eyes like a dog's, dropped a cup and apologized awkwardly. A third man, much more dressy, with a resolute head like an inquisitive terrier's and gray hair brushed stiffly back, was no other than the great newspaper proprietor, Sir John Cockspur; he cursed freely, but not in an English idiom or accent,



Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

THERE WAS SOMETHING METALLIC IN HIS MOTIONLESS FIGURE

for he came from Toronto. But the tall man in the short cloak stood up literally like a statue in the twilight; his eagle face under the full glare had recalled the bust of a Roman Emperor; and the carved eyelids had not moved.

A moment later the dark dome cracked across with thunder; and the statue seemed to come to life. He turned his head over his shoulder and said casually, "About a minute and a half between the flash and the bang; but I think the storm's coming nearer. A tree is not supposed to be a good umbrella for the lightning; but we shall want it soon for the rain. I think it will be a deluge."

The young man glanced at the lady a little anxiously and said, "Can't we get shelter anywhere? There seems to be a house over there."

"There is a house over there," remarked the General rather grimly, "but not quite what you'd call a hospitable hotel."

"It's curious," said his wife, sadly, "that we should be caught in a storm with no house near but that one, of all others."

Something in her tone seemed to check the younger man, who was both sensitive and comprehending; but nothing of that sort daunted the man from Toronto.

"Why, what's the matter with it?" he asked; "looks rather like a ruin."

"That place," said the General dryly, "belongs to the Marquis of Marne."

"Gee!" said Sir John Cockspur. "I've heard all about that bird anyhow; and a queer bird too. Ran him as a front-page mystery in the *Comet* last year. The Nobleman Nobody Knows."

"Yes, I've heard of him too," said young Mallow in a low voice. "There seem to be all sorts of weird stories about why he hides himself like that. I've heard that he wears a mask because he's a leper. But somebody else told me quite seriously that there's a curse on the family—a child, born with some frightful deformity, that's kept in a dark room."

"The Marquis of Marne has three heads," remarked Romaine gravely. "Once in every three hundred years a three-headed nobleman adorns the family tree. No human being dares approach the accursed house except a silent procession of hatters, sent to provide an abnormal number of hats. But"—and his voice took one of those deep and terrible turns that could cause such a thrill in the theater—"my friends, *those hats are of no human shape.*"

The American lady looked at him with a frown and a slight air of distrust, as if that trick of voice had moved her in spite of herself.

"I don't like your ghoulish jokes," she said, "and I'd rather you didn't joke about this anyhow."

"I hear and obey," replied the actor, "but am I, like the Light Brigade, forbidden even to reason why?"

"The reason," she replied, "is that he isn't the Nobleman Nobody Knows. I know him myself, or at least I knew him very well when he was an attaché at Washington thirty years ago, when we were all young. And he didn't wear a mask; at least he didn't wear it with me. He wasn't a leper though he may be almost as lonely. He had only one head and only one heart—and that was broken."

"Unfortunate love affair, of course," said Cockspur. "I should like that for the *Comet.*"

"I suppose it's a compliment to us," she replied thoughtfully, "that you always assume a man's heart is broken by a woman. But there are other kinds of love and bereavement. Have you never read 'In Memoriam'? Have you never heard of David and Jonathan? What broke up poor Marne was the death of his brother; he was really a first cousin but had been brought up with him like a brother and was much nearer than most brothers. James Mair, as the Marquis was called when I knew him, was the elder of the two; but he always played the part of a worshiper with Maurice Mair as a god. And, by

his account, Maurice Mair was certainly a wonder. James was no fool and very good at his own political job; but it seems that Maurice could do that and everything else; that he was a brilliant artist and amateur actor and musician and all the rest of it. James was very good-looking himself, long and strong and strenuous with a high-bridged nose, though I suppose the young people would think he looked very quaint with his beard divided into two bushy whiskers in the fashion of those

Victorian times. But Maurice was clean shaven; and, by the portraits shown to me, certainly quite beautiful—though he looked a little more like a tenor than a gentleman ought to look. James was always asking me, again and again, whether his friend was not a marvel, whether any woman wouldn't fall in love with him, and so on, until it became rather a bore; except that it turned so suddenly into a tragedy. His whole life seemed to be in that idolatry; and one day the idol tumbled down and was broken like any china doll. A chill caught at the seaside—and it was all over."

"And after that," asked the young man, "did he shut himself up like this?"

"He went abroad at first," she answered, "away to Asia and the Cannibal Islands and Lord knows where. These deadly strokes take different people in different ways. It took him in the way of an utter sundering or severance from everything, even from tradition, and as far as possible from memory. He could not bear a reference to the old tie—a portrait or an anecdote or even an association. He couldn't bear the business of a great public funeral. He longed to get away. He stayed away for ten years. I heard some rumor that he had begun



FATHER BROWN SAT ON THE FLOOR WITH A TEDDY BEAR

to revive a little at the end of the exile; but when he came back to his own home he relapsed completely. He settled down into religious melancholia; and that's practically madness."

"The priests got hold of him, they say," grumbled the old General. "I know he gave thousands to found a monastery, and lives himself rather like a monk—or at any rate a hermit. Can't understand what good they think that will do."

"Gol darned superstition," snorted Cockspur, "that sort of thing ought to be shown up. Here's a man that might have been useful to the Empire and the world, and these vampires get hold of him and suck him dry. I bet with their unnatural notions they haven't even let him marry."

"No, he has never married," said the lady. "He was engaged when I knew him, as a matter of fact; but I don't think it ever came first with him, and I think it went with the rest when everything else went. Like Hamlet and Ophelia: lost hold of love because he lost hold of life. But I knew the girl; indeed I know her still. Between ourselves, it was Viola Grayson, daughter of the old Admiral. She's never married either."

"It's infamous! It's infernal!" cried Sir John, bounding up—"It's not only a tragedy but a crime. I've got a duty to the public and I mean to see all this nonsensical nightmare . . . in the twentieth century—"

He was almost choked with his own protest, and then after a silence the old soldier said:

"Well, I don't profess to know much about those things. But I think these religious people need to study a text which says 'Let the dead bury their dead.'"

"Unfortunately, that's just what it looks like," said his wife with a sigh. "It's just like some creepy story of a dead man burying another dead man, over and over again for ever."

"The storm has passed over," said Romaine with a rather inscrutable smile. "You will not have to visit the inhospitable house after all."

She suddenly shuddered.

"Oh, I'll never do that again," she exclaimed.

Mallow was staring at her.

"Again! Have you tried it before?" he cried.

"Well, I did once," she said with a lightness not without a touch of pride, "but we needn't go back on all that. It's not raining now, but I think we'd better be moving back to the car."

As they moved off in procession Mallow and the General brought up the rear, and the latter said abruptly, lowering his voice:

"I don't want that little cad Cockspur to hear; but as you've asked, you'd better know. It's the one thing I can't forgive Marne; but I suppose these monks have drilled him that way. My wife, who had been the best friend he ever had in America, actually came up to that house when he was walking in the garden. He was looking at the ground like a monk and was hidden in a black hood that was really as ridiculous as any mask. She had sent her card in and stood there in his very path. And he walked past her without a word or a glance, as if she had been a stone. He

wasn't human: he was like some horrible automaton. She may well call him a dead man."

"It's all very strange," said the young man rather vaguely, "it isn't like—like what I should have expected."

Young Mr. Mallow, when he left that rather dismal picnic, took himself thoughtfully in search of a friend. He did not know any monks but he knew one priest, whom he was very much concerned to confront with the curious revelations he had heard that afternoon. He felt he would very much like to know the truth about the cruel superstition that hung over the house of Marne, like the black thunder-cloud he had seen hovering over it.

After being referred from one place to another, he finally ran his friend Father Brown to earth in the house of another friend—a Roman Catholic friend with a large family. He entered somewhat abruptly to find Father Brown sitting on the floor with a serious expression and attempting to pin the somewhat florid hat belonging to a wax doll on to the head of a Teddy Bear.

Mallow felt a faint sense of incongruity but he was far too full of his problem to put off the conversation if he could help it; he was staggering from a sort of setback in a subconscious process that had been going on for some time. He poured out the whole tragedy of the house of Marne as he had heard it from the General's wife, along with most of the comments of the General and the newspaper proprietor. A new atmosphere of attention seemed to be created with the mention of the newspaper proprietor.

Father Brown neither knew nor cared that his attitudes were comic or commonplace. He continued to sit on the floor, where his large head and short legs made him look very like a baby playing with toys. But there came into his great gray eyes a certain expression that has been seen in the eyes of many men in many centuries through the story of nineteen hundred years—only the men were not generally sitting on floors, but

at council tables or the seats of chapters or the thrones of bishops and cardinals—a far-off, watchful look, heavy with the humility of a charge too great for men. Something of that anxious and far-reaching look is found in the eyes of sailors and of those who have steered, through so many storms, the ship of St. Peter.

"It's very good of you to tell me this," he said. "I'm really awfully grateful; for we may have to do something about it. If it were only people like you and the General it might be only a private matter; but if Sir John Cockspur is going to spread some sort of scare in his papers—well, he's a Toronto Orangeman and we can hardly keep out of it."

"But what will you say about it?" asked Mallow anxiously.

"The first thing I should say about it," said Father Brown, "is that, as you tell it, it doesn't sound like life. Suppose for the sake of argument that we are all pessimistic vampires blighting all human happiness. Suppose I'm a pessimistic vampire—" he scratched his nose with the Teddy Bear, became faintly conscious of the incongruity and put it down. "Suppose we do destroy all human and family ties. Why should we entangle a man again in an old family tie just when he showed signs of getting loose from it? Surely it's a little unfair to charge us both with crushing such affection and encouraging such infatuation. I don't see why even a religious maniac should be that particular sort of monomaniac; or how religion could increase that mania, except by brightening it with a little hope."

Then he said, after a pause, "I should like to talk to that General of yours."

"It was his wife who told me," said Mallow.

"Yes," replied the other, "but I'm more interested

in what he didn't tell you than in what she did."

"You think he knows more than she does?"

"I think he knows more than she says," answered Father Brown. "You tell me he used a phrase about forgiving everything except the rudeness to his wife. After all, what else was there to forgive?"

Father Brown had risen and shaken his shapeless clothes, and stood looking at the young man with screwed-up eyes and a slightly quizzical expression. The next moment he had turned and, picking up his equally shapeless umbrella and large shabby hat, went stumping down the street.

He plodded through a variety of wide streets and squares till he came to a handsome old-fashioned house in the West End, where he asked the servant if he could see General Outram. After some little palaver he was shown into a study, fitted out less with books than with maps and globes, where the bald-headed, black-whiskered Anglo-Indian sat smoking a long thin black cigar and playing with pins on a chart.

"I am sorry to intrude," said the priest, "and all the more because I can't help the intrusion looking like interference. I want to speak to you about a



"I CAME TO ASK YOU IF YOU KNOW ANY MORE,"
SAID FATHER BROWN

private matter, but only in the hope of keeping it private. Unfortunately, some people are likely to make it public. I think, General, that you know Sir John Cockspur."

The mass of black mustache and whisker served as a sort of mask for the lower half of the old General's face; it was always hard to see whether he smiled; but his brown eyes had often a certain twinkle.

"Everybody knows him, I suppose," he said. "I don't know him very well."

"Well, you know everybody knows whatever he knows," said Father Brown, smiling, "when he thinks it convenient to print it. And I understand from my friend Mr. Mallow, whom I think you also know, that Sir John is going to print some scorching anti-clerical articles founded on what he would call the Marne Mystery—'Monks Drive Marquis Mad,' etc."

"If he is," replied the General, "I don't see why you should come to me about it. I ought to tell you I'm a strong Protestant."

"I'm very fond of strong Protestants," said Father Brown. "I came to you because I was sure you would tell the truth. I hope it's not uncharitable to feel less sure of Sir John Cockspur."

The brown eyes twinkled again but the General said nothing.

"General," said Father Brown, "suppose Cockspur or his sort were going to make the world ring with tales against your country and your flag. Suppose he said your regiment ran away in battle or your Staff were in the pay of the enemy. Would you let anything stand between you and the facts that would refute him? Wouldn't you get on the track of the truth, at all costs to anybody? Well, I have a regiment and I belong to an army. It is being discredited by what I am certain is a fictitious story; but I don't know the true story. Can you blame me for trying to find it out?"

The soldier was still silent and the priest continued.

"I have heard the story Mallow was told yesterday about Marne retiring with a broken heart through the death of his more than brother. I am sure there was more in it than that. I came to ask you if you know any more."

"No," said the General shortly, "I cannot tell you any more."

"General," said Father Brown with a broad grin, "you would have called me a Jesuit if I had used that equivocation."

The soldier laughed gruffly and then growled with much greater hostility.

"Well, I *won't* tell you, then," he said. "What do you say to that?"

"I only say," said the priest mildly, "that in that case I shall have to tell you."

The brown eyes stared at him—but there was no twinkle in them now. He went on:

"You compel me to state, less sympathetically perhaps than you could, why it is obvious that there is more behind. I am quite sure the Marquis has better cause for his brooding and secretiveness than merely the loss of an old friend. I doubt whether priests have anything to do with it. I don't even know if he's a convert or merely a man comforting his conscience with charities; but I'm sure he's something more than a chief mourner. Since you insist, I will tell you one or two of the things that make me think so.

"First, it was stated that James Mair was engaged to be married, but somehow became unattached again after the death of Maurice Mair. Why should an honorable man break off his engagement merely because he was depressed by the death of a third party? He's much more likely to have turned for consolation to it; but anyhow he was bound in decency to go through with it."

The General was biting his black mustache and his brown eyes had become very watchful and even anxious; but he did not answer.

"A second point," said Father Brown, frowning at the table—"James Mair was always asking his lady friend whether his



"IT WAS PROBABLY THE LAST DUEL FOUGHT IN ENGLAND"

cousin Maurice was not very fascinating and whether women would not admire him. I don't know if it occurred to the lady that there might be another meaning in that inquiry."

The General got to his feet and began to walk or stamp about the room.

"Oh, damn it all," he said, but without any air of animosity.

"The third point," went on Father Brown, "is James Mair's curious manner of mourning—destroying all relics, veiling all portraits, and so on. It does sometimes happen, I admit; it might mean mere affectionate bereavement. But it might mean something else."

"Confound you," said the other, "how long are you going on piling this up?"

"The fourth and fifth points are pretty

conclusive," said the priest calmly, "especially if you take them together. The first is that Maurice Mair seems to have had no funeral in particular, considering he was a cadet of a great family. He must have been buried hurriedly, perhaps secretly. And the last point is that James Mair instantly disappeared to foreign parts—fled, in fact, to the ends of the earth. And so," he went on, still in the same soft voice, "when you would blacken my religion to brighten the story of the pure and perfect affection of two brothers, it seems—"

"Stop!" cried Outram in a tone like a pistol shot. "I must tell you more or you will fancy worse. Let me tell you one thing to start with—it was a fair fight."

"Ah," said Father Brown and seemed to exhale a huge breath.

"It was a duel," said the other. "It was probably the last duel fought in England, and it is long ago now."

"That's better," said Father Brown. "Thank God, that's a great deal better."

"Better than the ugly things you thought of, I suppose," said the General gruffly. "Well, it's all very well for you to sneer at the pure and perfect affection, but it was true for all that. James Mair really was devoted to his cousin, who'd grown up with him like a younger brother. Elder brothers and sisters do sometimes devote themselves to a child like that, especially when he's a sort of infant phenomenon. But James Mair was the kind of simple character in whom even hate is, in a sense, unselfish. I mean that even when his tenderness turns to rage it is still objective, directed outwards to its object; he isn't conscious of himself. Now poor Maurice Mair was just the opposite. He was far more friendly and popular; but his success had made him live in a house of mirrors. He was first in every sort of sport and art and accomplishment; he nearly always won and took his winning amiably. But if ever by any chance he lost, there was just a glimpse of something not so amiable; he was a little jealous. I needn't tell you the whole miserable story of how he was a little jealous of his cousin's engagement; how he couldn't keep his restless vanity from interfering. It's enough to say that one of the few things in which James Mair was admittedly ahead of him was marksmanship with a pistol; and with that the tragedy ended."

"You mean the tragedy began," replied the priest, "the tragedy of the survivor. I thought he did not need any monkish vampires to make him miserable."

"To my mind he's more miserable than he need be," said the General. "After all, as I say, it was a ghastly tragedy but it was a fair fight. And Jim had great provocation."

"How do you know all this?" asked the priest.

"I know it because I saw it," answered Outram stolidly. "I was James Mair's second and I saw Maurice Mair shot dead on the sands before my very eyes."

"I wish you would tell me more about it," said Father Brown reflectively. "Who was Maurice Mair's second?"

"He had a more distinguished backing," replied the General grimly. "Hugo Romaine was his second—the great actor, you know. Maurice was mad on acting and had taken up Romaine (who was then a rising but still a struggling man) and financed the fellow and his ventures, in return for taking lessons from the professional in his own hobby of amateur acting. But Romaine was then, I suppose, practically dependent on his rich friend, though he's richer now than any aristocrat. So his serving as second proves very little about what he thought of the quarrel. They fought in the English fashion, with only one second apiece; I wanted at least to have a surgeon but Maurice boisterously refused it, saying the fewer people who knew the better, and at the worst we could immediately get help. 'There's a doctor in the village not half a mile away,' he said; 'I know him and he's got the fastest horse in the country. He could be brought here in no time; but there's no need to bring him here till we know.' Well, we all knew that Maurice ran most risk, as the pistol was not his weapon; so when he refused aid nobody liked to ask for it. The duel was fought on a flat stretch of sand on the east coast of Scotland; and both the sight and sound of it were masked from the hamlets inland by a long rampart of sand hills patched with rank grass; probably part of the links, though in those days no Englishman had heard of golf. There was one deep crooked cranny in the sand hills through which we came out on the beach. I can see them now: first a wide strip of dead yellow, and beyond a narrower strip of dark red—a dark red that seemed already like the long shadow of a deed of blood.

"The thing itself seemed to happen with horrible speed, as if a whirlwind had struck the sand. With the very crack of sound Maurice Mair seemed to spin like a teetotum, and pitch upon his face like a ninepin. And queerly enough, while I'd been worrying about him up to that moment, the instant he was dead all my pity was for the man who killed him, as it is to this day and hour. I knew that with that the whole huge terrible pendulum of my friend's lifelong love would swing back; and that whatever cause others might find to pardon him, he would never pardon himself for ever and ever. And so, somehow, the really vivid thing—the picture that burns in my memory so that I can't forget it—is not that of the catastrophe, the smoke and the flash and the falling figure. That seemed to be all over, like the noise that wakes a man up. What I saw, what I shall always see, is poor Jim hurrying across towards his fallen friend and foe, his brown beard looking black against the ghastly pallor of his face with its high features cut out against the sea; and the frantic gesture with which he waved me to run for the surgeon in the hamlet behind the sandhills. He had dropped his pistol as he ran; he had a glove in one hand and the loose and fluttering fingers of it seemed to elongate and emphasize his wild pantomime of pointing or hailing for help. That is the picture which really remains with me; and there is nothing else in that picture except the striped background of sands and sea, and the dark dead body lying still as a stone, and the dark figure of the dead man's second standing grim and motionless against the horizon."

"Did Romaine stand motionless?" asked the priest. "I should have thought he would have run even quicker towards the corpse."

"Perhaps he did when I had left," replied the General. "I took in that undying picture in an instant, and the next instant I had dived among the sand hills and was far out of sight of the others. Well, poor Maurice had made

a good choice in the matter of doctors; though the doctor came too late, he came quicker than I should have thought possible. This village surgeon was a very remarkable man—red-haired, irascible, but extraordinarily strong in promptitude and presence of mind. I saw him but for a flash as he leaped on his horse and went thundering away to the scene of death, leaving me far behind. But in that flash I had so strong a sense of his personality that I wished to God he had really been called in before the duel began; for I believe on my soul he would have prevented it somehow. As it was, he cleaned up the mess with marvelous swiftness; long before I could trail back to the seashore on my two feet his impetuous practicality had managed everything; the corpse was temporarily buried in the sand hills and the unhappy homicide had been persuaded to do the only thing he could do—to flee for his life. He slipped along the coast till he came to a port and managed to get out of the country. You know the rest: poor Jim remained abroad for many years; lately, when the whole thing had been hushed up or forgotten, he returned to his dismal castle and automatically inherited the title. I have never seen him from that day to this, and yet I know what is written in red letters in the inmost darkness of his brain."

"I understand," said Father Brown, "that some of you have made efforts to see him."

"My wife never relaxed her efforts," said the General. "She refuses to admit that such a crime ought to cut a man off for ever; and I confess I am inclined to agree with her. Eighty years earlier it would have been thought quite normal; and really it was manslaughter rather than murder. My wife is a great friend of the unfortunate lady who was the occasion of the quarrel, and she has an idea that if Jim would consent to see Viola Grayson once again and receive her assurance that old quarrels are buried, it might restore his sanity. My wife is calling a sort of council of old

friends to-morrow, I believe. She is very energetic."

Father Brown was playing with the pins that lay beside the General's map; he seemed to listen rather absent-mindedly. He had the sort of mind that sees things in pictures; and the picture which had colored even the prosaic mind of the practical soldier took on tints yet more significant and sinister in the more mystical mind of the priest. He saw the dark-red desolation of sand, the very hue of Acaldama, and the dead man lying in a dark heap and the slayer stooping as he ran, gesticulating with a glove in demented remorse; and always his imagination came back to the third thing that he could not yet fit into any human picture—the second of the slain man standing motionless and mysterious, like a dark statue on the edge of the sea. It might seem to some a detail; but for him it was that stiff figure that stood up like a standing note of interrogation.

Why had not Romaine moved instantly? It was the natural thing for a second to do, in common humanity, let alone friendship. Even if there were some double-dealing or darker motive not yet understood, one would think it would be done for the sake of appearances. Anyhow, when the thing was all over it would be natural for the second to stir long before the other second had vanished beyond the sand hills.

"Does this man Romaine move very slowly?" he asked.

"It's queer you should ask that," answered Outram, with a sharp glance. "No, as a matter of fact he moves very quickly when he moves at all. But curiously enough, I was just thinking that only this afternoon I saw him stand exactly like that during the thunder-storm. He stood in that silver-clasped cape of his, with one hand on his hip, exactly and in every line as he stood on those bloody sands long ago. The lightning blinded us all, but he did not blink. When it was dark again he was standing there still."

"I suppose he isn't standing there

now?" inquired Father Brown. "I mean, I suppose he moved sometime."

"No, he moved quite sharply when the thunder came," replied the other. "He seemed to have been waiting for it, for he told us the exact time of the interval . . . is anything the matter?"

"I've pricked myself with one of your pins," said Father Brown. "I hope I haven't damaged it." But his eyes had snapped and his mouth shut abruptly.

"Are you ill?" inquired the General, staring at him.

"No," answered the priest, "I'm only not quite so stoical as your friend Romaine. I can't help blinking when I see light."

He turned to gather up his hat and umbrella, but when he had got to the door he seemed to remember something and turned back. Coming up close to Outram, he gazed up into his face with a rather helpless expression, as of a dying fish, and made a motion as if to hold him by the waistcoat.

"General," he almost whispered, "for God's sake don't let your wife and that other woman insist on seeing Marne again. Let sleeping dogs lie or you'll unleash all the hounds of hell."

The General was left alone with a look of bewilderment in his brown eyes as he sat down again to play with his pins.

Even greater, however, was the bewilderment which attended the successive stages of the benevolent conspiracy of the General's wife, who had assembled her little group of sympathizers to storm the castle of the misanthrope. The first surprise she encountered was the unexplained absence of one of the actors in the ancient tragedy. When they assembled by agreement at a quiet hotel quite near the castle there was no sign of Hugo Romaine, until a belated telegram from a lawyer told them that the great actor had suddenly left the country. The second surprise, when they began the bombardment by sending up word to the castle with an



THE TALL LADY CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THE MARQUIS OF MARNE

urgent request for an interview, was the figure which came forth from those gloomy gates to receive the deputation in the name of the noble owner. It was no such figure as they would have conceived suitable to those somber avenues or those almost feudal formalities. It was not some stately steward or major-

domo or even a dignified butler or tall and ornamental footman. The only figure that came out of the cavernous castle doorway was the short and shabby figure of Father Brown.

"Look here," he said in his simple, bothered fashion, "I told you you'd much better leave him alone. He knows

what he's doing and you'll only make everybody unhappy."

Lady Outram, who was accompanied by a tall and quietly dressed lady, still very handsome (presumably the original Miss Grayson), looked at the little priest with cold contempt.

"Really, sir," she said, "this is a very private occasion and I don't understand what you have to do with it."

"Trust a priest to have to do with a private occasion," snarled Sir John Cockspur. "Don't you know they live behind the scenes like rats behind a wainscot, burrowing their way into everybody's private rooms. See how he's already in possession of poor Marne." Sir John was slightly sulky, as his aristocratic friends had persuaded him to give up the great scoop of publicity in return for the privilege of being really inside a society secret. It never occurred to him to ask himself whether *he* was at all like a rat in a wainscot.

"Oh, that's all right," said Father Brown with the impatience of anxiety. "I've talked it over with the Marquis and the only priest he's ever had anything to do with; his clerical tastes have been much exaggerated. I tell you he knows what he's about and I do implore you all to leave him alone."

"You mean to leave him to this living death of moping and going mad in a ruin," cried Lady Outram in a voice that shook a little, "and all because he had the bad luck to shoot a man in a duel more than a quarter of a century ago; is that what you call Christian charity?"

"Yes," answered the priest stolidly, "that is what I call Christian charity."

"It's about all the Christian charity you'll ever get out of these priests," cried Cockspur bitterly. "That's their only idea of pardoning a poor fellow for a piece of folly—to wall him up alive and starve him to death with fasts and penances and pictures of hell-fire. And all because a bullet went wrong."

"Really, Father Brown," said General Outram, "do you honestly think he

deserves this? Is that your Christianity?"

"Surely the true Christianity," pleaded his wife more gently, "is that which knows all and pardons all; the love that can remember—and forget."

"Father Brown," said young Mallow very earnestly, "I generally agree with what you say; but I'm hanged if I can follow you here. A shot in a duel, followed instantly by remorse, is not such an awful offense."

"I admit," said Father Brown dully, "that I take a more serious view of his offense."

"God soften your hard heart," said the strange lady, speaking for the first time. "I am going to speak to my old friend."

Almost as if her voice had raised a ghost in that great gray house, something stirred within and a figure stood in the dark doorway at the top of the great stone flight of steps. It was clad in dead black, but there was something wild about the blanched hair and something in the pale features that was like the wreck of a marble statue.

Viola Grayson began calmly to move up the great flight of steps, and Outram muttered in his thick black mustache, "He won't cut her dead as he did my wife, I fancy."

Father Brown, who seemed in a collapse of resignation, looked up at him for a moment.

"Poor Marne has enough on his conscience," he said, "let us acquit him of what we can. At least he never cut your wife."

"What do you mean by that?"

"He never knew her," said Father Brown.

As they spoke the tall lady proudly mounted the last step and came face to face with the Marquis of Marne. His lips moved but something happened before he could speak.

A scream rang across the open space and went wailing away in echoes along those hollow walls. By the abruptness and agony with which it broke from the woman's lips it might have been a mere

inarticulate cry. But it was an articulated word; and they all heard it with a horrible distinctness.

"Maurice!"

"What is it, dear?" cried Lady Outram and began to run up the steps, for the other woman was swaying as if she might fall down the whole stone flight. Then she faced about and began to descend, all bowed and shrunken and shuddering. "Oh, my God," she was saying, "Oh, my God . . . it isn't Jim at all . . . it's Maurice!"

"I think, Lady Outram," said the priest gravely, "you had better go with your friend."

As they turned a voice fell on them like a stone from the top of the stone stair—a voice that might have come out of an open grave. It was hoarse and unnatural, like the voices of men who are left alone with wild birds on desert islands. It was the voice of the Marquis of Marne and it said "Stop!"

"Father Brown," he said, "before your friends disperse I authorize you to tell them all I have told you. Whatever follows, I will hide from it no longer."

"You are right," said the priest, "and it shall be counted to you."

"Yes," said Father Brown quietly to the questioning company afterwards, "he has given me the right to speak; but I will not tell it as he told it, but as I found it out for myself. Well, I knew from the first that the blighting monkish influence was all nonsense out of novels. Our people might possibly, in certain cases, encourage a man to go regularly into a monastery but certainly not to hang about in a medieval castle. In the same way they certainly wouldn't want him to dress up as a monk when he wasn't a monk. But it struck me that he might himself want to wear a monk's hood or even a mask. I had heard of him as a mourner and then as a murderer; but already I had hazy suspicions that his reason for hiding might not only be concerned with *what* he was, but with *who* he was.

"Then came the General's vivid de-

scription of the duel; and the most vivid thing in it to me was the figure of Mr. Romaine in the background; it was vivid because it was in the background. Why did the General leave behind him on the sand a dead man whose friend stood yards away from him like a stock or a stone? Then I heard something, a mere trifle, about a trick of habit that Romaine has of standing quite still when he is waiting for something to happen, as he waited for the thunder to follow the lightning. Well, that automatic trick in this case betrayed him. It betrayed everything. Hugo Romaine, on that old occasion also, was waiting for something."

"But it was all over," said the General. "What could he have been waiting for?"

"He was waiting for the duel," said Father Brown.

"But I tell you I saw the duel!" cried the General.

"And I tell you you didn't see the duel," said the priest.

"Are you mad?" demanded the other, "or why should you think I am blind?"

"Because you were blinded that you might not see," said the priest. "Because you are a good man and God had mercy on your innocence, and he turned your face away from that unnatural strife. He set a wall of sand and silence between you and what really happened on that horrible red shore, abandoned to the raging spirits of Judas and of Cain."

"Tell us what happened!" gasped the lady impatiently.

"I will tell it as I found it," proceeded the priest. "The next thing I found was that Romaine the actor had been training Maurice Mair in all the tricks of the trade of acting. I once had a friend who went in for acting. He gave me a very amusing account of how his first week's training consisted entirely of falling down; of learning how to fall flat without a stagger, as if he were stone dead."

"God have mercy on us!" cried the General and gripped the arms of his chair as if to rise.

"Amen," said Father Brown. "You told me how quickly it seemed to come; in fact, Maurice fell before the bullet flew and lay perfectly still, waiting. And his wicked friend and teacher stood also in the background, waiting."

"We are waiting," said Cockspur, "and I feel as if I couldn't wait."

"James Mair, already broken with remorse, rushed across to the fallen man and bent over to lift him up. He had thrown away his pistol like an unclean thing; but Maurice's pistol still lay under his hand and it was undischarged. Then as the elder man bent over the younger, the younger lifted himself on his left arm and shot the elder through the body. He knew he was not so good a shot; but there was no question of missing the heart at that distance."

The rest of the company had risen and stood staring down at the narrator with pale faces. "Are you sure of this?" asked Sir John at last, in a thick voice.

"I am sure of it," said Father Brown, "and now I leave Maurice Mair, the present Marquis of Marne, to your Christian charity. You have told me something to-day about Christian charity. You seemed to me to give it almost too large a place; but how fortunate it is for poor sinners like this man that you err so much on the side of mercy, and are ready to be reconciled to all mankind."

"Damn it all!" exploded the General, "If you think I'm going to be reconciled to a filthy viper like that, I tell you I wouldn't say a word to save him from hell. I said I could pardon a regular decent duel, but of all the treacherous assassins—"

"He ought to be lynched," cried Cockspur excitedly. "He ought to burn alive like a nigger in the States. And if there is such a thing as burning for ever, he jolly well—"

"I wouldn't touch him with a barge-pole myself," said Mallow.

"There is a limit to human charity," said Lady Outram, trembling all over.

"There is," said Father Brown dryly, "and that is the real difference between

human charity and Christian charity. You must forgive me if I was not altogether crushed by your contempt for my uncharitableness to-day, or by the lectures you read me about pardon for every sinner. For it seems to me that you pardon only the sins that you don't really think sinful. You forgive criminals only when they commit what you don't regard as crimes, but rather as conventions. So you tolerate a conventional duel, just as you tolerate a conventional divorce. You forgive because there isn't anything to be forgiven."

"But hang it all," cried Mallow, "you don't expect us to be able to pardon a vile thing like this."

"No," said the priest. "But we have to be able to pardon it."

He stood up and looked at them.

"We have to touch such men, not with a barge-pole but with a benediction," he said. "We have to say the word that will save them from hell. We alone are left to deliver them from despair when your human charity deserts them. Go on your own primrose path, pardoning all your favorite vices and being generous to your fashionable crimes. And leave us with the men who commit the mean and revolting and real crimes, mean as St. Peter when the cock crew—and yet the dawn came."

"The dawn," repeated Mallow doubtfully. "You mean hope—for *him*?"

"Yes," replied the other. "Let me ask you one question: You are great ladies and men of honor and secure of yourselves; you would never, you can tell yourselves, stoop to such squalid treason as that. But tell me this. If any of you had so stooped, which of you would have confessed to stooping? Which of you, years afterward when you were old and rich and safe, would have been driven either by conscience or confessor to tell such a story of yourself?"

The others gathered their possessions together and drifted, by twos and threes, out of the room in silence. And Father Brown, also in silence, went back to the melancholy castle of Marne.



IN THE STAMP SHOP HE TURNED HIS POCKETS INSIDE OUT

INNOCENT PARENTS ABROAD

BY MANYA GORDON

AS the details of our trip abroad began to work themselves out it stood progressively revealed that our son Herbert was an Isolationist.

Herbert is not what one would call particularly articulate. His views on any subject are developed at intervals of one statement of opinion to the fortnight. Still, there was no mistaking the general drift of his comment on the projected tour. When the deck-plan arrived from the shipping agents and the location of our staterooms was pointed out to Herbert, he was immediately stirred to ask whether there would be tennis when we got to the other side. When we said that in all probability there would not be, he lost all interest in the deck-plan.

Up to that spring Herbert's attitude to the European problem was all that could be desired in a person of his age.

He was barely past sixteen and had long exhibited a lively interest in international sport. He was sufficiently proud of our own showing in the Olympic games and in the tennis and golf competitions without finding it necessary to slur the achievements of the foreign nations—in sport or out. Hence our surprise at his utter lack of enthusiasm about that European trip. He did not object in so many words to spending a summer abroad; but just that lack of response was disconcerting enough. His parents would have preferred that Herbert, like Senator Johnson, should announce his firm resolve to wash his hands of the Old World. They would then have been at least in the position to stage a formal debate on the subject. But when you have outlined to Herbert, in a few deft strokes, the advantages

of London Tower, the Louvre, and the Jungfrau, and Herbert responds, "I suppose there will be no swimming this summer," it is hard to prolong the discussion. And as the day of sailing approached there was no change in him. He submitted to circumstances, but in his heart he was an Irreconcilable.

It must be admitted that Herbert is good at his tennis and in the water, and that the four summer months he usually devotes, in part, to those two occupations have been an excellent physical investment. He knows also how to rest. Herbert can stretch his six feet two inches on the grass and so remain for hours, though without the risk of being mistaken for something carved in marble. If rather poor at imitating the song of the birds, he is nevertheless proud of his friendship with them. Without being in the least given to exhibiting his knowledge on the subject, he does reveal a fairly intimate acquaintance with trees and other growing things of the summer vacation. Not without a good deal of compunction had we decided to remove Herbert for a summer from his native out-of-doors to the picture galleries and railway compartments of the Continent.

Such doubts were quelled in the usual way. We found a reason. The trip had been decided upon by the adults in the family for purposes of their own. But inasmuch as we found it impractical—and, let me confess, too much of a wrench—to leave Herbert and Jean behind, it was a comparatively simple matter, though a matter of time, to convince ourselves that the children would benefit greatly by European travel. And that was why, after having won ourselves over to the overwhelming advantages of the trip, it was disappointing to find Herbert so difficult to convince.

We were to land in Hamburg. In the course of the outward voyage it seemed the obvious tactics to fire Herbert's imagination by occasional allusions to German history before the War. But whatever impression Prince Bismarck may have made on his contemporaries

and on the fortunes of the Nineteenth Century, the Iron Chancellor did not succeed in imposing himself noticeably on Herbert. We scored about the same results with forecasts of Berlin and the Siegesallee. The only response to a rather impassioned recitation out of Baedeker was an inquiry as to the chances for a swim in the river Spree. There were times when we wondered whether the boy had a soul.

But if Europe apparently was destined to mean very little in Herbert's life, the prospect did fascinate Jean. She was all aflame. She was only eleven, but up in her classes, and she had read up in European history with a thoroughness that was a credit to herself and her teacher—though a constant source of occupation to her parents. It is difficult to keep up with a child to whom all the seven wives of Henry VIII are still a vivid phenomenon. Jean's excellent memory made any ventures into the historical field on our part peculiarly dangerous. Yet in spite of the risk, we talked a great deal to Jean about what awaited her, and she responded. When shuffleboard had begun to pall on Herbert and he began to miss his friends back in town rather badly, it was Jean whom we could count upon for enthusiasm in our great adventure. Besides, she is not so hopelessly devoted to milk with her meals as her brother is, and when the supply began to run out toward the end of the voyage she managed to retain her cheerfulness.

A half day of sightseeing in Hamburg failed to show any perceptible change in Herbert's spirits, but we did not lose courage. The run from Hamburg to Berlin was one of high emotional tension for the elders in the party. It was really with Berlin that the chance would come to exhibit before our offspring our acquaintance with the language of the country. At Berlin would begin the children's introduction, under our guidance, to the main outlines of European civilization. Therefore, it was disconcerting to find upon our arrival at the hotel that

the precarious daily supply of fresh milk had failed altogether on this particular day, and supper without cereal and milk was to Herbert inconceivable. That first night in Berlin he was more like Hiram Johnson than ever.

Well, we reasoned, every pleasure involves some sacrifice. A glass or two of milk is not too high a price for a view of the Raphaels in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum or a day in the Tiergarten, though the difficulty with the young, of course, is that they want both the Tiergarten and the milk. As for our more or less striking mastery of the German language, which was to impress the children and so infect them with our own interest in the German scene, it did not turn out that way at all. At the end of the first week Herbert and Jean were asking how soon we should be leaving for France. The reason? Simple enough. They did not like to be dependent upon us as the only medium of communication with the people about them. Herbert was quite frank about it on our way back to the hotel one day from the Schloss and the Dom. "In Paris,"

he said, "it will be our turn to show off, because Jean and I speak French much better than either of you." He had evidently been brooding on the subject, since immediate occasion for his remark there was none. In the Schloss and Dom we, the elders, had had no need for anything but English. It may be that our observations on Berlin architecture, though stated in the New York vernacular, were German to the children. But we did begin to realize that it would have to be France before the two of them could really be brought face to face with the facts about Europe.

Nevertheless, both children had some high moments in Berlin. For Herbert the great event was undoubtedly the morning when he discovered a shop on Leipzigerstrasse where he could add to his stamp collection. From that moment, Unter den Linden—he found another shop there—took on glow and meaning, and even the language difficulty began to attenuate. Through his love for stamps Herbert acquired a very fair idea of the geography of Berlin and of the various divisions of the German



THEY TRAMPED THE RAVISHING COUNTRY IN RAIN AND SHINE

Reich. His mercantile transactions were conducted with his hands chiefly, with his tongue rarely. On one occasion Herbert found himself in the stamp shop and his funds in another pocket in his room at the hotel. He rose to the emergency. He turned his pockets inside out and shook his head in a vigorous affirmative when he caught the word *Gelt* in the intelligent saleswoman's outpour of German sympathy. She agreed to hold the stamps for him while he made a trip to the hotel. From then on his sense of dependence on us perceptibly weakened.

Jean, too, had her triumphs. One evening, when the two of them were alone in our hotel rooms and bedtime came, the electric light had refused to turn on. For that matter we, the elders, never succeeded in completely fathoming the mystery of European electrical attachments. At any rate, Jean rose to the need and she looked up "light" in our little traveling dictionary, rang for the maid, informed her that the *licht nicht licht*, and got herself understood. Thereafter Jean would behave on occasion as if there were still a few things in the tongue of Goethe she might brush up on, but not very many.

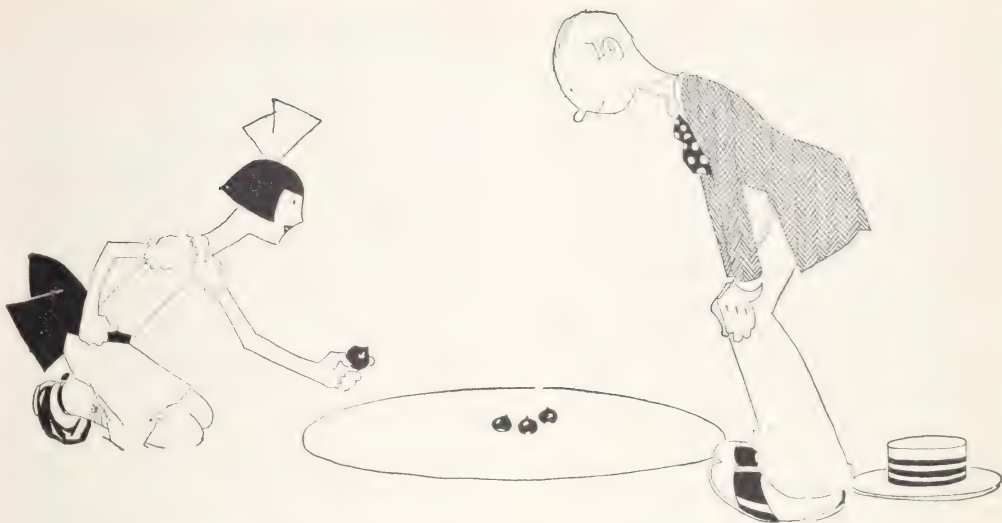
Nevertheless, she was obviously tiring of Berlin. She preferred to spend hours over her diary, partly (we believed) as an escape from sightseeing. She showed little interest in Fra Angelico, or else was sharply critical of his Madonnas. Herbert's contribution to the debate on Angelico was a statement to the effect that he would give anything for a swim.

Herbert's yearning for a swim amidst the best in European art brought up sharply the question as to whether the children were getting from their travels all that they reasonably might or we had anticipated. We had been told of so many others of their age and approximate station who had reveled in Europe. True, it was summer; and the two missed their holiday in the country. But all children who go abroad must miss the country. The weather in

Berlin ranged from cool to cold, yet Herbert and Jean were not altogether happy. Their mood served to dampen our own ardor. Our confidence wavered in the beneficial effects of European travel for the young. Could we reasonably expect Herbert and Jean to be educated while being bored? *Were* they bored?

The case was unfolded one night, after the children had gone to bed, to a friend of the family whom we had encountered that day not a hundred miles from the Adlon. She was young and modern and enlightened and understood the rights of children, among other rights. She said that it was exactly that: Herbert and Jean were bored. In fact, being normal children, we must expect them to be bored with pretty nearly everything their parents enjoyed. She drove home to us the crime of imposing our own standards and tastes upon the young. Instead of expanding their horizon we were only dwarfing their individuality. What seemed to us a mood in Herbert and Jean was to this understanding friend only another instance of the passive resistance which the young oppose to parental infringement upon their inalienable rights. At a stroke she destroyed our fortifications. Wasn't it out of personal convenience—that is to say, out of sheer egotism—that we had brought the children along? And as she saw us waver she pressed her attack in some such terms:

"The young are at a disadvantage from the moment of their arrival in this world. The first slap of welcome which the child receives is from a full-grown doctor; and its cry of protest is accepted merely as a sign of life. Neither father, mother, or nurse is of its own age, size, or opinion. It becomes the babe of the family and thus exposed to the opinions and prejudices of the adult mind. That is the whole difficulty. People might disagree as to whether there is such a thing as a working class or a capitalist class, but there isn't the slightest doubt that children are a class. And the young



CHESTNUTS FOR AN IMPROMPTU GAME OF MARBLES AT VERSAILLES

are not only a class, but an extremely dependent class."

We failed to follow the long and subtle argument in all its windings, but one point did stick. We could not deny that the young began by being very young, and as such by being fairly helpless.

This must have worked on our conscience the next day when we went down to Potsdam to look at Sans Souci. We were chary about venturing any opinion on the merits of Frederick the Great's bungalow-palace, though we did find courage enough to say that we thought we liked Versailles more. In Voltaire's room at Sans Souci one of us was, for a moment, strongly tempted to raise the question what the frescoed birds on the wall might have whispered in their day to the great Frenchman, but we thought of what our young friend of last night might have said, and were silent.

Herbert and Jean emerged from their vassal state into the condition of free and independent citizens during our ten-days' sub-holiday in the Thuringian Forest. In the mountains and among the fir trees they became completely indifferent to the barrier of language or to the strictly limited quantity of milk for breakfast and supper. The language

of the Thuringian woods apparently did not differ from the language of the Adirondacks. After five weeks in German paved streets the two were here completely at home. They tramped the ravishing country in rain and shine—it was as a matter of fact mostly rain, but that never mattered. They carried their luncheon with them in knapsacks, and they came home in the evening very tired and very happy.

It occurred to us that the reason for their happiness was not simply that hills and woods are a better place for children than paved streets, even if the pavements are European and historic. Herbert and Jean breathed ever so more freely in the woods because here they were, in a very real sense, ever so much less dependent upon us, the elders. When it came to communication with the outside, the two of them were much more conversant than we were with the rhythm and intonations of the universal language of out-of-doors. And more than that: the children knew ever so much better than we did how to live with Nature, because living with Nature means living in the Present.

What is the quest of the "Europe" that we elders traverse but a search of

the Past, even if you call it history? Herbert and Jean simply were not interested in the Past. That had been the difficulty in Berlin. Sightseeing, if it really means anything, means something much more than looking. It means contemplation. And what a task that is to impose on children! Confronted with such a task they feel the prison walls of an adult world closing in on them, even if the keeper comes in the form of parent and guide. In the woods the young need no guides or interpreters. In the museums they revert to their status of dependents and a class apart.

I imagine it was the desire to assert the child's independence from the very start that impelled the ingenious Mr. Shaw, in *Back to Methuselah*, to bring forth his children of the future full-grown out of the egg. But Shaw has not really solved the problem. He has not overcome the disadvantage of the newborn as against its elders, even if the baby starts out as an eighteen-year-old baby. It comes into the world full-grown, but proportionately quite as much bewildered by its seniors as the present style in new infants. It can walk and it can talk, but it lacks the worldly wisdom and life-experience of those who came before it. And there you have the eternal circle from which there is no escape. So long as the young remain the young, their more experienced elders will persist in guiding them or imposing themselves on them. Great and constant is the effort needed to force the father and mother mind to think in terms of the child mind. It is especially difficult while traveling in Europe.

Take all that has been said and written about the heightened conception of parental responsibility in the modern world: are we so sure than our intensified concern for the child is always that? By digging down into the unconscious or semi-conscious, may we not find that what we call the broader opportunities for childhood run back into freer opportunities for parents? Take Bernard Shaw's full-grown baby again. Hasn't

Mr. Shaw as much as confessed that he wants adult babies out of the egg because society cannot afford to waste time teaching its babies how to walk and talk and eat; because society, in other words, is in a hurry? And that, it seems to me, is a good deal of the pathos of the child to-day. In a society that is continually whipping up its pace there is less and less room for the slow, that is to say the normal, development of the child. It is a world of movies, airplanes, automobiles, radio—in a word, speed. Only the child has remained old-fashioned and seems destined so to remain, at least until Mr. Shaw's genetic theories have been reduced to practical form and made marketable. Airplanes cross the continent in twenty-four hours, but colic and teething run their ancient course. Spiritual horizons widen for the adult, but measles still produce the same little red spots, and molars evoke the same rise in temperature. Infancy is hopelessly behind time.

Or was Mr. Shaw's full-sized baby meant only to satirize this very impatience in modern parents, this desire to speed up child development in order to remove a drag on parent development? But I must leave Mr. Shaw here because we are on our way to France.

Paris, reinforced by the weather and the familiar language, made a hit with the children; that is to say, external Paris. They reveled in the Place de la Concorde and the Tuileries. The first visit to the Louvre they bore patiently enough, and there was even a second visit for the special purpose of the Mona Lisa and the Venus de Milo. Versailles, as far as the chateau is concerned, was a flat failure; and we could understand why. The children had been pleased with Sans Souci at Potsdam because the authorities had been wise enough to leave the place in very much the same condition, I suppose, that Frederick's housekeeper had kept it: and a palace with usable furniture in it is a habitation, and so of the Present. But the empty galleries at Versailles were of a museum

—that is, of the Past. Herbert and Jean simply would not rise to the Hall of Mirrors, even with the Peace Treaty only three years old. One small table, even if a World War received its *Finis* on it, made a very poor show in several acres of parquet flooring and heavily gilt Cupids. But the gardens of Versailles will, I suppose, always live for Herbert and Jean because of the chestnuts that lay thick under the trees. The chestnuts made a very fair substitute for “immies” in an impromptu game of marbles. Yet it is a question whether the novelty of shooting marbles on the graveled walks once trodden by Marie Antoinette was worth bringing the children across the ocean for.

Frankly speaking, European travel for the young is a movie which goes on too long and which needs the constant attendance of a grown-up to recite the titles. Always it was the adult filling up their horizon. Herbert and Jean would have enjoyed Europe ever so much more if they had had their own friends with them. They missed being with people of their own age. It was

quite obvious, after a while, that they were lonely. The best proof was that they began to talk of school—actually counting the days till vacation was over! Or was it for them a vacation? What the young body and the young mind need after eight months’ strain at school—even if it is the strain of extra-curricular activities—is just plain vegetation. But the young do not vegetate midst galleries and palaces.

Our grandparents, like ourselves, had their adult interests. There was plenty of politics and feasting and gadding about country in those days, though, to be sure, much should be forgiven the ancestors because they refrained from describing their fun as “reactions” and “realizations.” If the grown-ups in the olden days stayed more in the house than we do, it is of no exceptional credit to them. The home then was ever so much more entertaining because it was more primitive. A home, which in simpler times meant a farmstead, was not made up exclusively of human beings. It included dogs, cattle, horses, fowl, and



THE LOUVRE AND THE ABBEY HAVE A PLACE FOR KITTENS AND PIGEONS

the songbirds. In other words, the early home had many of the joys of the circus and the zoo.

And in that domestic circus, be it noted, the child played a leading part. He was the one indispensable member of the troupe; the most gifted and resourceful, as far as giving pleasure was concerned, or creating suspense. The child was in turn and in rapid succession the clown, the comedian, and the tragic hero. By comparison, the emotional resources of the life outside the home were meager. The child was then the broadcasting station of the family hearth. About him centered a vast amount of adult interest which, in great measure, survives to-day. There are still countless millions of adults for whom the baby's new tooth is a stimulus to conversation such as the crisis in the Near East can never evoke.

To-day the outside world has grown ever so much more interesting than it ever has been, and the child in the home is subjected to a much more formidable competition. The modern mother who devotes to her children only half the time which her great-grandmother devoted to her own children really makes a much larger sacrifice than her great-grandmother did: for there are so many more things in the outside world that the modern woman consents to do without when she stays at home. If, then, at times she compromises; if she finds a way to satisfy her yearning for the theater by discovering that the theater

isn't bad for fairly young children; if she discovers that the trip to Europe, for which she has been longing, also offers distinct educational advantages for the Herberts and the Jeans, I find it hard to blame her.

And after all, it always turns out to be a matter of give and take on both sides. Herbert was fascinated by the Tower of London and the Bœuf Eaters. Jean reveled in the Crown Jewels. I cared for none of these things, but pretended to be interested, even as the children had made a brave try to be interested in the Louvre. There was no pretense on any one's part in respect to Westminster Abbey, and surely not on Jean's part. She was delighted with the Coronation Chair and the chapel of Edward the Confessor, and she spent ten minutes of supreme felicity in fondling the little black kitten she discovered between the iron railing just outside the north portal of the Abbey. The black kitten outside of the Abbey and the pigeons on the steps of St. Paul's will blend, for Herbert and Jean, with the Poet's Corner and the Louvre and the Rigi and the Thuringian Forest paths into an experience of Europe that may yet turn out to be more educational than our own. For, after all, the people who built the Louvre and the Abbey must have had a place in their lives for kittens and pigeons: and that would mean, perhaps, that Herbert and Jean had come closer to the historic Past than had their parents.

JASON

A Story

BY WALTER MILLIS

THE village, even from the first, was immensely proud of him. He was, you see, an authentic Edwards: a direct descendant of the remote old gentleman who had opened the town's West India trade away back in colonial times, and a great grandson of the famous Jeremiah Edwards who had built the fine brick mansion to which he had given the name of China House. No one had lived in China House for many years. The Edwards family had vanished out of the village long ago, when two impossibly upright old sisters had died stiffly and simultaneously in the upper bedrooms, looking out through the enormous elms that shaded Water Street. The rest of the family was vaguely supposed to have gone West; but they had not sold the house. And then one day this grandson had abruptly and unexpectedly reappeared there, with his silent wife, and set himself to the reclaiming of what everyone had thought to be an abandoned inheritance. For the village it was a triumph and a vindication, and they were proud of him.

But that was not why he had come back. China House stood just off the very end of Water Street, a narrow yard with great snowball bushes in front of it and a sweep of grass with lilacs and rhododendrons and a box-hedged garden in the rear, running down to the rocks and the harbor edge. There was a certain quiet air about it—just a great block of softly weathered brick and ivy standing impassively behind its elm trees, and looking out across the sea that was to have brought its fortune, but did not. There was that gently

alluring beauty in it that you find in so many of these New England seaside houses. But that is scarcely the sort of thing to attract a young man, especially a young man with a reputation of sorts, for whom people confidently predict a "future." And that was the way people always spoke of Jason Edwards. The reputation clung to him, it is true, a little vaguely, and the village was somewhat uncertain about it, but they were quite sure that he was a genius. That fine, handsome young gravity of his made it almost self-evident. It was something financial, the village said. He had had a private wire installed, straight to Wall Street, and since he was never seen to do anything else, they supposed that he spent his time in manipulating things.

But that was precisely Jason Edwards' difficulty. He was a young man, I think, who had been betrayed by success. I don't mean in the obvious ways; it was something more subtle and more interesting than that. He had simply acquired a reputation which he felt himself unable to live up to, and he had a peculiar kind of conscience which was enormously worried by it. He had suddenly bobbed up, you see, from nowhere in particular, at the age of twenty-seven, with what seemed very much like a fortune. That there was something a little mysterious about it only made it the more exciting; he looked the part, you know, and people who said that it was probably a fluke, added that he would bear watching, and privately asked him for tips. But Jason never gave them any. He was always a bit queer about the whole affair, until one day he had

suddenly picked up his wife and disappeared—buried himself—in China House. And I really think it was a kind of flight. He was running, I believe, from what he felt to be a false position in the world. That may seem odd. But it must have been the case, for otherwise it is hard to understand why he should have acted as he did.

He was really a young man in search of his own personality. Both the fortune and the reputation, you see, were accidental, and they merely left him hanging in the air. It was a fact that he had installed a private wire in China House, but he was not actually a financier and he never had anything to send over it. I suppose he had thought that by putting his life into the ancestral frame he could get some kind of perspective on it; but these problems that have to do with people and relationships are so damnably hard, and in that wide expanse of sea and green trees and yellow rock upon which China House was founded I do not believe that he ever found the suggestion of an answer. You may not think much of Jason Edwards, and I don't know that one can think much of him in the end. People don't sit about worrying over their own inadequacies unless there is a soft spot in them somewhere; but at least you must admit that his failures were those of his deficiencies rather than of his vices.

Even to his wife he remained, I think, a decorative figure. How valuable that fact was to her was a question which only Helen could have answered, and she never did. She was a quiet, immobile girl, with something more than his own distinguished gravity, and perhaps something less than his strongly accented, almost pictorial impressiveness; and she was not in the habit of either asking or answering questions. She merely seemed to survey the world through a pair of large and unchanging gray eyes, and no one ever knew what she was thinking. It was possibly her greatest weakness, or her greatest strength. I don't know, and at any

rate, I doubt that this story has very much to do with Helen.

But Jason Edwards was undeniably decorative; you could have seen it even in his pose as he leaned against the bottom of the stair rail, in white flannels and a gray lounging coat, with a bright necktie making a spot of color in the white shadowy hall. His wife, returning from a morning's walk and surveying him in her silent way, must have sensed the delicate impressiveness of the picture to which she had, in the one abrupt action of her life, dedicated her existence. But she said nothing about it.

"You will want the car this afternoon, I suppose?"

"The car?" he asked, and it occurred to him suddenly that it was a long time since he had been in love with Helen.

"I thought you were going up to New York this evening. You said that there was a board meeting or something."

"No," he said, evasively. "Not worth while . . . Looks like rain."

There was a trace of an obscure disappointment in her eyes, and Jason felt it suddenly as a challenge to the aimlessness of this existence he had got himself into. "New York," he said, almost sullenly, "is a good place to stay away from."

They looked at each other for a moment across the hall. She set down a basket of wild flowers she had collected and slowly pulled off a pair of working gloves.

"Had a good walk?"

"I enjoyed it. Lunch must be ready."

"Look here, Helen—" he began abruptly, and then stopped. She could not possibly know how much he would have liked it if there had been a board meeting to go to. She could not know that he was in search of a personality—anything that would make him feel himself to be genuine, significant. After all, in Helen herself—if he could only explain it to her. But though they had been married hardly more than five years, they had nothing to say.

"I mean," he tried again, actually in

a kind of desperation, "you aren't—you aren't bored here, are you, or anything like that? That is, I suppose it must be rather dull sometimes."

"Bored?" she repeated. "No, I'm not bored. I like it here."

"I'm not sure that *I* like it here," he burst out, and he tossed his hand toward the inclosing walls of the quiet house. "And I don't suppose there's much satisfaction for you in it. . . ." It was characteristic of him to talk of his own problems as if they were hers. "You've got to get satisfaction out of things, you know."

Helen considered her husband very gravely for a little while. If this were Helen's story it would be very important to know what passed in her mind. But it is not Helen's story. And I suppose she thought that it was no good talking about things in this way. "Yes," she said, and moved toward the dining room.

Jason felt, a little wearily, that it was quite useless. He abandoned the attempt. Couldn't get that sort of thing out anyway. And Helen, whom he had brought here and set down in this house of his ancestors, remained a flat mystery to him. He thought of her only as a head which must have ideas in it, and large gray eyes that undoubtedly saw things. But what these might be was as unimaginable as what lies behind the stars. He followed her in and sat down across the smooth mahogany table, just under the portrait of Jeremiah Edwards which hung in its restrained gilt oval above the delicate white paneling of the fireplace.

"I think," said Helen, "the cream is a little soured."

In the afternoon there was an increasing sultriness. Jason Edwards sat in the small room that his great grandfather had used as an office, staring angrily at the telephone which represented his end of the private wire. It did not help much. Outside, the day seemed to be working itself up for an outburst of fury; inside, the man was probably doing very much the same

thing. A thunder squall was plainly in the air, and he caught sight through the window of a schooner bearing up around the point as if to make the harbor. She came along easily and gracefully in the dying air, put her helm down, and went about—a handsome black schooner yacht, with what seemed to be a group of people, brightly dressed, in her cockpit. He could see them as the sails snapped over together, a splash of color and vivacity, still bright in the distant sunlight under the darkening sky. . . . He sprang up abruptly, and as he did so the summer lightning flashed and the first thunderclap ran around the low hills behind the town.

The rain streamed awhile on the windows, beat through the lilac bushes, and ran bubbling in the paths of the neat garden which Helen appeared to keep up more as a matter of course than of affection. The schooner rounded to with a great flutter of wet sails, let go her anchor, and came to rest. She seemed to have got pretty far over from the usual anchorage, which was across by the yacht club, and she swung in not far from the little beach at the bottom of the garden—though Jason did not pay much attention to it.

Then the rain stopped, the sky cleared partially, and the late sun dropped level under the clouds. Things stood out across the water with a peculiar fresh clarity and sharpness—brilliantly colored under a gray background. Sounds were distinct over the level distances. The yacht's people had come out again into the cockpit where they seemed to be having some sort of party. There was great animation, and a faint little squeal from one of the girls. . . . From the somber fastness of China House, Jason and Helen Edwards each looked out—through quite different windows—upon a bright wet world and a ragged horizon. Somehow one can see them there with an extraordinary vividness—two figures in a setting at the remote end of a long tunnel of old elms. . . .

Jason Edwards sat up quite late that night, reading with determination. It was close again, and at midnight a faint odor of the box could penetrate through the deep shadows beyond the reading lamp and fill the house with the trace of a subtle restlessness. He threw down the book and wandered through the rooms where his great grandfather had stalked with all the resolute purposefulness of a simpler generation. In the dining room the great dark pool of the mahogany table seemed to catch and hold a single elusive gleam from a light that must have gone out years ago. . . . It was lying there, quite dead now. . . . He stepped into the hot dankness of the garden, where the clouds reached far out overhead until on the horizon a single star just broke through their under edge. Jason stood in his garden and looked at the star, and the star looked back silently at Jason; and that, if you understand what I mean, just seemed to be all that there was to it—to anything at all, anywhere. So it seemed; but as it happened, Jason was wrong. For at that moment he heard something which sounded very much like a shout.

Unmistakably a girl was calling from somewhere. It seemed near at hand, but after the hail was repeated twice it ceased altogether. It was startling and rather weird, coming abruptly at a man out of the midnight darkness and then vanishing into silence again. The mere memory of the voice hung in the air, while other little noises murmured all around him and a tiny surf rustled periodically on the beach below the garden. It was just a call, echoing sharply in his mind; not in the least that of a person in distress, but with a certain urgency in it. He tried to reconstruct the direction from which it had seemed to come, and he thought that it had sounded from somewhere below him in the garden. But he got all the way down to the low cliff just above the beach and found no one. It was very dark down there, and he listened,

and heard only the water rolling a few pebbles idly up and down.

"Hi there!" he said into the beach, not very loudly.

"Hello," said the voice. It almost startled him, it was so close.

He dropped over the edge. A small boat, a dinghy or something of the sort, appeared to have been run up on the pebbles, and he just made out that the girl was sitting on the bow. He went up quite near to her, but even so he could see no more than that it was a slight figure balanced on the end of the dinghy. Whoever it might be, it said nothing; and Jason merely stood there, not knowing exactly how to begin, until he felt that the ripples were washing about his shoes. It was impossible to stand with one's feet in the water, staring at a shadow.

"Is there," he said, though it did not sound quite the right thing, "is there anything you want?"

He could just distinguish the blur of her face; it seemed to lift suddenly and he knew that she must be looking at him, but she did not answer. It gave him a very odd sensation—and he found himself thinking foolishly of those tales of strange things that are cast up by the sea. He stepped back a little.

"I thought you called," he said. "I don't want to butt in."

"I did call," said the shadow finally, though it seemed to hesitate a little. "I—I wanted a light."

In some way it seemed even more extraordinary than it sounded. He said that he would get a lantern.

"No. Cigarette."

He must have felt simply that there was an inherent impossibility in the idea that a girl should arrive alone by midnight on his beach, demanding a light for a cigarette. And it was rather remarkable. He began going through his pockets in a mechanical fashion. And then this shadow spoke again.

"Don't you know me, Jason?" was what it said.

He stopped in a profound astonishment. "Know you?"

"You'd forgotten all about me, hadn't you?" said the girl, lightly. "But I'd recognize your voice anywhere, Jason."

"Then it's Barbara?"

"Yes, it's Barbara all right."

He found the match, struck it, and held it up between them. In the dead air the small flame burned steadily upward from the stick, and across it Edwards looked into a face that suddenly he remembered very well. It was not precisely a thin face but an incredibly slight one, very white in the darkness except for a touch of rouge on either cheek, and with an air—save for the two steady hazel eyes—of an impossible fragility or unreality, as if by blowing out the match one would have blown it out, too—back across the water. But the eyes would have remained. Abruptly she bent forward and lighted the cigarette she had been holding in her hand, while Jason watched the match-light fall across her small forehead and her straying, straw-colored hair—precisely as he had done innumerable times before, in what seemed to him a very remote past.

Then she straightened up. Suddenly he became aware that just beyond her shoulder the light was reflected in another pair of eyes, staring stupidly at him, as it were, out of the sea. He started violently. It was incredibly, impossibly weird—it is hard to tell just how weird it seemed to him. The girl turned. "Go to sleep, Billy," she said shortly; the eyes vanished behind her and the match went out. In the sudden disappearance of the light he was left gazing blankly at nothing—nothing but a smudge on the darkness. It was exactly as if the whole thing had flashed upon him like a sudden picture of memory and then had simply been wiped out—obliterated—leaving him standing by himself on an empty beach.

But it was not that. In the middle of the smudge the end of the cigarette glowed calmly, its thin odor was in the

air, and he realized that a slight knocking sound resulted from the fact that she was swinging her heels against the side of the boat. "Eh," she said finally, "this isn't any easy chair," and she seemed to jump to her feet on the sand.

"But see here." Jason was beginning to recover. "What's all this anyway? Where on earth did you come from? What's it all about?"

"Wish I knew." It was the same light, inconsequential voice he could now recall so clearly, but it seemed faintly tired. "And I didn't come from anywhere on earth. Off that yacht out there. But fancy finding you here, child. Just fancy that!"

"Who's this with you? What's the matter with him?"

"Tight, I suppose," said Barbara. "He generally is, you know. It was rather a wild party." Jason moved toward the boat. "Oh, leave him alone. He's only my husband." . . .

Somewhere in the remote darkness beyond the beach a high, thin little voice was speaking with a faraway distinctness. "But I just saw a light over there," it was saying. "She yelled twice. Hurry up, you must go and see." A man replied, and then there was the sound of oars being tumbled into a boat, and some more talking, and presently the regular splash and grunt of someone rowing. Then it stopped and the man called loudly.

"They're coming after me," said Barbara almost in a whisper.

"Well, that's what you wanted, isn't it? You'd better answer him."

Instead of doing so the girl suddenly dropped her cigarette and stepped on it. The man hailed again and then called back to the yacht to know where the light had been, and several people began shouting and talking in a foolish confusion.

"Billy said he wanted to go fishing," she remarked irrelevantly. "Said he wanted to take me to catch sea horses. Fancy that!" The tone was purely reflective. "I guess I'd had some drinks

myself. But anyway, he was too tight to row, and when he went to sleep in the bottom of the boat I just paddled in here. And here *you* are. Of all the people in the world. . . . I don't know," she said—and through the impenetrable darkness Jason realized that she was smiling at him in a way that he too could remember—"that I want to go back."

Jason found nothing to reply. And I scarcely know what a man could reply to an announcement like that. He had difficulty in adjusting himself. It was like being abruptly plunged into the midst of a wild and shocking improbability.

"By the way, you are real, aren't you?" said the girl. She moved toward him; he put out his hand mechanically and hers suddenly closed upon it. The vivid contact—the touch of those slender and delicate fingers resting lightly over his wrist—was surprising and disquieting. I believe he was for the first time actually conscious that the girl he had once known so well was in fact standing on the dark sands in front of him, risen astoundingly out of the sea. . . . Something had to be done. . . . "Yes," she was saying, "you seem to be quite solid. You always were solid, anyway, weren't you, Jason? . . . Good lord, I think I'm tired." She slipped her arm through his and rested lightly against him. So there they were. There was something almost funny in it, if you stop to think.

But Jason was simply shocked—profoundly and inexpressibly shocked. "I really believe," the girl was whispering again with a kind of bright eagerness, "I'll just run away. Why not?" The oarsman was in close to the shore now, but he appeared to have dropped some distance down with the tide. "They're all just a lot of drunks"—the tone changed a little—"and you get awfully tired of that sort of thing after a while, you know. There's nothing in it. And I want to talk to you, child." With an utter inconsequentiality she began to hum, very softly, a popular tune—but

it had been popular about six years before.

It was really the outrageousness of the contrast that affected him more than anything else. She was so precisely as he had known her, so slight a creature, with that light irresponsibility and almost childlike recklessness—and yet here she was, thrown away irretrievably among a crowd of no-accounts. So Jason saw it. The picture she gave him was brief but it was complete. She was too good to be mucking up her life like this. It was what he felt at the moment. "There's nothing in it." There was not—it was as if she were looking back to him out of an utter desolation. Things ought not to happen that way.

But never for a moment did it seem to overcome her. The yacht's boat was returning along the shore, the beat of the oars drawing very close. "Quick!" she whispered suddenly, and crossed over to the dinghy.

He had actually begun to help her before the point of the idea dawned on him. If it had dawned on him sooner he might not have helped. The dinghy, since the tide had dropped a little, was caught fast on the pebbles and he found himself struggling silently, almost desperately, together with her in an effort to push it off. He heard her breathing hard, close to him, their heads touching across the bow of the boat; and they worked there like two conspirators over a corpse—the indistinct bulk on the bottom boards might just as well have been a corpse—while the other boat was drawing in. Then the dinghy slipped free; he gave it a shove, and it vanished into the dark waters. Gone. The two of them stood together in water up to their ankles; and beyond in the harbor the lights of the yacht showed as if across an impassable gulf.

"Funny," she whispered, with her head against his shoulder, "just as if you were clear of the whole business. . . . Take me home with you, Jason," she said abruptly.

He was almost too surprised to answer.



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

THEY SAT BENEATH THE PORTRAIT OF JEREMIAH EDWARDS

"But I can't do that, you know," he gasped finally. "What'd I say, and all?"

"Say anything. Say you rescued me from drowning. But do, Jason"—and she played lightly on the intonation of his name in a funny little way she had once used—"where else should I go?"

"But you haven't been drowning," he said stupidly.

"Haven't I? . . . Then I will!"

There was not the slightest hesitation. Before he could stop her she shook loose from him, slipped into the water, and managed to get herself thoroughly wetted from head to foot.

"Now," she said, "take me home and put me to bed."

It was irreparable.

From the harbor, as they climbed up the bank, a great noise of bumping and shouting arose on the night. The oarsman had apparently collided with the dinghy, containing as it did its alarming cargo. Then he seemed to be going away for assistance. The sounds all faded out behind them. And Jason and this curious girl went up into China House, and he switched on the lights, and she slumped dripping into the chair across the great mahogany table, directly beneath the portrait of Jeremiah Edwards in its restrained oval. A delicately pretty, fragile, irresponsible creature, staring at him through hazel eyes that seemed at once tired and rather mischievous. . . .

Helen was standing framed against the darkness of the hall in the white colonial doorway. "This is—this is Miss Lansdowne," said Jason, "off the yacht. She capsized her boat; almost drowned. I pulled her out. We can fix her up, can't we?"

Helen did not advance. "I'll get some things," she said evenly. "You had better stay here until I make a bed." The doorway was empty.

And so he had introduced her into that carefully constructed environment of his. He could scarcely have known what he had done; I am very sure that Barbara did not. They simply gazed at each other over the mahogany for a long time.

It was rather like picking up a fine watch which had been lost and shaking it to see if it would run—to find out what had happened to it in the meantime. After all these years! Jason understood very well what had happened to her—the whole thing had sprung upon him, as it were, so violently—and he felt that kind of disturbed anger which is really only what any decent man feels when he sees something which has fineness and courage in it running to waste. He knew what sort of life those people on the yacht represented. And he felt, idealistically, that she had drifted into it in an effort merely to make something out of living. It was the way, he remembered it, that she took everything. A foolish and irresponsible girl, who yet met things as they came. In the back of his head there formed an idea which would have been absurd anyway but which was also dangerous. He ought in some way to rescue her from this business.

"This is an awfully nervy thing for you to do, Barbara," he said.

"Is it? But why not?" It was her philosophy of life. And Jason, whose difficulty was that he had no philosophy of life, admired her tremendously for it. Jason could not do things that way.

She looked up at him. If you ask me what she saw, you are asking a difficult question; but I suppose she saw that handsome and steady young face, clothed in its vaguely insistent reputation for brilliance and success, and buried in the deep solemnity of China House at the end—so it must have appeared to Barbara—of nowhere.

"You are too good for this sort of thing, Barbara," he said; and you must understand that at this moment his emotion was a genuinely decent one. "Why did you go in for it? You're simply chucking yourself away."

Barbara looked into the vacant doorway. "And you—?" she asked.

They were only two words but, as you can see, they profoundly altered the relationship. Jason Edwards was a young man who was completely and

exhaustingly dissatisfied with himself; they simply set him on fire, coming so abruptly in that weird way out of the night, and he broke down in a sudden torrent of memories and dissatisfactions and absurd desires. That subtle little question, flung lightly into this rather purposeless existence of his, had all at once given him something to bite on. Well—he bit.

There was a challenge in it. He did not sleep much during what was left of the night. Breakfast, with these three people sitting together there and the cool green light filtering in through the trees and playing freshly over the coffee cups, must have been a rather curious meal. Afterward Helen went out; and he took the girl into the garden that sloped to the sea, where the lilac bushes were already drawing their shadows close under them on the lawn—to fight it out with her.

"What did you mean?" he demanded. "What did you mean by telling me that I was throwing myself away too?"

"Did I say that?" asked Barbara, who quite possibly may not have meant anything at all.

"Didn't you?" He had to pin down this elusive girl who had so silently materialized in the silent shadows of China House.

"Maybe so," said Barbara. "I don't suppose I meant anything. I generally don't, you know."

"No, you never did." He walked up and down a little by himself. "I used to swear at you for it, too. But that's just it. You *ought* to, you know. You ought to be getting somewhere. Not just trifling around—"

"I don't care for it," said the girl. "But what would you have? You— you never got me out of it, Jason."

"No," he said.

They sat down on the grass and he offered her a cigarette. Between two trees they could just see the yacht swinging to her moorings. There was no one about on deck and one of her boats was away.

"Looking for you," he said.

She slipped her arm through his—quite naturally, merely an offhand, unconscious gesture. "Let them look," was what she said. "I don't in the least want to go back. . . . If you had married me I shouldn't have had to, Jason."

"No," he said, "but it's too late now."

"Yes, quite too late." The sun laid down its bright and heavy carpet across the old lawn, and that careless but courageous child sat there looking rather oddly through her hazel eyes into the stupidities of existence. "But what else was I to do?" she said. "I'm a silly creature, I suppose, and you've got to get some fun in life."

It affected him deeply—the more so, I think, because what for a long time he had really been waiting for was to find something that would affect him. He discovered himself all at once in a state of nervous excitement.

"At least, Barbara," he said, "you have the courage of your convictions."

She turned upon him queerly in genuine surprise. "What a funny boy you are, Jason!"

"See here, Barbara," cried this absurd man suddenly, "you won't understand a bit of this. I don't know that I understand it myself. But a person has got to *be* something, you know—something or other. You are, damn it, in your own way. I'm not. What would you say? Brilliant young man, all that sort of thing, great success you know, quite a genius, looked up to by the townspeople—and just nothing in it. Can't go on. Nothing to do. Don't you see?"

She did not see, but she was struck by the suppressed force of this abrupt outburst. She looked quickly at him with something, I fancy, of a mixed emotion.

"Listen," he said. "I'll tell you something I have never told anyone else. You know that fortune of mine. Very nice and all that. But pure luck. There

was a man came into my office one day and put me up to a deal. Only knew him slightly; he was a good deal of a scoundrel. There was nothing dishonest about this—that is, nothing really illegal, I mean—but it was war contracts and he wanted my name because he needed a little respectability. One of these people with more brains than reputation, you know. Well, they got away with it even better than they expected, and they passed on my share, and a couple of lucky breaks, and I came out with an independent income and a lot of credit among the people who didn't know the details."

It was the degradation he had been running from, though even now he would not quite admit it. He was like that. But though she did not understand what he was saying, perhaps she understood him. "What a funny boy you are, Jason," she repeated slowly.

"I mean," he went on, "there's nothing left. I'm not a financial wizard, though I seem to look like one. I couldn't play the street fifteen minutes without dropping every cent I own. I fool myself into thinking I'm pretty hot stuff; but it doesn't work. Only you—you are hot stuff." And he really believed it. "You don't know what your game is but you're not afraid to play it."

For reply she squeezed his hand, which may mean anything, and they simply sat there looking into their two problems which were so very different.

"Only you need somebody to look after you," he said.

"And you—?" she asked, and this time she presently answered her own question. It was Helen's difficulty, if you remember, that she never answered questions. "You need somebody to appreciate you, child. Fancy your moping yourself away up here like that!"

It was of course precisely the weak fiber in the man that could respond to this note she touched. But perhaps one can forgive him. It was all rather like a sudden blazing revelation. Under the light pressure of her hand the future

seemed all at once to open out in a shining, throbbing magnificence; in this partnership of mutual assistance it seemed to him that he could escape the degrading falsity of his position and find something of vitality and significance in life. That war contract, you see, had represented to him an insistent and colossal moral failure—all the more so because everyone else regarded it as his great success—and he was in a desperate effort to retrieve it. The ethics may seem a bit odd when you consider Helen's position, but I imagine that they were not unique. After all, it was a hot summer and I believe people do things like that in hot summers.

"We could have made it go very well, Jason," the girl was saying softly. "But it's too late now."

"Is it too late?" he asked with a sudden fierceness.

And then he was stopped dead when he realized what he had done.

She had not answered him in the affirmative but was merely looking at him oddly out of two large, acquisitive eyes. . . .

They were interrupted. A maid said that a man wished to speak to him, and he grasped almost convulsively at the diversion.

But when he came back in a few moments he did not seem less excited.

"Well?"

"It was the sailing master from the yacht. Wanted to know if we had seen anything of you."

"Well—" She trailed the word peculiarly.

"I told him," said Jason, "that we had not: He went away."

She laid her hand in his, and the sun was very hot about the lilac bushes and a bee buzzed in the air.

So Jason embarked upon his adventure. It was just that touch of weakness in him, but it was the very weakness he was trying to escape. Odd, isn't it? She stayed there again that night, and by next day the two imbeciles had

arranged that they would run away together. He planned the whole thing in the same breathless excitement—the yacht still in the harbor meant that anything they did had to be done in a hurry—and the wildest part of it all was that he never once thought of Helen.

The girl was to take the train and he was to take time to make arrangements, although he could scarcely have had any clear idea of the arrangements he was going to make, and follow her. He went down to the station and put her on board.

"You'll come this time, Jason?" she said, looking up at him, perhaps a little doubtfully, with those irresponsible hazel eyes of hers. It was the expression, he thought, that he had seen in them when that other had looked over her shoulder out of the darkness.

"Au revoir," he said, taking hold of her hand. And as he did so he was actually conscious of nothing save a great sense of release, and power. It was like holding his whole future. "I'll come, right enough."

And I think he really would have; but as it happened it turned out rather differently. Even on his way back, when he saw the familiar bulk of China House down the long avenue of elms, he must have been seized with a faint misgiving. It was a trifle changed when she was not there, and Jason was hardly the man to go about spreading magnificent destructions. He must have felt how suddenly those walls would collapse upon him. The matter had its difficulties. And when at last he came up through the screen door into the hall, he found that someone was waiting for him.

A slightly florid individual, not well preserved, in white flannels. It was the man to whom he owed his fortune.

The thing was brutally unexpected. It rather knocked him, right there; that affair seemed to pursue him with an almost intentional malice. But the first words that the visitor said were, "Well, Jason, where is she?"

He had to repeat the question before Edwards replied.

"Whom do you mean?"

"Oh, come off," said the other pleasantly, "don't pull that stuff on me. Barbara, of course."

"Barbara?" said Jason, rather stupidly. "What do you know about Barbara?"

"Nothing much," said the other. "One doesn't, of course—but I'm her husband. Not that it signifies particularly."

Well, that was that. At any rate he had the whole thing in a rush, and he had to meet his problem all at once.

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"Oh, tie it. I was boiled, of course, so I can't say just what happened the other night, but charming young ladies simply don't disappear into smoke, and as we must have come ashore near your place and you're the only soul in the neighborhood who sounds like a mutual friend, it doesn't take much sleuthing to find the trail."

I suppose it was his egoism that was touched at first. It almost made him shudder. That this sort of thing should have a claim on her—should be what she had devoted herself to—gave him a kind of revulsion. He ought to have expected it, of course. If you start to pull things out of mudholes you must take your chances of getting muddled. But most persons' imaginations work only in jumps.

The other planted himself with an infinite solidity in a chair, and pulled out a handkerchief because it was warm. "Goodness gracious," he said sarcastically, "I believe you're trying to steal the little girl."

And Jason began to appreciate the peculiar difficulty of the situation. The other had a perfect right to sarcasm, or anything else. Both Jason and China House, as it stood, were his own creations.

"What if I am?" Jason demanded in an effort at self-assertion.

"Then I admire your nerve," said the husband unconcernedly. "But it doesn't

sound like the Jason I knew. Where've you hidden her?"

"She's on the train."

"On the train? I don't get the point. Why didn't she tell us? Might at least have let us know she wasn't a corpse."

Jason felt himself slipping into an abysmal depression. He could scarcely summon the resolution to face this wretched competition. With any other man it would have been different, though bad enough; but that it should have been this man was overpowering him. He collected his resources.

"I don't think," he said, "that she cares what you know or what you don't know."

The other looked at him very keenly for a moment and then got to his feet.

"Eh? Are you trying to put anything over on me, Edwards?"

"No," said Jason, with an effort at the gesture, "I'm not trying to put anything over on you. I didn't know it was you, anyhow. She didn't tell me. But if you like it, I *am* running away with her. I'll tell you now. She's too good for your crowd, and you might as well know it."

"The hell she is," said the other in a blank amazement, and turned the announcement over in his mind. He seemed to be stupefied by it.

It was for a moment very still in the hallway, and Jason now braced himself for the attack.

"Well," said the husband at length, "it beats me." And he sat down. It was unutterably flat.

"So you two are running away together, eh? And you'll pay the bills and alimony out of the pile I made for you. You're a queer duck, Edwards." He laughed outright; and the sound seemed to re-echo through the whole house.

It was quite true. Jason looked into that impossible prospect and it knocked every prop out from under him. He hit bottom and he hit pretty hard. There was nothing to say—nothing that could be said.

"You did take me a bit by surprise," the husband went on. "Idea's a trifle

hard to get used to, y'see. Running away with Jason! Well, I'm—I don't know, though. Maybe it saves a lot of bother all around."

Then there was to be no struggle. There wasn't to be anything at all.

"Lord," continued the other, "I wish you joy. You'll need it. And any time you two kids find yourselves hard up for rent or any little thing, just let me know and I'll put you up to whatever I may have on hand. Guess I'll stagger along." And he did. He had presented her to him.

It was utterly impossible.

The letter he wrote was rather a queer one. The burden of it was that under the circumstances he could be nothing but a shackle upon her, and that he was beneath her contempt. It was for her sake that he was doing as he was. He wasn't worthy of her—that phrase occurred two or three times, and I think you miss the point unless you see that he was entirely sincere when he wrote it. Barbara took it very well, as she took everything in life, and after rereading the letter she agreed with him. Now Barbara was not, I suppose, worth one of Helen's shoestraps—but I think she was quite right. Jason had a soft spot in him and one could have liked him better if he had made the break.

But the village would not have seen it that way. It considers him its proudest triumph. Affairs like that get about—after all, there were servants in China House—and the villagers cling to the belief that it is not everyone who could have resisted temptation so firmly in the New England tradition. So he is a hero on two counts, now, and perhaps ultimately he will get used to the idea. . . . Helen did not ask any questions. Things are not quite the same in China House as they once were; but Helen knows enough to know that things are never quite the same—and the wild blackberries still sun themselves on the rocks between the sea and the salt marshes. Which is perhaps all that matters.

THE ART OF BEING A JEW

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Why is it an art to be a Jew? Because definite historical forces have caused it to come about that the Jew cannot take either himself or his world for granted; he cannot live freely, instinctively, spontaneously. Everyone else finds an immanent theory of life ready for him at birth—as ready as clothes to be worn. The Jew hasn't any such covering for his spirit. The world wants him to wear one set of psychical and social clothes; his conscience often demands another. Every act of living for him is an act of deliberate and difficult choice. Thus, life for him has all the intricacy, the technic, the conscious adaptation of means to ends that belong to art. It is this fundamental truth and its historical causes which I have set forth in the following article. In addition there are shown two ways of practicing this art of being a Jew, an older and a newer way, a less and a more noble. These two ways of being a Jew have a significance that quite transcends the Jewish problem. They point to two paths that are open to our entire civilization at its crossroads of choice.—*Author's Note.*

THE middle-class American of Jewish faith is commonly, like his cultural equal among his Gentile fellow-citizens, a man of little or no faith at all. He may pay for a pew in a temple of the reformed persuasion, he may even be seen in that pew on certain high holidays. Those emotions in him that are deeply akin to the religious are more likely to be awakened over a book, or at a play, opera, or concert. Yet he must sustain that sectarian affiliation, since it is the frail shield of his exposed position. According to the argument which sustains him, he differs from other Americans (or Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Ioles) by his religion alone. Hence he must cleave to that religion. The reformation of his cult permits him to be in his office on the Sabbath, even to attend worship on Sunday. The Day of Atonement finds him, if not fasting, yet at home.

Since the division between himself and his fellowmen is so slight in theory, it should be equally so in practice. The reverse is true. Our assimilationist friend of Jewish faith may be almost blond and straight-nosed; he may be admirably unobtrusive in pronunciation and manner. He may have a son at

Harvard and a daughter at Vassar. He may have abbreviated his name. Yet when he sits at the head of his board the guests will be Levinskys and Rosenfelds; his table at his luncheon-club—we are safe in assuming him to be a business man or lawyer—will hear voices in which the echo of the ancestral prayer and study-chant will still be audible. His son and his daughter will have Gentile friends at college. But these friendships will, after graduation, fade by what has all the appearance of mutual consent.

Despite his theory, our friend does not in fact seek Gentile society. Firstly, he is as a rule rather sensitive and self-respecting. He does not wish to be where he is not wanted; and memories and instincts both warn him that he probably is not wanted. Secondly, though he may deny it both vigorously and even blithely, he knows his position to be an exceedingly precarious one. Let a Unitarian, for instance, rebuff him socially—his entire theory crumbles. Thus, for the sake of his inner equilibrium, he must associate exclusively with those who are in a like position and live by the same assumptions. In his circles you find a complete and admi-

rable imitation of Gentile culture. It differs from the real thing only by a more passionate love of the arts and by the almost complete absence in it of anyone but Jews.

These Jews, moreover, can never be a shade more orthodox than himself. They must never harbor a doubt of the complete success of the assimilationist theory. Nationalists or Zionists have rude and brutal ways. They will mention pogroms in Poland and the number of orphans left in Petlura's train of blood; they will tell the anecdote of a certain Siegfried Cohen who, when threatened with expulsion from Munich as a dangerous alien, produced an Iron Cross of the first class. And what displeases our assimilationist friend most is, that these disturbers of his quiet will discuss the infinite variety of anti-Semitic phenomena not with the passionate disgust of the benevolent Gentile but with a certain grave acceptance—things and the world being, alas, still as they are.

If our friend's social contacts are circumscribed for the sake of his soul's security, his citizenship is of an even more fettered kind. Though he lives by the assertion of equality, he is always impelled to be more public-spirited and patriotic than his Gentile neighbor in order to attain it. He embraces positions of public trust with an inordinate satisfaction, and feels flattered when he is asked to contribute effort or money to the general welfare. His whole life as a citizen is a *petitio principii*. Yet he fares well enough in matters that pertain to his city and State. In matters international his way is still harder. He wishes to share the opinions of other Americans of good social and professional standing and to conform to them. Alas, he cannot quite rejoice in the independence of Poland; he cannot love Roumania, despite her suffering during the War under the heel of the Prussian. He has a sneaking kindness for the pre-war Germany of Rathenau, Dernburg, Ballin, even though he spent himself, his

substance, his sons' blood for the Allies; he has—and dare not whisper it to his own soul—a sneaking kindness for the Soviets who put down pogroms and gave the Jews complete civic equality. He is an American. He is a one-hundred-percent American. Yet he brings to all his political reactions another, an international consciousness. In extreme cases he curses that internationalist prejudice. It remains.

He does other curious things which belie his assumptions. He is proud of Jewish achievement. One does not find Methodists or Anglicans so passionate in this matter. Our friend will not over-emphasize such things. He will show good taste according to Nordic standards though the heavens fall. But he is not a little pleased with Relativity and Psycho-analysis and the new art of the theater. He will appreciate Mahler and Bloch in music and Sassoon in poetry and Schnitzler and Wassermann in prose. On a lower level he will sometimes ferret out Jewish artists and scientists of far smaller achievements and read lists of them and their doings in some periodical printed for Americans of his "faith." He is a generation or two removed from ritual or religious observance; he does not know the ancestral tongue, or the history or the legends of his people; his children are not permitted to hear even those scraps of colloquial Hebrew that persist longest. He is an American, an *American!* But his friends are Jews and his interests are tinged with Jewishness and he compensates for his protestations and his actions by pride in whatever his people shows of genius or glory. He is unhappy in the presence of Gentiles whom he suspects of the faintest prejudice; he is unhappy in the presence of Jews whom he suspects of anti-assimilationist beliefs. He is an American! Yet when he hears of a mixed marriage he shakes his head. He has no objection in principle. He is afraid it can come to no good. It fills him, too, with a strange faint feeling of loss. Why, why? He ponders. What

has he to do with the integrity of Israel? He is too enlightened scientifically to believe that any racial strain is unmixed. His faith, heaven knows, has no propagandist ardor. It does not worry him to see the temples empty. What is wrong with him? He is an American. He *will* be an American. Yet, when at breakfast he opens his paper, he glances first at the Jewish names among the notices of deaths and births; feels a faint sinking of the heart at a cabled report of anti-Jewish agitation in a Hungarian university; is consoled by the fact that a Jewish Egyptologist has, despite protest, been called to Munich; and that Mr. Rosenwald of Chicago has given another magnificent contribution to Negro education. Driven into a corner he will admit these things. But he is not often driven into a corner. Gentiles will not think of asking the question. Toward non-assimilationist Jews he plays the part of anger or indignation. He will not permit his Americanism to be impugned, certainly not by foreigners!

The not very happy man whom I have tried to describe is the product of historic forces. It was the Enlightenment of the Eighteenth Century that liberated his great-grandfather from the Ghetto. Voltaire and Lessing sponsored the Jew's free entry into western civilization. But by the time the ideas of Voltaire and Lessing had become facts and actions, another wave of feeling and of theory arose. Romanticism and nationalism repudiated the Enlightenment of the Eighteenth Century and all its works and ways. An entirely new Europe had the liberated Jew in its midst. It made the best of a bad business and said: "Very well. We cannot put you back into the Ghetto. You must be like us so far as any public functioning goes. We will let you build your residential Ghetto where you like. We will let you vote. Theoretically we will let you teach and hold office. But you must assimilate. The price we de-

mand is the gradual destruction and disappearance of Jewry."

But the average Jew, like the average man of any sort, wanted to live in peace, wanted indeed to be a good citizen and a comfortable one. Nineteenth-century Liberalism, moreover, appealed to him, and in England and the United States, in pre-War Germany and Austria he lived in considerable comfort in his compromise position—a perfectly honest one—trying to reduce his Jewishness to a minimum and to make his inner life coincide as far as possible with his nationalist position as an Englishman, a German, or an American. Many Jews thus merged with the surrounding population and intermarriage became more frequent. But Jewry as a whole, even reformed and assimilationist Jewry, though it lighted candles on its Christmas trees and forgot the date of Passover, persisted unchanged and all but undiminished. Its will to disappear was conscious and superficial; its will to persist unconscious, unanswerable, profound. From this anomaly, from this contradiction at the very center and source of life arose a thousand human situations of the strangest and most intricate kind. Cruel comedy alternated with the bitterest tragedy. Blond and blue-eyed assimilationists who were Polish patriots, German poets, British empire-builders—and were all these things with passionate zeal—lived with the unwilling ache of an obscure dishonor in their hearts. They denied Israel in the uttermost depth of their consciousness; but Israel was avenged upon them from within, and in all that they were and did and wrought and suffered there was a discord. And this discord, marked by the subtler minds among the anti-Semites, was set down by the latter to its true cause and it brought the ardent and sincere assimilationists to the ultimate verge of complete confusion and despair.

There is, I think, nothing mystical in all this. All the great nations are racial mixtures. The blood of the Semite is

not, or rather is no longer, an alien one in Christendom. But nationalism feeds from the sources of tradition, legend, history. Christendom, to make Jewish assimilation in its special sense possible, would have to relive its own history, to turn back time, to undo the work of millenniums. The assimilationist Jewish child studies history in an English, French, German school and is taught and believes that the Crusades were great and noble spiritual adventures and goes home and reads Scott's *Talisman* and identifies himself wholly with the Christian nationalist legend of history. And then, one fine day that child comes upon another account of the Crusades and reads of the fires and flayings and majestic martyrdoms of Mainz and York and Toulouse. The bell of that child's life is cracked forever. Yes, if these things belonged to an utterly remote and completed past! But the charge of ritual murder arose in Hungary in the third quarter of the Nineteenth Century; somewhere, under Czarist Empire or Polish Republic; in cases that go by the names of Dreyfus or of Leo Frank the flames of York and Mainz and Toulouse are lighted again; Knights of the Hooked Cross in Bavaria, Kleagles of the Invisible Empire in Georgia raise once more the immemorial cry: *Hierosolyma est perdita!*

Out of these cultural and spiritual conflicts and discords arose, during the later Nineteenth Century, the non-orthodox, non-assimilationist Jew. These are clumsy words but they are needed to define the facts. A significant anecdote has it that Dr. Theodor Herzl, first president of the Zionist Organization, while he was presiding over one of the earliest congresses in Switzerland spent much of his time correcting the proofs of the Christmas number of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. He was the newspaper's literary editor and had bought the Christmas articles, stories, poems which he was now seeing through the press. With his German assimilationist self he accepted this task as a

completely natural and congenial one. But profound human experiences had taught him, as they have taught many others since his day, that the assimilationist policy is neither good nor bad. It is impossible.

It is impossible, at least, in such a world as the present. Were all national boundaries to be obliterated, all linguistic and cultural and spiritual traditions to be discarded, the Jew no less than others could cast himself into that pale and tasteless brew. But the most earnest political and economic internationalist cannot endure the vision of such a world. Cultural nationalism—the nationalism of speech, song, wisdom, folk-ways—is the salt whence the mass of human life derives its savor. Thus no changes in government, no new way of distributing the fruits of the earth among its children can relieve the Jew—can relieve any cultural, nationalistic minority from facing the dilemma. The choice between assimilation and non-assimilation remains.

It remains, at least, a choice between two attitudes of mind. For the point of the modern non-assimilationist Jew is not, I repeat, that assimilation is bad but that it is a delusion. This modern Jew watches the life and difficulties of our assimilationist whom I have tried to describe with mingled pity and amusement. He knows all those little psychological tricks and self-deceptions; he knows that defensive indignation, that sublimated snobbery, that mixture of servility and arrogance. He knows the thousand miseries of that position which is apparently so solid and, in reality, so untenable. He knows for instance why the assimilationist Jew so rarely has Gentile friends—not business associates or courteous colleagues—but friends. The reason is that subtly but constantly, by a thousand implications, the assimilationist Jew says to the Gentile: "I am like you; we are one and at one; overlook these little peculiarities of me and my house and my children. They

do not count." And something within the Gentile—the most tolerant, the most finely attuned—answers in the depth of consciousness: "Why so anxious? What does that anxiety conceal? Are we really quite alike? I doubt it; I should deprecate it a little." A suitor can never be a friend. One who asks for friendship as a favor can never be a friend. An inequality, a disharmony is established at once. He who asks a favor is humbled and he who grants it is shamed at seeing the other's humiliation. Good will and co-operation may remain between two such men; friendship flees.

The non-assimilationist Jew has no such difficulties. Without obtrusiveness, without foolish overemphasis he is himself; not the member of a sect but of a people that has its history, traditions, character, rights. That people, like every other, is racially mixed; like every other concrete folk it has been molded into a oneness which no inner diversities can destroy by historic forces which we are not yet sufficiently instructed to grasp. This Jew need not be a Territorialist or a Zionist. These are questions of policy. But he cannot be an anti-Zionist in the sense in which the assimilationist is one. He can never deny the reality out of which these policies arise. He need not, on the other hand, be constantly comforting himself with Jewish achievement, charity, or law-abidingness. He does not shiver if a Jew turns out to be a rascal. He is not trying to justify his existence. He has seen no American do so, no Frenchman, not even a Montenegrin or Albanian. Why should he? That a people has appeared upon the scene of human history and sustained itself there is an ultimate fact. It needs no excuse, explanation, justification. His feet are on solid ground; his human position is normal in its essence, however difficult and delicate in its details. He can have Gentile friends, for an equality is pre-established. He can even have an anti-

Semite for his friend and they can discuss the division between them as a Czechish and a German citizen of the Czecho-Slovak Republic may discuss theirs. The issue between them is clean and defined. It is not made turbid by subtle servility on the one hand, a tinge of contempt on the other.

I am thoroughly aware of the objections that members of the National Security League, for example, will urge against the citizenship of the anti-assimilationist Jew. The arguments are old and sound, efficient and virile. They were used by the Prussian Government in the expropriation and Germanization of Poles in Posen and of Frenchmen in Lorraine; they are now being used by the Czechs who are trying to destroy the schools of the children of three million Germans, and by the Poles who desire to unify their excessively heterogeneous republic. And these arguments all spring from the conception of a nation as a fighting machine and of the citizen as possible cannon-fodder. These motives, and these alone, demand the obliteration of diversities of race, culture, opinion, attitude. It is the identification of nationalism with mere power—military power for the protection of exported capital, for the securing of foreign sources of coal, iron, oil—that demands the extinction of cultural differences and wishes to reduce a rich and spiritually varied citizenry to the blankness of the recruit.

Two courses are open to civilization: to cease to identify nationalism with power; to co-operate in the division of the world's food and coal and oil; to practice peace and achieve tolerance. In that case every minority, including the Jews, will be safe. If on the other hand competitive arming, annexation, international rapine lead to still other wars—the doom predicted by Spengler will inevitably fall upon Christendom and the Jewry of the dispersion will go down with its few friends and many foes in a common disaster.

A NEW WAY WITH OLD MASTERPIECES

IV—*Lord Byron*

BY ERNEST BOYD

THE fame of Lord Byron, unlike that of his predecessors in this survey, is not consecrated and unchallenged. He has not been dead long enough to satisfy the professors, who require more than a hundred years in which to make up their minds. The centenary of his death in 1924 was appropriately marked by what was the third failure to obtain his admission to the company of the great in Westminster Abbey. When this project was first attempted, in 1824, the respected presence of Walter Scott on the Memorial Committee did not soften the hearts of the Dean and Chapter or unloosen enough purse-strings to provide compensation for some British sculptor. It was a mere foreigner, therefore—the great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen—who made the statue which lay for ten years in the Customs while fruitless efforts were made to present it to the British nation. It finally found shelter in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, because, as a Reverend Bishop cogently remarked, “if Lord Byron in his works attacked the founder of our Religion, and, by the beauties of his verse, was one of the most dangerous advisers of youth, his statue does not deserve a place in the Temple of our God.”

During his lifetime Byron thoroughly enjoyed flouting every convention and upsetting the equanimity of all humbugs. It is consoling to know that his posthumous effect is just what he would have desired. He is still the scourge of the timorously respectable, who want to eat their literary cake and have it, and

his treatment by the spokesmen of posterity is a beautiful study in the art of squirming and wriggling. If they would only stick to their business as appraisers of dead literature, his unhappy victims could escape with some show of logic and dignity. But Byron defied them by establishing his reputation over their heads, and as he, “being dead yet speaketh,” there is nothing to be done but grin and bear him, always in the secret hope that another hundred years may see the end of him.

When Lord Byron was born, just one year before the French Revolution, the Eighteenth Century was being violently precipitated into the dreadful era of political democracy and statistical progress. By the time he began to write, England was in the midst of an anti-revolutionary hysteria comparable to that into which Europe and America lapsed after the War and the Bolshevik victory in Russia. Fear of the French Revolution and fear of Napoleon, whose retreat from Moscow coincided with the appearance of *Childe Harold* in 1812, created an atmosphere in which the same elements were present as have plagued us ever since 1914. The literary world was also in a plight analogous to that in which it has found itself during the last decade. While the authorities were panic stricken, the intellectuals were divided into those who had been disillusioned by the failure of the millennium to materialize and those who had vague hopes that somewhere, somehow, the Good, the True, and the Beautiful were about to be vindicated. The result of

this disenchanted state of mind was a period—like all periods of transition—when the ardors of yesterday were dead, and acquiescence in accomplished facts had not yet established the new equilibrium: which was to come a few years after Byron's death when "the stupid Nineteenth Century," as a French critic has called it, got into its ponderous stride.

Byron, therefore, was a typical product of the Regency—of an age like our own when the current nostrums were rapidly losing their effectiveness and the horizon was being scanned for a new panacea. The disillusionment with libertarian catchwords was then, of course, somewhat slower than it has recently become. The French Revolution had still an air of novelty and political liberty had a glamour with which no rational human being can invest them to-day. Consequently, while he obviously had no illusions about mankind, Byron employed the rhetoric of revolutionary romance so effectively that he at once became, and remains to this day, an object of veneration to confiding souls who imagine that what was good enough for Rousseau must be good enough for them. He is respected in radical circles as the poet of rebellion and, since there is no rebel like a dead rebel, even the conservative are inclined to point with a certain pride to this English aristocrat's stand for Liberty. Having done all that was humanly possible to stem the forces of revolution in Europe during the last years of the Eighteenth Century, England has the retrospective pleasure of recalling how nobly Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth sang of Freedom. As a typical representative of this devotion to safely remote revolutionary movements has said, this poetic passion for liberty is essential to the self-respect of the English-speaking world. "Otherwise, whatever success may attend on Democracy or on Empire, the Anglo-Saxon race will have failed in its mission of spreading in widest commonality the highest pleasures which the human spirit can enjoy."

Byron, to do him justice, understood perfectly this peculiar temperament of his countrymen, as his letters show. "As to the estimation of the English which you talk of, let them calculate what it is worth, before they insult me with their insolent condescension. I have not written for their pleasure. If they are pleased, it is that they chose to be so; I have never flattered their opinions, nor their pride; nor will I." And so, while his services on behalf of rebellion were a source of national satisfaction to the sentimental liberals of posterity, his contemporaries described him as "impiously railing against his God—madly and meanly disloyal to his Sovereign and his country—and brutally outraging all the best feelings of family honour, affection and confidence." References to the "bravo's trade" in *Childe Harold* arouse his critics to ask, "not without some anxiety and alarm, whether such are indeed the opinions which a British peer entertains of a British army," and the "calm careless ferociousness of contented and satisfied depravity" is regarded as his outstanding achievement and characteristic as a poet. He is not "such a poet as virgins might read, and Christians praise, and Englishmen take pride in." The fact that all three consummations have been witnessed since Byron's death is, I think, one of the pleasantest ironies of literary history as taught in classrooms.

His popularity in his own day, as these diatribes might suggest, was enormous. His publisher declared that in ten years Byron's pen had brought in three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, and the sale of fourteen thousand copies of one of his books in a single day is recorded. All this proceeded while scandals raged about him, while his publishers refused to print his work unless they censored it, and while a panic-stricken government could not persuade itself that, after the defeat of Waterloo, England's bogey, Napoleon, no longer required the vigilance which had filled the country with the coercive measures

and spies once more associated in our minds with crusades for liberty and democracy. Byron had separated from his wife and gone to live on the Continent where he found in wine—or, to be precise, gin—women, and revolutionary songs an outlet for his rebellious energies. While his own people were gradually approaching the Nirvana of bourgeois industrialism, Byron was declaiming against throne, home, and altar, and aiding the propaganda of ideas which had ceased to enchant English ears. But he was not happy; both his health and his amours, and the prolonged society of certain radical friends who were “fighting for the Cause,” drove him into the one great adventure of his career. He set out for Greece to take part in the Greek War of Independence. As one of his few intelligent biographers has said, “Lord Byron accomplished nothing at Missolonghi except his own suicide: but by that single act of heroism he secured the liberation of Greece.”

When he died at the age of thirty-six, England was almost ripe for the reaction which set in against him. A few years later the Reform Bill proved that the lesson of feeding the political dog with its own tail was the one tangible product of the Revolution. Political reform, it turned out, was the nostrum required to keep the rabblement and its leaders busy for a few generations. The middle classes emerged under this benign dispensation, and evangelical Christianity went hand in hand with profits. Victorianism set in with all its severity and the heresies of Byron ceased to delight a generation that demanded the pious platitudes of a Tennyson. By the middle of the Nineteenth Century the reputation of the author of *Don Juan* was eclipsed. He had been relegated to the limbo of the unrighteous, and his intrinsic qualities were not such as could stand comparison with those of his younger contemporaries, Keats and Shelley. They at least were poets of that lineage which never dies so long as there are men and women sensitive to

melody and color. The mystery is: How did this judgment of the age to which the professors by definition and predilection belong come to be reversed? By what freak of nature did this exotic bird find a perch among the decorous domestic fowl of our “standard authors”?

To an eminent American Victorian must be given the credit for that remarkable achievement. In 1869 Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe enlivened simultaneously the pages of a magazine in Boston and London with an article entitled “The True Story of Lady Byron’s Married Life.” The following year this was expanded into a volume, *Lady Byron Vindicated: a History of the Byron Controversy*. The Byron controversy was not, at that time, a discussion as to the literary merits of Byron but an exchange of opinions, conjectures, gossip, and slander concerning the separation of Lord and Lady Byron and the reasons which had sent the poet into exile. Both parties to the separation had partisans but, on the whole, opinion sympathized with him rather than with his wife, who was abused and misrepresented incredibly. Mrs. Stowe, having done so much for Uncle Tom, decided to do something for Lady Byron—who had taken the American novelist into her confidence. So she dropped her stone into the literary frog-pond, to no inconsiderable effect. She informed all and sundry that Byron had been guilty of incest with his half-sister Augusta Leigh, and that this was the reason why Lady Byron and her husband parted. It was Mrs. Stowe’s ingenuous belief that this revelation would not only vindicate her friend but destroy, once and for all, the influence and prestige of Byron.

I need hardly say that Mrs. Stowe’s article and book enormously increased the sale of Byron’s works. By provoking endless replies, confirmations, counter-arguments, and lampoons she revived an interest in him which was no less vehement than that which prevailed during his life. What was then the talk of a limited circle was now the sensation

of two continents. Byron's relations with Augusta were but a part of the scandal that accompanied him while he lived, and they did not seem more than usually wicked in a man whose family records read like an extract from the Newgate calendar, as one of his biographers has remarked. While respectable folk refused to believe their ears (but opened them wide) the legal representatives of Lady Byron merely declared that Mrs. Stowe's story was not completely accurate and authoritative. But Byron's grandson, the Earl of Lovelace, being less legalistic in his phraseology, allowed "that Mrs. Stowe's statement is substantially correct." As has since been demonstrated, her offence lay not in the charge against Byron but in her betrayal of a confidence ten years before Lady Byron had authorized the publication of the truth. Furthermore, her narrative was incomplete, incoherent, and disingenuous.

Needless to say, while the Byron revival flourished on this scandal, the most strenuous efforts were made to evade the vital fact; and to this day the evidence, overwhelming as it has since become, merely causes the orthodox to shudder. The biographers of Byron who faced the evidence realistically are those outside the academic world. Byron's grandson, in 1905, was at last free to publish the essential documents, and these have been accepted by intelligent critics and biographers as beyond dispute.

Lord Lovelace's documentary statement of the case introduces letters which absolutely confirm what were previously well-founded but unproven conjectures. These letters, when coupled with the poems inspired by the same circumstances—the "Epistle to Augusta," the third Canto of *Childe Harold*, "Stanzas to Augusta," and the famous poem beginning

I speak not—I trace not—I breathe not thy
name—
There is love in the sound—there is Guilt in
the fame—

—fail to convince the pedagogues, the most recent of whom declare that "there is not a line in them capable of being perverted by the most unhealthy imagination into evidence against Byron and Mrs. Leigh." The professor excepts one sentence (an allusion to Lucretia Borgia, the implications of which are obvious) but does not trouble to account for this peculiar allusion. He evades the first volume of Lord Byron's correspondence by calling it "unpleasant," and recommends a judicial attitude of suspended judgment, in the face of facts which are as clearly established as such facts could possibly be—that is, by original documents and the statements of all parties directly concerned.

This phase of Byron's reputation and the position adopted towards it by the schoolmen, it will be seen, is not without its humor. The life and character of Byron are obviously what hold and fascinate, and the revival of interest in him produced by the further evidence concerning his life has given him a new lease of academic fame; yet in those very circles upon which popular opinion has again thrust him, an obstinate effort is still made to deny the central fact of his life. But nothing is more apparent than the manner in which Byron the poet depended entirely upon the glamour of Byron the man—who was Byron the rake, the daredevil, the rebel. The rise and fall of his fame have been meticulously recorded, and the slump which followed his death has been variously explained. But the connection between the revival of Byron and the revival of his own story is inescapable. The learned commentators shrink from this conclusion, and while they profess their profound admiration for the champion of freedom and deprecate all allusions to his immorality, one of them actually cites Hall Caine, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and George Moore as examples of depravity comparable to his!

On the other hand—granted that they are, as usual, temporizing and trying to

adapt themselves to what appear to be accomplished facts—what of his claims so eagerly granted by the advanced thinkers? Here is one of that ardent company—one of the most ardent—congratulating himself that “fortunately not all the poets of England let themselves be frightened by the French revolution.” Byron, it seems, was “the first lord of letters of that age and of all the ages,” no other “high-up aristocrat” achieved such greatness. He wrote in *Don Juan* “a hateful picture of a hateful world but . . . we recognize in it a great spirit trying to lift itself above an age of corruption by the instrument of scorn.” Shelley was “the best influence that ever came into his life,” yet, as we know from a less romantic source, he refused to help the “Snake,” as Shelley was called. “If we puffed the Snake, it might not turn out a profitable investment. All trades have their mysteries. If we crack up a popular author, he repays us in the same coin, principal and interest—if we introduce Shelley to our readers, they might draw comparisons, and they are odious!” The comradeship of literary radicalism endureth forever.

However, such sentiments in a literary gentleman are not incompatible with the utmost zeal for the welfare of mankind as an abstraction. “Byron,” says Upton Sinclair, “had now become the voice of liberty against reaction throughout Europe. . . . In the beginning he had written to amuse himself and his readers; he had catered to their sentimentalism and their folly. But in the end he came to despise his readers and wrote only to shock them. They had made a world of lies; and one man would tell them the truth. That is why to-day we rank him as a world force in the history of letters. . . . We are interested in a poet who possessed a clear eye and a clear brain, who saw the truth, and spoke it to all Europe, and helped to set free the future of the race.”

This quotation is the most recent version of Byron the idol of radicalism. It is a simplification of the man, and is

as irreconcilable with the truth as all the theories which attempt to divorce his public from his private utterances. A more aristocratic English commentator once said that Byron “understood the rights of man, but he seems never to have heard of the rights of woman.” This is another way of saying that he was unregenerate, for feminism amongst his own associates was already a dogma. Mary Wollstonecraft's *Rights of Women* had set the model for all subsequent dithyrambs against the man-made world.

Byron's practice with women had led him to conclusions which may be guessed by his statement that he gave his heroines “extreme refinement, joined to great simplicity and want of education.” To Lady Blessington he remarked, “I have not quite made up my mind that women have souls,” and he confessed that no more intelligence was desirable in a woman than “enough to be able to understand and value mine, but not sufficient to be able to shine herself. All men with pretensions desire this; though few, if any, have courage to avow it.” On the only occasion when he considered himself bound by the past favors bestowed upon him by a lady, his reasons were clear but unsuggestive of democracy. “As neither her birth, nor her rank, nor connections of birth or marriage are inferior to my own, I am in honour bound to support her through.” The truth is that Byron's philosophy of life had nothing of the revolutionary in it; he was rather the first of the “aristocratic radicals,” in the sense of the term applied by Georg Brandes to Nietzsche. He did not sing of liberty, to quote the Danish critic, as “a thing which we can grasp with our hands, or confer as a gift in a constitution, or inscribe among the articles of a state church,” but he uttered “the eternal cry of the human spirit, its never-ending requirement of itself.”

His connection with revolutionary movements on the Continent of Europe can be traced to his general restlessness and boredom and not to any conviction

that principles were at stake. In the liberation of Italy he saw poetry become action—not the social, political, and economic problems involved. He admired Napoleon as an expression of the supremacy of the individual will, to the embarrassment of those who have tried to number Byron amongst the apostles of social revolution. He idealized revolt for revolt's sake, and all his Giaours, Pirates, Laras, Manfreds, and Zuleikas are as incongruous in the temple of modern radicalism as Byron himself is among the household and schoolroom gods of England and America. His part in popular movements of political emancipation was not that of the crusader; for he had no faith in the people nor, at bottom, any hope for the future—his opinion of the Greeks for whom he is alleged to have died was skeptical and contemptuous to the last. "I need say little on that subject, I was a fool to come here; but, being here, I must see what is to be done," he wrote to Teresa Guiccioli. And again: "of the Greeks I can't say much good hitherto, and I do not like to speak ill of them, though they do of one another." He declared that if the authorities "were to set a pretty woman, or a clever woman, about me," his devotion to Greek Independence might be diverted.

That is typical of the complete honesty, and the sense of the realities of his own character, which Byron maintained in spite of cautious or romantically enthusiastic admirers and friends. He could never be persuaded to strike an attitude appropriate to the illusions of the various people who tried, and still try, to fit him into their own particular little scheme of things. When he sent the first part of *Don Juan* to his publishers, all his friends unanimously advised the suppression of the poem. But he was disposed to listen only for a short while. When the conviction finally took hold of him that he had written something of which he was sure, something that must stand, he delivered himself in terms which are curiously applicable to

the subsequent attitude of the orthodox critics towards his work. "We will circumvent your cursed puritanical committee on that point in the end. . . . If they had told me the poetry was bad, I would have acquiesced; but they say the contrary, and then, talk to me about morality." In another letter he said to his publisher, "You shan't make *canticles* of my cantos. The poem will please if it is lively; if it is stupid it will fail; but I will have none of your damned cutting and slashing. . . . I know the precise worth of popular applause, for few scribblers have had more of it; and if I chose to swerve into their paths, I could retain it, or resume it." His position is expressed—more Byronically—in the lines

I could not tame my nature down; for he
Must serve who fain would sway—and soothe
—and sue—

And watch all time—and pry into all place—
And be a living lie—who would become
A mighty thing among the mean, and such
The mass are; I disdain'd to mingle with
A herd, though to be leader—and of wolves

These characteristic sentiments are hardly those which we associate with a savior of mankind, although they correspond closely to the disillusioned individualism of the present day. It is not for nothing that a great French critic has suggested—though not in order to compliment either of them—that there is an analogy between the style of Swift and that of Byron. In both he sees "a disease of heart and mind," which is merely the inevitable formula for minimizing cynicism and skepticism, as we have seen in the analysis of Jonathan Swift's reputation. Byron emotionally sums up the philosophy of an age of transition like our own; and consequently his work, if little read, presents curious parallels to that element in contemporary life and literature which causes disquietude to the sedate:

I hope it is no crime
To laugh at *all* things. For I wish to know
What, after all, are *all* things—but a show?

These lines from *Don Juan* are like the retort of the younger generation to-day when sermonized by its shocked elders, and they are the epitome of the poem in which Byron expressed his whole being, saying that there was ten times as much truth in it, but that its lack of sentiment would make it unacceptable to those who needed illusions. Haidée—who “spoke not of scruples, ask’d no vows, nor offered any”—also strikes us as having an appositeness to present circumstances over which much indignation has been expended. The epigraph of much modern American fiction is contained in

Alas! They were so young, so beautiful,
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour
Was that in which the heart is always full,
And, having o’er itself no further power,
Prompts deeds eternity cannot annul.

Such an apologia would not nowadays bring down upon its author the charges of suborning youth which once were leveled against him. I rather suspect that eternity is now credited with powers of annulment beyond those which Byron could publicly admit. Indeed, I fear that not even the professional moralists, with the worst intentions in the world, have been able by suppression to endow *Don Juan* with that surreptitious popularity which still sends the ingenuous in search of Boccaccio, *Mlle. de Maupin*, and the works of Rabelais.

Byron’s romanticism is an obstacle to his appreciation in this jazz age, although his general point of view is similar—for similar reasons. As one of his most sincere critics said in a lecture at Princeton University—though himself an alien visitor here—“he hated and despised the spent forces, or what seemed to be such, on the side of conservation. To the last he was haunted by the ghosts of traditional beliefs, which had ceased to live within him as vital powers. He was a democrat among aristocrats and an aristocrat among democrats; a skeptic among believers and a believer among skeptics. . . . To his quick sense of

humor more than to anything else he owed the sanity which controls or modifies his perturbations of mind.”

That summary very well describes the state of mind in the world to-day which is referred to in press and pulpit as the revolt of the younger generation. This, too, in Professor Dowden’s phrase, is “an age of dissonance,” and we resemble Byron, who “could not satisfy his hunger for life with abstract doctrines; he could not subsist on ideal hopes and faith; he had a great capacity for pleasure, a strong turn for reality. . . . No organized body of belief guided his intellect; no system of social duties controlled his heart; . . . what was old had lost its authority; what was new had not fully justified itself.”

All this emerges clearly from his poetry, but who can read it without an effort? Certainly not the decorous gentlemen who try to persuade us that Byron is a great classic. The slightest examination of his work at once reveals the impossibility of its being acceptable to the pillars of society. The cant which was provoked by his personal life was bad enough, in all conscience, but the hypocrisy involved in bolstering up his literary reputation is even worse. The whitewashing of Shakespeare is nothing compared to it, for one can understand the effort to reconcile a poet of great genius with the evangelical conscience. It is so palpably disingenuous that neither the true story of Byron and Augusta Leigh nor that of his Greek adventure has had the slightest effect. His death at Missolonghi was suicide—his last desperate encounter with an ironical Destiny, but it serves as an admirable epilogue to the rake’s career. The handbooks still refer to it as the redemption of a life of dissipation, and ignore the fact that he had previously contemplated exile to Venezuela and did not leave Italy until his existence there had been rendered intolerable.

When Mrs. Stowe set out so bravely to obliterate Byron from the records of respectable literary society, she under-

estimated the pusillanimity of the living towards the dead. The theories which have been brought forward, without a scrap of evidence, to counter the documentary proofs furnished by Byron's grandson in support of the incest charge are in themselves a study of the marvelous workings of the human mind. One writer actually argues that Augusta Leigh assumed the guilt in order to shield a woman whom she hardly knew from the accusation of adultery! The conservative critics have unanimously clutched at the wildest straws rather than accept the statements of Lord Lovelace, who has convinced all the biographers and commentators without preconceived notions, from Sir Leslie Stephen to Miss Ethel Mayne. One would think, to watch these wriggings, that Lord Byron's life (apart from his half-sister) had been such a theme for classroom eloquence that his love for Augusta would just break the professors' hearts! Judged by their usual standards in such matters they have already swallowed so many gnats in Byron's case that this particular camel ought not to be so difficult, especially as both the woman and himself were as frank about it as in all Byron's other love affairs.

My own suspicion is that this determination to admit the prodigal son at all costs must be regarded as a subconscious manifestation of a peculiar dispensation of Providence to the Anglo-Saxon race. England is the country whose great artists and striking personalities deviate more markedly from the norm than in any other. They are sports of nature rather than the quintessence of all the qualities that go to make up the national character. In every Frenchman there is a Montaigne or a Pascal; but what had Shakespeare or Swift or Shelley in them of the characteristics associated in all minds with the typical Englishman? The solidity? The practical sense? The capacity for self-discipline? Assuming, therefore, as these arbiters of tradition have apparently assumed, that Byron is to be

classed as one of England's wayward sons—a freak, a departure from the sacred rules of “good form,” in brief an Englishman of genius—it becomes clear that concessions must be made: but not too many. Hence the gnats, but the rejection of the camel.

Byron, if a great poet, had inevitably to be classified with “the poets of rebellion”—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats—who wrote during the French Revolutionary period when Europe was inventing its new nostrum for human ills. Consequently, with a few clear-headed exceptions, the commentators have over-emphasized the element of revolt in his work in order to confuse his aspirations with those of the period. The radicals gladly annex a Lord and the conservatives love a well-connected revolutionary—when he is dead. It is very much as if one were to deduce from H. L. Mencken's attacks on Messrs. Palmer and Burleson that he was a subscriber to the teachings of the I. W. W.

There is method, however, in this seeming madness on the part of British conservatism, for the Englishman of genius fulfills a very practical function—unknown to himself, I admit. He is to the nation what the incessant patter is to the conjuror: it diverts the attention of the audience from the trick. While we all think with moist eyes about the lovely way the English poets sang of Liberty and Brotherhood, our attention is distracted from the more tangible fact that it was the governing class in England—assisted, I need hardly say, by that good Irishman Mr. Burke—which stemmed and broke the movement launched from Paris in the direction of that very Freedom hymned by the poets. In our own day we are familiar with the English knight-errant who speaks only Irish in Ireland and urges the natives to die for their motherland and independence; with the liberty-loving Liberal of good family who has forsaken the comforts and traditions of his caste in order to preach the gospel of Democracy

in . . . other counties. These are the gentlemen who do the talking, while England proceeds with the serious business at hand. In countries where people are susceptible to ideas this breed of genial eccentrics is unknown.

The fame of Lord Byron in Europe is bound up with that tradition of English eccentricity, and *Milord* summed up every superstition of the Continent concerning the Island Race. He personified the conception of her poets—and the image cherished in foreign revolutionary circles until the recent war for democracy—of an England ever ready to champion the oppressed. Being unaccustomed to measuring artists by their virtues as husbands, fathers, and taxpayers, Continental critics were not disturbed by the carnalities and impieties of Byron's life and work. Moreover, the enchantment of distance lends a charm to Byron's verse which it lacks for those whose native tongue is English, and who are bound to compare him with its authentic masters. The professorial euphemism has it that the poetry of Byron does not lend itself to selection—which means, in plain language, that the anthologists have difficulty in making his greatness plausible. In one of the standard English anthologies he is given six pages as against from three to five times as many for his contemporaries: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. One of the poems selected shows him at his best:

So we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,

Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.

It is hardly necessary to point out that, delicate as this much admired little poem is, it is neither great poetry nor the kind of poetry for which Byron is remembered—either by his detractors, his admirers, or his whitewashers. Many of our own contemporaries, about whom we have no illusions of immortality, reach that level in the monthly magazines and are pilloried by fierce-eyed æsthetes for their old-fashioned sentimentality. Byron's actual life is an essential gloss upon his poetic professions, and was more truly expressed in

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.
Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication. . . .

If any lingering curiosity survives from our schooldays it will be better satisfied by the study of Byron's own fascinating and turbulent life, which has at last been presented in focus, than by attempting to pump up enthusiasm for his romantic rhetoric or horror at his supposed audacities. He was a personality—though not a poet—of our own “age of dissonance,” and it is that dissonance in him which has its echo in the modern reader. To admit this is to give him the immortality which he deserves, rather than the fame of which he wrote, with his usual contempt for self-deception:

What is the end of Fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper. . . .
For this men write, speak, preach, and
heroes fall,
And bards burn what they call their “mid-
night taper,”
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN

A Novel—Part VII

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

XXIX

AUGUST came. Newhaven harbor was noisy with cross-channel traffic and the Downs Company buses were crowded on all journeys with the shifting summer traffic of the roads. The weather was very hot and Daniel often came home of an evening limp and weary. He grew so tired and out-of-sorts that on his free days he gave up his regular appearances at Hoddern. One particular Wednesday afternoon Dan lay asleep on the little hard green sofa, lulled by the drone of a bee under the blind. He looked particularly helpless and childish, huddled there in his shirt sleeves, his hair rubbed out of its sleekness by the tapestried cushion, his cheeks flushed by his sleep. Mrs. Gain, his landlady, hesitated in a tender moment before she woke him, holding out his coat for him to put on.

"Wa'r is it?" he mumbled drowsily.

"A lady to see you, Mr. Sheather. I thought I'd better bring you your coat."

"Where?"

"I put her into the kitchen while I went to rouse you."

"Who is she?"

"I think she said her name was Munk."

Dan sat up, blinking and terribly awake. His thought was, "I won't see Belle. I won't have her in here. I've kept away from her for six months and I won't have her spoil it all by coming. Show her out." His words actually were, "Please show her in."

In came Belle, carrying the spoils of

her morning's shopping in Newhaven. She wore a dress of flowered voile, tumbled with the heat, and under her big straw hat her hair showed yellow as straw.

"Hullo, Belle," said Daniel awkwardly. "How nice of you to call. I haven't seen you for ages."

"Hullo, Daniel," said Belle languidly, and began to cry.

For nearly a minute Dan stood and gazed at her. At first he thought that he must be still asleep and dreaming—this was like so many of his dreams—Belle standing before him in her tumbled loveliness, tormenting his heart with her sorrow and his love. Then he discovered that he was trembling all over.

"Belle—what is it? . . . what's happened?"

"You know," sobbed Belle, "you know."

"I don't know. I only guess . . . a dunnamany things. Belle, sit down and tell me all about it."

She sank down on one of the tapestried armchairs and he sat on the sofa, purposely setting the width of the little center table between them. The aspidistra in the middle of it partly hid her from him, screening her bowed head and dipping hat with its streaky leaves, disguising the heaving movements of her shoulders. If he had seen her without this barrier he would have taken her in his arms.

"What is it, dear Belle? Tell me . . . is it Ernley?"

"Yes—yes. Oh, Dan, I must talk to somebody about him . . . and you know

something already—you must . . . that time you came to supper and Ernley telephoned."

"You thought he was speaking to a girl."

"Thought? . . . I knew. He's had a girl for months. He's been going out with that Pearl Jenner—the one he took up with when I was engaged to you. Oh, I thought that when I'd married him it would all be settled and happy, as I wanted it to be. I thought I need never be anxious or jealous any more. But now . . . now . . ."

Her voice choked away in sobs.

"Why do you tell me all this?" asked Dan stiffly. The yearning and agitation of his heart made him seek desperately a manner that was cold.

"Why?—Because you loved me once—you love me still—and you ran away from me in my hour of need, because you were frightened!"

"Belle!"

"Well, didn't you?"

His face was scarlet. His coming to Newhaven had always seemed to him as much a renunciation as a refuge, and he was shocked to find that Belle saw it with such different eyes.

"I—I left Bullockdean," he stammered—"I left Bullockdean because I was so miserable. It hurt me to see you and Ernley quarreling and suspecting each other like that, and I'd no idea as you liked having me by."

"No idea! You're a fool, Daniel. Can't you imagine what a difference it made, having someone that cared? . . . even though we never talked about it. You took fright that evening and cleared out—or else heaven knows the comfort you might have been."

Though he felt in the back of his mind that in spite of all she said he had been right, Daniel still wore the color of shame. It seemed a terrible thing to have deserted Belle—and yet, God knew. He tried to make amends.

"I'd never have gone if I'd thought for a moment you wanted me to stay. But you never showed me . . . you never

seemed to want me about. If I'd known I'd have stayed. Is it too late? Can't I help at all now?"

She stood up and with a desponding sweep of her arm, tore off her hat and dropped it on the table.

"I dunno. You can't come back. Maybe I was wrong in blaming you. But I was mad this morning. Just as I came away he got a postcard from her. It said 'Tivoli Palace entrance at 2.30 P.'—and he had told me he was going to Eastbourne about the new furniture."

"You read his postcard?"

"Of course I did. Don't be a prig, Daniel. Who wouldn't read a postcard addressed to her husband?"

"Well, it seems to me she couldn't have meant any harm or she wouldn't have sent a postcard."

"That shows how little you know. She does that sort of thing to humiliate me—to show her power. She knows that I know. She made him bring her around the other day in the side-car of his motor-bike. God! I could scratch her face."

She had come round the table and stood with her arms akimbo, looking down on Daniel. She was big and glowing and angry. She made him think of peonies and sunflowers. He longed to have the aspidistra once more between them, but instead she stood between him and it, hiding its desiccated respectability with her big opulent body. The sunshine poured over her flowered gown but her head was in the shadow of the drawn blind.

"Oh, God, what I've endured all these months! I can't bear it any longer. It's—worse—worse than before we married. I ought never to have married him. I ought to have married you, though you are such a dummy. You wouldn't have made me unhappy like this."

Belle Munk, the mother of Jill and Peter, the friend of Thomas Helier, was gone, and in her place stood the old Belle Shackford—who ran after men, who scratched women's faces. As he gazed up into her restless tragic eyes, her



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

"I CAN'T BEAR IT ANY LONGER," SHE SAID

marriage seemed to have ended, to have dropped from her. She and Ernley were what they had been before it—jealous, quarreling lovers: he running after Pearl Jenner, she turning to Daniel Sheather. He saw his past coming back to him in all its sorrow and joy and power. He felt it beating in his heart and his eyes were dim with its gathering tears. Half-blind and silly, he sprang to his feet and threw his arms about her, feeling once more the thrill of her glorious size and strength. She trembled, yielded, and as her flushed angry mouth met his the rent in the years was knit up and another home and another woman no longer stood between this and their last embrace. Indeed, the kiss with which he kissed her now was their parting kiss of three and a half years ago, still uniting them in its pain and sweetness. They had never drawn apart. Through all the years their lips had been together, even when she lived in his memory as a shadow on glass.

There was a knock at the door and they separated. The aspidistra stood once more between them when Mrs. Gain came in.

"I was wondering if the lady wd like a cup of tea, Mr. Sheather."

"No, thank you very much," said Belle, coughing a little. "I must be getting back now. I must catch the four-thirty train."

She put on her hat, picked up her parcels, and walked to the door. On the threshold she remembered herself and turned round and shook hands with Daniel as he stood gaping at her.

For days afterwards Daniel was shaken by this interview. It bewildered him. He was terrified to think that his old passion for her had revived, though now that he no longer held her in his arms it did not appear quite as it used in the old days. It was more physical, less romantic and adoring—marriage had changed his attitude somehow. Though that kiss had seemed in unbroken continuity with the past, his love for her

was not. It was no longer so very much more than his kiss. It no longer filled his eyes, satisfying and blinding him. Moreover, he had no illusions about her love for him. It seemed to him quite plain that she had sought him out only to revenge herself on Ernley. She was desperately jealous, as she had always been. She had married to give herself security, and marriage had failed her. So she had turned to Daniel to show herself—and perhaps Ernley—that she did not care, and that where she was betrayed she also could betray.

The more he thought it over the more he felt that most likely she had no real grounds for jealousy. Ernley was only flirting, fooling around, and if she did not goad him too much would probably soon get over his infatuation. Three years ago Pearl Jenner had been only a blind and a consolation; probably she was still no more. Ernley was disappointed in his marriage, too, and was trying to alter its conditions. He had certainly succeeded in diverting Belle's attention from her children to her husband, but beyond that the matter had not prospered. She was not the woman to be roused by such means—Ernley was a fool, and he was not the man to be shaped by such handling; Belle was a fool too.

This was sometimes Dan's view of the situation—at others he was lost, groping in his love for Belle, overcome with horror at the idea of having deserted her in her hour of need. He vowed that he would stand at her service now and waited day after day to see if she would claim him. But two weeks passed and nothing happened. She neither wrote nor came. Her visit on that hot August afternoon began to appear more and more in the light of a caprice—the result of a sudden goading. She had repented and was ashamed. He told himself that he ought to be ashamed too. She did not belong to him—she belonged to his best friend, whom she had taken for better, for worse, not knowing how much better or how much worse it would be.

XXX

Suddenly the tranquillity of the days was broken by the summons which all along he had expected. Belle sent him a telegram—"Meet me outside Ship Hotel two-thirty to-morrow."

Dan spent the rest of the evening in restless conjecture. Why was Belle throwing herself upon him now? What did she mean by her telegram—just a meeting, or some confidence or some service, or plans altogether more sweeping and more desperate? He lay awake most of the night and the next morning lounged, tired and inefficient, at the back of his bus, his mind no longer asking questions or pricking itself to meet the future, but lumpish and inert.

But at half-past two he was outside the Ship, in appearance like any other of the young men lounging around on this early-closing day—the country-town mixture of spruceness and stolidity, blue reach-me-down, gray felt hat, and rather regrettable mauve socks. The next minute Belle appeared—big, golden, lovely—drooping with the heat that struck down from the hard blue sky and up from the hard white pavement. She climbed off the Lewes bus, holding a suitcase in her hand.

"Hello, Dan! I'm glad you've come."

"Of course I've come."

He took the case from her—it was heavy.

"What are you going to do with this?"

"Oh, leave it somewhere—anywhere—wherever I stay. I've left Ernley."

Daniel stared at her and the color climbed as usual up his neck and face. He wished Belle would not spring these things on him in the public street.

"I've left him," she repeated, taking off her long cotton gloves. "I couldn't stand any more of it, and when it came to his stopping out all night . . ."

"He did that?"

"Yes—he's done it twice. And he's going to do it again to-night. Once his motor-bike broke down at Hassocks and

he couldn't get away till morning. Convenient—a motor-bike. Another time he went up to London to the Licensed Victuallers' dinner, and now he's gone to the Rotary dinner at Hastings."

It all sounded pretty harmless but Daniel knew what it meant to Belle and was not entirely without his own suspicions which, however, he would not betray.

"You don't know that it means he's with her—Pearl Jenner."

"I do know. I've seen her letters."

Daniel looked worried.

"Yes, I dare say you think I'm low, but I've been driven to it. Her letters kept on coming, so I steamed one open and she'd been in town with him—he hadn't gone to the dinner at all—he'd gone to a theater. Oh, of course she didn't say he'd actually . . ." Dan looked round in alarm at the lounging young men and dispersing contents of the bus, but Belle's warm husky voice had more fierceness than carrying power.

"Of course she didn't," she continued—"she wouldn't—and there's no need. When he told me he was going to Hastings to-night I told him straight that he was meeting her there—and he didn't deny it. We had a scene together then—and he went off—and I telegraphed to you. Oh, Dan, I know I'm low and bad, but he's driven me to it—I have to know what he's doing or I'd go mad—and when I do know . . ."

The tears sprang up in her eyes, and he felt them in his own. He could not speak. He merely snatched up her bag from the pavement and carried it into the inn.

"We'll get rid of this—and then we'll go somewhere and talk. Don't cry, Belle, I'll look after you."

But she was not so easily disposed of. The Ship was full—it had no room for her. He was perplexed as to what they should do. He could, of course, take her down to the harbor and find accommodation in the London and Paris Hotel, but Belle protested:

"I don't want to go right away from

you like that. Besides, we've neither of us got the money. Can't I get a cheap room near you—isn't there one in the house where you live? It'll only be for a night or two. I can't stay here."

He did not speak. The future seemed to rise before him like a dark and terrible wall.

Belle's luggage, which after a furlong of hot pavements seemed to have doubled its weight at the end of his arm, was finally left in the attic. Mrs. Gain had no objection when her visitor assured her that she did not expect those luxuries of accommodation which the landlady's experience taught her were always a source of trouble with females.

They sat down, as before, each side of the center table, but this time she was on the sofa and he sat on the chair under the window, the sun hot on his back. The tea came in and they both had some, their conversation mechanically adapted to Mrs. Gain's occasional entrances.

When she had taken the tray away he and Belle sat for some moments in silence. It was a curious fact that during the hour or so they had been together he had grown somehow to understand her purpose in coming to him, though not a word on the subject had passed between them. She was throwing herself back into the past—into the old poverty and the old love. Ernley had failed her, prosperity had failed her, marriage had failed her. Spiritually she was turning from the Crown to the George, as she had done before.

"Well, my dear—what are we going to do?"

She stood up and walked round the table into the patch of sunshine where he sat. Then she sank, spreading like a peony at his feet.

"Oh, Daniel—I've come to you."

"To me, my lovely—why to me?"

"Because I want you."

There was no gladness in either of their voices.

"Don't you want Ernley any more?"

"No."

"Nor the children?"

"No."

"I don't believe you."

"You would if you understood what I've been through during these last weeks—seeing him turn from me, seeing the children dividing us instead of bringing us together, seeing everything . . . die. Oh, Dan, Ernley's dead and the children are dead, and I'm only the poor widow and mother who's come to you. Dan, be good to me and take me. You were good to me years ago, and there's never been anyone like you for love and kindness—if only I hadn't been cursed."

She hid her face on his knee and they both trembled. He forced himself to speak.

"But, my dear, don't you see how hopeless it all is? What can I do for you now? I make barely enough money to keep myself and the boy. We'd simply go under."

"No we shouldn't. You could get better-paid work if you went to another place—and I could work too. I'm used to working, and part of my trouble's been that I've had no work lately, at least none that I could understand. Dan, don't you see this? I'm down to the bottom, and nothing worse can happen to me than what has happened. If we had to be servants together it would be happier for me than being the land-lord's wife at the Crown. And don't you see that you're down to the bottom, too—that you've nothing to lose? Your sister-in-law will take care of your baby for you. It'll be only our two selves, and as I say, we're at the bottom already so we can't fall any lower."

Dan's heart was beating violently. The wall of the future seemed to topple and he saw beyond it a dark night into which he and Belle walked alone—hand in hand, leaving everything behind them, seeing nothing but sorrow, yet together. Years ago he had hoped to possess her with all that he most loved in life, and now she was offered to him alone, a fellow-victim, stripped and cast out. Yet

he wanted her as much as when her love would have brought comfort instead of privation, pride instead of shame.

"Belle, how can I take you like that?" For her sake more than his own he still struggled a little. "You'll regret it some day, and then in your heart you'd reproach me. You couldn't help it. We'll be without everything—we'll be outside—no friends, no home, no money, no nothing—Belle!"

"I shan't mind. I'd rather have love and nothing than everything without love, and seemingly I've got to choose. Besides, it won't always be like that. We'll find work somewhere—and Ernley will divorce me and then we can get married."

Dan's eyes grew big at the idea of divorce. It sounded grand, but outside the normal round of human experience either in Sark or Bullockdean. Still, all that was very far ahead. Nothing was close to him but Belle in her disillusion and wreck, turning to him as to her one comfort, claiming him out of the past. She suddenly knelt upright on the floor in front of him and held out her arms. He caught her, dragging her over his knees, straining her to his heart. Once more the wall of the future was built up and the darkness hidden. The past seemed to go over his head like a flood, bringing back all his old love and joy and pain in her. He was like a man drowning in a place where waters meet.

When they drew apart from that embrace something had changed in him. He no longer felt sorrowful and fear-driven—his heart was light, his outlook triumphant. The scheme of his life till now seemed to him in this elated moment a very mean scheme. His days on the bus, his nights in Greville Row, even his twilight musings on Newhaven Bridge when the armies of the ships lifted their spears up to the sky, even these seemed trite and humdrum compared to the wonderful adventure of taking Belle out alone into an empty world. Even the thought of parting from

Thomas Helier did not seriously distress him—besides, in the fullness of time he too would have his place in that new house which love should build.

Drawing Belle again into his arms he took from her lips more power, more peace, more manhood—till he could have left that room to go through fire or walk the waters. He had never felt anything quite like this in his earlier experience of her—this sensation of drawing bigness from her bigness and strength from her strength. She had always been, too, as it were, related to other things—to ideals and hopes which formed a background to his love for her. But now she stood alone, torn out of her background, and yet somehow immense as she had never been when she belonged to it.

The sun in the street was dipping towards the roofs and the half-drawn blind was an amber glare.

"We'll go out," said Dan. "Come out with me, Belle. We can't stop in the house."

"Where are we going?"

"We'll go and have supper somewhere. We must do something this first night."

She picked up her hat from the floor.

"When ull you take me away?" she murmured—"right away?"

"I must finish my week on the bus."

"No! No!" her voice came suddenly with fear—"we can't wait. Ernley might find us."

"Let him."

"Oh, no—I couldn't bear it."

Her eyes grew large and frightened and her breast heaved. Dan suddenly saw a vision of himself that he had often seen before—an odious, practical little cad whose chief thought was bread and butter.

"All right—we'll cut and run. I'll take Baby to Em's to-morrow."

He asked Mrs. Gain to fetch Thomas Helier that evening and put him to bed—a task she had already performed occasionally when he was at Hodder. Then, while Belle went to her attic to tidy her dress and hair, he ran up to his room and opened the drawer where

he kept his money. It was in a small battered cashbox and amounted in all to some three pounds—his Christmas gratuity from the bus company and tips from one or two passengers whom he had sensationally befriended. It was all he had in the world, but it was part of his mood now that he should spend it—that it should be flung into the heap of his welcome for Belle's love.

XXXI

They ate their meal at the Cimerosa Café, a big place attached to the leading picture-house and which satisfied local ideals of smartness. Both Belle and Daniel were much impressed as they sat together at their little table, an island in the midst of the vastness. All round them was the glitter of glass and steel, polished tiles and polished wood, flowers made at once cheaper and more impressive by masses of gypsophila and asparagus fern, while the tinkle and wail of a piano and two fiddles came threading a plaintive way through the clatter of knives and voices.

Dan was at first struck dumb by the elegance of the waitress and the profusion of the menu. But between them he and Belle managed at last to stumble upon the materials of a meal.

Though more at their ease when they had begun eating, they scarcely talked during their dinner. They belonged to that order of society which is too polite to talk when music is being provided for its entertainment. They listened respectfully to each item, as if they had been at a concert, and applauded respectfully at the end. Belle ate slowly and sat dreamily, hardly seeming to notice her surroundings. Dan, on the other hand, stared about the room watching the other diners and the waitresses moving among them, interested in their manners and their food, as it was his custom to be interested in other people's concerns. There was another smaller hall beyond the first, and from where he sat he could see a part of it

reflected in the mirror opposite him. In the mirror he saw a man and woman come in together and sit down at a table under a palm. The elegance of the woman's black dress and hat made him look at her twice, and with a start he recognized her as Pearl Jenner. The man was unknown.

At first, surprise and interest made him miss the significance of this encounter, but in a minute or two he realized what it meant. Belle had come to him because she believed her husband to be with another woman, and here was this other woman without him but with another man. She was certainly guiltless on this occasion; though, Dan told himself angrily, it did not follow that she had been guiltless on any other. After all, Belle had made sure of her perfidy by effective if low expedients.

He wondered if Belle could see her, but Belle sat with her back to the mirror and outside the angle of direct vision. She could not see nor be seen. Then he suddenly asked himself what she would do if she realized that to-night at least her suspicions were unfounded, and that Ernley was innocently eating his dinner in Hastings, the blameless guest of Rotarians.

The question rushed at him out of the void, bringing with it the answer not of itself but of another question which he had not yet dared to ask: "She is here not because of her love of me but because of her love of Ernley." His hand shook as he quickly raised his glass, and the glitter of the room with its lights and glass and silver and flowers seemed to heel over as in a nightmare. By an act of violence he pushed the question which had no answer, and the answer which had no question, out of his mind together. At the same time he stood up. He must do something—he must settle something—find out something about Pearl Jenner and why she was there.

"Where are you going?" asked Belle, waking out of her dream.

"I'm going to ask if they have any programs."

He had seen some posters of the cinema entertainment displayed in the inner room, and first of all he went and scanned these and took a couple of leaflets. On his way back he stopped at Pearl Jenner's table.

"Good evening," he said.

Miss Jenner lifted her large, rather prominent eyes from her plate and surveyed him carefully without a word.

"I believe we've met before," he said nervously.

Miss Jenner obviously did not remember the occasion, and her escort now joined her in her stare. Dan was nearly overwhelmed but managed to stand his ground.

"It was at Bullockdean—the George Inn. You came with Mr. Ernley Munk to meet my—to meet his—leastways . . ."

Luckily she remembered now.

"Oh, yes. But that was a long time ago."

"More'n three years."

"Fancy your remembering."

"I ain't likely to forget."

He thought a touch of gallantry would not come amiss. Then suddenly his gaze fell to her hand and saw that she wore a wedding ring.

"Are you married now?" The words broke straight out of his surprise.

She bridled suitably.

"Yes—I'm married. This is my husband, Mr. Percy Johnson. We're going to Paris—traveling for his firm. He's got a job over there and we thought we'd tack it on to our honeymoon. We had meant to cross to-night but there's too much swell on for me."

"Sit down and have a drink of something with us," said Mr. Percy Johnson.

"No—no—much obliged, I'm sure. I've got a friend waiting. Good-by."

"So pleased to have met you," said the lady graciously.

He walked quickly back into the next room and sat down opposite Belle.

"It begins at half-past eight. We'd better be going."

"Well, I'm ready. What a time you were."

"I met a chap I knew."

His heart was sick because he knew that he had not the courage to tell her about Pearl Jenner, who was now Pearl Johnson.

He told himself it did not really matter. The thing that mattered was Belle's jealous suspicion of Ernley, not the question of whether it was or was not justified. After all it probably was justified, though Miss Jenner had seen the wisdom of escaping from a difficult situation by the most convenient road. Ernley had certainly deceived his wife, plotted and schemed and lied. He had made Belle's life a torture by uncertainty, as she had made his a boredom by certainty. Their marriage was smashed—trodden in pieces—by themselves. What did anything else matter?—Pearl Jenner or Pearl Johnson? Daniel stuck a cigarette in the corner of his mouth and, having paid his bill, led the way out of the Cimerosa Café into the Cimerosa Palace.

"We'll have a box," he said to Belle as she followed. "We must have a good time to-night."

The desire to strip the future was even more fiercely upon him.

So Belle and Daniel went into the House of Life together. Life moved before them, flickering on a screen in a procession, as the procession of life moves before the immortal gods. Those busmen and shopgirls in the darkness were as the immortal gods seeing, as in a mirror for their sport, life and love and death and hate and jealousy and wealth and despair and laughter and tenderness and vice and beauty and age and youth and piety and folly. . . . Dan's arm was clasping Belle as he led her homewards. His body was drugged by her sweetness and his mind was drugged by Life. They did not speak, for their thoughts were passing in a procession as on a screen. Belle walked with her head bent, one arm hanging limply, one hand holding Dan's hand against her waist. Dan walked with his head high and saw

the lamplight in her yellow hair and breaking into the shadows flung by her hat. They came together to Greville Row and stood together in the narrow hallway, with the door shutting out the street lamp and the moon.

Behind them the steep narrow stairs soared into a still deeper darkness. Dan's arms came out and took Belle, drawing her big shoulder down on his, holding her flushed face and rough hair down against his cheek.

"Oh, Belle," he murmured thickly in her hair—"Oh, Belle—I must love you."

And all the House of Life danced before the darkness of his closed eyes that were closed against hers. She shuddered in his arms, moved herself suddenly, and broke from him—crying bitterly.

XXXII

The smallness of the house shook with her dash upstairs and the banging of her door. For a moment Dan stood at the stair-foot, then he too turned and went upwards. He felt mentally bruised, but still exalted, as he opened the door of his little room and went in. The moon and the street lamp were together in a queer troubled light and the occasional surfaces of furniture gleamed in pale flecks. His bed was all white, and Thomas Helier's bed beside it, with a blot which was Thomas Helier himself.

Dan went over to the window and looked out on the roofs without seeing them. Why had Belle cried when she left him? He knew that women cry for joy as much as for sorrow, but he did not think that Belle had cried for joy. How could she have cried for sorrow with his arms round her and the vows of his love upon her? Only because she still loved Ernley and still belonged to him. Only because she loved Ernley so much that when she saw her marriage breaking she had deliberately killed it rather than let it drag on as a broken thing. He, Daniel, was only the stick she had taken to break her marriage, to put her wounded love out of its pain—

he was not there to give her love but to kill her love. That night she was expecting him to go up to her room and kill the last of her love for Ernley. Tomorrow she would wake up without love, empty, like sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.

He shut his eyes again and the darkness flickered as with lights on a screen. He saw the procession of his love for Belle—his courtship of her at Batchelors Hall, the tall house and the tall nodding trees, and the black-and-white striped drawing-room where the gramophone played. He saw himself going to seek her up the narrow lanes by Rushlake Green, and pleading with her in the cottage at Three Cups Corner. . . . Then he saw her and Ernley standing together in the doorway of old Gadgett's bedroom, holding each other by the hand and looking at each other with sad eyes—they looked forward into their marriage and saw it appointed for sorrow. . . .

He knew that his love had ended there. After that there had been no love, only despair, and then escape . . . and since he had come back he had not loved her as in the old days but in a different, unhappier way. He loved her for herself and himself only. He loved her as other men had loved her before Ernley, and to-night his love for her was just a flame, seeking to devour—not the flame of the hearth where the food is cooked and life made warm and secure, but the flame of the burning house which seeks only to destroy and is the enemy of the hearth upon which the dead, burnt house shall fall.

He opened his eyes again and looked down at the little dark shape of Thomas Helier asleep in his moonlit bed. Then he remembered his own marriage. Till that moment it had been merely an empty space in his thoughts of Belle. But now it became an island, and the rest of life the empty sea. That year of his married life—belonging to the stranger, the strange land, and the strange language—was none the less his heart's true home and abiding sweetness. All that

he had ever known of love was that marriage, which had gathered up into itself not only his love for Rose Falla but his love for Belle Shackford. His love for Belle had led him to his marriage with Rose, and his love for Belle had been made holy by his marriage with Rose.

"Oh, Rose, Rose—dear little Rose—I remember that evening when I took you into my arms in the dark cottage at Moie Fano, and outside the cliff was like a terrible blind thing asleep in the light. Something better than love had given you to me then. I thought, 'All my love is in Sussex with Belle Shackford'—and reckon I never knew that love was in our marriage and nowhere else. . . . If I let Belle use me to break her marriage, I break my own—I break faith with Rose—I break faith with Belle. I cannot love a woman away from marriage—if I did that my love would be like the cliff at Moie Fano—a terrible blind thing asleep in the light."

He sank down on his knees before the window and his thoughts, which had been drowned, came out of the water and he knew himself to be set on a mad and evil way. He was about to break a marriage—a wounded marriage, it is true, but not wounded to death. Belle had taken Ernley as he had taken Rose—"for better, for worse." He had known nothing of the worse in his marriage with Rose, for his Rose had been a sweet flower plucked before the rains. But if they had lived on together they would probably have had to forgive just like everyone else. He could have forgiven Rose anything—Rose would have forgiven him anything. By that same power Ernley could forgive Belle, and Belle could forgive Ernley. And Belle had less to forgive Ernley than she thought . . . there lay Daniel's shame. He was a thief breaking into the inn of marriage with a lie. What does it matter? The inn of marriage is empty—it is already robbed. No—love is still there. Respect and trust and seemliness are gone, but love is still there—sitting alone and waiting for the others to

come back—love of the mother for the children and the children for the mother; love of the wife for the husband and the husband for the wife. Belle knew that, and that was why she wanted him to break into the inn of marriage and help her kill love—love waiting in the empty house till her children return. . . . "But I can't do that—I can't—because for a year I too lived with love in the inn of marriage; and if I kill Belle's love for her husband I kill my own for Belle, my own for Rose, my own for our child, since these are all part of the same thing. Oh, God, I can't do it—I can't hurt the best thing you've ever given me—your own thing—part of yourself."

The dawn was breaking, with the masts of the ships standing up before it like spears before a banner. Dan still knelt beside the window in the dishevelment of a sleepless night. His hair was ruffled out of its sleekness and the long straight lick of it hung sideways almost to his shoulder. He must clean and tidy himself before he went up to Belle and told her that his own marriage had been too great a treasure for him to be the thief of hers.

He must tell her at once so that she could go back at once to Ernley. If she went now the situation might be saved. Indeed, the very fact of her having gone away might take from her that certainty which had so disenchanted her husband. This thing that had happened might be the very thing needed to establish happiness for Belle and Ernley. Whether Belle had loved Daniel or not, or Ernley had loved Pearl or not, was no matter. Pearl and Daniel had been useful to break up a hard piece of life—and now that their task was done, Pearl could go to her Mr. Johnson and Daniel could go . . .

He plunged his head into his basin of cold water. What should he do when he had lost Belle? Didn't he still love her? Yes—but that terrible stripped future which had once enticed him now filled him entirely with fear. He could

not take Belle away from everything that truly belonged to her—her marriage, her home, her husband, her children—any more than he could go away himself from all that truly belonged to him—his marriage, his home, Rose Falla, or *notre Helier*. Somehow, at the back of his mind he knew that if he lost these things he lost Belle with them, and if he kept them he kept her with them.

The baby was still asleep—he had slept peacefully all through the night of his father's distress. Soon he would be waking and demanding attention in one form or another. Poor little kid—at least one would not have to part with him now . . . or only for a little while. He would have to go away for a little while to forget this new sound of Belle's footsteps in his life. Going away was a great cure for everything . . . then when you came back you could pick up things again in a new way—he had picked up his love for Belle in a new way; if he had picked it up in the old way he could not have renounced it now. But there was sea water in the blood of his father's son, and a sea change was a change of heart. When did the *White King* sail from Middlesborough? . . .

From Belle's window, too, one could see the masts of the ships, but now the sunlight gleamed upon them—they were no longer lances but Aaron's rod in flower. As Dan came stooping into the attic with its low-set window the first thing he saw was the flowering of Aaron's rod against the sea. The dawn was full of color—rose and brown and blue, and the breeze of it rushed into the attic, both salt and sweet.

It was almost like an encounter and gave him a queer sense of exaltation and the strength to look at Belle as she lay on the bed, outside the clothes, wrapped in a purple cotton kimono over which her hair flowed tawny and challenging. Her face was hidden in the hollow of one elbow and she slept, incredibly, in spite of his knock and his entrance and the flowering of the dawn.

But immediately he came and stood beside her she woke—she sat up, sweeping the hair out of her eyes. Her hair frightened him—it was so aggressively abandoned, so bright, so coarse, so curly. . . . He remembered the fine silk of Rose's hair among his fingers and upon his lips. Belle had let down her hair to smother and bind him—a crude and easy charm. He suddenly felt very far away from her.

"Well," she said sullenly, "what do you want now?"

"I want to talk to you."

He pulled a chair beside the bed and sat down. She yawned and stretched her arms, then suddenly burst into tears.

"Belle—Belle—don't cry. You know you don't really love me."

"Since when have you discovered that?"

Her voice was not sweet.

"Since I said good-night to you—when you cried. . . . I guessed then that you'd come to me not because you loved me but because you loved Ernley."

"You're damned clever, ain't you?"

"And, Belle, I saw I was a swine, for I was keeping something back from you—something about Ernley."

"What?"

"That he hasn't been with Pearl Jenner at Hastings."

"How do you know?"

"Because I saw her here in Newhaven last night."

Belle seized his arm.

"She was at the Café," faltered Daniel, realizing how treacherous he must now appear. "I saw her in the other room and . . ."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I knew it would make a difference to your feelings about Ernley. You see, she wasn't only there: she'd got a man with her—her husband."

"D'you mean to say she's married?"

"Just—they're off to Paris to-day."

"And you never told me?"

"I—I couldn't."

"Why?—Why?"

"Because I knew it ud mean I'd lose you—you'd go back to Ernley after that."

"Cad!" shrieked Belle. "You dirty little cad!"

She sprang off the bed and stood before him barefooted on the floor, blazing with anger. She was so much the virago that he almost cowered, and the shame of his own fear made him angry too. He rose to his feet, and then suddenly the fear of his own shame drove down upon him and swept the anger out of his heart. After all, Belle was right. He had behaved like a cad with that lie of silence. If Belle had not wept like that at the foot of the stairs, how much of her life would he have left her? She was saved only by her tears.

"I'm sorry, Belle—forgive me, Belle."

"Why did you do it?"

"Because I loved you and reckon I wasn't strong enough to tell you something that might send you from me."

"And why are you strong enough now—when it's too late?"

"My dear, it ain't too late."

"Too late! Of course it's too late. I've stopped away a whole night from home—the servants all know, even if I manage to get back before Ernley does . . . I never said anything—I just cleared out. It'll be easy enough to prove I spent the night along of you here. I reckon Ernley could get a divorce on it if he wanted to, and maybe he will want to."

"Oh, no, he won't."

"Not that I care if he does. I'll never believe he wasn't in love with Pearl Jenner, and that he'll soon find somebody else. We're done with each other, so your lovely conscience and pure heart go for nothing."

"Belle, don't go mocking at my conscience and my heart. I don't set up for being good—I know I ain't. But I just felt as somehow I couldn't spoil a thing like marriage."

"Marriage! What are you talking about? Mine's spoilt already, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't. You only think so be-

cause you've mixed up marriage with love, and they ain't the same thing really."

"You needn't tell me that."

"I mean that when you're in love and go back on each other, you generally can't forgive; but in marriage you can."

Belle sat down heavily upon the bed.

"What's come over you, Daniel?"

"Nothing—it's the same as I've always felt, but can't explain. I think a lot about marriage. I never was more surprised by anything than I was by my marriage. I've never told you about it, Belle, but it was like this. I met a girl at a dancing-place in Jersey and she told me she was done for and must go on the streets for a living. I'd had a drop too much, so when I got worked up about what she told me I never stopped to think sense but just put her in my boat and took her over to Sark with me. Then that crowd at the Pêche à Agneau wouldn't keep her—they said she must go back—and she cried . . . and begged me to save her . . . so just out of pity I said I'd marry her, and I was in a mortal funk about it. I didn't really love her and was only doing it out of pity. But I swore I'd go through with it, for it was up to me, so to speak. Then when we went into church and the minister prayed and I put on her ring, I suddenly saw it all different. It—it wasn't just something we were doing but something that was given us. When I came out of church I knew we belonged to each other and ud be happy together, no matter how it had all started. And after that . . . well, I can't speak about it—but . . . well, of course you know she died. But if it had gone on it would always have been good, because we were like being one person, and if one went against the other it would just be like being sick with yourself, as you are at times. You always forgive yourself in the end—you can't help it. And then there's the kid—there's your kids, Belle. You can't get shut of a marriage so easy as you think. It's all mixed up with everything else in your life."

Belle sat silent, leaning her head against the bedpost.

"You can't get shut of a marriage," Daniel repeated; "all that talk about divorce is just silly. You're a part of Ernley and the children are a part of you both, and there you are, and nothing can be done about it."

"Oh, can't it, just! And reckon it will be done when Ernley finds out."

"There ain't nothing for him to find out—except that you loved him so much that you were driven half mad when you thought he loved somebody else. You know you don't really love me, Belle. It's twice you've taken me because you loved Ernley, but reckon I can't bear any more of that."

"And you don't really love me?"

"No—all I've ever done is to want to get married. I'm not the same sort as you—I can't go in for these big love affairs and all that. They scare me and I act silly. I'd have loved you as my wife and have made you a good husband, but I can't go loving you outside marriage—I'm not made that way. The only woman I've ever loved is Rose, just because she was my wife."

"And, now she's dead, will you marry again?"

"Maybe. I could love any good woman that was my wife. I'm sorry, Belle—I know it doesn't sound very good but it's the way I'm made. It means that I'll always be happier than you, but not so interesting."

Belle smiled, and for the first time he saw almost a look of tenderness in her eyes.

"You poor child. Reckon I've scared you. No—maybe I'm not your sort, Daniel, though the Lord knows the trouble with Ernley has been because of my being too homely since I married."

"It'll do him a lot of good, your going off like this—he won't feel so sure of you. Ernley doesn't like feeling sure."

"Well, I do."

"And so you can—if he doesn't."

Belle stood up again and went towards the window, twisting up her hair

as she walked. The action seemed somehow to show that she had done with him.

"You talk sense, Daniel. You do sometimes. You've treated me badly this last day and night, but I've treated you badly these years. Reckon you're the sort of man that women make a refuge of. Well, I won't do it again. I hope you'll meet some kind good woman who'll marry you and protect you from the likes of me. For if I go back to Ernley I don't expect I'll be happy—not for years, anyway. But of course I know in my heart that he belongs to me and I to him, and nobody else will ever do. I daresay we'll both be all the better for this shake-up—I dunno. He's hit me and been hurt—I've hit him and been hurt . . . there's no telling what difference that ull make. But you'll have to keep out of it, Daniel. Ernley will hate you after this."

"Hate me! That's odd, after all that's gone before."

"If he doesn't hate you the same as I hate Pearl Jenner, I'll know it's all no use."

"Well, anyhow I'll be going away."

"Where?"

Daniel looked out towards the sea.

"Only the other day I was offered a berth as cook on a Geordie sailing next week from Middlesborough."

"And what ull you do with the child?"

"Leave him with Em."

"Shall you be happy at sea?"

"Happier than in spoiling your life on land."

"You haven't spoiled my life, Daniel. I've spoiled my own. Perhaps it's not quite spoilt."

She held out her hand to him and he took it limply.

"Oh, Belle—"

"I must dress now. Get out. I hope they haven't heard us talking."

"Not up here. I'll go down. Will you be having breakfast with me and get an early start?"

"Yes, I must be back when Ernley comes. Then I can tell him everything and perhaps he will tell me something."



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

SHE CLIMBED DOWN WITH HER HAND ON DANIEL'S WRIST

He went out, with nothing in his heart except a great longing for the sea.

XXXIII

"Tickets, please"—Daniel stooped over the fat woman in the corner and waited while she fumbled in her pocket and then in her bag and then in her basket. "Sixpence to Whitesmith. Thank you, Ma'am . . . tickets please."

He had picked up this lot at Bullockdean Throws, where he had set down Belle, and while he was helping them in with their bundles she had walked off up the lane towards the village and the inn that straddled the way. He had not even been able to turn round and see the last of her disappearing.

He thought of their breakfast together in the half-light of the little sitting room. They had scarcely talked and she had seemed angry, but—when their maimed excuses and explanations had gone to Mrs. Gain—Belle had insisted on accompanying him when he took Thomas Helier to the crèche, and at parting she had kissed the baby and he had taken and held for a moment a handful of her coarse yellow hair. Then they had walked together to the bus and Dan had punched Belle's ticket for her and then gone out on the step. He did not dare look at her as she sat there like a sunflower. Not that he was afraid of her any more—that madness had passed—but when he looked at her he was ashamed.

"Bullockdean Corner"—he pulled the bell. She climbed down, with her hand upon his wrist like any other passenger. He passed out her bag. Other passengers crowded in—she was gone—and when the bus had started again and he looked round he could not see her. He might never see her again—he did not know. Already the ways of land were tiring him.

"Reckon you've done the right thing this time," said Jess Harman.

She stood facing Dan as he sat by the

kitchen table in Bullockdean parsonage with Thomas Helier on his knee.

"I'm glad you approve of me at last."

"I won't say I've always disapproved, but then I haven't always approved, neither."

"You never approved of me and Belle."

"Never—she isn't your sort, 'as you've been uncommon slow to understand."

"Why isn't she my sort?"

"You've asked me that question a dunnamany times before, and I've told you a dunnamany times in answer that she isn't comfortable enough for you. You want a comfortable woman, and Belle isn't a comfortable woman. Whatever she does she does uncomfortably—if she loves a man she gives him hell, if she marries a man she gives him hell, if she loves her children she gives everybody hell because of it. Now some men like that style—Ernley Munk does—so that's why it's good that she should marry him and stick to him. All these rows they have don't matter—they only keep 'em going. Neither Belle nor Ernley could live without rows and feeling ill-treated, so it's just as well they've got each other. Now if you'd taken Belle away from Ernley and been good to her, she'd have been dead of dullness in a year. It's her sort to make rows. And all that fuss about Pearl Jenner was only a row she'd made to keep herself lively. And Ernley just about loves to think he's ill-used and blighted—so reckon it was a godsend to him to have his wife run away with another man, so long as she comes back and gives him the fun of forgiving her."

Dan had not meant to tell Jess so much about himself. He had come to Bullockdean with the intention of opening his grief to Mr. Marchbanks, which was one of the good things his friend had taught him. Between two Norman pillars in Bullockdean church the events of the last few months had slipped into new places, and—as had so often happened before—Dan saw his splash of folly as little more than the spate cast

up by a treacherous sea, in the waves of which he might have drowned while he feared only the foam.

When he got back to the parsonage Jess was waiting to give him tea and, comforted and a little exalted, he found himself pouring out his tale anew to her, though with different stresses. He wanted to hear about the family at the inn. Ernley had taken his wife away to foreign parts. Business was slack and they were going to have a holiday—another honeymoon. When they came back the amalgamation of the two inns, the George and the Crown, would be complete—a new life would be beginning; and Daniel Sheather, out of the old life, would be safely busy on board a Geordie coaster, working and whistling in his galley that smelt of soup and the sea.

"Is it all fixed up?" asked Jess.

"Yes—it's fixed. May I take your book with me, Jess?"

"You've got a nerve. What shall I do without my book?"

"Much better than I'll do with it. Reckon I must cut some sort of a figure this first voyage—and Mr. Marchbanks don't notice what you give him."

"That's true. Well, you can have the book, Daniel. But bring it back when you come ashore."

"Reckon I'll bring you a new one. I'll have some cash to spare then, though I'm stony-broke just now. The sea pays better than the land."

"And when do you start?"

"I go north to-morrow—the nine o'clock from Lewes."

"Have you said good-by to your mother?"

"I'll call at Hodder this evening on my way back."

"And you're leaving Baby at Brakey Bottom?"

"Yes—that's to-night, too."

Then suddenly Jess's face changed—her manner changed—she was a new Jess; and coming round the side of the table she knelt down beside Daniel's chair and put her arms round the baby that he held upon his knee.

"Leave him with me, Daniel. Let me take care of him for you."

Her voice came with a sudden husky sweetness, reminding him of Belle's.

"But, Jess—how can I? How could you possibly look after him?"

"Easy. I can have him with me here same as I had when you lived along of us, and I can take him home to Auntie's in the evening. Reckon they won't be sorry at Brakey Bottom, and you can give me what you would have given them, so as I can manage for him. Oh, Dan, I love him so and it's been such misery losing him when you were at Newhaven. I'll be so good to him—I'll love him and pet him and take care of him same as if I was his mother."

For some reason he found himself trembling and his hand came down upon her shoulder as she knelt beside him with her arms round the child. He said, almost without knowing it:

"But, Jess, I think now that I'm always going to live on the sea."

"But you'll be ashore in between whiles."

"Yes—but the sea's going to be my country. I don't belong here any more—at least not till I'm old. The sea's better than the land, my dear, and it's in my blood to go to sea."

"You can go to sea and I'll stay on the land, for sometimes you've got to come home."

In that moment he felt it would be easier and better to think of home at Bullockdean than at Brakey Bottom, among the wranglings and strugglings of his kin. Perhaps Jess would not take such good care of Thomas Helier as Emmy would have done—but Len was sour. . . . Jess was taking him out of love, and there would always be love at Bullockdean. It seemed as if Rose Falla's legacy to her husband had been a legacy of love. When she had given Dan "*notre Helier*" she had given him the power of building romance anew. . . .

"Let him stay just this once," pleaded Jess, "and if you don't think I've done

well by him when you come back, you can change. But let me try."

"Very well, Jess. You try."

Thomas Helier's good manners broke down under the sudden squeeze she gave him.

"I'm sorry, dearie, that's a bad beginning. But you're used to it with your Dad and me. There—don't cry, my pet—there, there."

Two hours later Dan knelt by his mother's side in the firelight at Hoddern. Kitty's arm was round him, for she felt and dealt tenderly in this moment of farewell.

"You always were your father's son, Dan, but you've been a good boy to me all the same."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Mum."

"Yes, you've been good and done your best when that rascal he went off. It was not your fault that you could not help me more. Now I shall not see you very often, I expect."

"Whenever I'm ashore, Mum."

"But you leave your child at Bullock-dean and you go where your child is. Ah, she is a clever girl, that Jess Harman."

"How do you mean?"

"If you have not the wit to understand me I will not explain. Poor Daniel, you were not happy in your marriage."

"Mum, I was happy."

"Ah, but she died."

He did not speak, for he could not tell his mother what he felt about Rose.

"Marriage is not a happy thing," continued Kitty. "Our men grow up and cease to love us—they forsake us, and we live only in our children."

"Oh, mother, don't speak so—some men make good husbands."

"You would make a good husband, Daniel."

"I hope I didn't make a bad one."

"You are the sort of man who'd make a good husband to any girl except one."

"Except one?"

"Except Belle Munk—Belle Shackford that was. She belongs to one man only, though he will never be much good to her. Still, she belongs. And I knew it long ago when you wanted her so much."

Dan did not believe his mother knew anything of the kind. Still, he thought her words were wise and he listened as she continued:

"Some men and women are like that—for one person only, and others are for everyone. You are among the others."

"What do you mean, Mum?"

"You could be happy married to any good girl, for what you really want is not love but marriage. When you come home you will marry again."

"How do you know?"

"Because you were made for marriage, and for a man marriage is easy."

A step sounded in the passage and his mother's expression changed. She withdrew her arm from his shoulder and looked up. He knew that Christopher had come home.

He rose and kissed her hastily, anxious to take leave before his brother appeared.

"Say good-by to Chris from me."

Outside the big stars hung over the Ouse Valley where the windings of the river showed pale in the darkness. Dan felt vaguely disturbed by what his mother had said. It seemed to rob him of his last claim to be interesting and romantic, if he had ever had any. Was it indeed true, then, that the woman of his dream who sat in an inn stable with her child upon her knee, was not Belle, nor even Rose, but just any woman—every woman whose heart was warm and whose eyes were kind? Was all that he craved for—only a home and a wife and a child? If so it was strange to go seeking them upon the sea. But there is a star of the sea which points to harbor, and a woman sits waiting with her child upon her knee and a star in the sky above her to lead the wise man to her feet.

THE LION'S MOUTH



NUTS

BY STANLEY WALKER

AL FOY was the oldest office boy in New York. For nearly fifty years his job had been to sit beside a desk at the entrance to the editorial offices of the *Morning Star*, where he opened the mail and received visitors.

His salary never rose above thirty dollars per week—through wars and panics, high prices and low—but he had saved most of it. He owned his home out in Bay Ridge, and the growth of Brooklyn in that direction enabled him to sell three lots at a good profit. Thus Al could retire any time he wanted to.

And yet he was only an office boy. True, his neighbors out in Bay Ridge called him "Mr. Foy," and they spoke of him vaguely as being "an editor or something on the *Morning Star*." But to everybody in the office he was simply Al, the head office boy—or, as one reporter once put it, the Director of Lesser Personnel.

It seemed to me that the question of Al's success, or lack of success, depended upon whether he was happy. He gave me but little satisfaction. Yes, his job was all right. He had only one complaint.

"It's these nuts," he said. "For nigh onto half a century now they have been pestering me. You see, I open all these letters addressed to the editor, and more than half of them are nutty. People are always complaining about

something and they think the paper can fix it. And the people who call, they are the worst—all nuts! If they would only leave me alone!"

I pointed out that if it were not for these writers of strange letters, and the visitors with the vague and impossible complaints and requests, he would have no job. Al said he had thought of that, but nevertheless he wished the eccentrics would leave him in peace.

"It wouldn't matter much if I did lose my job," he confided to me slyly. "I'm thinking of retiring anyhow pretty soon. I could do it, you know."

All of us thought the world of Al Foy. He was a slight, well-kept old fellow with white hair and a neat white mustache. He dressed in black broadcloth and wore a wing collar with a gray tie. Across the bridge of his lean nose was a pair of gold-rimmed glasses through which he peered with kindly blue eyes. He was a dignified ornament to the office.

Al usually came to work at two in the afternoon, stayed until six, took two hours off to go home to dinner, and then returned for four more hours. He had set those hours for himself. No one questioned his coming or his going. He was as much of a fixture as the big clock that hung above his desk or the St. Gaudens bas-relief of "The Founder" down the hall.

As I talked to Al I found that he had a genuine hatred for the "nuts." He regarded them as vastly different from ordinary, sane, flesh-and-blood people like his neighbors in Bay Ridge. To Al the letter writers and the visitors were like those strange miscreants whose deeds filled so much space in the papers—the wife-beaters, girl bandits, fake

princes, bootlegger kings, underworld queens, and the rest of that unreal list.

One afternoon Al was timidly turning over in his mind the idea of retiring to a comfortable old age. He received the usual procession of callers and opened the usual batch of letters.

First there was the richly dressed woman, nervous and beautiful, who approached his desk and said:

"I want some advice. You look like such a kind, wise old man—who would understand. Can I trust you?"

"Yes," said Al Foy with a great weariness, "Tell me all."

"I hate my husband," said the woman. "I want to kill him. I can think of no other way. Now, shall I?"

Al was only mildly surprised. She was just another nut. He did his best to humor such people.

"No," he told her, "I wouldn't kill him. They will arrest you, and—you never know—the jury might convict you. It's a long chance."

She thanked Al and swept out of the office. An hour later she telephoned him. Al told me she said:

"I've thought of a splendid idea. I'll go ahead and shoot him and then shoot myself, so they can't do anything with me. What do you think of that?"

"Very good," said Al. "Yes, perhaps that is the best way out. Good-by."

"She's a nut," Al told me. "But she isn't going to kill her husband. She just hates him a little and wants to get it out of her system by telling somebody."

I thought Al must know a great deal about the human mind and the strange, uncatalogued emotions that move men and women. But it was hard to extract this wisdom from him. Besides, he was busy with a pile of letters. After a time he laid aside his glasses and said to me:

"The nuts are running strong to-day. Here's a man who says the obelisk in Central Park is set at the wrong angle. Another one, a woman over in Weehawken, is sore because the paper didn't

mention her husband's name in the story of that parade up Fifth Avenue the other day. She says he led one of the thirty bands and didn't get a line. And here's another one—a man who shows that Venus was the first woman to dye her hair. Street paving, Oriental religions, persecutions—I've got 'em all to-day."

A bedraggled individual approached Al's desk, asked for a sheet of paper, and wrote feverishly for ten minutes, calling for more paper until he had finished half-a-dozen pages. Then he handed the product to Al and departed. Al showed it to me. Except for a word or two here and there it was utterly unintelligible. Al threw it into the waste basket.

"He's been coming in once a week for a year," explained Al. "I don't know yet what his message is. Every night when I go home I pass him out in City Hall Park, sitting on a bench and looking up at the stars."

Late in the afternoon the publisher, old Mr. Markle, stopped by Al's desk on his daily tour of the office.

"You've been with us a long time," said Mr. Markle. "How do you like the job. I mean to say, is it satisfying?"

"Oh, yes," said Al, puzzled at the question. "The only trouble is—well, I have to deal with a lot of nuts, and all these letters here are from queer people too."

"I dare say," remarked Mr. Markle as he passed on.

For a moment Al was panicky. Did the publisher think he was getting too old for the job? Then he became serene again. What did it matter after all? He could quit comfortably and be rid of the pests.

When Al Foy returned to the office he sensed that something had happened. Men were hurrying about. Groups were gathered here and there, laughing, swearing, gesticulating. He made a few inquiries and learned to his astonishment that the *Morning Star* had been sold to the owner of the *Morning Gazette* and

that the papers were to be combined the next day and called the *Gazette-Star*.

An hour later Al was summoned into the managing editor's office and there given two weeks' pay and his discharge. He met me outside. He was happy. I walked across City Hall Park with him. There was the letter-writer he had told me about, sitting sprawled on a bench.

"I'm through with 'em all," said Al joyously. "No more nuts for me."

Some time later I learned what Al did that evening. When he got home he told his wife what had happened, they rejoiced together, and he propped himself up by a rear window to smoke and read. From across the courtyard he heard sounds of riotous laughter and music. Looking over, he discerned a bottle on a table and people dancing. The noise continued until long after midnight. Al was angry. He shouted to them and politely asked them not to make so much noise.

"Oh, go soak your head!" came the insolent retort. Al called the police on the telephone. A desk sergeant advised him to go before a magistrate the next day and get a warrant. Al demanded immediate police action. The sergeant refused.

"What's the matter?" stormed Al into the telephone. "Must I grease your palm before ——" The rest was lost when the sergeant hung up the receiver. Al sat there speechless with rage. The pandemonium went on.

At last Al went with firm step to his desk and started writing. His missive was addressed "To the Editor of the *Gazette-Star*." After outlining his grievance Al wrote:

"I am a decent, law-abiding householder, Mr. Editor, and I leave it to you if this condition is not an outrage in a civilized city. Is there no justice? Has Tammany's grip on the Police Department become so strong and so demoralizing that respectable citizens cannot get relief from a nuisance? Sir, I rely on your sense of fair play and civic duty."

"There," said Al to his wife, as he sealed the letter, "that ought to wake 'em up!"

The next day the new head-office-boy on the *Gazette-Star*, who had never heard of Al Foy, read the letter, yawned, and grunted: "Just another nut."



OUR NEED FOR WASTING MORE TIME

BY FRED C. KELLY

SURELY it must be evident to any thoughtful person that we need newer and better means for wasting time. Methods of time-wasting which served well enough for our forefathers are no longer adequate. To keep pace with present-day conditions we must not only modernize but greatly amplify all known plans for frittering away golden hours in foolish or profitless pursuits. Golf players have the right idea. Instead of simplifying the game they constantly strive to add complications which will use up more energy and more hours. The first fellow to think of bunkers on a golf links must have had a streak of genius for taking slack out of one's spare time. Bunkers, judiciously placed, so retard the speed of golfers that they are frequently able to spend an entire afternoon in getting exercise the equivalent of, say, twenty minutes swimming or half an hour chopping wood.

What we need now is more application of the bunker scheme to everyday life. We must have more ways of seeming busy when we are not. Considerable progress has been made along this line but not nearly enough. A clever idler is frequently able to waste an entire day or even a week while convincing his neighbors, and perhaps himself also, that he is usefully engaged; but modern life requires better methods by which

one may waste not only an occasional day or week, but *every* day.

Now, this need of seeming busy while loafing has become greater recently since there is less important work to be done and a vastly increased number who have no desire to do it. When this country was in its pioneer stage with much land to be cleared, roads and bridges to be built—nearly everybody had to work. Both men and women toiled for useful purposes. Even the humblest work was highly respectable. Nobody wished to avoid work, for anything that looked like loafing would have met with sharp disapproval. But to-day so much of the fundamental job of getting the country organized to live in has already been accomplished, and the upkeep is so comparatively simple, that there is not enough real work to keep everybody busy.

The real problem of wasting time, however, is not due so much to a decreased amount of work to be done as to the rapidly growing groups who have no incentive for any kind of profitable employment. I refer to those who are amply provided for by toil of others. Included in these groups are beneficiaries of large fortunes—either by marriage or inheritance. In former times, when one inherited enough money to make work unnecessary he was fairly likely to squander it or, if he didn't, it was scattered by his children. To-day inherited fortunes are placed in permanent care of trust companies who painstakingly conserve them, even unto the third and fourth generations. Each year sees a shocking increase in the lists of those who are able to be to society what a flea is to a dog—that is, to live off the dog and annoy him without contributing to his upkeep. The difference, though, is that whereas the flea seems fairly content, the man or woman who has nothing to do sooner or later becomes bored and unhappy and must find means for properly wasting time. We must discover new things to do and more roundabout ways of doing them.

Any form of invalidism offers a convenient means for wasting a substantial share of one's time. It is not even necessary for one actually to be ill. Many persons consume an astounding amount of time seeking remedies for ills that are altogether imaginary. By going from one specialist to another and discussing one's self with a physician—or with a psycho-analyst—who will listen in return for a substantial fee, one cuts well into his day. A clever invalid with sufficient means is able, however, to go much farther. By going about from one sanitarium to another—where doctors and attendants will pound his chest, make impressive blood tests, and very gravely stroke their whiskers over his symptoms—one may waste weeks and weeks. And yet this is done with complete social immunity. Everybody agrees that one is entitled to seek restoration to health, and who shall say that he may not devote as much time to the problem as he can afford?

A friend of mine, who dislikes work almost as much as I do, tells me that when he does feel an illness coming upon him he at first has a sense of something akin to shame. He wonders if it is really an illness or just plain old-fashioned laziness which makes him desire to remain in bed instead of going forth to the marts to earn his living. But when, a day or so later, he breaks out with a fever and aches all over and knows he's in for a spell of influenza—or whatever it is—he feels a delightful sense of relief. For he knows that now he may be able to loll about the house and waste perhaps two or three weeks without fear of reproach.

Tired business men and society women are probably pre-eminent to-day as time-wasters. Indeed, society women—by devoting many hours a day to endless rounds of social “duties”—have long been rightly regarded almost as models in the difficult art of busily doing nothing. Even to-day—when many other avenues, including politics, offer an outlet for women's spare time—“social”

activities are still the most convenient means of organized wastefulness. In Washington, the city I happen to know most about, women have cleverly devised customs that consume an astonishing amount of time without any sensible purpose whatever. It is not uncommon for a society woman to drive about all afternoon and deposit as many as one hundred and fifty calling cards at homes of other women, with no thought or intention of meeting, face to face, the women thus called upon.

Now, this system has endured for a long time. It served its purpose as an ingenious plan for using up women's time in a period when any useful occupation for a woman high in the social and economic scale was considered more or less disgraceful. But in more recent years, colleges for women have greatly complicated the whole time-wasting problem by putting notions into feminine heads. As women have learned more about the great world in which they live, many have come to imagine an element of futility in the ordinary prescribed system of social gayeties. As already suggested, something in human nature makes us oppose futility. We like to feel that we are being fairly essential. Hence women have been forced to try wasting time a little less obviously by means of charities, welfare work, uplift movements, tag days, and what not. They have made deliberate efforts to appear *not* to be wasting their time. I have known society women in the name of charity to pay one dollar for an afternoon at bridge.

Though women have had greater experience in wasting time—due to a public opinion inspired by male vanity, which has long made it improper for them to be useful and consequently independent of men—the best job of squandering one's hours is ordinarily done by members of the well-known masculine sex. Business men far excel society women in ability to believe that the totally unnecessary things they do are of vast importance. Ten times as many arti-

cles are manufactured and sold as anybody needs, and salesmen for useless devices and foolish schemes of all kinds have become a nuisance—in order that those not needed in really necessary business may be able to occupy themselves. Business men have cleverly continued “conferences,” noonday luncheon clubs, and banquets of trade associations for the ostensible purpose of getting something done, but in reality to use up part of the day and save themselves from facing the fact that they have *nothing to do*. If one wishes to learn how much surplus time an average business man has been compelled to consume it is only necessary to glance at a typical business letter. How often have you ever received a business letter that wasn't many times longer than necessary, obviously padded with pompous phrases to help use up the time of the man who dictated it as well as the time of his “assistant” or typist? Just recently I received one worded somewhat as follows:

Your letter of the tenth instant is at hand and contents noted and in reply to same we beg to state that it will be a great pleasure to comply with the request set forth in the proposition embodied in your valued favor.

•All that paragraph has actually said could have been put into the one word: *Yes*. But the stereotyped phrases, repeated over and over again in scores of letters, help a man to take an entire morning to simple dictation that could easily be accomplished in a few moments.

Secret orders at one time were a convenient means for wasting one or more evenings a week. But freedom from the necessity to be usefully employed has grown so much more rapidly than have secret orders that to-day a lodge is only a drop in the bucket compared with modern needs for taking up time.

Golf, of course, has proved a handy outlet for one's time—using up every afternoon if one so desires—with the additional advantage that, since it is supposed to be done in interest of one's health, one has a seeming excuse to play

and the game is relieved of part of its futility. But even at that it is beginning to dawn on players what a terribly irritating and irksome task golf is, and each year I notice an increasing number so bored with the game itself that they can endure it only by making wagers with opponents on the result at each hole.

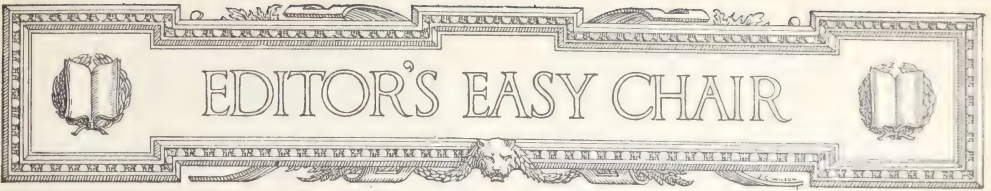
Polo might offer a rich opportunity for time-wasting, because to be a good polo player it is almost necessary to have devoted most of one's life to it. In the long run, I imagine, the best polo players are those who have never done anything useful. Besides wasting time, polo enables one to spend a vast amount of money on membership in expensive clubs, high-priced horses, outfits, and attendants. But the objection to polo is that its futility is too self-evident. Only an exceptionally stupid person—or else an exceptionally daring person, above fear of public opinion—is willing to devote a major part of his life to polo. Similar objections may be raised to both movies and radio. They take up time, but who can fool himself into thinking, while at a movie or listening to radio, that he is being useful or doing anything even mildly beneficial?

What then is to be done? How are we to waste more and more time? I frankly am pessimistic about our being able to contrive enough new methods to keep pace with the rapidly increasing amount of leisure. Even in lower economic classes, working hours are astonishingly short and already there is talk of a six-hour day. Eventually we shall undoubtedly have a working day of only four hours or possibly still shorter. How are we then to waste all this greatly increased amount of spare time? Having more different kinds of clubs, societies, and neighborhood associations for discussion of trivial questions won't do it. I am convinced that we can grapple with the problem only by trying gradually to revolutionize our whole point of view. In other words, we must cease to be

ashamed of various pursuits merely because they are futile. We must cultivate a habit of mind which will make us love golf, horse races, or whatever we want to do—not because it serves any useful purpose but because it *doesn't*.

Instead of playing golf because it is the doctor's orders—the highest priced doctors being those who obligingly recommend whatever the patient desires—we must play it simply because we like to be out in the open; because a chance to look at trees and sky is its own excuse, with no need for apology. I can even imagine a great spiritual exhilaration in playing golf or drinking an occasional cocktail—not because I think it good for my health but with full knowledge that it is injurious to my health and glorying in my willingness to pay the price! Our salvation, it seems to me, is to make pleasure itself our goal and utilitarian achievement a means instead of an end.

I'm by no means certain it wouldn't be a fine plan if we could all be brought to feel more contempt for toil. If all honest work were to be regarded as downright disgraceful, then work that really *has* to be done *would* still be done, and as well as ever, but the rewards would be greater—for, naturally, no self-respecting man would be willing to do something disgraceful unless well paid for it. This might tend to even things up. After facing public disapproval because one is a worker, one could soon save enough from his high earnings to join the leisure or time-wasting classes. This is practically what the modern bootlegger *is* doing. In a sense, he is the most philosophical worker we have—doing something he perhaps feels is disgraceful in the hope of being able to fritter his time later on. There is much evidence that life is of itself a delightful experience. No one needs any excuse to be alive. It is simply a rare privilege for which we should be grateful. We may as well accept this and quit making ourselves miserable trying to find onerous motives for enjoying life.



DRIVES AND ECONOMY

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE contemporary habit of drives invites attention. One used to think it belonged to the War and would pass when peace came, but it has not passed. There seems to be an abiding quality in it. What could be done by drives, by organized solicitation, in detaching people's money from them was one of the great discoveries of the War. People had given money before that, but until then no one had realized how much they might give if adequately dealt with. When Moses smote the rock and water gushed forth, that was a revelation. Folks did not know it could be done. When the drives smote the American pocket and money came leaping out—that was another revelation.

Some revelations have faded and some powers have been suffered to fall into disuse, but not this power of drives for money. That goes on working overtime. A large number of people in this country in this day—some philanthropic, some ambitious, and some merely restless—feel the need of devoting money to a vast number of purposes, most of them good. When they have devoted such funds of their own as they can spare to one or another of these purposes, they reach out with great power for anyone else's money they can get. And certainly they get it. The process of getting it—the mechanism—is so perfectly understood, so systematized, organized, and lubricated that a new business has come into being: that of conducting financial campaigns to raise money for concerns which think they ought to have it.

One finds the advertisements of these companies. One of them describes itself as "financial campaign counsellors to colleges, hospitals, fraternities, community centers and social agencies." Is not that remarkable! "The business of money-raising" is what confessedly engages the activities of this concern and others like it, and of hundreds and thousands of individual workers who do not make money-raising their profession.

No doubt most readers of this magazine get in the mail suggestions to subscribe for this or that and usually (as said above) very good objects. In larger centers of population such suggestions come daily by handfuls to anyone suspected of ability to give. What is the picture they make in the mind now? When one opens one of the appeals he finds some familiar and respected name at the bottom of it and usually a row of other highly respectable names set down elsewhere. Suppose the name signed is Henry Bolton, and suppose we have heard of Henry Bolton as a rich and generous philanthropist. We read the name and we see Henry Bolton in our mind's eye. We do see him; that is the magic of it; but it is getting to be, nowadays, that we also see something else—an office building somewhere; a large room full of girls operating typewriters and duplicating machines; somebody with a rubber stamp to sign them, the name on the rubber stamp being "Henry Bolton." Of course that is the way it is done, the way it has to be done on the scale that obtains nowadays. The

method seems still to be very successful; so one argues from what the mail brings. But how long can it be kept up? How long can the magic of the rubber stamp continue to bring in money?

REALLY, the rubber stamp is a very great institution. We all use it more or less. When we ask for something we like to sign our request with a signature that has drawing power, that compels attention, that inspires confidence. If our simple signature will not do all this we help it out with anything that comes handy, from the quality of our note paper to the statement of our occupation. If we are partners in some considerable concern and can sign the firm's name, of course that helps. All advertisement—all reputation that we may have accumulated on our journey through life—helps to give power to our signature. Great is the rubber stamp: not only in this matter of raising money but in politics, in religion, in everything in life that leans on advertisement.

Politicians search past history for good rubber stamps to aid policies which they wish to carry through. The favorite stamp of the people who were afraid, after the War, that we would get too deep into European complications was "George Washington." They put out notices to us to avoid foreign entanglements and signed them "George Washington." The favorite stamp of all politicians is "A. Lincoln." When they can put it at the bottom of something they feel that it will help to carry that purpose through. Just as the political separators dug into writings of Washington for something to suit their purpose, so all manner of political enthusiasts, and especially reformers, dig them out of Lincoln.

But what is the greatest and most coveted rubber stamp of all—the one which churches reach for, and which the political moralists and most of the reformers most desire to use? What is it? Nothing less than "God Almighty." They would not use it as frankly as that,

but in so far as they put out in their statements of purpose, "Those who are with us are righteous, those who are against us are sinners," that is really the rubber stamp they aim to work with. But that should not be done. We are too fallible. We never are completely right about anything. No one has been, as far as we know, in this world for pretty nearly two thousand years. The less imperative stamps are all we can handle; those that say "I think this is right, come and help with it"; or those that go further and say, "This is the law of the land, obey or take the consequences."

MR. COOLIDGE at this writing has just been inaugurated and has made an address. Here is something he said in it: "In a republic the first rule for the guidance of the citizen is obedience to law."

But what about the citizen's conscience? What degree of attention would Mr. Coolidge have him pay to that?

Under despotism, he said, the law may be imposed upon the subject, but under a free government the citizen makes his own laws.

So he does, theoretically; but in practice how is it?

Is this a free government that we live under?

Oh yes; as governments go it is free. We have a voice in lawmaking, as Mr. Coolidge says.

But do we really make our own laws?

One would say rather that our laws, the new ones, are made for us by persons who have the energy to do it. It takes a lot of organization to make an important law; a good deal of lobbying, threats, "pulls," "blocs," money, and hard work. The law that results is the law of the strongest, the wildest, the cleverest, the most resolute, and sometimes the wisest and best. It may be good; it may be bad. We had better obey it while it lasts if our consciences will let us. If we don't, the consequences may be troublesome.

But what is really the rubber stamp which we use for laws? "The State of New York"—"The United States of America." Certainly those are powerful stamps, but we do not sign our laws "God Almighty." No! No! And we had better not. They will come and they will go; they will change and (let us hope) they will improve. A lot of them are awful. Take the tax laws of the different States. Some of them are shocking, as Mr. Coolidge would probably agree. Take some of the drink laws of the States. Appalling! "Under a free government the citizen makes his own laws." Tut! Tut! Mr. Coolidge, doesn't your experience come too much from Massachusetts? As a rule some of the citizens make the new laws and put them over on the rest.

A correspondent writes, "I think it is not possible to *make* laws. You can only discover them. As Gierke says, 'Law is a result of a common conviction; not that a thing shall be, but that it is.'" That is the really right idea about laws.

The trouble with us in this country is that we are tremendous lawmakers and weak and careless law enforcers. We should be far better off with fewer laws better enforced. We put new laws—arbitrary and upsetting—in the statute books and go away thinking we have accomplished something. And we have, but not what we think. The Volstead law, for example, has deluged the courts with liquor cases while concerns far more vital and important wait for years for a hearing. Thieving, cheating, hold-ups, robbery, and murder abound as never before, and the automobile is showing itself a most notable factor in crime, and here are the police plagued and the courts snowed under with cases of infraction of laws which, in the estimation of a large proportion of the community, it is not wrong to sidestep.

BUT though one may dispute about details of Mr. Coolidge's inaugural, in the main it was excellent. All through it showed the mind of a man resolved

to do right in so far as he can see it, and with a good notion of the direction in which right lies. What he said about foreign relations was acceptable and promising, but where he really warmed up was when he talked about economy. There you come to the kernel of Mr. Coolidge's character—his notions about economy. Why does he want to be so saving? Why is there in him so clearly that horror of waste, that distrust of self-indulgence? Is it because he wants money, because he values money, that he likes to save it so as to have it? Apparently not. His idea seems quite different. What he is after is freedom. What he would have is release of life, so far as possible, from the compulsions of expenditure. The great message to the country which one finds in his inaugural address is—Do not sacrifice life to money. Sacrifice, if necessary, money to life. That is an old message—a message, by the way, with a promise. One finds it in the New Testament: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." "I favor a policy of economy," said Mr. Coolidge, "not because I wish to save money but because I wish to save people."

SO we have a new and powerful apostle of the simple life: an anti-materialist, whose watchword, none the less, is economy. He is a valuable asset of our country just at this time. We have had Mr. Rockefeller as a remarkable demonstration of the power of economy as a means of accumulation, and of the habit of giving as a means of making riches less dangerous to their possessor. Accumulation of wealth as a means of defense against Fate can easily be overdone. Every newspaper tells us that mere money can do as ill by its owners as Fate can. It seems to belong to some people to be rich. It is the natural result of qualities they possess. Because of those qualities they are able to accumulate money without paying too great a price for it.

Mr. Coolidge is not a universal example. He is a specialist. His management of himself in politics has been extraordinary. His insistence in keeping free to follow the course he preferred has been most remarkable, but he is a very exceptional man. It is what a man is that he does. It is what he is that brings his conclusions and shapes his life. Clearly enough Mr. Coolidge has shaped his course in accordance with his mental and spiritual content. He has done the thing that is in him. He is obviously genuine, and that is the attractive thing about him.

But there are great money-makers who are just as genuine as he is and they are, in their way, extremely useful men and not always sticklers for economy. Lavish spenders, some of them; great collectors who gather together treasures of one sort and another—lands, buildings, objects of art—which eventually go to the people. Such men can do such things without losing freedom of action, without doing violence to the direction of their inward monitor, but they very rarely succeed in politics. Great politicians—like the great preachers, the great missionaries, the great teachers—have no time to make money. They run another errand altogether. Mr. Coolidge saw that. He knew that he had no time to make money, no time to think about it. What he did was to train himself to go without it.

He is perfectly right in his purpose to curb taxation. For the very rich people to lavish money on expenditures which they think are useful is all to the good; but to take the money out of the taxpayers and lavish it is not good at all. For one thing it deprives them of the privilege—the admirable exercise—of giving away their own money.

AND, really, an over-development of that great industry of raising money by drives and campaigns and

organizations for purposes which the organizers and the drivers believe to be good may come—if it runs to excess—to be open to the same objection which concerns the diffusion of the funds of the taxpayers. It may take away from the givers whom it reaches the ability to give their own funds to objects they think about and care about. When these great ebullitions of money-raising go out of style, that will be one of the reasons for it. People will say—We would rather ourselves give to what we wish to help than give to you to give to what you wish to help. That is where the drives are weak. Where they are strong and useful is in detaching money from people who would not give it at all if they were not excited to do so by organized effort of some kind.

Back of the drives and all their noisy and somewhat tiresome mechanisms is a very wonderful desire to make this world better. Hosts of people are evidently stirred by the need of it, and fired by faith that it can be done. The epidemic of lawmaking—the none too discriminating crusade against rum—are part of that desire and that faith. Multitudes of people want life to go better; want to be good themselves and make everyone else good; and they are ready to spend money and move Heaven and Earth to accomplish it. The trouble is that they are their own examples of good people, and see their own lives as models for the lives of everyone. In that they fall down. They are Puritans, to whom Puritanism is the whole of life, whereas in truth this is not the whole of life. That is the great reason why their laws are disappointing in results. They are all the time trying to put impossible shackles on life, and life is all the time breaking the shackles and throwing them back in their teeth. Life always beats Puritanism, for better or worse—a good deal of the time for worse. For Puritanism passes, but life goes on.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

WHAT is the matter with Congress? It has never fallen lower in popular esteem. Its capacity for making a botch of the public business is notorious. Is this mainly because Congress is composed of incompetent men or because its energies are misdirected? To this question *Charles Merz* of the editorial staff of the *New York World* (who, like his chief, Walter Lippmann, used to be an editor of *The New Republic*) devotes the opening article of the month. Mr. Merz's careful study of governmental affairs enables him to speak with authority. We should like to see his article in the hands of every Congressman.

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When *Harlow Shapley* was at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California he won a remarkable astronomical reputation by reason of his development and application of new methods of measuring star-distances. Some three years ago—while still in his thirties—he was appointed director of the Harvard College Observatory, and began using these methods in the interpretation of the enormous collection of star photographs taken at Cambridge over a period of fifty years and at the Harvard station in Peru over a thirty-year period. (Star-distances, as he shows, are now measured photographically.) As a result, he is now able to set forth fully, yet in simple terms, the shape and dimensions of our stellar system as ascertained by his own discoveries and those of other pioneers in modern astronomy. To say that the mind reels at his findings is to put it mildly. They are as overwhelming as they are important. (By the way, readers who enjoyed Professor Shapley's recent article on the total eclipse may be amused to know that he missed the eclipse itself. Harvard sent its observers to various points along the path of totality. He went to Buffalo, and at Buffalo it was cloudy! How-

ever, Professor Shapley assures us that he has seen other eclipses.)

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Wilbur Daniel Steele has so often been called the ablest short-story writer in America that his winning of the final competition of the HARPER Short Story Contest, the first which he entered, was perhaps to be expected. Two of the three Judges voted in favor of "When Hell Froze," and that gave him First Prize despite one dissident opinion. We need hardly point out again that the Judges did not know the identity of the authors whose stories were sent to them; "When Hell Froze" won on its merits, not on Mr. Steele's reputation. One Judge called it "quite as remarkable as 'Redbone'"; another called it "the best story of all that I have read in all four groups," and "beyond any story which I recall reading in years." Mr. Steele's novel, *Isles of the Blest*, appeared last fall and another story of his, engagingly entitled "Blue Murder," will soon be printed in the Magazine. Mr. Steele lives at Norwalk, Connecticut.

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Not all the gentlemen whom *Philip Guedalla* portrays in his present series of HARPER articles would have enjoyed being termed Fathers of the American Revolution. Lord North, for example, would have protested violently. He was a most unwilling Father. Mr. Guedalla, who makes him strut and stare and bellow again before our eyes, made a striking record at Oxford a dozen years or so ago, became a barrister, and later turned author with a series of books including *The Second Empire*, *A Gallery*, and *Supers and Supermen*. No Englishman save Lytton Strachey rivals him in the art of brief historical portraiture. We are promised shortly a study of that amiable ogre of American history, King George the Third.

Business booms are deceptively pleasant—while they last. But what goes up must come down, and the coming down hurts. Both booms and depressions on a large scale are unnecessary, according to *Carl Snyder*, statistician of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. If you would ask why, read his article on the new scientific methods in business.

☞ ☞ ☞

A detective story by *G. K. Chesterton*, a delightful bit of parental philosophy by *Manya Gordon* (otherwise Mrs. Simeon Strunsky), and a story (which won honorable mention in the Short Story Contest) by *Walter Millis* of the New York *Sun*, are followed by *Ludwig Lewisohn's* long-awaited paper on "The Art of Being a Jew." We bespeak for the author of *Up-Stream* the attention of Gentile as well as of Jew: the problem on which he expresses so decided an opinion concerns both.

☞ ☞ ☞

There is nothing conventional or academic about the literary opinions of *Ernest Boyd*, the brilliant Irish critic, now resident in New York. Witness his present article on Lord Byron.

☞ ☞ ☞

It is with regret that we come to the last installment of "The George and the Crown," *Sheila Kaye-Smith's* magnificent new novel, which has been running serially in *HARPER'S* since last November. It is indeed a story worthy of the author of *Joanna Godden*, and that—as any well-informed judge of the English fiction of the twentieth century will agree—is praise indeed. "The George and the Crown" is to be published in book form this spring by E. P. Dutton & Company.

☞ ☞ ☞

The contributors to the "Lion's Mouth" are *Stanley Walker* of the New York *Herald-Tribune* and *Fred C. Kelly* of Washington, D. C., whose amusing skits frequently enliven our columns. Having written a book on *The Wisdom of Laziness*, Mr. Kelly is admirably fitted to set forth the secret of wasting time successfully.

☞ ☞ ☞

Murray Bewley, whose delightful painting we reproduce on the cover of the Maga-

zine, is a Texan by birth. He studied at the Chicago Art Institute, at the Pennsylvania Academy under Chase and Cecilia Beaux, in New York under Chase and Henri, and later in Italy and Paris, where he painted for ten years, exhibiting annually in the Salon and being awarded a medal. For the past six years he has painted in New York. He has been awarded prizes at the Salmagundi Club, the Central States Fair, and several Western shows, and is represented in the permanent collections of the Pennsylvania Academy and the museums at Dayton, Dallas, and Fort Worth (his native city). Of late years he has devoted himself almost exclusively to painting children.

☞ ☞ ☞

When we printed Louise Collier Willcox's article, "Shall We Pray?" we stated in these columns that we should count its publication justified if it brought to any of its readers a new sense of the meaning and value of life. That hope has been justified, to judge from many letters received by Mrs. Willcox, from one of which, by a reader in California, we take the liberty of quoting:

I am writing to thank you from a grateful heart for your inspiring article "Shall We Pray?" published in the January issue of *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*. It came to me at a time of heart-crushing depression and "life-weariness" when for days I had not been able to pray. . . . I longed for death in order to escape the slow paralysis, due to spinal trouble, that has been creeping over me for several years. I felt that I could not face years of growing helplessness, only to be a burden to the dear friend with whom I have made my home for twenty-six years. My life has been a very active one, full of many interests. I have even had a small degree of success in writing short stories, foolish ones probably, but I loved the work and the associations it brought me. But it has all been given up as I can use neither pen nor pencil, and the typewriter but sparingly. I have tried so hard to be a good sport and to face the inevitable as "One who never turned his back but marched breast forward," but there have been moments of weakness, that have spread over days, when I could see no light and my life-long faith weakened. It was in one of those moods that your words came to me and dispelled the clouds. They were like a voice from heaven and I can find no words to express all they meant to me. I have read the article many times, and each time with renewed inspiration. They have given me courage to "carry on." Thank you, thank you a thousand times for your inspiring message. I am loaning my copy of the magazine to friends who are also finding it most helpful.

